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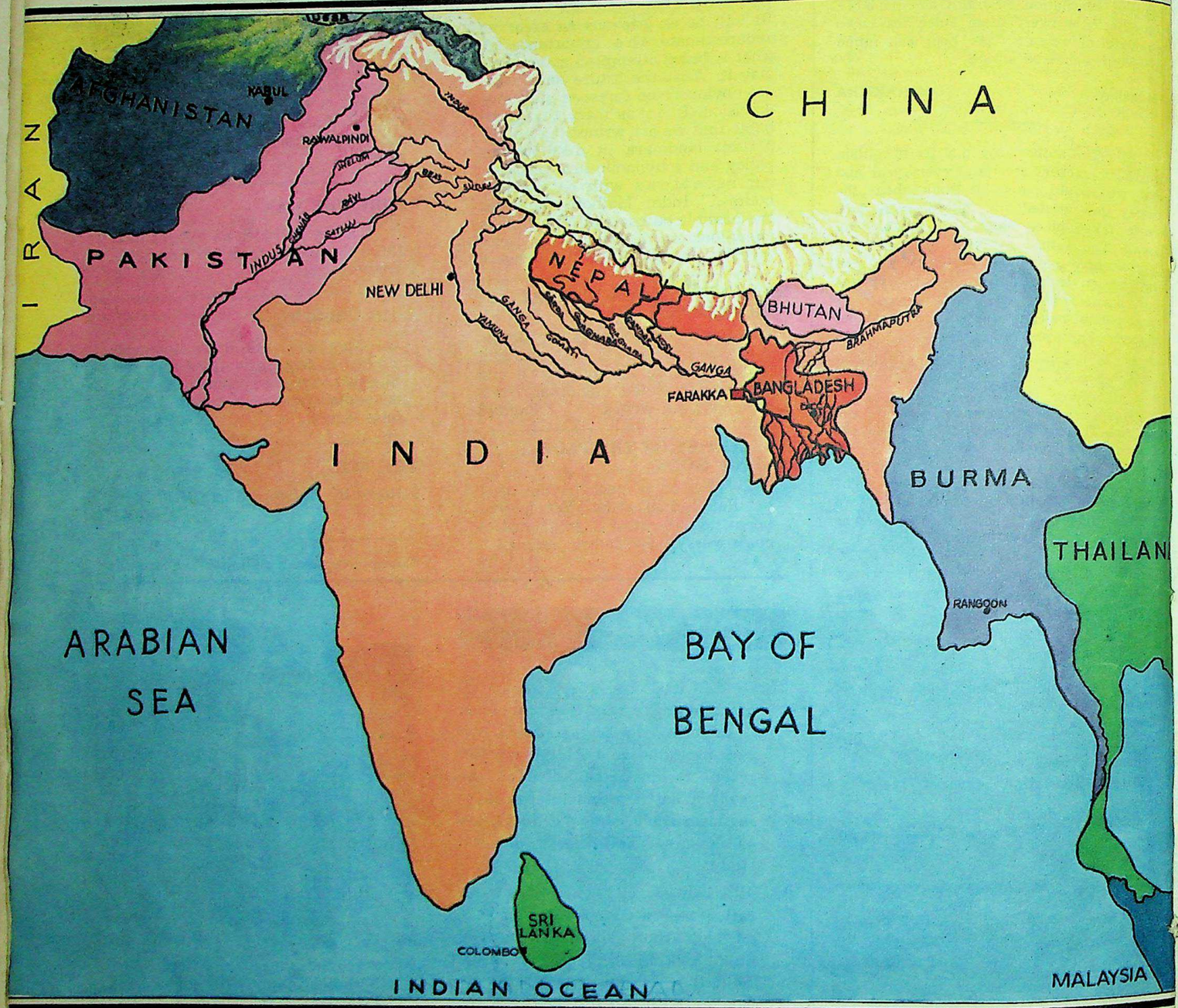
India And Its Neighbours



by Inder Malhotra

Indian Ambassadors will reappear in Islamabad and Peking soon, after a lapse of five years in Pakistan and 14 years in China. These are not stray developments; nor are they unrelated to each other. They form part of a carefully planned initiative to improve our relations with as many neighbours as possible and as fast as possible. It is to the credit of New Delhi's dynamic diplomacy that we seem to be succeeding in most cases, with Bangladesh being the only unhappy exception.

Iran's help in bringing New Delhi and Islamabad together has been invaluable, and the Soviet Union has been most understanding about our moves to befriend China. In neither case have we yet reached the big breakthrough we need. But we have made a fine start in both.

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BIG changes in international relations often have small beginnings. Leave alone the ping-pong diplomacy that preceded the sensational reversal of Washington's attitude towards Peking, the first intimation of our own troubles with China came—ironically, during the heyday of the Hindi-Chini Bhai-Bhai era—most casually. Some Chinese maps suddenly appeared showing large parts of our territory as their own. When we remonstrated, the Chinese leaders blandly explained that these were really the old Kuomintang maps which the new regime in Peking, understandably preoccupied with more pressing problems, hadn't had time to revise.

There is no use going over the rest of the painful story, for the recent history is much too well known to need recounting. However, one point must be made—even after the Chinese explanations about the maps had begun to wear thin, hardly anyone in a position of responsibility here could foresee that the cartographic inexactitude would have the consequences that it eventually did. It is against this background that the significance and the sweep of the recent foreign policy initiatives taken by Indira Gandhi's Government need to be judged.

Extravagant expectations of a quick and major breakthrough in establishing a lasting friendship with either China or Pakistan need to be discouraged, of course. But it will be as grievous an error to underestimate the importance of what is being attempted as to overplay it. What the future holds cannot obviously be foreseen with any precision. But it is more than probable that we are witnessing an important landmark in our foreign policy and a dynamic new phase in our relations with our neighbours.

Charted Course

For neither the appointment of a new Ambassador to China, the first to go there in 14 years since the brief but bitter war in the Himalayas, nor the resumption of the sadly-interrupted Simla dialogue with Pakistan is an isolated move by any means. Moreover, neither move is a leap in the dark or what, in diplomatic parlance, is called a trial balloon. Clearly both were preceded by discreet behind-the-scene diplomacy which perhaps explains China's prompt and positive response to the New Delhi announcement of K. R. Narayanan's appointment as our Man in Peking as well as the remarkable speed with which the meeting of the Foreign Secretaries of India and Pakistan has been held at Islamabad despite many other important claims on the time of the top officials on both sides.

Above all, the initiatives to end the prolonged estrangement with China and to revive, in the case of Pakistan, the virtually evaporated Simla spirit, though vitally crucial by themselves, are part of a wider strategy to improve relations with as many neighbours as possible and as fast as possible through a series of simultaneous though separate dialogues because bilateralism remains a basic tenet of Indian foreign policy, as it must, if Big Powers and other busybodies are to be prevented from meddling in the affairs of the subcontinent.

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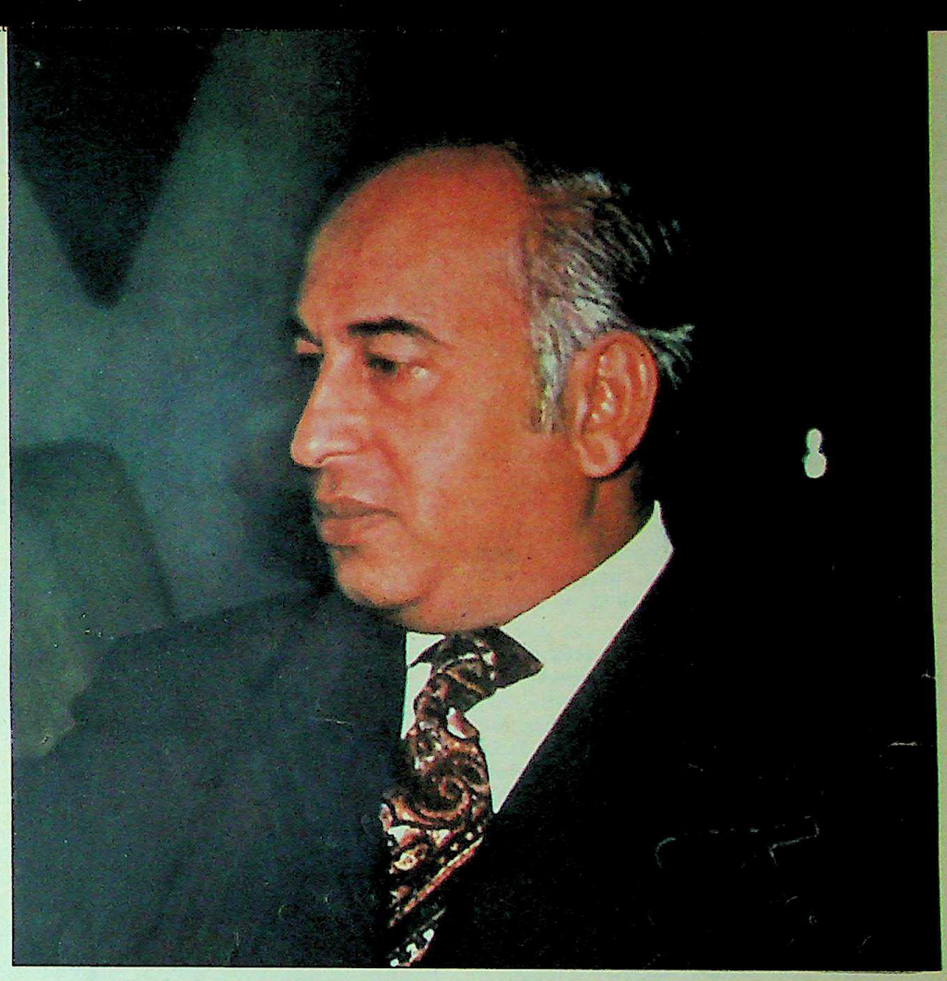

MUCH DEPENDS ON HIM. Although the greatly-hailed Simla Agreement did not really produce any tangible results, Pakistan and India can now at least talk over their common problems. Prime Minister Bhutto (above) has at last realised that "you can escape anything but not the constraints of geography". Moreover Pakistan has seen that, especially now with its diminished size, it cannot afford to keep itself militarily a match for India.

NEW "THOUGHTS" ON NEIGHBOURLINESS—Chairman Mao. Better relations with China will go a long way in removing tensions on the subcontinent.

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It was no mere coincidence, for instance, that the Indian offer of an olive branch to China, followed two days later by the Prime Minister's suggestion to her Pakistani opposite number to agree to wide-ranging talks aimed at restoring all severed links between the two neighbours, was preceded by a dramatic manifestation—in the shape of Dr Tulsi Giri's weeklong visit to Delhi—of the vast improvement in this country's relations with Nepal.

Indeed, the upswing in India's relations with Nepal—a sensitive but important neighbour sandwiched between this country and China—at once illustrates both the possibilities inherent in the Indian endeavour to turn soured neighbours into friends and the problems that policy-makers and negotiators are bound to face due to the sensitivities built into the situation, as we have experienced over the years.

Our effort should be to look for the reasons for such sensitivities, however undue they are, and to come to terms with them. To tell the truth bluntly rather than tactfully, the vast disparity between India's size and that of several of its neighbours by itself produces quite a few complexes and misgivings. No matter how unjustified, these would be there. But what aggravates the situation is the tremendous strength of the Indian cultural influence in the region and beyond. This, like the geography of the subcontinent, is no fault of India. But it tends to make many in the smaller countries believe that they can assert their separate identity only by being rude to India.

Guilty Though Innocent

Six years ago I had occasion to take part in a seminar on Nationalism in South Asia at Kathmandu. Leave alone what the delegates from Pakistan had to say, some very sophisticated and suave spokesmen from Nepal declared that though they had absolutely no fears that India would do any wrong to their country, they found a certain amount of anti-Indianism necessary to consolidate their nationalism! Interestingly, this sentiment was echoed by a highly articulate representative of Sri Lanka although he added that he and his countrymen were absolutely confident of receiving from India nothing but goodwill. Whereupon I deemed it my duty to offer profuse apologies to two charming delegates from Afghanistan for, judging by the criterion laid down by others, we seemed to be doing nothing to promote and consolidate nationalism in their country.

Nearly 18 months ago, I happened to meet in Colombo the Sri Lanka intellectual who had spoken so eloquently at Kathmandu in 1970 on the importance of India-baiting as an instrument for promoting nationalism in his country. This time he spoke in a different tone. India-Sri Lanka relations had greatly improved in the mean time, and this country's generous gesture in handing over the disputed islet of Kachchativu to its southern neighbour had made a profound impression on the people of the island republic. Even the events in Sikkim had found a better understanding in the Sri Lanka capital than might have been the case earlier. But my friend from the Kathmandu seminar days still had a complaint, and apparently he wasn't speaking for himself alone.

REVIVING THE SIMLA SPIRIT. President (now Prime Minister) Bhutto with Mrs Gandhi in Simla at the June '72 summit. As a result of the recent Indo-Pak talks in Islamabad, diplomatic ties and all other severed links between the two countries have been restored.

"If we had to deal with New Delhi only," he said, "there would be no problem at all between our two countries. But please do not forget that we also have Madras much closer. Unfortunately, your Tamil chauvinists incite and support our Tamil minority in its secessionist designs. That cannot but cause us great concern." My attempt to point out that overblown rhetoric across the Palk Straits could not automatically turn into Indian interference was of little avail which perhaps explains why the removal of the DMK Government in Tamil Nadu has proved so popular in Sri Lanka though this is by no means the main reason why relations between New Delhi and Colombo are closer and friendlier today than at any time since 1947.

The fact that the two neighbours have successfully solved the problem of the maritime boundary between them—at a time when the UN Conference on the Laws of the Sea has once again broken up in confusion and discord—is of the utmost significance. This, along with the understanding over the role of the non-aligned nations, whose summit is to take place in Colombo in August, and over the need to prevent the Indian Ocean from becoming a cockpit for naval rivalry among Great Powers, contributed to the atmosphere of great cordiality during Sirimavo Bandarnaike's talks with Indira Gandhi in New Delhi where the Sri Lanka Premier arrived just after Nepal's Dr Tulsi Giri had left for home.

I do not know what the Sri Lanka intellectual I have been quoting will have to say today. But I will not be surprised if he still brings up the great disparity between the sizes of the two neighbours to point out, as many Sri Lankan friends have often done before, that the island republic's sentiments towards India should be understood in terms of the feelings of a doe that is obliged to share an enclosure with an elephant.

The whole point of this elaborate digression is to emphasise that dealing with

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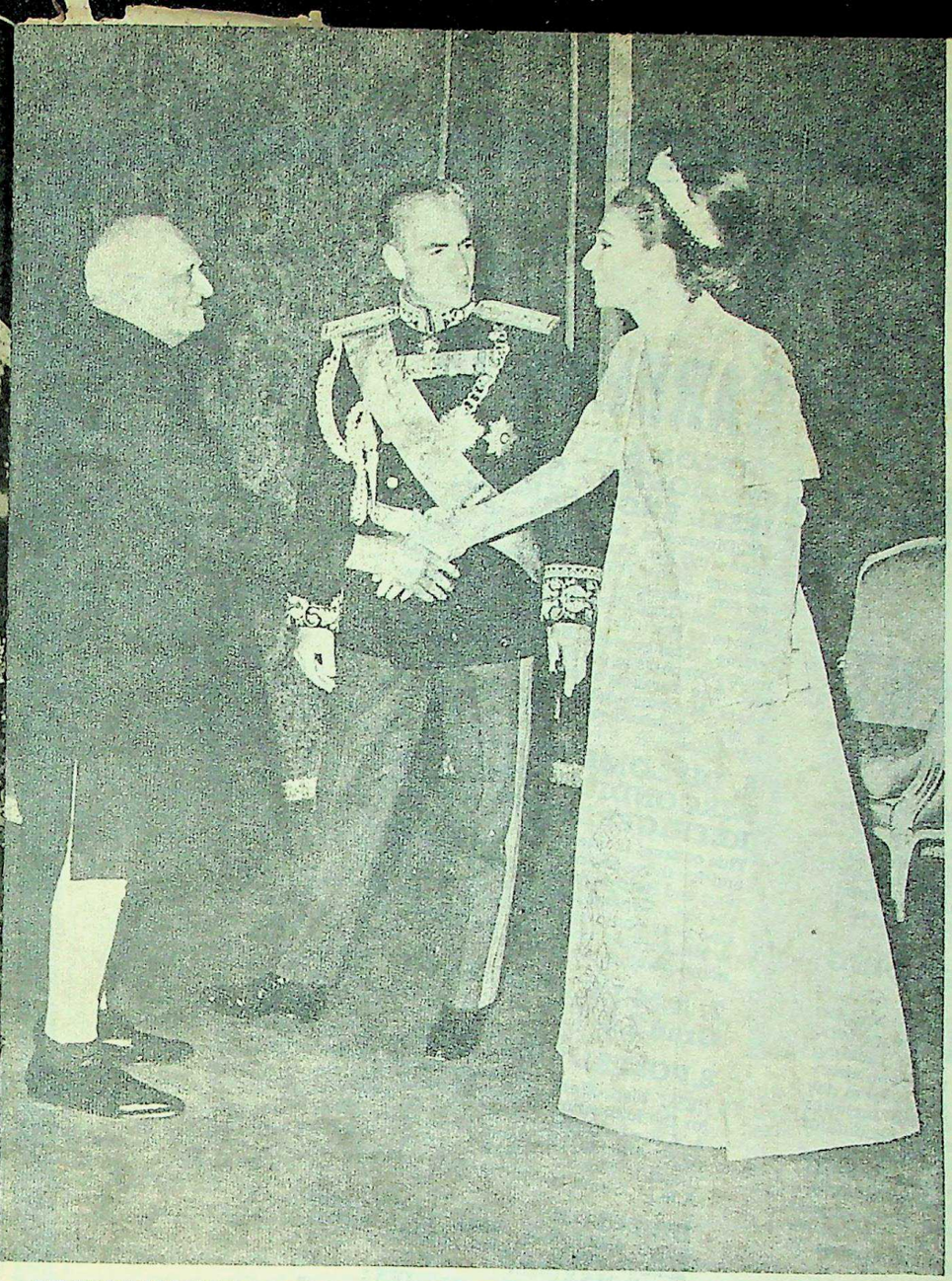

WE MUST BE FRIENDS. The Shah and Shahbanou of Iran welcome President Giri in Teheran in 1971. Iran played a part in the recent Indo-Pak reconciliation. The Iranian Prime Minister, Mr A. Hoveyda, was recently in India on a goodwill visit. At the RCD (Regional Cooperation for Development) Conference in Turkey this April, the Shah said that the scope of this organisation should be widened to include India, Iraq and Afghanistan.

even the friendliest of neighbours, leave alone the difficult ones, is a complex and delicate business. Banquet speeches about unbreakable bonds and everlasting friendships shouldn't blind one to sensitivities which have got to be respected, no matter how untenable these might be. On the other hand, neighbours anxious to have their susceptibilities respected have got to be made aware that even when they find it necessary to be petulant and querulous, there is a point beyond which India's crucial national interests cannot be trifled with.

Happily, this fine balance now seems to exist in this country's relationship with Nepal and Sri Lanka. On the other hand, the unhappy phase in our relationship with Bangladesh illustrates what happens when a neighbour, for reasons best known to it, chooses to abandon the balance between sense and sensitivity and embarks on the familiar pastime of treating India as a bogeyman or a whipping-boy.

Right Perspective

It is against this backdrop that the powerful initiatives to first normalise and then improve relations with the two most important neighbours, China and Pakistan, have to be viewed, and the chances of their success analysed.

A preliminary point may be made right away. One of the foremost Indian foreign policy objectives, if not *the* foremost, is to establish a just and durable peace, unsullied by Big Power interference, on the Indian subcontinent. This would mean that befriending Pakistan ought to be given priority over making the same moves towards China. But the reverse is the case although the process of mending fences with both must go on simultaneously.

This is because, at least from the early sixties, the shadow of China has always fallen on India-Pakistan relations though the extent of the direct Chinese interference in Indo-Pakistani affairs has been much less than the Pakistanis had expected and we may have feared.

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"FARAKKA IS UNFAIR." Maulana Bhashani led a march to the border with India to protest against what he calls the "unfairness of the distribution of Ganga water" through Farakka. Right: An Indo-Bangladesh team made a survey of the water flow from Farakka to Bangladesh.

—Anil Baran

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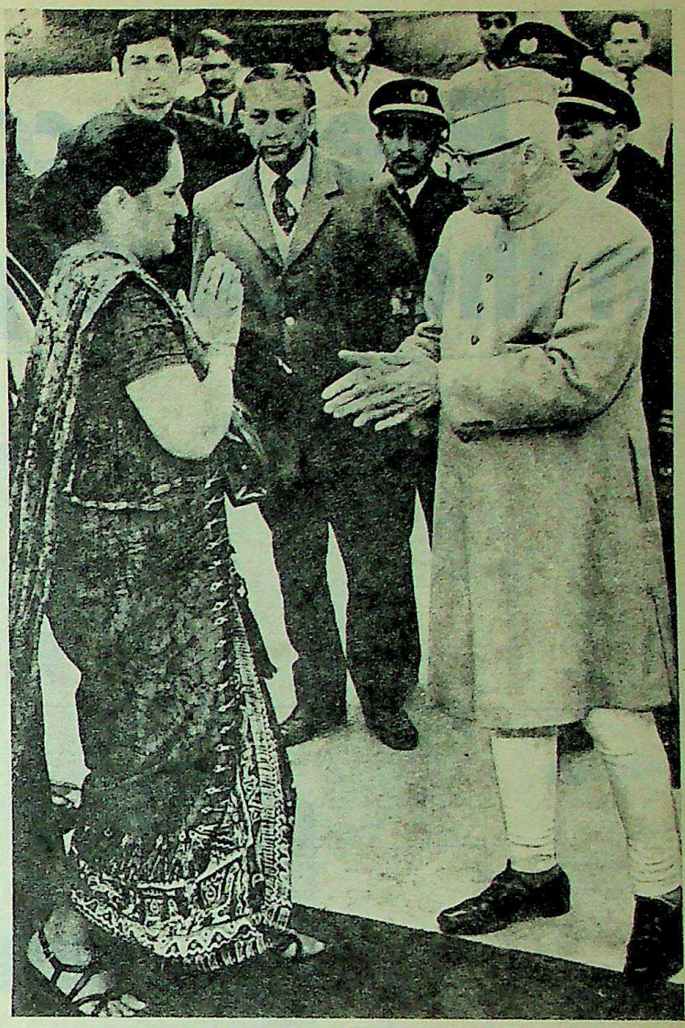
SMALLER NEIGHBOURS ARE SENSITIVE. The visit to India of Prime Minister Tulsi Giri of Nepal in April 1976 did much to clear misunderstandings between the two countries. Because Indian cultural influence is so strong there, some of our smaller neighbours feel that being rude to India is the only way they can assert their separate identity.



I'VE COME TO SOLVE OUR DISPUTES. Prime Minister Sirimavo Bandaranaike came to India just after Dr Tulsi Giri. (This photograph is of her 1974 visit.) We handed over the disputed islet of Kachchativu to Sri Lanka and we have settled our maritime boundary. Sri Lanka continues to be upset over alleged DMK support to the separatist movement of the Tamil minority in the island.

Moreover, India's relations with the two Super Powers, both of which have all along remained interested in the subcontinent, have also been influenced almost always, one way or the other, by the state of the India-China relationship. It is no exaggeration to say therefore that China today occupies the critical intersection between the two diplomatic triangles formed by India's relationships with the United States and the Soviet Union on the one hand and with Pakistan and Bangladesh on the other.

Consequently, a thaw in India-China relations, frozen since 1962, even if unaccompanied by a similar happy development in relation to Pakistan, will give India's New Look diplomacy greater leverage than if *vice versa* is the case in our equation with the two neighbours.

Secondly, although it is a mystery why the Chinese have taken so long to respond to an initiative which Indira Gandhi has been taking at least since the New Year's Day of 1968, there are fewer impediments to an understanding with China than with Pakistan because in the first case there is no backlog of bitterness deeply rooted in history.

There is no doubt the Chinese have alternated their stray smiles to us by more frequent scowls. They have not refrained from needling us as is indicated by their occasional help to the Naga and Mizo hostiles in the sensitive north-eastern region. Above all, their propaganda against us has often been unrestrained to the point of being obscene. But no matter how wild their rhetoric, they have taken good care not to cause any injury to any vital Indian interest on the ground. China's military prudence during the India-Pakistan wars of 1965 and 1971 speaks more loudly than all the screeching broadcasts over Radio Peking.

India-Russia-China

Nor are the close relations between India and the Soviet Union a block any longer to better relations with China even though, judging by what the Chinese have done in the wake of the recent estrangement between Egypt and Russia, Sino-Soviet relations remain as bad as ever.

This can only mean that the Chinese have at last realised that their much-advertised misgivings about Indo-Soviet relations were misconceived. The friendship between India and Russia is based on equality and mutuality of interest and must be strengthened as Indira Gandhi indeed intends to do, judging by her plans to travel to Moscow at about the time when her Ambassador to Peking will still be packing his bags.

Similarly, despite the many ups and downs in Indo-US relations over the years, and more specially in recent months, New Delhi has amply demonstrated that it does not regard its excellent relations with Russia as exclusive. It wants to be on friendly terms also with the other Super Power, though never by compromising national honour.

Perhaps the Chinese have understood the meaning of New Delhi's present dynamic moves better than most people here. Because what Indira Gandhi's Government is seeking is, in the final analysis, an Asian *detente* which will make two eminently desirable objectives at last attainable. First, it will ensure that the Indian subcontinent, like South-East Asia, a region in which both India and China are equally interested, remains an area of peace and stability, free from outside interference. And, secondly, it will give India, in its dealings with Big Powers, the kind of flexibility that, say, France enjoys in the context of the *detente* in Europe.

Admittedly, all these are distant goals. They may take a long time to reach. But

—Continued

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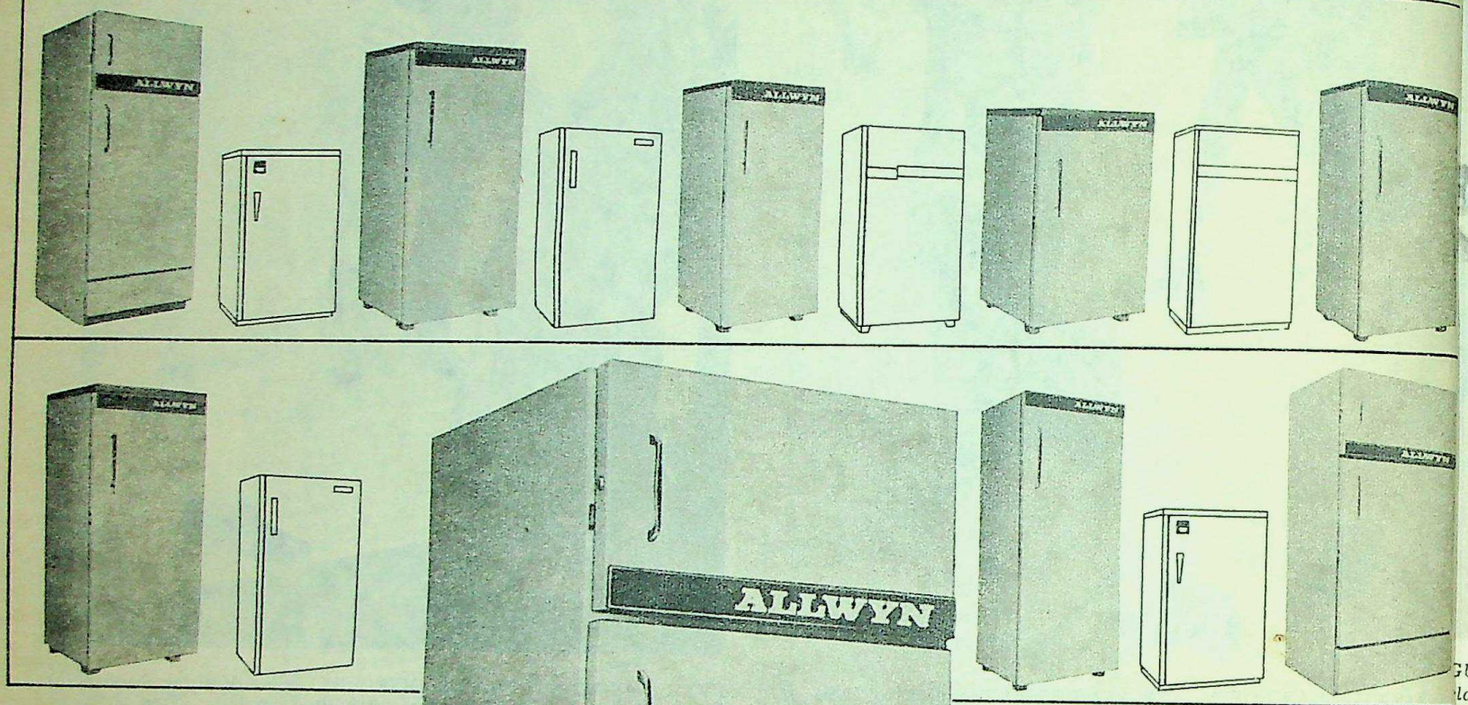

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GUNS ACROSS THE USSURI. On the Sino-Soviet border, the disputed island of Damansky in the Ussuri river has led to violent clashes. Our friendly relations with Russia have not come in the way of our renewed ties with China. Mrs Gandhi plans to visit Moscow on the eve of the departure of our Ambassador to Peking.

The Right Man

IN appointing K. R. Narayanan as our Man in Peking, New Delhi has done what governments do but rarely: to choose the right man for the right job. By training and temperament, he is best suited for the delicate assignment of mending fences with China.

Laski's tribute to his brilliance is by now well known, and the former Foreign Secretary, Mr K. P. S. Menon, who sat on the committee that recruited Narayanan and others now in the higher reaches of the Foreign Service hierarchy, has endorsed the assessment of the great guru of the LSE. Not so well known, however, are Narayanan's other qualities.

With his professional skill and sophistication, he combines a measure of modesty and simplicity so distressingly rare among the pin-striped Brown Sahibs of South Block. He has not been posted to Peking before, but has a long experience of dealing with affairs Chinese. His ability to pursue essential Indian interests relentlessly but without causing offence ought to go down well with the Mandarins in Peking.

—I. M.

even if we can quickly arrive at a *modus vivendi* with China, on the road to *detente*, it will be a great gain. And there is at least one more reason which may make the Chinese favourably disposed towards us, especially at a time when, internally, they face an extremely difficult transition to the post-Mao era.

All diplomacy is a power game, and nations respect power more than anything else. Once again, foreigners seem to have a better appreciation of the fact that despite our many shortcomings and difficulties, our power, actual and potential, is at last beginning to match our size. The underground nuclear explosion for peaceful purposes two years ago, the launching of Aryabhata and the preparations for repeating the performance, the widening of the technological base for both industrial and defence production and the efficient management of the economy, to the extent that prices have been stable and food production more plentiful than ever before, speak for themselves. And, since power these days flows out of the barrels of oil, in this respect also our record has been worthy of respect. For, in four years, oil production may increase from 8 million tonnes to 20 million tonnes.

To say all this is not to pretend that all problems with China will disappear or even those misunderstandings which might be cleared up will not recur. But the short point is that if goodwill between India and China is re-established, all existing problems with all neighbours will be much more tractable than they are now.

At the same time, favourable factors, conducive to a reversal of the old pattern of relationship with Pakistan, have also come to surface. Pakistan's attempts to detach itself from the subcontinent, so to speak, and make itself a massive military power of the South-West Asian region round the Gulf have not been a conspicuous success. And the reason for this is not merely that the Pakistani economy is unable to sustain the burden of the kind of armament necessary for an unremitting confrontation with India. Countries to the west of the Khyber are themselves realising that they cannot build the future of their dreams without some kind of cooperation with India, no matter what the pulls of religion or region.

The plea made by the Shah of Iran at the Izmir summit of the RCD—that the scope of this organisation should be widened to include India, Iraq and Afghanistan—and the further strengthening of the ties between New Delhi and Teheran as a result of the Iranian Prime Minister's recent visit have an eloquent message of their own.

It is remarkable, however, that even before the RCD leaders met at the Turkish

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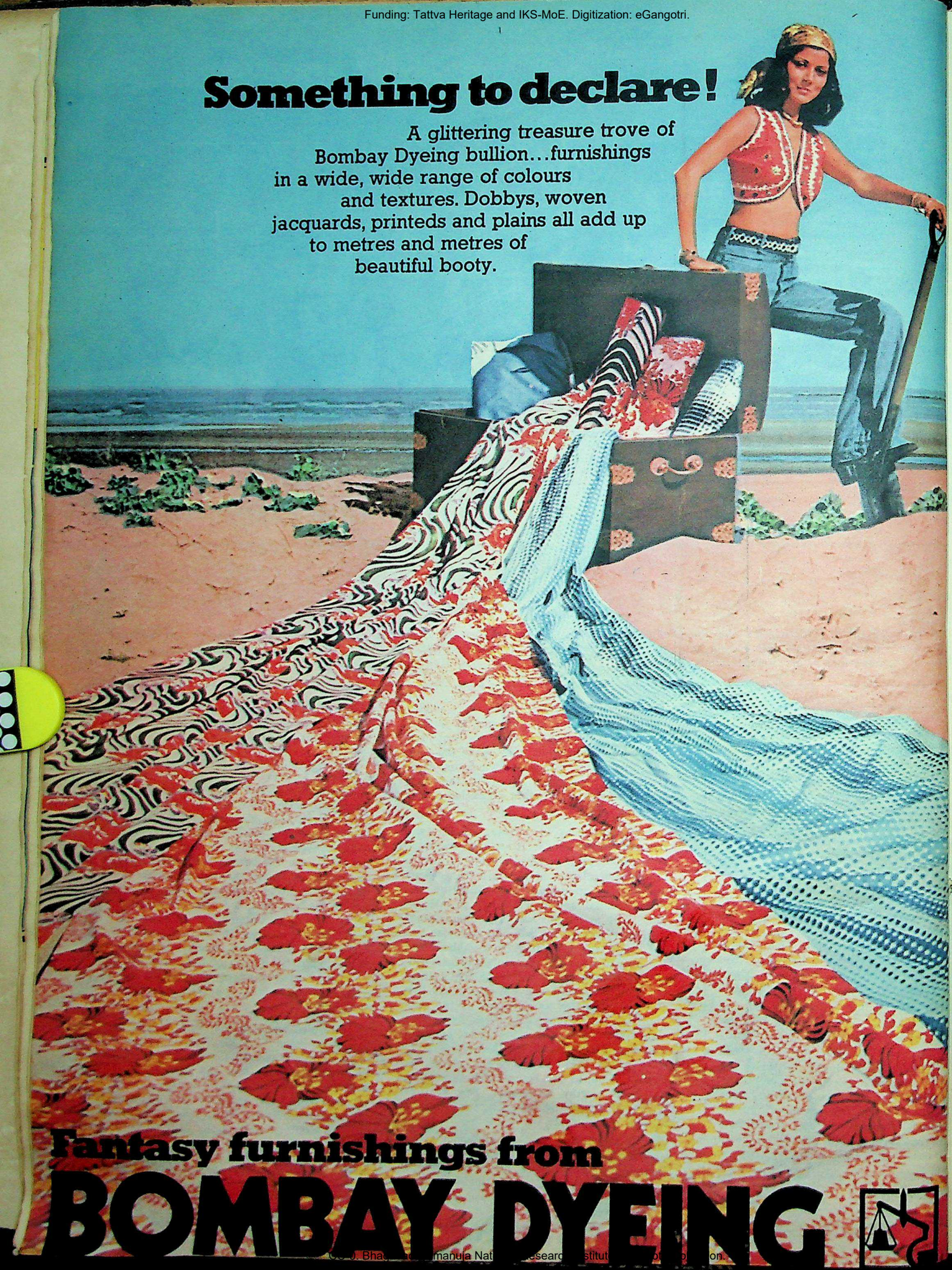
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health resort, the responsible and respected Pakistan Economist wrote perceptively and persuasively about the basic untiy of the subcontinent and about the need for better relations all across it. No less remarkably, Bhutto chose the forum of the Staff College at Quetta to deliver the message that one can escape almost anything but not the constraints of geography. Even more welcome is the prospect of a relaxation of tensions between Pakistan and Afghanistan, foreshadowed by Bhutto's prompt acceptance of an invitation to visit Sardar Daud in Kabul.

Difficulties ahead must not be overlooked. But no effort should be spared to establish better relations with Pakistan, for their benefits will far outweigh any stresses and strains we may have to undergo in order to make them possible.

As in the past, triangular agreements between this country, Pakistan and Bangladesh will be best arrived at through the accepted method of bilateralism. Even in the days when the return of the Pakistani POWs and the proposed trial of those Pakistani officers who had committed crimes against humanity were at stake, Indian influence was brought to bear in favour of building a better future rather than go on spending time on recriminations about the past. The least that Pakistan can and should do is to refrain from aggravating such problems as exist between New Delhi and Dacca.

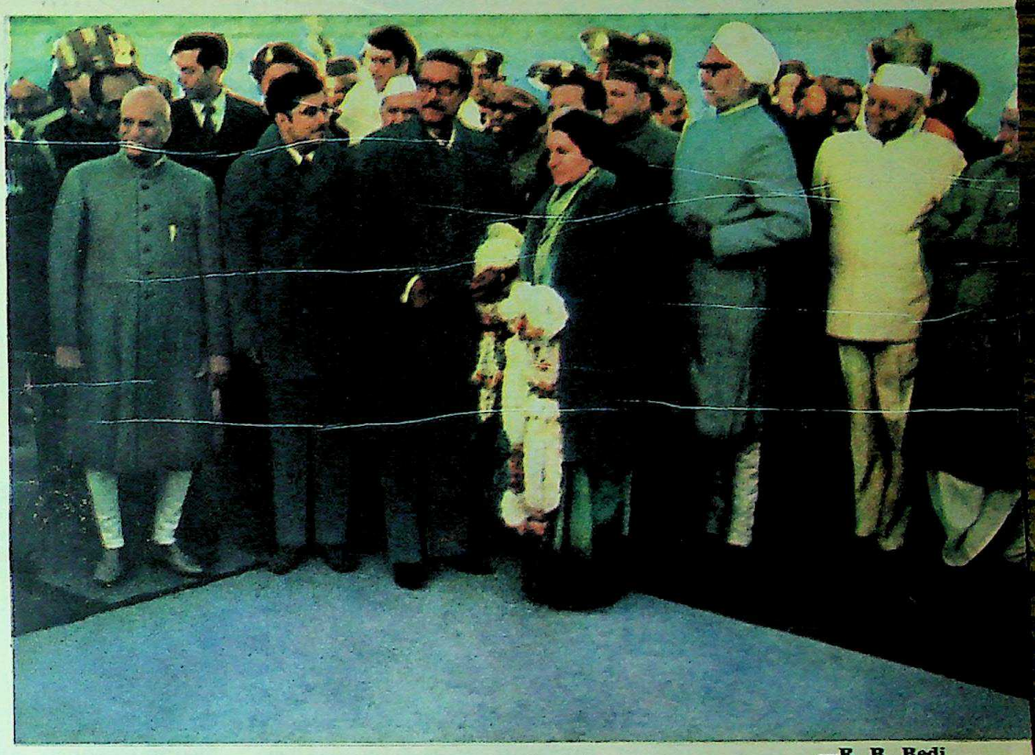
Should this happen, India and Bangladesh can come to grips with other matters, real or imaginary, that may be troubling those in power in Dacca.

The Challenges

It will be absurd to underestimate the challenges that Indian diplomacy faces in this connection. But it is only fair to recognise that settling problems with Bangladesh will surely be easier if our relations with China are normal or friendly than if old hostility persists, and some in Peking may be tempted to fish in troubled waters.

Whatever the future may hold, there can be no doubt that the Indian initiative to befriend neighbours is not only sincere but also carefully planned and concertedly launched. Some of the moves for making peace have indeed been so deft as to match the sureness of touch displayed during the difficult days, March to December 1971. For instance the Americans were maladroit enough to announce their first consignment of arms to Pakistan after the Bangladesh war precisely two days after the publication of Indira Gandhi's letter to Bhutto suggesting wide-ranging talks between the officials of two countries. But, for once, Delhi reacted to the move with dignified silence rather than shrill protest. In the same genre is Indira's correspondence with Maulana Bhashani.

With luck, the summer of 1976 may turn out to be a landmark in India's relationship with its neighbours as happy as the autumn of 1959 was an unhappy one. For it was then that the effort to establish a rapport between Jawaharlal Nehru and Ayub Khan collapsed on the one hand and the Kongkala incident, the first armed clash between border patrols of India and China, took place on the other.



—R. B. Bedi

THOSE DAYS SEEM FAR AWAY. Anti-Indian propaganda in Bangladesh has become shriller since Mujibur Rahman was shot dead during a coup. Recently, members of our Border Security Force were fired upon on the Meghalaya border and Farakka continues to be a sensitive issue, despite India's efforts to safeguard Bangladesh's interests.

HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN? Chou En-lai and Pandit Nehru in the heyday of the Hindi-Chini Bhai-Bhai era. Now, for the first time since the 1962 Sino-Indian war, we will have an ambassador in China.—K. R. Narayanan.

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SHE WILL SPEAK FOR ALL VIETNAM. Madame Nguyen Thi Binh, Foreign Minister of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam, is visiting India to discuss the proposed non-aligned conference in Colombo this August. By then, the two Vietnams will most probably be united and will be represented as one country at the meeting. Madame Binh may play a vital role in "developing Hindi Chini bhai-bhaism" as she is held in great respect in both countries.

ASOKA MEHTA RELEASED. The Congress (O) leader who had formerly held the portfolios of Planning, Petroleum and Chemicals, and Social Welfare was released from detention.

In The News...

A GLORIOUS COMEDOWN! Four Indians created skiing history when they zoomed down (8,360 ft) from the summit of Mt Trisul (23,360 ft) to the base camp in 90 minutes. The four members of the 10-man team led by Col N. Kumar were Jamadar Zil Bahadur, Havaldar Gurcharan Singh, Vijay Kaul and B. R. Sharma. Two days earlier Corporal Bronco Lane and Sergeant Brommie Stokes of the Anglo-Nepalese Army Expedition became the 53rd and 54th persons to have scaled Everest.

HE HAS HAD ENOUGH. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger has announced his decision to quit office even if President Ford is re-elected. Earlier, Ford had been advised to drop Kissinger if he wanted to better his prospects of winning. The Kissinger-engineered detente has come in for much gunning in the election campaign. He had been the main architect of America's foreign policy for eight years—and, at the height of his power, considered even more influential than the President. He is seen here with wife Nancy.

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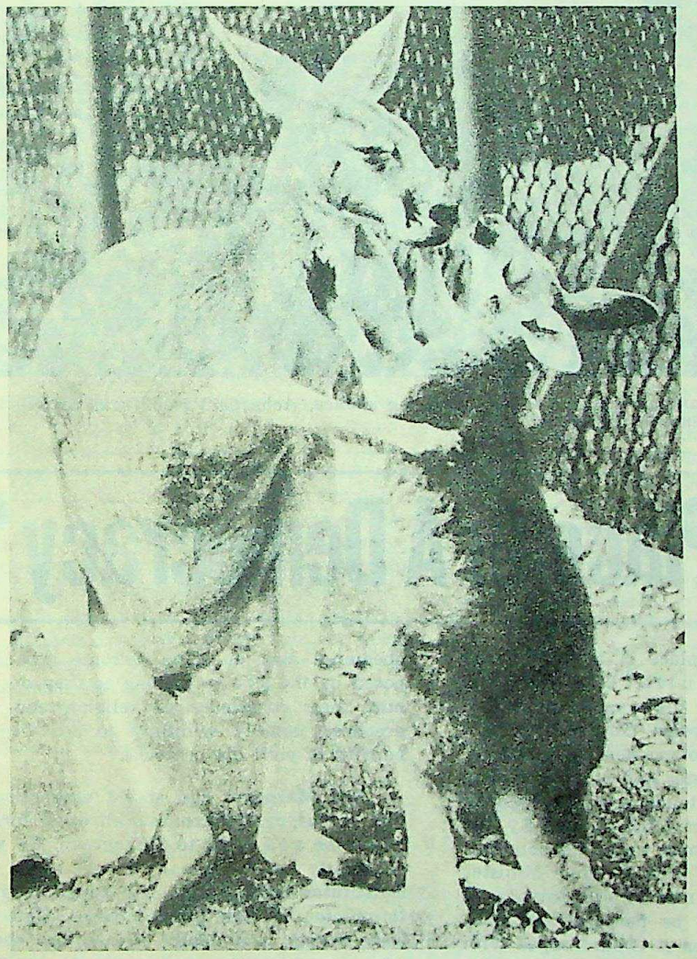
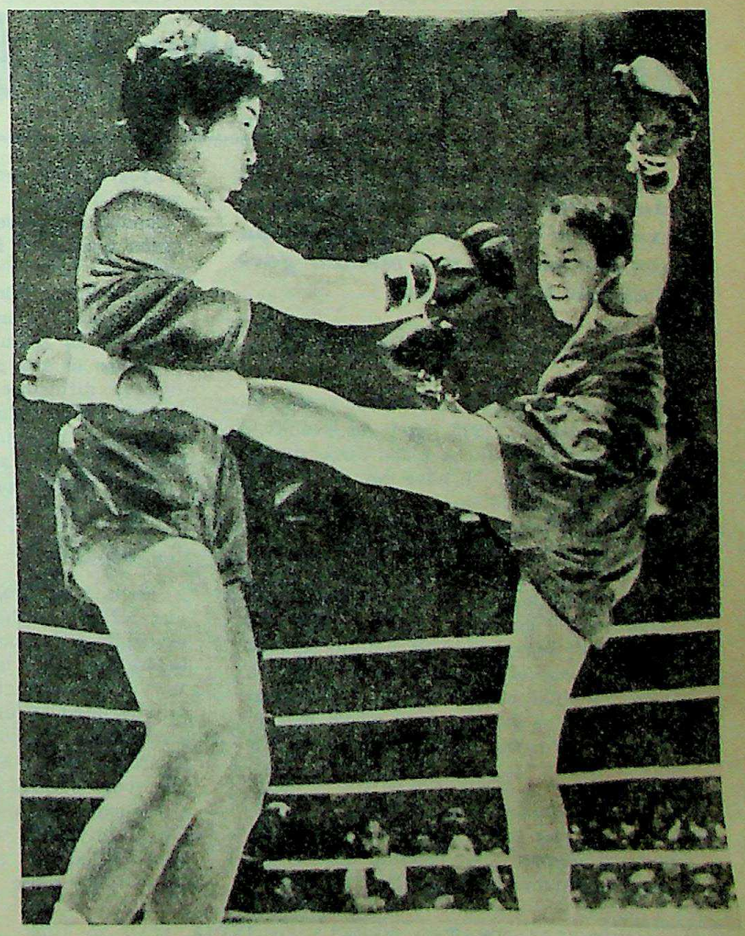
...And Out Of It

THE MALE MODEL AND THE LIBERAL LEADER. Norman Scott (35), a highly strung neurotic, whose unfounded allegations that he had homosexual relations with Mr Jeremy Thorpe has culminated with Mr Thorpe's resignation as leader of the Liberal party. Scott, a male model, met Mr Thorpe in 1961 and their friendship lasted for about three years. The former developed an obsession that he had been unjustly treated. In 1974 there was speculation over payment of £2,500 to Scott's bank account; in October 1975 his dog was shot by an airline pilot, who was jailed. While the case was pending, Scott also alleged that his life was in danger. Meanwhile Mr Richard Wainwright, MP, claimed in a radio interview that Mr Thorpe had failed to convince the British public that he had been telling the truth about his relations with Scott. Mr Thorpe's reaction was dramatic; he published two of his own letters to Scott, which, though friendly, did not indicate homosexuality. In one such letter he had ended with: "Bunnies can (and will) go to France. Yours affectionately, Jeremy. I miss you." He was unable to explain the reference to France and to "Bunnies". Scott claimed that this was a pet name by which he was known to Mr Thorpe.

THE END OF HER TRIAL. Ulrike Meinhof (40), one of the four leaders of the notorious Baader-Meinhof leftist gang that terrorised West Germany in the early 70s hanged herself in the Stammheim prison cell. It was the second death in prison among the accused who originally numbered five. Holger Meins died 18 months ago, after a prolonged hunger strike. Sympathisers have accused the state of "deliberate extinction" of the accused. The terrorists have been charged with five murders, 54 attempted murders, a series of bombing and robberies and with forming a "criminal association". Andreas Baader (33), Gudrun Ensslin (35) and Jan-karl Raspe (31) now await their trial.



WALTZING MATILDA IN STRAUSSLAND. A Red Kangaroo mother hugs her baby in a tender moment at the Munich Zoo. Kangaroos belong to the order Marsupialia, distinguished by their pouch in which their young remain for a considerable time after birth. Their nearest living relatives are the phalangers and wallabies which also inhabit Australia. But the phalangers are slow-moving and arboreal. The largest living kangaroos have a head as big as a sheep's and stand about 8 ft high.



NOT SIAMESE CATS. "Clash of the tiger cats"—that was how the bout between Lamai Puangiak of Thailand (right) and her Japanese opponent Yachi Kato was billed as they boxed Thai style at Bangkok's Hua Mark Stadium. Fierce kicks and lightning jabs are all "legal" in Thai-style boxing. The 18-year-old Miss Lamai won a points victory.

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IS SILENCE ALSO ANUSHASAN? In December 1975, at a meeting marking the end of his year-long silence, Acharya Vinoba said Satyagraha should be considered if the Government did not follow the moral guidance of acharyas.

Has Satyagraha No Place In A Democracy?

A well-known Gandhian and close associate of Vinoba Bhave examines whether Satyagraha against one's own elected government is justified.

by Dr SHRIMAN NARAYAN

IN his special address to the nation on December 25, 1975, after his year-long silence, Acharya Vinoba made these significant observations: "I have no doubt that in India the people would be happy if they received and followed the *Anushasan* (moral guidance) of the Acharyas. If the Government opposed the path shown by the Acharyas, the question of Satyagraha against it would arise. I have full confidence that the Government here would do nothing against the *Anushasan* of the Acharyas." Vinobaji made a similar observation in his address to the Acharya Sammelan which met in Paunar towards the middle of January this year.

Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, however, declared in her public speech at Nagpur on February 24, soon after meeting Acharya Vinoba at Paunar Ashram, that "all talk of Satyagraha has no place in the new India we are trying to build". She continued: "Gandhiji had used the weapon of Satyagraha against a foreign Government. But today we have a Government of our own, and the Prime Minister and other Ministers keep constantly in touch with the people. They go on frequent tours to study the problems of the people and find solutions to their difficulties." The Prime Minister added: "Those who resort to Satyagraha claim that it would be peaceful and non-violent, but very soon it is surcharged with violence. Public property is destroyed and innocent lives are lost."

Sacred Duty

It is, therefore, essential to consider the place of Satyagraha in democracy coolly and in depth and place a clear-cut conclusion before the people in order to avoid confusion and misunderstanding. Mahatma Gandhi had declared in unambiguous terms that Satyagraha or civil disobedience was "the inherent right of a citizen, and he dare not give it up without ceasing to be a man". He continued: "Civil disobedience becomes a sacred duty when the state becomes lawless." Satyagraha could, however, be taken up by only those "who believe in willing obedience even to some irksome laws imposed by the state so long as they do not hurt their conscience or religion and are prepared equally willingly to suffer a penalty of civil disobedience."

The Mahatma had stated emphatically that "a Satyagrahi exhausts all other means before he resorts to Satyagraha. He will constantly and continually approach the constituted authority, he will appeal to public opinion, educate public opinion, state his case calmly and coolly before everybody who wants to listen to him, and only after he has exhausted all these avenues will he resort to Satyagraha." Gandhiji also observed: "Satyagraha is gentle; it never wounds. It must not be the result of anger or malice."

Bapu was against Satyagraha campaigns launched for trivial and unworthy causes. He called them Duragraha. **Indulgence in violence, stone-throwing, arson and looting were denounced by him time and again. He maintained that "Satyagraha excludes the use of violence in any shape or form, whether in thought, speech or deed".** The basic idea is to convert the heart of the opponent through love and suffering. Mr Justice V. R. Krishna Iyer of the Supreme Court, in the course of his recent lecture on "Juris-

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prudence and Jurisconscience a la Gandhi", at the Gandhi Peace Foundation on January 30 this year, made a similar observation: "India, since the Mahatma, has misused this spiritual instrument resulting in vulgar devaluation of the method and its potency through rashes of Satyagraha for worthless causes. A moral nuclear weapon has lost its seriousness and explosiveness and become a mass *tamasha*, self-defeating and profane."

In Satyagraha, there could be no place for *gheraos* which are definitely coercive in nature. Gandhiji had condemned even "sitting *dharnas*" employed by students in some cases. He called them "barbarous" because they were crude ways of using coercion.

Resorting to frequent fasts for minor and selfish causes was also frowned upon by the Mahatma. He was of the definite view that "a Satyagrahi should fast only as a *last resort*, when all other avenues of redress have failed". He said: "Ridiculous fasts spread like plague and are harmful." In brief, fasting should be deemed the last weapon in the armoury of a Satyagrahi.

Acharya Vinobaji has also made it abundantly clear on several occasions that the weapon of Satyagraha is a delicate instrument and should be used in very special cases, with refinement. Though it has a definite place even under a democratic set-up, Satyagraha should be undertaken on rare occasions, with proper care and consideration. For example, if the very laws enacted by a democratic Government are not implemented in a just manner and all appeals through proper channels fail to evoke any response from the authorities concerned, an individual or a group could legitimately resort to Satyagraha. **The implementation of land reforms in various States is a case in point. Several instances have come to our notice where progressive Land Laws have not done due justice to the small farmers and landless labourers. Satyagraha in such cases could not be ruled out even under a democratic Government.**

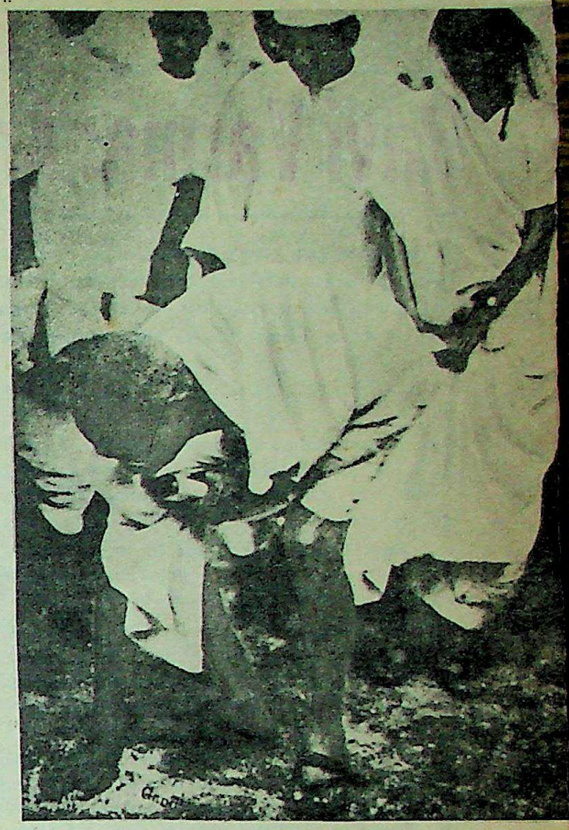
Let us take another example. The Government of India has asked the State Governments to implement a Twelve-Point Minimum Programme of Prohibition. Under this programme, there should be no liquor shops near educational institutions or places of worship. If, after repeated requests, the people of a locality find that the liquor shop near a school or temple has not been removed by the authorities, launching of Satyagraha by them would be deemed as just and reasonable. Needless to mention, such a Satyagraha should be completely peaceful and non-violent, in accordance with Gandhian ideals.

Legitimate Cases

When a good number of persons are thrown out of employment by the setting up of a mill in a place where cottage and village industries like hand-spinning and hand-weaving, oil extraction or gur manufacture are providing livelihood to the people, it can be regarded as a proper occasion for starting a Satyagraha. **Under the Indian Constitution, the right to work for earning one's livelihood is a Fundamental Right. If the Government sanctions the establishment of a factory in a region where thousands of people are earning their bread through a decentralised industry, the people should have the right to resort to Satyagraha when all other remedies fail to achieve the objective.**

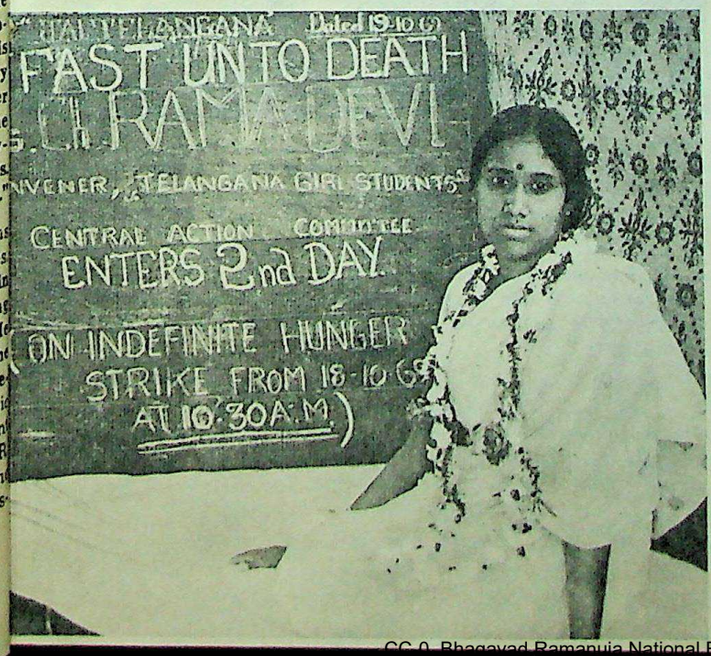
Acharya Vinoba has often cited one more case in which Satyagraha would be considered as legitimate. Under the Gramdan movement, all economic activities of the village should be planned not by individual farmers but by the community as a whole. If the Government imposes a levy on foodgrains, the village community should be able to decide the quantum of surplus that may be handed over to the Government after calculating the consumption needs of the local community. In case the Government tries to collect grain levy from individual farmers forcibly, the villagers have a right to oppose such a move through Satyagraha or non-violent civil disobedience.

In sum, both Mahatma Gandhi and Acharya Vinoba are of the definite view that Satyagraha is a very potent moral instrument and should be resorted to only in rare cases. But to rule it out altogether under a democratic Government would not be correct or justified. To quote Gandhiji's own words: "My non-violence would prevent me from fighting my countrymen on the many questions that must arise when India has become free. A mere academic discussion can only hamper the present progress of non-violence. I know, however, that if I survive the struggle for freedom, I might have to give non-violent battle to my own countrymen which may be as stubborn as that in which I am now engaged."



ARE WE WORTH OUR SALT? Gandhiji picks up salt at the conclusion of his celebrated Dandi march on April 6, 1930.

HAS SATYAGRAHA BECOME DURAGRAHA? Telengana was one of the issues in which a section of the people resorted to satyagraha. Who is to decide which cause is worthy of this potent weapon?



NO HATRED IN A TRUE SATYAGRAHI. When we fought the British with the weapon of satyagraha, Gandhiji taught us not to hate them.

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Ravi Varma: Artist Of The People And Of Gods

The oleographs of his gods and goddesses are worshipped in millions of Hindu homes. Art historians and critics however regard his paintings as imitations of second-class European art.

by INDIRA VARMA

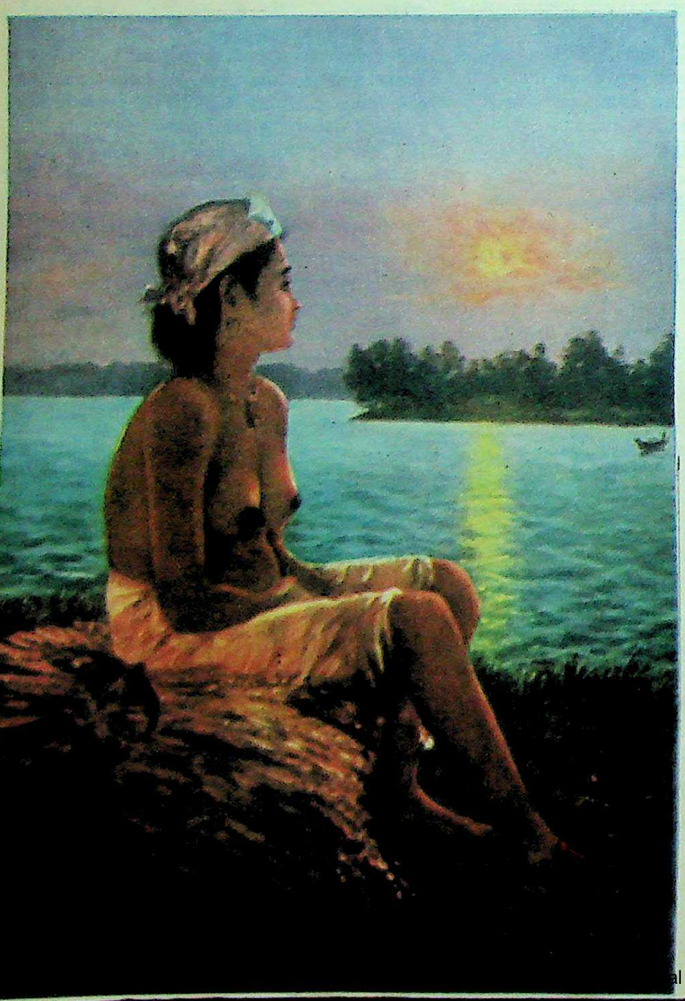
AN eminent Maharashtrian once said that Kerala's fame rests mainly on three of her sons: Sankaracharya, the celebrated founder of Advaita; Swati Tirunal, the composer; and Ravi Varma, the artist.

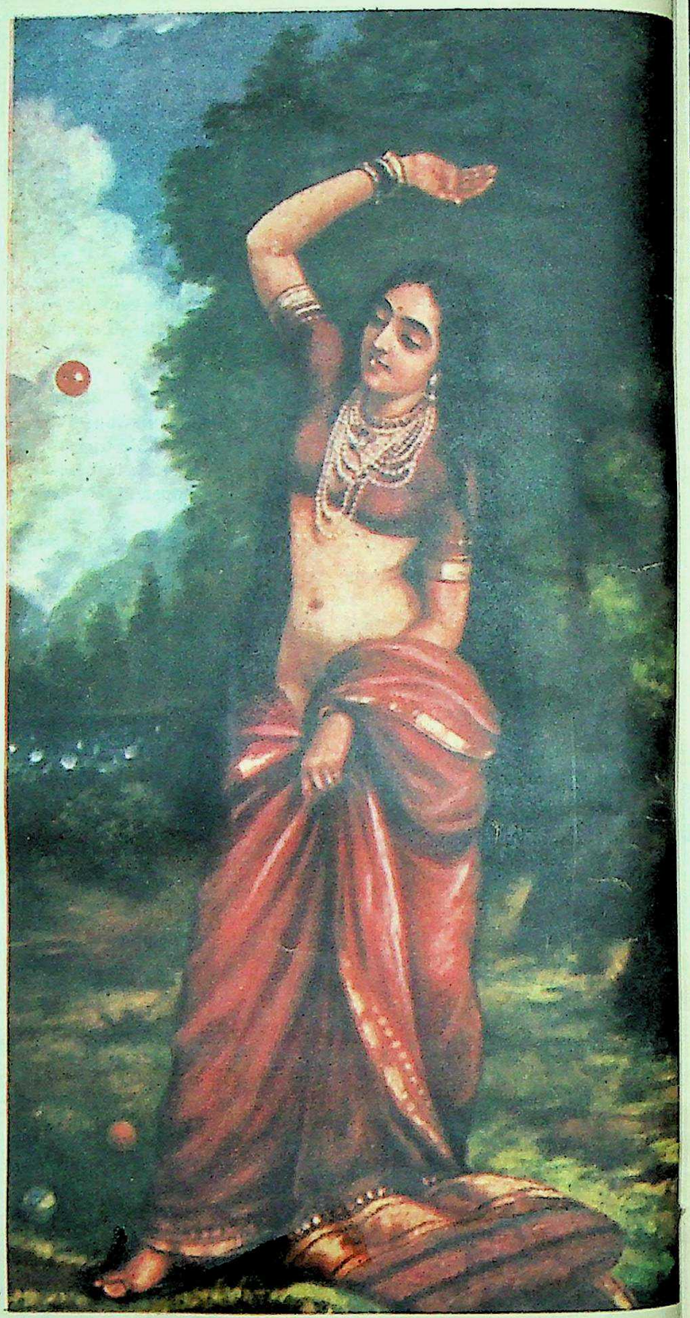
Ravi Varma is perhaps the most popular Indian artist. Yet he has been the subject of a great deal of controversy. The Bengal revivalist school criticised him for his realism.

Ravi Varma was born in a princely family on April 9, 1848, at Kilimanoor, a picturesque village, 24 miles north of Trivandrum. Kilimanoor had been granted to the family in perpetuity by the Maharaja of Travancore in recognition of the services rendered by the ancestors of the artist.

As a child, Ravi Varma would draw on walls and floors with chalk or charcoal and was frequently scolded by his elders. At the age of 14, he was brought to the Maharaja of Travancore, Ayilyam Tirunal. Three miniature paintings done by Ravi Varma were presented to His Highness who was very pleased. He gave the young artist a room in the palace to be used as a studio and a box of water colours. The Maharaja had an excellent library from which Ravi Varma learnt a great deal about painting.

At a youthful age Ravi Varma decided to make painting his career. He went to the Mookambika temple in South Kanara with a few friends. He spent 41 days in devotions before the deity. The return journey proved to be difficult because of the monsoon, and, to make matters worse, at Kasergode their money was stolen. Here





MOHINI—Vishnu who took the disguise of the Temptress to cheat the asuras of amrita. Below left: Grass-cutter beside the ferry, awaiting her husband.

the artist met a *poojari* whose daughter was "possessed by an evil spirit". The *poojari* had vainly spent large sums of money on exorcism. Ravi Varma told him that he would try to cure his daughter. The man readily agreed and the artist chanted some *mantras* and lo! the girl was cured.

The simple people of the village were convinced that Ravi Varma was a holy man with spiritual powers. They swarmed round him to be cured of various maladies. Embarrassed by the unwanted saint-hood, the artist and his friends left the same night for Kerala.

—Continued

THE GODDESS regrets his folly

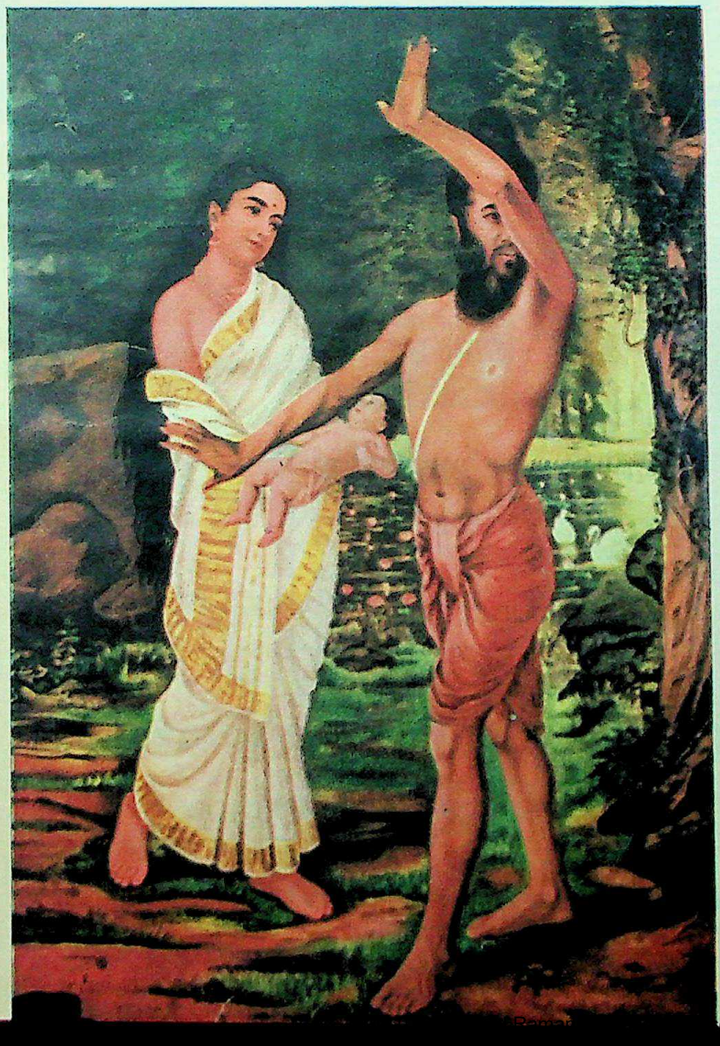
al Research Institute, Melukote Collection.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MHRD. Digitization: eGangotri

—S. N. Kulkarni

THE GODDESS SARASWATI. Below: *My baby? Visvamitra regrets his folly on the birth of a daughter (Sakuntala) by Menaka.*

RANI LAKSHMI BAI OF TRAVANCORE—the artist's sister-in-law. Below: *The Goddess Lakshmi*



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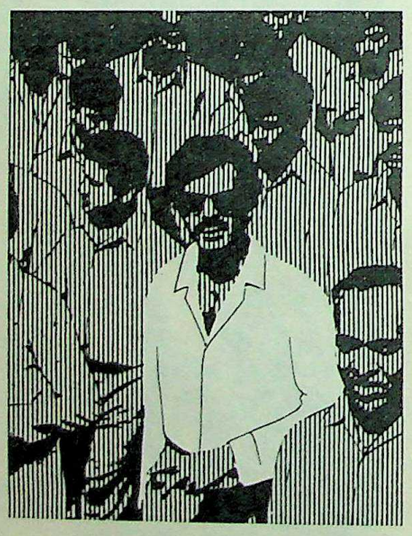
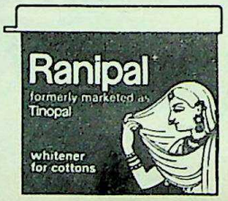
Tinopal* has a new name Ranipal



Ranipal+ for cottons



Ranipal+-S for synthetics and blends

The name is new but the products remain the same.

Ranipal+ whitens best

Suhrid Geigy LIMITED + trade mark of Suhrid Geigy Ltd. * formerly marketed under licence from Ciba-Geigy Ltd.

Shilpi SGT

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At the age of 17, Ravi Varma married Poororuttati Nal of Mavelikkara. Ravi Varma received commissions to paint from different parts of India; he had to remain away from home for long periods. His wife resented this and felt that he neglected her in his pursuit of art. The result was their married life suffered. Yet the couple loved each other dearly as is seen from the following incident.

While returning from his tours Ravi Varma used to bring costly presents for his wife. He once brought home a beautiful chandelier for her. When he arrived, he found that she had gone to the temple. Wishing to give her a surprise, he had the chandelier hung and lit with candles. He instructed his servants not to inform her of his arrival. He then went to his younger brother's house next door and waited for her return.

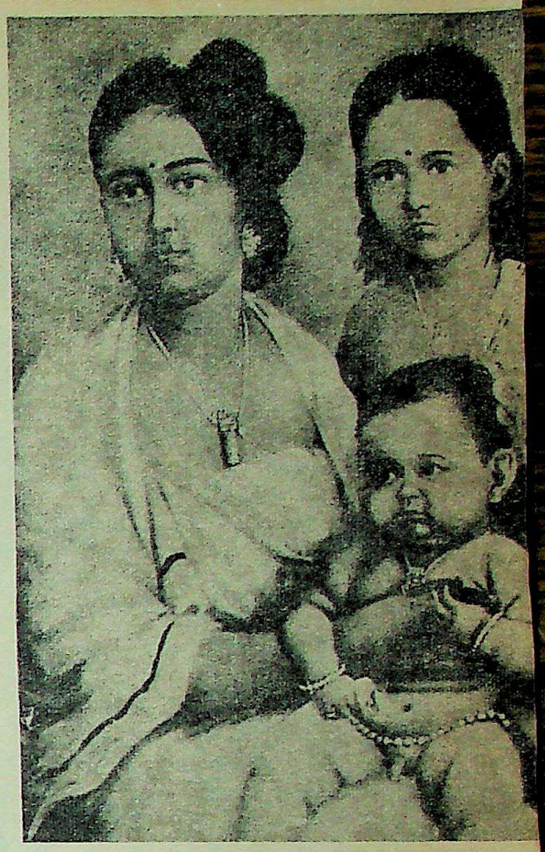
However when his wife saw the chandelier, her reaction was totally unexpected. All her resentment welled up and she asked the servants to put off the candles and throw the chandelier out of the window.

The Angry Husband

When Ravi Varma came to know this he berated his servants. Meanwhile, not knowing how to face him, the wife locked herself up in the bedroom. Ravi Varma followed her and began to pound on the door angrily. When she did not open the door, he shouted that he would leave her.

At this, Poororuttati became alarmed, for she knew Ravi Varma was capable of carrying out his threat. She opened the door at once and fell at her husband's feet with a tearful apology. "All I want is you, not presents," she said and the couple had a happy reconciliation.

Ravi Varma's brother Raja Raja Varma, a noted artist himself, has related the following story about Ravi Varma's personal charm.



RAJA RAVI VARMA (1848-1906). Right: *A family portrait. His wife, Poororuttati Nal, with their children. (Members of princely families in Kerala are known by the asterism under which they are born. "Poororuttati" is derived from the Sanskrit name of the asterism Purvaproshthapada.)*

The Maharaja of a North Indian State commissioned Ravi Varma to paint some portraits of the members of his family. Among them was a girl of outstanding beauty—the niece of the Maharaja.

When Ravi Varma saw her, he wished to use her as a model for the painting of Radha waiting for Krishna. He obtained the Maharaja's permission to paint her sitting beside a small artificial waterfall in the palace gardens. He started to paint with great enthusiasm but was unable to get the model to assume the expression of a girl pining for her lover.

After a few sittings, the model fell in love with the artist. When the princely household came to know of this, they held consultations and decided to give the girl in marriage to him. When the Maharaja put forward the proposal to the artist, he was taken aback. For he had not fallen in love with the girl and had only admired her beauty.

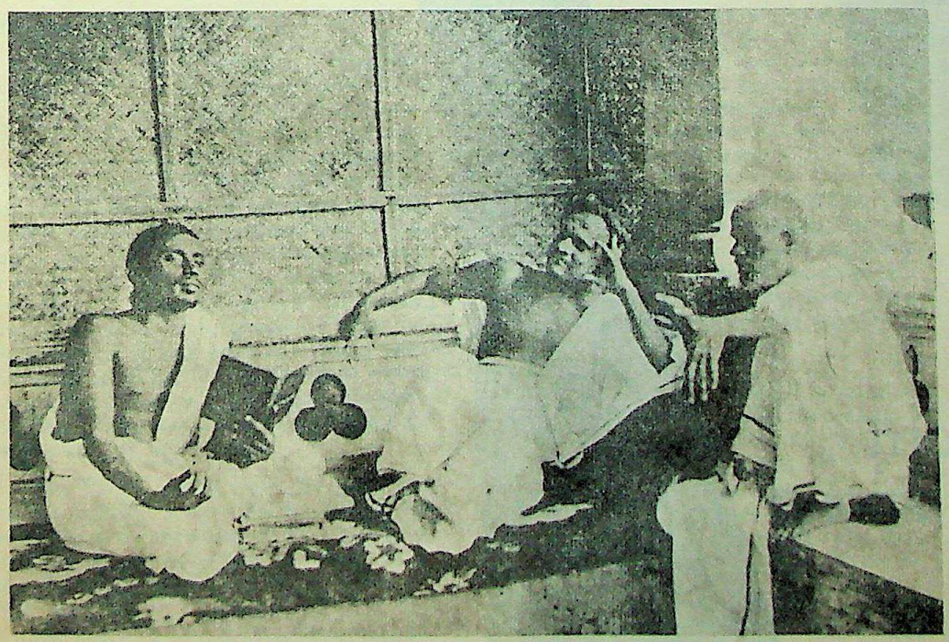
The Unfinished Portrait

Now he was in an awkward position—he very much wanted to finish the painting but how could he under the circumstances? The Maharaja, however, permitted the artist to finish the portrait. After this incident Ravi Varma found to his amazement that he was able to capture the precise expression on the face of the princess—that of a girl pining for her lover.

Ravi Varma was unaffected by fame and adulation. He treated all men in the same manner.

The artist was once invited to a party at Government House, Bombay. As he was getting ready for the function, he found that his coachman was ill. He at once sent for the doctor, completely disregarding his appointment. In those days an invitation from Government House was tantamount to a summons, and no Indian dared to treat it lightly. Yet Ravi Varma considered the well-

—Continued



"YOU TELL ME THE STORY, I'LL DO THE ILLUSTRATIONS." The artist (centre) relaxes, listening to the recitation of a purana.

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Checks. Stripes. Shades. Weaves. DCM suggests idea to groom the young man of today.

"Good dressing shouldn't help you to stand out among men, but to stand up like a man.

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TILOTTAMA (from a painting by Ravi Varma). The apsaras was created for the destruction of the two demons, Sunda and Upasunda. Right: This painting of Ravi Varma's eldest daughter with her son won a gold medal at an international exhibition.

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being of his coachman more important than the Governor's party.

Ravi Varma had a genius for producing lifelike paintings. His canvases often tricked people into believing that they were seeing real objects and not mere paintings.

The Party That Was Not

When he was in Bombay, a European lady invited him to dinner at her house It was a rainy evening, and when it was time for him to return, she took him into an ante-room and showed him an unbrella which she requested him to carry with him. It was only when he stretched out his hand to take it that he realised that it was only a painting of an umbrella. Subsequently he invited the lady to his place for dinner. When she arrived, he led her inside. She found many other guests seated on either side of a long table in a large hall. The artist asked her to take her place. When she tried to do so, she found that the door, the large room, the table and the guests all constituted one big painting!

Ravi Varma is best known for his paintings of beautiful women. In those days, his works were so synonymous with beauty that to say a woman was "as lovely as a Ravi Varma painting" was the best way to praise her beauty.

For many of his paintings, Ravi Varma used his eldest daughter as a model. His painting showing her with her infant son is called "There Comes Papa". Along with nine other paintings, it won a gold medal at the International Exhibition of Paintings held in Chicago in 1873.

In 1905, Ravi Varma celebrated his birthday as the oldest member and head of the joint family. Everyone who came to his house that day was fed. The artist said then that in three years' time he would be celebrating his *shashtiabdapurti* (60th birthday) after which he would become a *sanyasin*. He wished to construct an ashram and stay away from worldly cares.

His wish however was not fulfilled. The diabetes which had been troubling him began to get worse. He developed a carbuncle which did not heal. When his condition became serious, letters and telegrams from all over the world enquiring about his health poured in.

On the morning of October 2, 1906, his condition further deteriorated. He called his son Rama Varma to his side and enquired about a picture that he could not find in the pages of a book. The son had no idea what his father was talking about and stood there puzzled and unhappy. Then Ravi Varma showed by signs that the picture he meant was of the Goddess Bhagavati. Rama Varma immediately painted a picture of the goddess and showed it to his father, who gazed at it intently and folded his hands. A few hours later he died. . .

PORTRAIT OF A MALAYALI WOMAN

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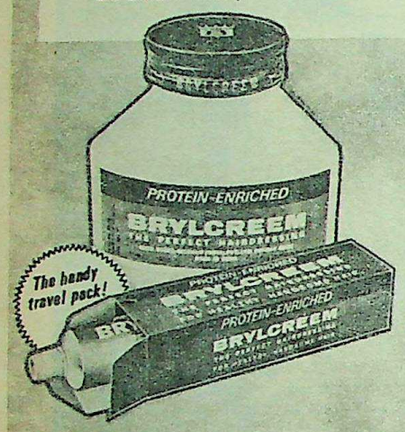

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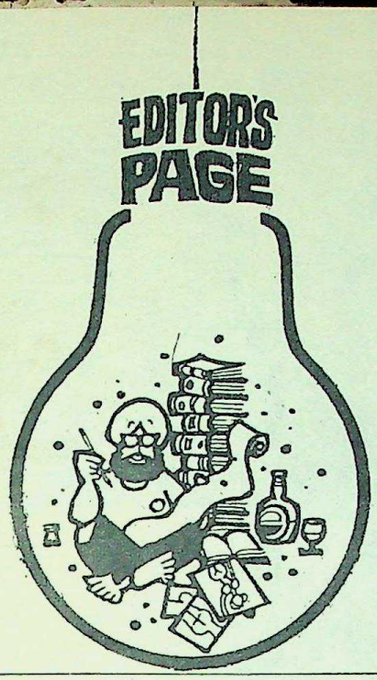


Nature And Sex In The Classics

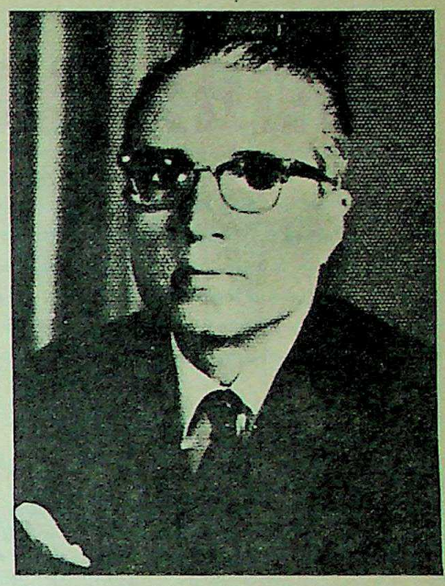
I HAVE often lamented my countrymen's indifference to the phenomenon of nature and double standards on matters of sex; outward prudishness combined with inner prurience. This was certainly not so 2,000 years ago. I have just been reading Dr Manmohan Ghosh's translation of *Chaturbhani* written some time between 200-350 B.C.—*Glimpses of Sexual Life in Nanda Maurya India* (Manisha Granthalaya, Rs 50)—and been pleasantly surprised to see the author's familiarity with the flora and fauna of the region, the explicit and often indelicate reference to sex. Although a long list of the *dramatis personae* appear, they are in part long monologues by one man on courtesans and their patrons as they pass by him on their way to or returning from the houses of pleasure. This *Vilasakaundini* (vessel of coquetry) whose beauty "sprinkles the eyes with ambrosia" becomes like all other women characters even lovelier following "fatigue of intercourse" with swollen lips and scars of violent lust of "a festival of amour decorated with scratches of nails".

"The blooming lotus is her face, the buds of white flowers are her teeth, fresh blue lilies are her eyes, the red *asoka* flowers are her throbbing lips, humming of bees is her speech, best bouquets (of flowers) are her breasts, flowers on the head are her ornament, loose flowers are her garments, and garlands are her shining girdle. The bower range, which is the bride of spring, has assumed indeed a female form by its (various) flowers." The hermaphrodite is praised because her breasts do not come in the way of a closer embrace, is not inhibited from sex for certain days in the month as other women are and there is "no risk of conception which is an enemy of physical charm and the progress of youth"—whatever that means.

Our ancestor's concept of beauty was somewhat bizarre: bosom too heavy for the slender waist, round buttocks as large as the behind of a maddened elephant in rut. And so on. The wife comes off very poorly when compared to the courtesan. "Once on the chariot of a courtesan's hips, who will consciously opt for a married wife?" demands the author of one of the plays and replies, "No one consciously leaves off a chariot to ride in a bullock-cart."

Urdu And Iqbal

PEOPLE have their own prescriptions for mental relaxation. Some turn to meditation, others to reading detective novels or comics. When I have had a tiring day, I take up a crossword puzzle or try my hand at translating something from Hindi, Urdu or Punjabi. My vocabulary in these languages is very limited. Consulting dictionaries of the vernacular takes a lot of time because I cannot recite the order in which the alphabet appears. For years I prayed that someone would produce an Indian language dictionary arranged in the order of the English alphabet. My prayer has been partly answered in the publication of a tiny 1,500-word dictionary, *Towards Understanding Urdu Poetry*, by the Nathani Trust of Bombay (Price Rs 5) with the words also printed in Devanagari. A most useful little lexicon to take with you to a *mushaira, qawwali* or a concert of *ghazals*—and to have beside you when you are listening at home. The Nathani's would render a great service to the Urdu language if they doubled the number of words in their next printing.

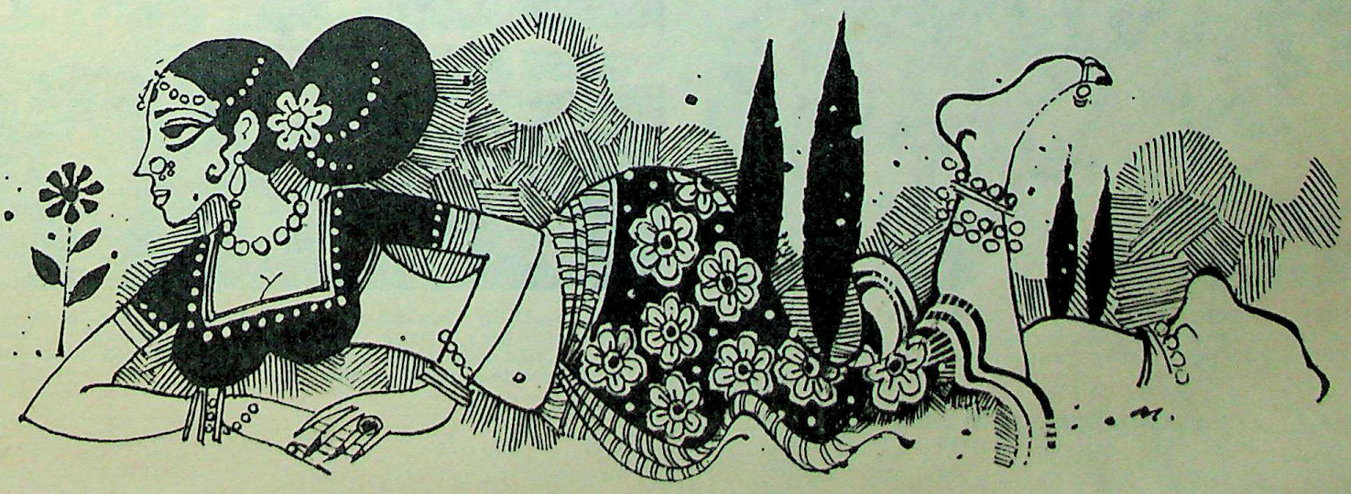


AMEEN KHORASANEE, author of the Perennial Quest.

How can one reproduce the music of the original in the translation? Take for example the most celebrated verse of Iqbal so beautifully rendered in song by Lata Mangeshkar, "*Kabhi aiy haqeeqat-i-Muntazar, nazar aa libaas-i-majaz mein.*" I have torn my hair trying to capture the sound of words—and admitted failure. I've read many translations and found them utterly inadequate. The closest and yet a long way away from the original is Ameen Khorasanee's rendering in *The Perennial Quest* (Mitre Press, London, 90 p):

O long-awaited Truth, for once express
Thyself in tangible garb of Shape and Form,
For at my brow, that it Thy Feet may press,
A thousand fealties have stirred a storm.

Khorasanee, an Indian-born Pakistani of Iranian ancestry now settled in London, is a poet in his own rights. He has done a valiant job with Ghalib, Iqbal and Faiz.



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Maldives

Maldives with its sun, sand, and surf appears a perfect setting for the seeker of paradise. But it is beset with problems mainly in health, nutrition and education. Only a few years ago half the children born on the islands died before they reached the age of five. Half the women who died between the ages of 20 and 40 died in child birth. Today conditions are different.

by JIM BREETVELD

Photographs by T. S. Satyan

THERE are few paradise spots left in the world where you can really "get away from it all". At first glance, it would appear that the Maldives Republic, a double chain of coral atolls in the Indian Ocean, is just such a tropical utopia. It has the sun, the sand, the surf, the idyllic islands, and the isolation (they lie 300 miles south-west of the southern tip of India) to provide the perfect setting for the modern seeker of paradise. There are excellent facilities for swimming, fishing, boating, skin-diving, shell-collecting or just lying in the sun. And it's unusually clean and orderly. Consider the following excerpt from an article on the Maldives by John Balcomb (currently UNICEF Regional Information Officer in East Africa):

"There has never been a murder, so far as anyone knows. There are no direct taxes. The capital, Male, is probably the cleanest city in the world. It is certainly the cleanest city in the tropics—no trash, no refuse, no beggars. The people are racially, socially and linguistically homogeneous. They all practise the same religion, Islam. There are no minority problems because there are no minorities. No one drinks. No one takes drugs. There are no uniformed police and there seems to be no need of any. Everyone who has visited the country remarks on the people's strong sense of order and social discipline. There is a law in Male that all bicycles must have lights and that the lights must be turned on at 6 p.m. sharp. Promptly at 6, every evening, as the sun sinks, hundreds of bicycle lamps light up

SUNSET AT MALE. The capital of Maldives has been described as the cleanest city in the tropics—no squalor, no refuse, no beggars. Male, is only 20 minutes by motor launch from the international airport at Hulule, which is linked with Colombo and Trivandrum.

A PRIZED CATCH. Almost all of the Maldivian $ 3 million annual export earnings is derived from the sale of "Maldive fish", which is a great favourite in Sri Lanka. Fish curry is the main dish of Maldivians.

MALE ISLANDS. Only 200 of the 2,000 Maldive islands are inhabited (local populations ranging from 100 to a few thousand). Male is only one and a quarter square miles in area and already has a population of more than 17,000 people.

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at the same instant, as if a collective switch had been thrown. It is a remarkable sight and an incredible one to people who have lived in other cities of the developing world".

When applying for United Nations assistance, the Maldivian Government stressed health, nutrition and education as its most pressing problems. Only a decade ago half the children born in the islands died before they reached the age of five. Half the women who died between the ages of 20 and 40 died in child birth. These appalling conditions have steadily improved, but much remains to be done.

Experts from UNICEF and WHO have worked closely with Government health officials to reduce the incidence of malaria, filariasis, tuberculosis, leprosy, and gastro-intestinal disorders, which are among the country's major health problems. Many Maldivian children suffer from malnutrition.

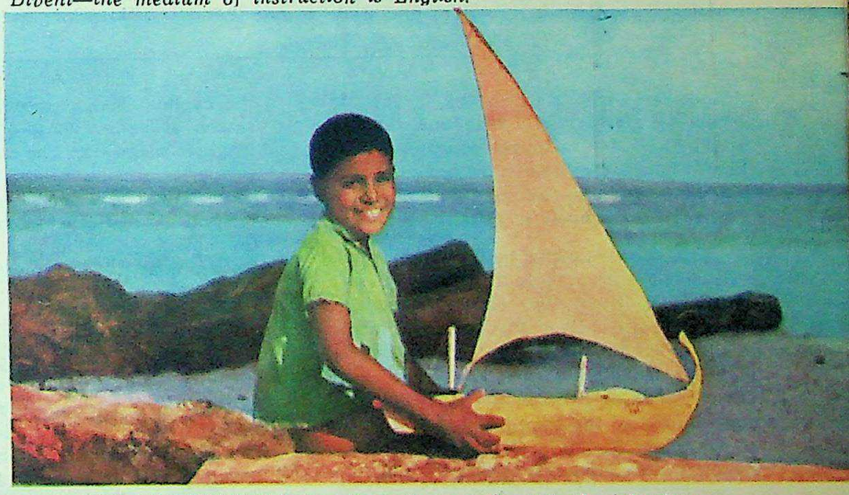
The Maldivian Public Health Division executes immunisation programmes, manages health work in Male port, and supervises the network of health posts. The Government has established health centres in 14 of the 19 atolls comprising the country. Each is manned by a Health Assistant, trained in public health (with the emphasis on disease control) by WHO ANM's—Auxiliary Nurse-Midwives.

In 1974 the UNICEF Executive Board approved a three-year commitment of $282,000 for assistance to health services and to primary education. A water supply project, with an important environmental sanitation component, and the provision of motorised sea transport are part of the assistance to the health programmes.

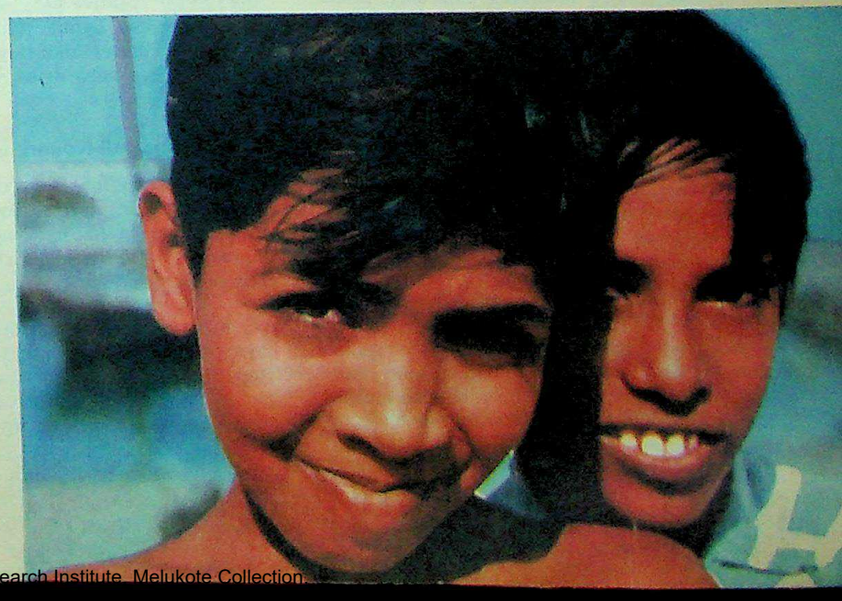
Maldivian education is inadequate, to say the least. It is confined to about 900 children who live in Male or are able to come from other islands and stay with friends or relatives while attending school. There are three Government schools in Male—the Montessori School for young children, the Majeddia School for Boys and the Ameniya

—Continued

BANANAS FROM BAA-ATOLL. Educational facilities are inadequate. About 900 children in Male go to school. Teachers come from Sri Lanka. Though Maldivians have their own language—Divehi—the medium of instruction is English.



ALREADY AN EXPERT? Being dependent on the sea, the islanders have become skilful shipbuilders. Their impressive vessels are constructed from pieces of local timber but no metal is used. Maldivians are unable to build dugout canoes or catamarans because large logs are not available. Below: *Camera-shy kids.*



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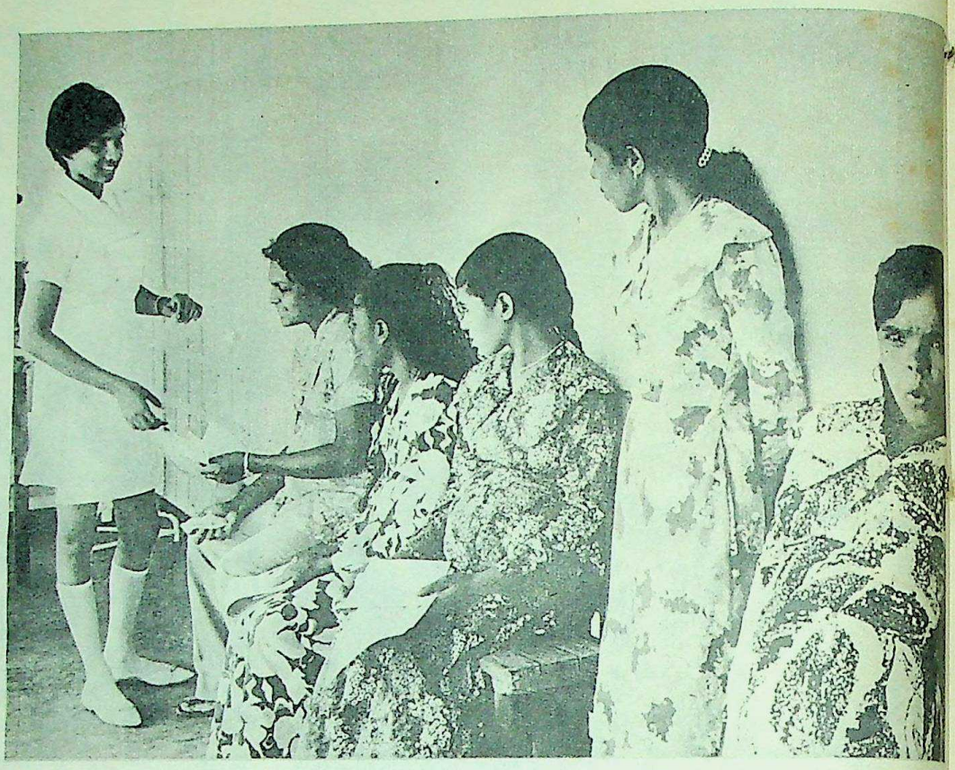

POUNDING THEIR WAY TO A RICHER LIFE? Rice is the Maldivian's staple food. But it has to be imported along with flour, sugar, textiles, fuel, tinned vegetables and milk. Right: *An ante-natal clinic at the Government General Hospital in Male.*

School for Girls. Teachers in the Male schools are from Sri Lanka and there are no facilities for technical education of any kind. Though the Maldivians have their own language—Divehi—the medium of instruction in these schools is English.

This is a realistic policy since English will be of use to those fortunate few who are able to leave the country to continue their education. The only other education available in the other atolls is in the religious Quranic schools which teach Arabic, Divehi, and a little arithmetic. UNICEF's contribution to the improvement of primary education in Maldives Republic is the construction of community schools.

An Islamic Society

The Maldives Republic, with a total population of 1,30,000, is a 100 per cent Muslim society. The islanders embraced Islam in 1153. They were ruled by a series of Muslim monarchs until 1558 when they were conquered by the Portuguese. In 1573 the Maldivians revolted and ousted the Portuguese and centuries of rule by Islamic kings followed. In 1887 the islands became a British Protectorate. It was in 1965 that the Maldivians attained their full political independence from Britain. In the same year the Maldives became a member of the United Nations. In 1968 the monarchy was converted into a republic.

Only 200 of the 2,000 Maldives Islands are actually inhabited (local populations ranging from 100 to a few thousand), but the Maldivians have not been able to escape the modern curse of urbanisation. Though the Government has enacted measures to reduce the steady drift of people of Male, the capital, islanders continue to arrive in search of better work opportunities and a brighter social life. The island, only one-and a quarter square miles in area, now holds more than 17,000 people and land is needed for housing and other buildings required for the nation's development. As a result, the Government has begun a major programme to reclaim five million square feet adjacent to the island's south coast.

Male, the only real town in Maldives Republic, is a 20-minute motor-launch ride from the international airport at Hulule, which is linked with Colombo and Trivandrum. The latter air connection is quite recent and is expected to help boost Maldivian tourism. For the present, however, the economy is almost entirely dependent on fishing. Almost all of the Maldivians' $3 million annual export earnings is derived from the sale of "Maldive fish," which is extremely popular in Sri Lanka, where it is used for seasoning curries and stews. Actually, it is tuna that has been dried, smoked and compressed.

Scope For All-Round Improvement

The Maldivian Government hopes to improve the standard of living for its people by diversifying its economy with the development of tourism, shipping, agriculture and cottage industries.

Even when skipjack and yellowfin tuna abounded in Maldivian waters, the Maldives Republic ranked among the United Nations list of "hard core", least developed nations. Last year there was a mysterious shortage of tuna. The average catch fell from 5,000 tons a year to 3,000 tons, creating serious food shortages on about 90 of the islands. Higher prices made it impossible for people to buy imported food so many Maldivians were forced to live off cassava, yams and breadfruit trees. To supplement rations provided by the Maldivian Government from its own resources, the World Food Programme provided $500,000 in emergency aid for four months.

Fish curry is the main dish. Rice is another staple food. But it has to be imported as well as flour, sugar, textiles, fuel and tinned vegetables and milk. Fresh vegetables and milk are scarce. Poultry-raising is slowly catching on so there is an ever-increasing supply of eggs and chickens. Fruits of the islands include oranges, pineapples, mangoes, guavas, papaws, and bananas.

Enterprising Boat-Builders

Male, which is about one mile long and half a mile wide, and a few of the other islands have electricity. The islands' buildings are made of coral stone or palm-fronds, for the Maldivian Republic is short of conventional building materials. Being so dependent on the sea around them has forced them to become unusually skilful shipbuilders. Their boats are used to make a living and for recreation. These impressive vessels are constructed from small pieces of local timber but no metal is used. Maldivians are unable to build dugout canoes or catamarans (traditional vessels elsewhere in the region) because large logs are just not available. The typical Maldivian boat is slightly reminiscent of the old Viking ships, with deep bilges, sharp upturned prows, and large rudders at the

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stern. The sails are triangular and are attached to a yard suspended from a short mast.

There are no forests and no mountains. The islands are sandy and flat, none higher than eight or ten feet above sea level. Coral reefs surrounding the Maldives serve as breakwaters.

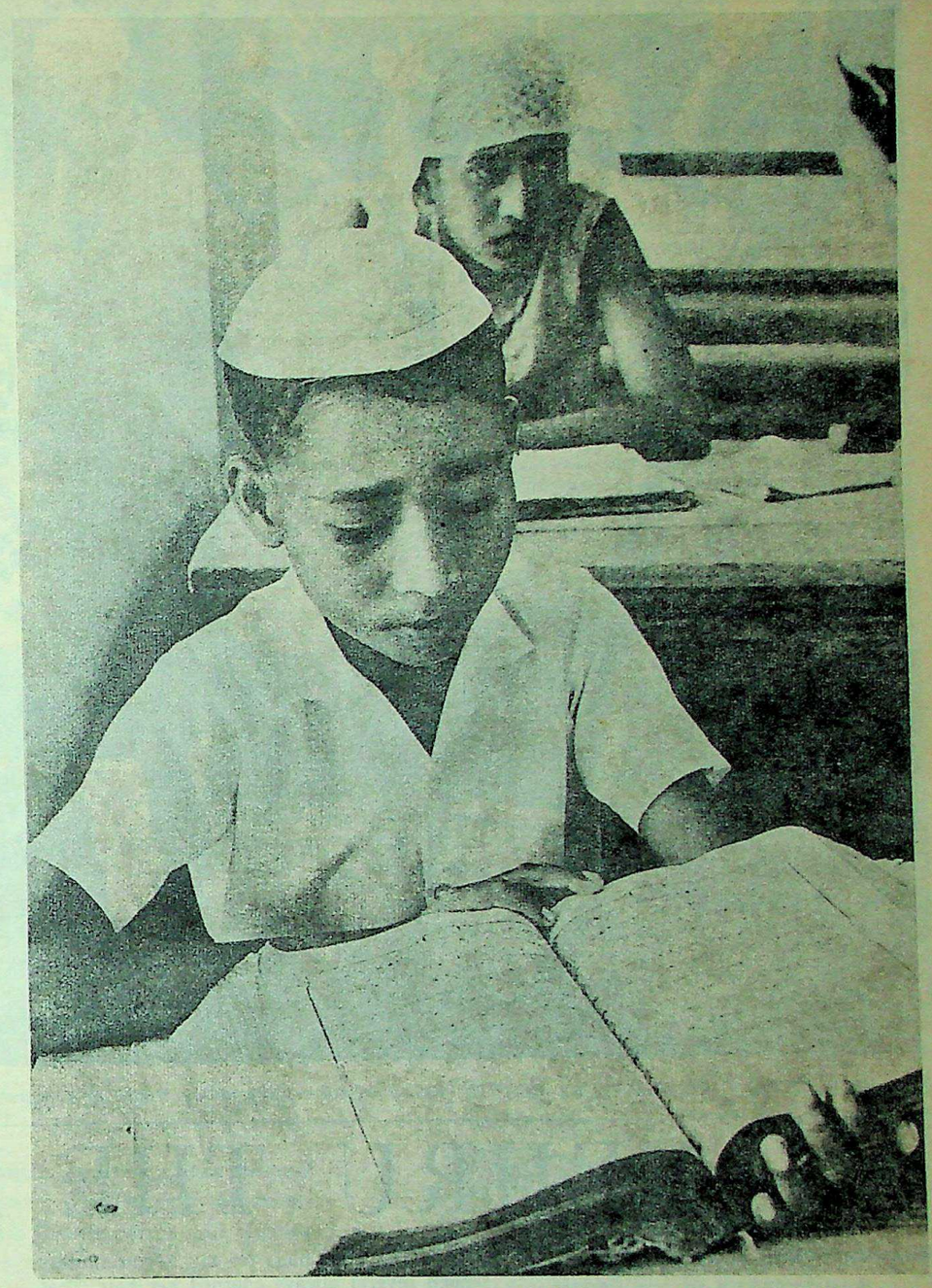
One of UNICEF's principal concerns is the provision of safe water. Maldivians are almost completely dependent on rainfall for their water supply. Catchments, small fresh water ponds and shallow wells provide most of their water. Below the layer of ground under the fresh water (rain fallen into sand) is salt water. So digging deep wells only brings up sea water. The villagers are being taught the vital link between safe water and health through an environmental sanitation programme.

Poor But Beautiful

And so, at second glance, Maldives Republic is not paradise on earth—yet. Despite the impressive natural beauty, the peace, the order, and the cleanliness of the people, it is indeed a very poor country, with all the serious health, educational and nutritional problems that accompany widespread poverty.

"Sea-locked, a handful of pebbles dropped in the ocean, untouched by the global ups and downs, a deeply traditional society where change is hard to achieve—and where the very neediest are exceedingly hard to reach." That's how John Grun, UNICEF Regional Director for South Central Asia, has described the islands. Genuine change is always hard, but development and progress require change. And part of this change is "reaching the very neediest". That's the role of UNICEF in Maldives Republic.

One way to reach the more remote communities is by motorised vessels. There are three fibre-glass motor launches, donated by the United Kingdom for UNICEF, presently on duty in the islands, delivering UNICEF health supplies and equipment to the scattered Maldivians and rushing those who need special medical attention to the nearest health post or to the 40-bed hospital in Male (the only major health facility in the country). UNICEF hopes to continue working with the Maldivian Government to make health services, especially maternal and child health care, accessible to more and more of the "very neediest" on these far-flung islands.



LEARNING DIVEHI WRITTEN IN ARABIC SCRIPT. There are no facilities for technical education of any kind in the islands.

SHOPPER'S PARADISE. Shop-owner on a pavement in Male has goods displayed from India and other countries, especially Malaysia and Singapore. Maldives is a shopper's paradise for Indians and Sinhalese.

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HE LIKED TO BE SURROUNDED BY BEAUTY. Nehru enjoys a fling with a troupe of dancers from Orissa during Republic Day celebrations.

NEHRU THE MAN

Remembering Panditji on the 12th anniversary of his death.

by P. N. SARIN

BEHIND Nehru's super-stature there was an ordinary man. He, too, had his fads, fancies and foibles.

For example, he loved animals and had a private menagerie. Yoga was his favourite hobby and "the basic approach" his pet phrase.

Nehru liked pretty women. Commenting upon his love for the fair sex, an American journalist had this to say: "He can take a garland of marigolds from his neck and throw it with a gesture of abandon to a pretty girl in a crowd: he always used to do it and he would do it again any day if the impulse struck him."

On a certain New Year's eve there was a party at his house and 30 or 40 guests thronged the drawing room. Among them was the principal of a girls' college and a long-time friend of the Nehru family. This lady had a fondness for big, bright flowers and several always adorned her hair. That evening Nehru was clearly fascinated by them. After dinner the guests assembled in the library to play "Murder". The "murderer", chosen by drawing lots, was known only to himself. He was expected to "murder" someone and when the lights went on, to submit along with the others to cross-questioning by a "detective". While the others were obliged by the rules of the game to answer all questions truthfully the "murderer" could lie as blatantly as he chose, the object being to mislead the "detective" and keep his own identity from being revealed.

The lights were turned off, and after a moment or two of anticipation, a shrill scream pierced the darkness. When the lights were switched on, the lady with the flowers in her hair was found "murdered" on the sofa, her flowers rakishly askew. Nehru, pleased with his effort, did not wait to be cross-questioned, but sheepishly confessed to the "murder", adding that he had not been able to resist dislodging the flowers in the lady's hair.

In 1962, when Jacqueline Kennedy visited India as guest of the President of India, Nehru invited her to stay in the Prime Minister's House on Teen Murti Marg. A bedroom was specially decorated with Indian materials and motifs for her. Sandalwood divans, raw silk curtains with *batik* paintings, handloom bedspreads and other handicrafts, all in the best taste, were laid out to impress the American First Lady.

Perhaps Nehru's liking for women had something to do with his jail life. In a letter to his sister from Ahmednagar jail, he once wrote: "It struck me as an odd and arresting fact that for nearly 26 months—for 785 days to be exact—I had not seen a woman even from a distance... And I began to wonder—What are women like? How do they look? How do they talk and sit and walk?"

Nehru had a short temper. Once he summoned a foreign correspondent to his residence and reprimanded him for publishing a distorted article in *The Herald-Tribune*. To quote the words of Vincent Sheean, the journalist, this is how Nehru reacted at that time: "He tore the article to

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Rajendra Prasad

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pieces. But as he was doing so he got angrier and angrier. The usual even pallor of his face turned quite red and he seemed to have some trouble with his breath; at times it was difficult for him to get the words out; the tendons in his neck, I remember, stood out as I never have seen before."

True to his wont, within a day or so, Nehru invited the journalist to his residence for breakfast.

On another occasion he lost his temper with Gandhiji. Amrit Kaur, who was there at that time, asked Bupu why he tolerated such a show of temper. Quick came Bapu's reply: "You do not know Jawaharlal as I do. I never mind his temper because I know there is no untruth in it. With all his anger and intolerance he is what his name signifies —a 'jawahar' (jewel)."

Although Nehru was a man of the masses, he was an aristocrat by nature. During one of his visits to Ceylon he was lunching with Prime Minister Bandaranaike when an admiring crowd peeped through doors and windows. **Nehru turned to his host and said: "I can do many things in public but I just cannot eat in public." Upon this the Ceylonese Prime Minister remarked: "There speaks the sensitive aristocrat."**

Nehru was in the habit of turning up late at official receptions. And, when Dr Rajendra Prasad was the President of India, he often kept him waiting even after appointments.

Nehru had his moments of embarrassment, too. On the occasion of the swearing-in ceremony of Lord Mountbatten as the first Governor-General of India, Dr Prasad, then President of the Constituent Assembly, and Nehru were so overwhelmed by the occasion that Rajen Babu forgot his lines. With wet eyes he could hardly mumble: "Please honour us by being the first Governor-General." Mountbatten replied with a warm hand-shake: "It will be an honour for me, and with the help of God I will carry out the duties to the best of my abilities." Then Nehru ceremonially handed him an envelope supposedly containing the names of his Cabinet Ministers, but when Mountbatten opened it to announce the names he found it empty. Nehru had forgotten the list!

Awkward Occasion

Once Nehru was invited to address a meeting in UP. Hundreds of people had come to listen to him. When he reached the site of the meeting, he was annoyed to discover that there were no loud-speakers. With great difficulty Nehru controlled the audience and spoke for about an hour. After the meeting Nehru, Shastri and Mrs Purnima Banerjee got into a car and left. After having driven about a furlong, Nehru felt hungry. Since there was no restaurant nearby, the three of them drove to the railway station and ordered tea and snacks at the railway restaurant. When presented with the bill, everyone searched his pocket. None of them carried sufficient money. Between them they could collect about two and a half rupees. Nehru had about a rupee and a quarter, Mrs Banerjee another rupee and Shastri gave the few annas to complete the full amount required.

Recalling this incident later, Shastri wondered: "How awkward it would have been if we had failed to make up the amount amongst ourselves!"

On one occasion, Nehru went to Srinagar along with his staff. The plane landed in Jammu and could not afterwards take off because of a severe dust-storm. Arrangements were made to take him to Srinagar by road. In the confusion, the stenographer's suitcase got mislaid and the poor man arrived at Srinagar shivering in a thin cotton shirt. Nehru discovered this and asked somebody to bring a sweater and a coat, and personally made sure, before he retired, that the stenographer had put them on.

On another occasion a cow was struck by Nehru's car and injured. Although no one was around, Nehru stopped the car, waited until the owner of the cow came, asked his name and address, and next morning sent him Rs 30 for the cow's treatment.

"WEEKLY" ANNUAL 1976

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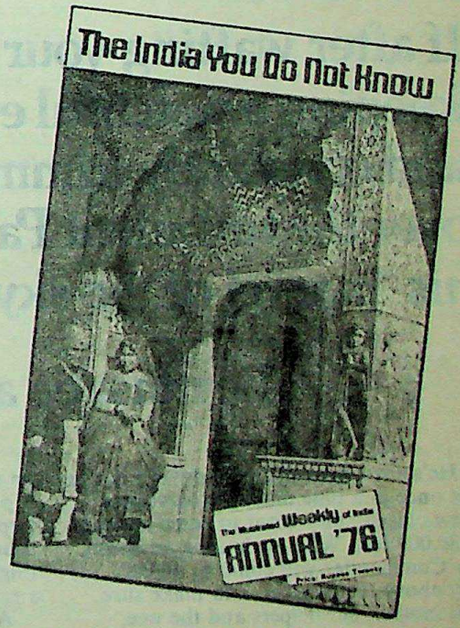

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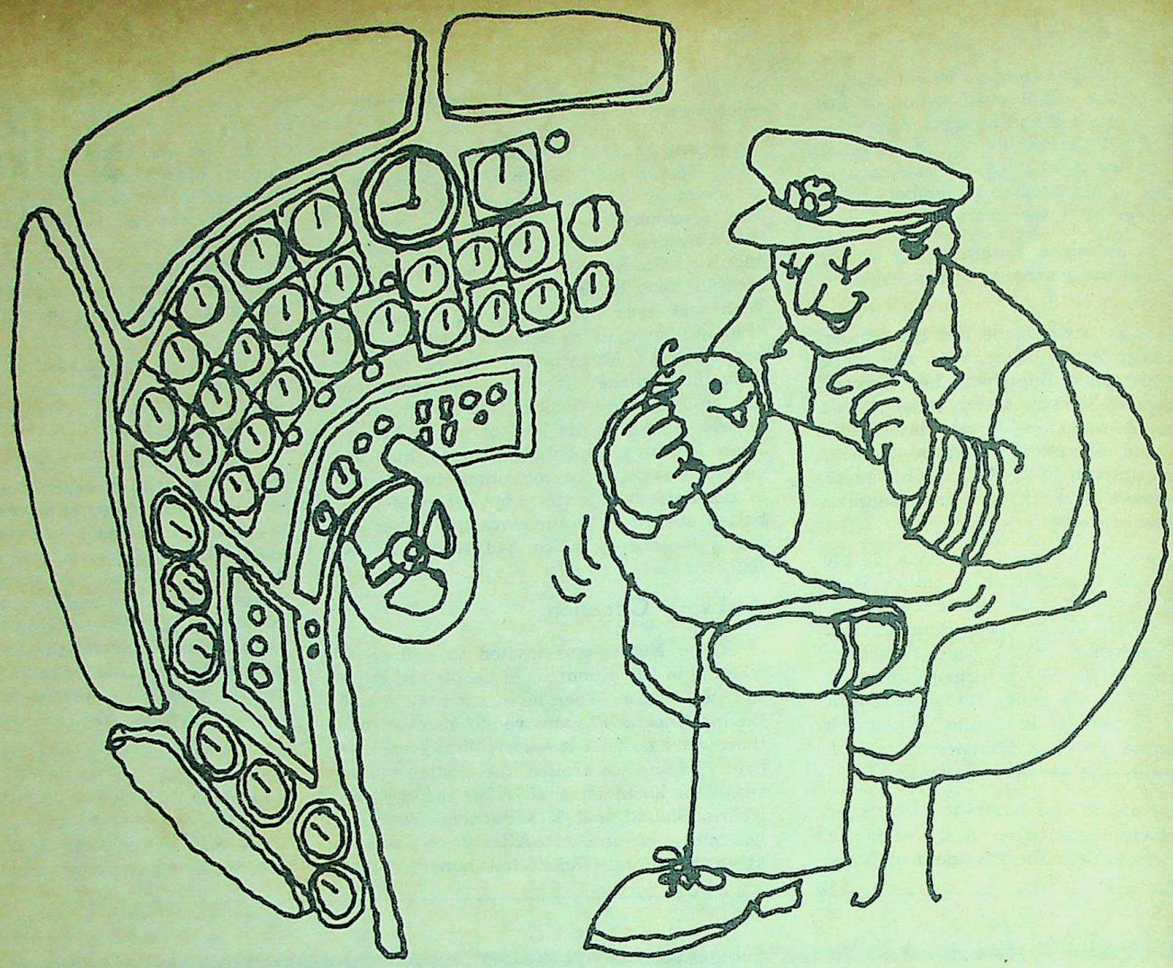

If after wafting your Boeing into the clouds, keeping a watchful eye on a few hundred dials, and constantly trimming to fly you smoothly over the turbulent Pamirs, he can still convert his 'marvel of the sky' into a maternity ward...

he must be an Air-India Commander.

He's never been near a midwifery course. But once in a blue moon, an impatient "new citizen" may want to come aboard at 30,000 feet. Without batting an eyelid, our Commander will climb to 40,000, way above the weather—to make sure that mother, her helpers and the wee, bonny one make the smoothest 'landing' you ever saw.

The million miles or more he has behind him are there with him, like his First Officer and Flight Engineer—ready on call. And your Commander does call on this 'pool of experience'—whether he is preparing to land at a fog-bound airport, sorting out the nationality of a 'Boeing baby', or explaining to a 7-year old Flight Deck visitor the wonders of a radar screen.

And though he be lord of the skies with a wealth of experience, he still goes back to 'check' flights and simulator school every six months.

And all because there is someone very special on board.

You, dear passenger.

AI.9581

AIR-INDIA

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and levers of his intercom and requested all the senior officers to come over to his office immediately. The tone of unmistakable urgency in his voice brought all the officers, including the Commissioner himself, to the P.R.O.'s room. Sakharam, the head peon, whipped out the chairs from under the clerks to provide the extra seats necessary—not that they were used for none of the officers bothered to sit.

THE agitated P.R.O. waited till the Commissioner stalked in with a frown, and offered the note to him. The Commissioner read the note urgently but carefully and pocketed it, for such explosive letters favoured no circulation. Mutely, he signalled the other officers to follow him into the Conference Room. One of the witty clerks, in retrospect, said 'this procession of officers, was the duplication of the man in the fable with the magic goose and his stuck-fast retinue'. The doors of the Assembly Hall were closed behind the officers.

"This is an emergency," he said impressively. "Stop all other routine work on hand, get all available painters and fitters." He continued in fever pitch. "Detail all vehicles to this duty." He paused to catch his breath. "We have to dig out all the hoardings at the water-front, re-do them and re-erect them. Should be through by the early hours of the morning." While the puzzled officers were on their way out, he stopped them with "No discussions. No explanations, and none of those at work should leave the water-front till the job is complete. I repeat: No Talk. Tell the men that disciplinary action will be taken against those disobeying these orders."

He now turned to the P.R.O. whom he had singled out for further attention. "When did you get this? What did you do with it till now? Why did you not report earlier about the disgraceful condition of your hoardings?"

"I gave the letter top priority. That is why I called all of you to my office to save time," he replied. "I am, however, suspending that inefficient Quddus for delay in bringing the letter to my notice."

"Damn Quddus," thundered the Commissioner. "Get all the paints, brushes and cleaning material necessary, and be at the water-front to see that things move fast. I am going to the Commissioner of Police and the Commandant of Reserve Police to get spare men to prevent traffic-jams and sight-seers."

With his hand on the door, the Commissioner turned back and cautioned, "Handle this with care. Give nothing away, say 'urgent work' and only if and when absolutely necessary, you may mention that we are honoured to work in accordance with the personal wishes of the Prime Minister in the matter, but, if humanly possible, avoid it."

The Commissioner now hurried over to his car and raced off to various heads of departments and told them to spare the men necessary to regulate traffic and handle possible crowds on the water-front. Only under severe pressure did he disclose that he was carrying out the Prime Minister's personal orders, marked Confidential. With great difficulty, he got sufficient uninformed men. Being a thorough and considerate man, he ordered adequate supply of food and made arrangements for temporary lighting for the workers. Then he drove over to the water-front himself.

By nightfall, the activity at the water-front was so hectic that the passing citizens could not recall anything like it ever before. Cars began slowing down and halting. Pedestrians and sight-seers gathered in groups.

The air of urgency and the presence of uniformed men, made it appear a scene from a thrilling movie. It was indeed a problem to keep people moving. So, the formula handed out was "Urgent work. We know nothing more. Keep moving please!"

A stray V.I.P. caught the Commissioner and wanted to find out what it was all about. In this instance, the Commissioner had to unbend.

"Written orders from the P.M. himself, Sir," said the Commissioner, hastily adding, "he has marked it confidential."

Naturally, the V.I.P. felt that asking for further details would indicate that this V.I.P. was not in the 'confidence'. He left with "Oh! Yes, yes, of course!" Hoping that he had given the Commissioner the right impression, that a small matter fit for the likes of Commissioners had naturally slipped through his mind.

SOON, the Press was on the scene. The Commissioner asked the P.R.O. to handle them and retired out of sight. The reporters demanded to know what this 'all night job' meant.

"I would like to tell you," he said, "but at this stage my hands are tied." Seeing that the reporters were far from satisfied, he slowly added, "however, I can assure you, tonight's hard work and long hours in the cause of the City, will bring credit not only to the Corporation but will also remain an example of prompt action which the whole country can be proud of." Even this failed to put them off.

"If you give me your word that you will keep it off the record..." he trailed off. Seeing that he was not budging from that position, he got a grudging assurance.

"In this instance, the Corporation is most highly honoured by the confidence and instructions—rather the suggestions—from the Prime Minister himself. For the rest, you will know when the work is over."

The mystified Press went away, far from satisfied. By the morning, rumours were at work with a vengeance on the cryptic remarks passing from mouth to mouth.

One student who had seen ten spy thrillers on the screen in as many days and read many more books of the same kind spread the word that atomic secrets, suspected to be hidden by the 007s, 005s and 003s of various un-named foreign nations, had called for this urgent action, to locate them.

A local radio technician was certain that electronic spying devices had been reported, by our Secret Service, to the Prime Minister, who, in turn, had ordered an immediate, all night search for them, on the water-front.

A mill worker was positive that a huge cache of smuggled textiles and watches had been hinted at, hence the search.

In the morning, press reports stated: "The Corporation has been working all night urgently, digging and uprooting installations on the water-front. Without disclosing the object of this activity, they claim that it has been instanced at highest national level. Details, confidential at the moment, are to be released 'when the work is over'."

The work was finished by nine in the morning. The Civic Reception to the Prime Minister had just concluded. Then came the Press Conference. The usual questions of International, National and State affairs were duly answered by the P.M. Then came the question, "Could you kindly give us some information on the high priority work the Corporation Authorities rushed through last night on the water-front?"

The Prime Minister was perplexed.

"I don't know what you are talking about," he said. "Perhaps my friends here (turning to the array of State V.I.P.s) could tell you."

The V.I.P. who had spoken to the Commissioner the previous night, gave him a look of "what now?" There was consternation and confusion. One voice said, "It is not fair," another said, "Why all the mystery?" In the meantime, a reporter saw the Commissioner and shouted, "There is the Commissioner, let him brief us."

The Prime Minister was in a happy mood. He waived formalities and beckoned the Commissioner and said with a smile, "Come, come, there must be some reason for all these questions about your doings last night, whatever they were!" With a twinkle in his eye, he turned to the reporters and said, "He is all yours!" Looking again at the Commissioner, he added, "Better not push your Public Relations work on to me!"

WHILE the poor Commissioner was fishing out the 'note' from his pocket, a panting and flustered Public Relations Officer came up and slipped a letter into his hand.

The letter is reproduced below:

P. M. J. SERVICES

Advertisement and Publicity Agents.

H.O. Calcutta. Branch:

516, Belvedere Road,
.....City
5th March 1958.

To
The Public Relations Officer
Municipal Corporation Office

Dear Sir:

This is to apologise to you for the delivery by my peon to your office, of a "guidance note" meant only for the use of my secretary. Kindly forgive me for the trouble and perplexity it may have caused.

Yours faithfully,
(Scrawled signature)
Jhariwal P.M.
for P. M. J. Advertising Service.

The name and the signature both bore striking resemblance to the P.M.'s not to speak of the initials which Mr Jhariwal was blessed with.

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FACT AND OPINION

Dealing With Kosygin's Russia

by RAJINDER PURI

New Delhi, July 25. The die has been cast by Richard Nixon. He has agreed to visit Peking before May 1972. The manner of arranging the visit has implications as profound for the short term as the meeting itself may have for the long term. Kissinger's secret flight from Islamabad to a pre-arranged meeting with Chou in Peking contains serious implications for Russia, India and Pakistan as well as for the Bangla Desh crisis.

KISSINGER could have as well used Rumania or Yugoslavia as a pipeline to Peking. It is not without significance that he chose Islamabad. This gesture carries an assurance to Pakistan, a threat to India and a setback to Russia. It would be a grievous error, which some commentators have committed, to view the proposed Chou-Nixon meeting as affecting mainly South East Asia and only marginally Bangla Desh. America and China today would consider South Asia to be strategically more important than South-East Asia. While the Indo-China war is ending, the Indo-Pak confrontation is just beginning.

Islamabad's jubilation may be short-lived. At best Pakistan has obtained through the Kissinger-Chou meeting a guarantee that so long as the Bangla Desh crisis is to be resolved within the ambit of peace the integrity of Pakistan will be ensured. But within this framework the Pakistanis have lost manoeuvrability to resist America by allowing her to neutralise China. Short of a partitioned Pakistan, China is unlikely to veto any settlement that the Americans may work out between the two wings of Pakistan. So within the limits that would not incur Chinese displeasure, the American leverage to deal with President Yahya Khan has been considerably enhanced. But Pakistan's fate is quite incidental to the larger interest of containing Russia which seems to have motivated the Kissinger-Chou meeting.

"Russians Hit Hardest"

Undoubtedly, the Russians have been hit hardest. Their long term plans for South and South-East Asia have been put in serious jeopardy. If a Sino-American axis gets entrenched in Pakistan, the Russians are virtually blocked from playing in the near future the kind of role they would like to in Asia. West Pakistan is Russia's doorway to Asia, and any clumsy move by the Russians now could result in that door being slammed shut on their face. The Russians therefore will have to be wary because the stakes for them are very high.

It may be recalled that quite early during the Bangla Desh crisis, in mid-April, this column had said: "The Russians would seem to have a considerable stake in West Pakistan. To retain and expand their influence there, they might be prepared, if forced to it, to pay the price of losing even India's friendship for the time being... Today, after several years of patient diplomacy and hard work, the Russians are on the threshold of realising their dream. Moscow, through Central Asia and friendly Afghanistan, is connected by road to Karachi, and the Russians would not relax their friendly bear hug on Pakistan for all the dismay that it may cause in New Delhi or Dacca."

This might have appeared far-fetched in the wake of Podgorny's message to Yahya Khan. But it cannot be denied that subsequent Soviet diplomacy has made this assessment appear more credible. From an almost condemnatory stand on Bangla Desh evinced by the Podgorny letter, the Russians have inexorably moved to a position of correct neutrality between India and Pakistan during the recent months. Even if from Swaran Singh's muddled and self-contradictory statements on the subject one concludes that no Soviet arms have recently reached Pakistan, it is not possible to explain away the recent Soviet press and radio coverage on Bangla Desh which has implicitly urged cessation of fighting between the Mukti Fauj and the Pakistan army, the initiation of peace talks between India and Pakistan, and a display of the Indian and Pakistani viewpoints with strict "objectivity" in its newspaper columns.

To understand the Russian dilemma one should appreciate that Russia is a great military power of the twentieth century still nursing ambitions it failed to realise in the nineteenth century. A great military power like Russia would not calculate events in South Asia by evaluating governments but by weighing the strategic worth of their territories. And West Pakistan is vital for Russia if she wants to establish a decisive presence in Asia.

It may be recalled that despite a Russian presence on the Pacific seaboard the Soviets were hard pressed for an overland passage through China to transport their arms aid to Hanoi. The Chinese, to their chagrin denied them this facility which considerably impaired the image of the Soviet Union as an Asian power. Now, the simple expedient of a Kissinger-Chou meeting has devalued the Paris peace talks and ejected Russia from meaningful parleys on Viet Nam regardless of any shrill sounds that may emanate from Hanoi or Saigon. It must have become painfully clear to the Russians by now that the two principals in South-East Asia are America and China and whatever decision they jointly arrive at can be imposed on Hanoi and Saigon. That is what makes Karachi so vital for Russia's future (and China's security) in Asia.

Political Triangle

Despite a difficult mountain terrain, China too has developed at considerable expense and effort a road link to Karachi from its own interior. The military and trade advantages it may have so gained by obtaining access to the Indian Ocean and East African markets are most likely of marginal importance at the present. The advantage of asserting Chinese presence in West Pakistan in order to outflank and prevent the Russian presence from steamrolling over land into the Indian Ocean is of far greater importance.

Karachi is the only port on the Indian Ocean to which Russia has a developed land route as well as being one which the Russians could realistically hope to dominate and develop as their base in the long term. The logistical advantage of Karachi to the Russian fleet is obvious and the Russian stake in the Indian Ocean is immense. After Tashkent the Russian navy has greatly expanded and become very active operationally in the Indian Ocean. Between 1968 and 1970 Soviet warships have paid fifty visits to sixteen countries in this region. The Indian Ocean has also become vital to the Russians for their use of it to command and control their missile and space shots. In time it will serve as the major Russian trade route. In 1968 the Russians obtained one-third of their total fishing catch from this Ocean. So both the strategic and commercial interests of Russia in the Indian Ocean are major and expanding, and the worth of Karachi as the only port connected by road to the interiors of both Russia and China is immense. That is why Russia has had to weigh carefully till now her moves in the Bangla Desh crisis.

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The Moplah Revolt

A LOOK-BACK AFTER 50 YEARS

by P. K. RAVINDRANATH

"Malabar Kalapam" by K. Madhavan Nair (Mathrubhumi Publishing Co; Calicut)

FIFTY years after the blood-curdling atrocities labelled the Moplah Revolt rocked Malabar and the rest of the nation, the full story of that black episode in Indian history is yet to be told.

Six years ago appeared Brahmadattan Namboodiripad's *Khilafat Smarakangal*. While Namboodiripad was one of those who suffered a sentence of transportation for life as an aftermath of the episode, Madhavan Nair was one among the top Congress leaders of the period, whose active campaigning in the Khilafat movement led to an upsurge of parochial, obscurantist sentiments which in turn sparked off the rebellion.

Madhavan Nair's account of the period puts the Moplah Revolt of 1921 in perspective in so far as he has traced the history of the several other earlier Moplah revolts in the area. The revolt of 1921 was peculiar in that there were several contributory factors that culminated in the near extinction of British rule in Malabar.

Among the other motivating factors for the revolt, besides the Khilafat movement, were the acute agrarian unrest, the suspicions and ill-will the Hindus and Muslims harboured against each other and the strange circumstance where the local administation rested in the hands of men who were convinced that nothing short of a sledge-hammer was required to kill a housefly.

Convinced that the only way to crush the Khilafat movement was a mighty show of strength, the Collector of Malabar, Mr Thomas, took a special force of 100 British troops and 150 Reserve Police from Calicut to Tirurangandi, about 40 km away, to arrest a prominent Muslim leader, Ali Musaliar and six of his followers. In the strained situation, it was no wonder that Muslims took this as a sign that the British Government was out to crush them and their religion.

The rebellion was a spontaneous outburst. There was no plan behind it and less of preparation, when it started. The march on the Mambrath Mosque at Tirurangadi provided the spark for a highly explosive situation.

If in the earlier stages of the revolt the attack was directed mainly against the British, it soon acquired an anti-Hindu colour, with Muslim resentment at the general Hindu indifference to the Khilafat movement.

After the revolt acquired an anti-Hindu bias, it assumed its most sinister and diabolical form. There were mass conversions of Hindus in an effort to change the communal complexion of the area.

Among the places where conditions were peaceful even in the general tumult—like Cheruvayoor, Cheekode, Vazhagad and Kondotti—Hindus and Muslims joined to preserve the peace for some time. But these places soon faced the worst possible violence and the most inhuman brutalities.

In Muslim majority areas, the Muslims realised that their safety lay in forcing the Hindus not to flee from their areas. Once the Hindus fled, the Muslims would become the targets of police attacks. The fleeing Hindus might also file complaints against the Muslims, which would involve them in trouble.

They, therefore, offered the Hindus protection. Those among the Hindus who willingly or reluctantly accepted such "protection" were the worst sufferers in the second wave of trouble that broke out.

One of the most serious clashes of the whole revolt took place at Pookottur, near Calicut, where a mob attacked a small force in a strategically placed field. The troops retaliated with machine-guns. When the rebels found that they could not hold out much longer, they rushed at the troops with swords in their hands. Many of them were mowed down and as many as four hundred of the rebels were killed in this five-hour encounter, which revealed the fanatically courageous stand of the rebels. It dispelled the belief of the rebels that the British Government did not have any troops left after their war with the Germans. The superhuman courage and sense of strategy shown by the rebels at Poodkottur were of no avail against the superior machine power of the troops.

The Moplahs were driven to desperation by the attitude of the authorities, who were clearly bent on annihilating them as a race. The atrocities and brutalities committed by the army matched the violence let loose by the marauders themselves.

When the jails in Malabar began overflowing with Muslim prisoners, the authorities started despatching them to jails outside Malabar, particularly to Bellary and Coimbatore, besides the long-termers sent to the Andamans.

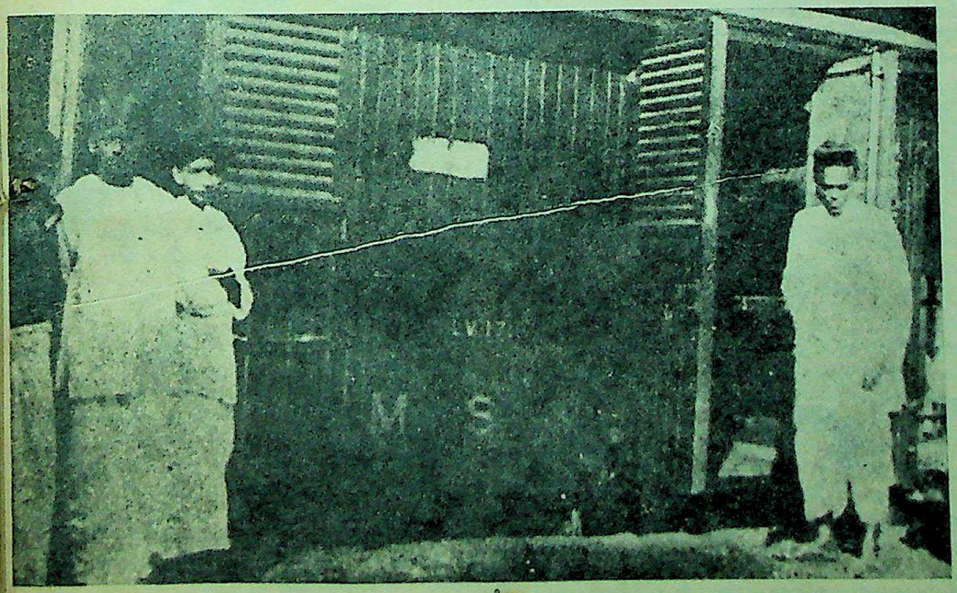
In A Closed Wagon

On November 20, 100 prisoners were packed in a closed wagon at Tirur to be despatched to Coimbatore, 145 km away. The men were sealed inside the wagon, so that the sergeant and constables assigned to escort them could travel in comfort in another compartment. Till the train reached Podanur, six km from Coimbatore, no one even bothered about the prisoners. Even the shutters were not lifted to let in some fresh air. They were not given water to quench their thirst.

Denied water and even air to breathe, the prisoners suffered terrible agony. Their death struggle was evident from the brutal scratches and bruises on the bodies of many of them. By the time the train reached Podanur, 64 of the 100 prisoners had died of asphyxiation. Some more died after they were taken off the train.

The infamous train journey from Tirur to Coimbatore shocked the nation. The Government of Madras set up an inquiry committee, which graciously labelled this brutal crime against humanity as the "train tragedy".

The revolt threw up several leaders, some of whom were men of calibre and vision, dedicated to uprooting British rule in Malabar. But, unlike in the earlier Moplah agitations, no prominent leader of the rebels sacrificed his life fighting the enemy, even though the people gladly laid down their lives in the cause of freedom and religion.



THE TRAIN TRAGEDY. A hundred prisoners were transported in this sealed wagon from Malabar to Coimbatore. With no fresh air or water, 64 were found dead when the train neared its destination. A few more met with the same fate in the hospital. The full story of this 1921 revolt, which in its later phase took an ugly communal turn, is yet to be written—even after 50 years.

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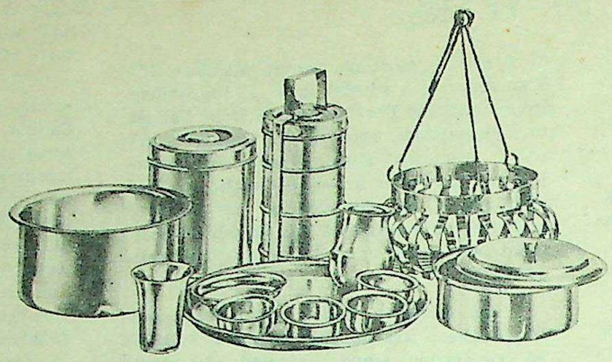

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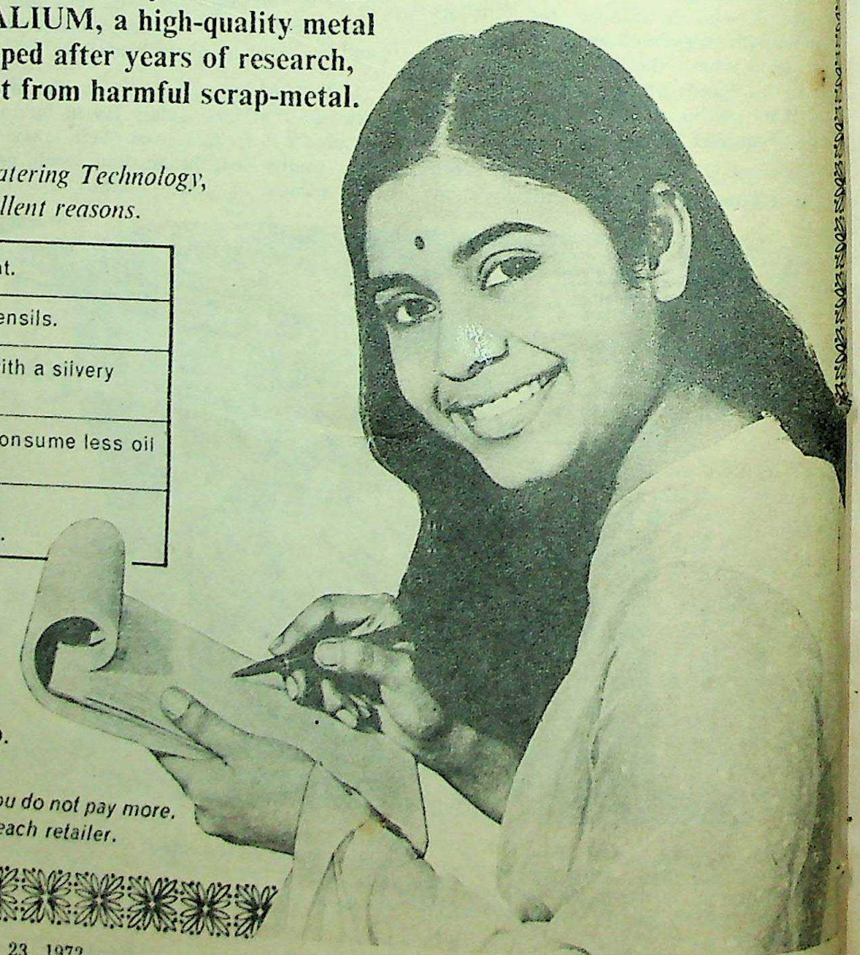

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Beg

by S. N. Ch

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LESSER KNOWN PERSONALITIES OF 1857 — I

Begum Hazrat Mahal

by S. N. CHANDA

The Queen of Oudh led her troops against the English and defended Lucknow till it fell on March 18, 1858.

HAZRAT MAHAL was a queen of the deposed Wajid Ali Shah. After the Indian victory at Chinhut on July 30, 1857, when Oudh's forces captured Lucknow, the royal insignia was borne with amazing courage by the Begum. She crowned her minor son, Brijis Qadar, as King and became his Regent.

Unlike Rani Lakshmi Bai of Jhansi, the Begum had a different beginning to her career. She was brought up in a manner suitable only for a life of luxury and gay abandon. Her obvious place was in the royal harem of an extraordinary king, essentially a poet, musician and a connoisseur of beauty. William Howard Russell, in *My Indian Mutiny Diary*, wrote:

"The Sepoys, during the siege of the Residency, never came on as boldly as the Zamindari levies and *nujeebs* (irregulars). This Begum exhibits great energy and ability. She excited all Oudh to take up the interests of her son and the chiefs have sworn to be faithful to him. Will the Government treat these men as rebels or as honourable enemies? The Begum declares undying war against us. It appears, from the energetic character of these Ranis and Begums, that they acquire in their zenanas and harems a considerable amount of actual mental power and, at all events, become able *intriguantes*. Their contests for ascendancy over the minds of the men give vigour and acuteness to their intellect."

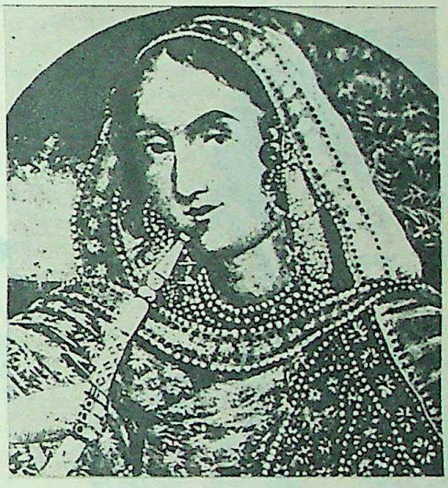
Head Of Government

Before enthroning Brijis Qadar, the victorious soldiers had approached other Begums of Wajid Ali Shah (then a captive at Calcutta) to provide them their King. None of them ventured to come forward. Begum Hazrat Mahal readily consented to crown her ten-year-old son, Birjis Qadar, as King.

The Begum headed a government with top rebel leaders in key positions, under whose banner the different sections of the soldiery assembled to form a united front. For about ten months the revolutionary government held the city of Lucknow.

During all these operations the Begum was obviously the Supreme Commander. Under the seal of King Brijis Qadar, she issued proclamations to the people in general, and to the Zamindars and Taluqdars in particular, to unite under the banner of the new government to fight the English. She was in direct correspondence with Nana Saheb and with some of the noble and time-honoured Taluqdar and Zamindar families, who actively participated in the investiture of the Residency and later in the battles of Lucknow. Among her important associates were Raja Beni Madho Bakhsh of Baiswara, Raja Dig Bijai Singh of Mahona, Khan Ali Khan of Shahjehanpur, Maulvi Ahmadullah Shah of Fyzabad, Raja Man Singh and Raja Jaylal Singh.

To fortify Lucknow against advancing relief forces of the English, she sanctioned five lakhs of rupees to "have a wall built around the city". When she was informed that the English had purchased the friendship of Rana Jung Bahadur of Nepal with the promise of Gorakhpur and a share of Oudh, she immediately made the Rana a counter-offer of "Gorakhpur, Azamgurh, Arrah, Chupra and the province of Banaras, if he would unite with her". **She contacted the officers of the Indian regiments serving the English at Kanpur and settled with them that, when they were to face the Begum's forces, "the regiments should fire blank ammunitions" and afterwards "turn upon the Europeans". On February 25, 1858, she appeared in the field on elephantback to supervise defence operations.**



BEGUM HAZRAT MAHAL was born at Fyzabad in a poor family. She was trained as a musician in the court of Wajid Ali Shah, who later made her his queen. She was a woman of extraordinary talent, intelligence and courage. After her defeat she preferred to live in Nepal, although the British offered her a liberal pension and asked her to come back to India.

After the British capture of Lucknow, the Begum was listed by the English as No. 1 of the enemies still at large. From Lucknow she retired with a large following across the river Ghagra and posted herself in the fort of Baundi in Bahraich district. A correspondent of the Government reported: "...a force is encamped on all sides of the fort, numbering about 15,000 or 16,000, including followers. Among these there are 1,500 cavalry and 500 mutineer sepoys, the rest are *nujeebs* and followers."

While the English were busy in re-establishing their authority in Lucknow, the Begum once again succeeded in stirring the rest of Oudh in rebellion. In 1858, there were sporadic outbursts in different areas of Oudh where the English experienced some of the toughest encounters.

After Queen Victoria's Proclamation, the English wanted to win the Begum over by offers of royal clemency and even a pension. The Begum replied with a counter-proclamation under the seal of King Brijis Qadar, warning the people of Oudh not to be misled by false promises. The Begum's Proclamation, as it is called, stated:

"At this time, certain weak-minded, foolish people have spread a report that the English have forgiven the faults and crimes of the people of Hindostan; this appears very astonishing, for it is the unvarying custom of the English never to forgive a fault, be it great or small; so much so that a small offence, committed through ignorance, they never forgive... Therefore we, the ever abiding government, parents of the people of Oudh, with great consideration put forth the present Proclamation in order that the real object of the chief points may be exposed and our subjects be placed on their guard."

The Begum was determined not to fall into the hands of the English. Leaving the fort of Baundi in December 1858, she wandered in the dense jungle of the sub-Himalayan terai. Accompanied by a few faithful soldiers, "half-armed, half-fed and without artillery", she continued to elude the English. Ultimately she crossed over to Nepal (some time in the last quarter of 1859), where she was given refuge by the King of Nepal despite English protests.

The Begum died in 1874 at Kathmandu.

From The Begum's Proclamation

The Begum's Proclamation in reply to Queen Victoria's refutes the pious professions of the English. Its criticism of Victoria's statement on freedom of religion reads:

"In the proclamation it is written that 'Christian religion is true, but no other creed will be oppressed, and that the laws will be observed towards all'. What has the administration of justice to do with the truth or falsehood of a religion? That religion is true which acknowledges One God and no other. To eat pigs and drink wine, to bite greased cartridges and to mix pig's fat with flour and sweetmeats, to destroy Hindu and Mussulman places of worship on pretence of making roads ...to institute English schools and send clergymen into the streets to preach while the shrines of Hindus and Mussulmans are entirely neglected—with all this, how can the people believe that religion will not be interfered with? The rebellion began with religion. And for religion millions of men have been killed. Let not our subjects be deceived; thousands were deprived of their religion in the North-West and thousands preferred death by hanging rather than abandon their faith."

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ESSER KNOWN PERSONALITIES OF 1857 — 3

Raja Jai Lal Singh: A Courtier Of Lucknow

y S. N. CHANDA

he barons of Oudh had been reated by the Nawab Wazirs. ome of them were appointed ourtiers and ministers. Raja ai Lal Singh and his father, aja Ghalib Jung, belonged to his privileged class.

THE Raja had a romantic background. Around 1786 a poor peasant or *kurmi* lled Gharib Das of Fyzabad district had ome to Lucknow in search of employment. e was accompanied by his youthful son arshan. Father and son worked on contruction sites as day labourers. Nawab Saaat Ali (1798-1814), like his predecessor saf-ud-Daulah (1775-1797), had a passion or building. Gharib Das's son Darshan was mart and intelligent. He attracted the atention of the Nawab Wazir. On the Nawab's rders he was enlisted in a regiment and vas later made the Nawab's orderly.

Ghazi-ud-din Hyder, the successor to aadat Ali, entrusted Darshan Singh with he command of a regiment. When Ghazi-d-din took the title of King with the conurrence of the British, he conferred the itle of Raja on Darshan Singh. Nasiruddin yder, the next sovereign, bestowed on him he title of Ghalib Jang (conqueror in batle), with permission accorded to him to it in royal presence. He was given many estates. Darshan Singh continued to prosper hroughout the reigns of Mohammed Ali Shah and Amjad Ali Shah and died at the ge of 80 in 1851.

Raja Darshan Singh had served the Oudh government for nearly 55 years. His son Raja Jai Lal Singh also served the Oudh rulers for 35 years till the time of the Annexation.

The Raja maintained cordial relations with the British as well.

After the Annexation when the British Government wanted to "pension out old and infirm employees of the Oudh government" the services of this "obliging man" were got rid of with a monthly pension of Rs 100. The Raja appealed against this injustice meted out to him. The petition was rejected.

But this decision of the Government probably encouraged the Raja to take a firm stand against the British when trouble started at Lucknow on June 30, 1857.

The rebel officers wanted to crown Sulaiman Qadar, son of Malika-i-Ahad, but Jai Lal "was interested in putting up Brijis Qadar". Probably, he knew that Hazrat Mahal, the mother of Birjis Qadar, had a much stronger following in the late court of Wajid Ali Shah, with high officials like Mummoo Khan and Sharf-ud-Daulah listed as her favourites. It is stated that the Raja was influenced by Mummoo Khan to take up the cause of the Begum, who assured him the position of 'Dewan Khana' in the new government. In the assembly of the ex-queens the Raja declared on behalf of the sepoys that "they had come to help them, that the English had taken the country from the King and imprisoned the King and created all sorts of difficulties and that they now wished to place Birjis Qadar on the throne."

A meeting was accordingly arranged at Chandi Wali Baradari in Qaiser Bagh. Thousands of sepoys and their chiefs assembled for a decision. The sepoy chiefs put forward a few conditions:

1) That orders from Delhi were to be obeyed.
2) That no interference should take place respecting the treatment and disposal of those who were friends to the English

KING NASIRUDDIN HYDER OF OUDH (1827-37) receives English dignitaries in his durbar n Lucknow (after a contemporary painting). Raja Jai Lal Singh was an influential courtier. Like his father, the legendary Raja Ghalib Jung Bahadur, he served many generations of Oudh's kings. He was hanged by the British in 1858.

The Begum agreed. Jai Lal Singh asked for the seal of Birjis Qadar to legalise the deal. Hasan Raza Hakim was sent to fetch the seal from the Begum but it was dropped by him on the way and was lost in the crowd of sepoys. A bad omen indeed! But "the officers said it did not matter; it might be sealed afterwards if Jai Lal Singh became security for the fulfilment of the conditions, which he did". The same evening (July 4, 1857) the boy Birjis Qadar was crowned the King of Oudh. It was raining heavily when Birjis Qadar was being crowned; the astrologers predicted a 'short reign' for the new King.

Minister of War

Jai Lal Singh was also made Minister of War. The European prisoners from Sitapur and other places were brought to Lucknow and put under his care.

As a Minister of War, Jai Lal Singh did a remarkable job to maintain the supply line for the besiegers at the Residency.

The British reinforcements at Alambagh made the sepoy army restive. They sensed secret dealings, on the part of some of the camp followers, with the British, and demanded destruction of all suspects, including the Christians, under custody of the rebel government. Therefore, at the pressing demand of the sepoy chiefs and sometimes of Mummoo Khan, Jai Lal Singh was found despatching batches of prisoners out of his jail to the sepoys for execution.

It was the ingenuity of the Raja which safely brought the Nana to Lucknow after the latter's flight from Kanpur. The Raja and his brother were presented with a *khilat* (robe) by the Nana.

The revolutionary government was faced with a crisis for money and materials. Jai Lal Singh went to Daryabad where he collected money and war materials. But by that time Lucknow had fallen into the hands of the British. Jai Lal Singh did make a feeble effort with his recently acquired resources to fight his way back to Lucknow but was defeated at Kursi in an encounter with Hope Grant on March 24, 1858.

Jai Lal Singh's rather calculating disposition forewarned him about the ultimate. He had "withdrawn from the rebel cause as early as May (1858) and retired to Balrampur. After the British victory the Raja was admitted to the benefit of Governor General's Proclamations and restored to his estates." But evidence was traced of his alleged involvement in the killings of the European prisoners of war. He was arrested in July 1859.

The Raja was hanged at Qaiser Bagh in September 1858. His estates were confiscated and conferred on Raja Rustom Shah of Derah in Sultanpur for "his conspicuous loyalty" to the British.

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LESSER KNO

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by S. N. CHA

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LESSER KNOWN PERSONALITIES OF 1857 — 5

Rana Beni Madho Bukhsh Diler Jung

by S. N. CHANDA

The Rana of Shankarpur was the most formidable baron of Oudh. He resisted Lord Clyde's troops and, though vanquished, did not submit to the British, to keep his pledge to Begum Hazrat Mahal.

RANA Beni Madho was the descendant of the famous 15th-century Bias Rajput chieftain, Tilok Chand of eastern U.P.

The Rana was a benevolent despot. "Under his shadow, tenants prospered and the entire countryside unfolded a dark green foliage of well cultivated corn fields around". To the faithful he would bestow the highest honour. If any of his followers died or got incapacitated in warfare he looked after their families. On the other hand, to the betrayers he would make it a point of honour to be ruthless and plunder them first.

Prior to the Annexation of Oudh (1856) he owned an estate comprising 223 villages, most of which were acquired by forceful occupation of the territories of small landholders. He added these to his own property inherited by the law of primogeniture.

Beni Madho was an influential courtier at Lucknow. King Wajid Ali Shah had appointed him a Nazim and bestowed on him the title of "Diler Jung". The Raja had his own army and had built three forts at Shankarpur. He was a devotee of the goddess Durga.

Old Order Ends

In February 1856 the British annexed the Kingdom of Oudh. The Summary Settlement that followed robbed Beni Madho 119 villages out of his estate. The Rajput chief resented the alien rule which had dispossessed him of nearly half his estate. He joined the ranks of the rebels in a bid to recover his possessions and to bring back the old order.

The sporadic risings climaxed at Chinhut on June 30, 1857. The British authority disappeared from Lucknow and Begum Hazrat Mahal, one of the Queens of the deposed King Wajid Ali Shah, formed a revolutionary government by crowning her minor son, Birjis Qadar, as King of Oudh. Till his last breath Beni Madho kept his pledge to the Queen to fight the English.

Beni Madho became one of the most trusted lieutenants of the Begum. From time to time he was called upon to fight the British forces in many fronts in and around Lucknow. The Begum appointed him Nazim of Jaunpur and Azamgarh. She proclaimed that "all those who will help the Sarkar and cooperate with Rana Beni Madho Bahadur Diler Jung in killing the English and also send 50 men per thousand, will enjoy exemption from payment of half the Jama (revenue) for 5 years".

While the Begum was trying to consolidate her position as the supreme commander of Oudh and the British were planning to regain their lost glory, Beni Madho was busy fortifying his *garhis* at Shankarpur.

With the recapture of Lucknow by the British in March 1858, the barons of Oudh felt uncertain about their positions. Beni Madho held aloft the morale of the revolutionaries and practically led the whole population into a dogged rebellion and "paraded the country with over twenty thousand of the hardiest men in the province, and threatened death and destruction to

RANA BENI MADHO BUKHSH of Shankarpur, Oudh (after a contemporary miniature). The Rana valiantly gave fight to the English and in the true Rajput tradition never surrendered to the enemy.

all friends of the cursed Feringis." In about May-June 1858 he uprooted a British and Sikh concentration at Bahraich, then made some lightning movements and practically appeared to be present in every front at the same time. He threatened Lucknow with a massive counter-attack. His "ubiquitous tactics of genuine guerilla warfare" poised a grave danger to the British operations.

Till October 1858 "not a fourth of the province had submitted to British rule". Wherever the British had tried to put up police posts or revenue officials these were promptly surrounded and the officials killed by the followers of Beni Madho.

In the winter of 1858 a concerted move on all fronts was planned to narrow down the field of operation of the rebel chief. Beni Madho moved into his fort at Shankarpur. Soon the British forces manoeuvred a heavy concentration around the fort. **Initially the British General tried to win him over with an offer of clemency if he would surrender unconditionally, but he had "promised the young King of Oudh and his indefatigable mother that he will not surrender; or that, at all events, he will not submit till he is driven to the last extremeties".**

Beni Madho knew that he would not hold the fort against the massive British concentration. He remained unusually quiet to keep the British guessing. On the night of November 15, 1858, when the moon went down he made good his escape with all his men and treasures. The British Generals were astonished. Where could he possibly be? William Howard Russell, the *Times* correspondent, wrote: "We have 'certain' intelligence that he is at all points of the compass at exactly the same hour of the same day, and we have not thirty-one columns to spare to verify these reports."

Hot Chase

On receiving intelligence that Beni Madho made a move towards Rae-Bareli, Brigadier Evelegh gave hot chase there, only to learn that the Rana had moved further away to Dhondia Khera, a stronghold of Ram Bakhsh, on the Ganga. Brigadier Evelegh was immediately ordered to march towards Dhondia Khera where he was joined by the forces of Lord Clyde. At this place Beni Madho gathered a force of 7,500 foot soldiers and *sowars*. He positioned his forces between Buxur Ghat on the Ganga and the fort and had thrown up an entrenchment in front of the jungle which covered the area.

The British extended another offer of amnesty to Beni Madho which he declined. On November 24, the British forces advanced towards the fort through dense jungle amidst heavy fires of musketry from the camp of Beni Madho. As the forces came close to each other heavy cannonade from both sides followed. Beni Madho met with heavy casualties. But the Rana was not to be captured. He crossed over the Ganga, leaving his beloved Oudh behind.

He "became a homeless wanderer in the Terai for the sake of the Begum and her son, to whom he had sworn fealty". In about November 1858, he was heard last when he clashed with the forces of Jung Bahadur of Nepal at a place called Chowghora Dara Gaon in the Terai region. It is stated that Beni Madho and his brother, with 50 of their followers, were killed in the clash.

However, Beni Madho is also supposed to have crossed over to Nepal in October-November 1859, never to be heard of again. The local legends say that years later the Rana reappeared in Shankarpur in the garb of an ochre-robed sadhu. It is said that after meeting some of his old associates he passed into oblivion.

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Khan Bahadur Khan Of Rohilkhand

by S. N. CHANDA

The Rohilla Pathan was the grandson of Hafiz Rehmat Khan, the heroic chief of Rohilkhand who died fighting the English in 1774. Bahadur Khan took up arms in 1857 when he was in his seventies.

WITHIN three weeks from the date of the uprising at Meerut, Rohilkhand (Bareilly, Moradabad, Shahjahanpur, Budaun and Bijnor districts) became free of British control. For nearly eleven months Khan Bahadur Khan ruled supreme with headquarters at Bareilly.

He was quick in controlling the rebellious spree of the sepoys and requested Bahadur Shah Zafar to appoint him as the Nazim of Rohilkhand. The appointment was promptly made through a royal firman.

Bahadur Khan immediately set out to restore order in Rohilkhand. He appointed a committee to look after the administration and set up an efficient government. In a true democratic fashion, he called a meeting of his council of ministers who decided to levy taxes in order to raise funds. "He called for a Byawasta from some Pundits and for Futwa from the Mooftis", who authorised him to levy the taxes.

Rohilkhand was the traditional home of warlike Rajput Thakurs. Bahadur Khan could not fully win their confidence although he had appointed Sobha Ram, a leading Bania, as his Dewan and included two influential Hindu noblemen in his council of ministers. But his agents and troops were attacked by the Thakurs whenever they demanded payment of revenues.

The English tried to play this Hindu sentiment against the Muslim chief and Rs 50,000/- was spent by them for this purpose, though without much tangible result.

Bahadur Khan knew the efficacy of Hindu-Muslim unity. He issued a monumental Proclamation: "The infidel Ferangi are bitter enemies of the lives, property and religion of all the Hindus and Musalmans.

"It is therefore proper for both classes of men to make every effort in protecting their interests. If the Hindus and Muslims join together the extermination of Europeans, who are few in numbers and scattered, will become easy.

"The Muslims are already engaged on their part [in fighting the English] but the Hindus are careless of this important point. The reason for this appears to be no other than the practice of cow-killing among the Muslims which is opposed to the tenets of the Hindu faith. Hence their dissatisfaction. As even among the Muslims this practice is not enjoined by the Word of God in as much as its abandonment does not call to question their conduct as true believers, and as the protection of cows from slaughter is considered an act of grace in the Hindu religion, it is resolved, that if the Hindus shall expel the Feringies from this country, they shall be rewarded for their patriotism with a ban on cow slaughter throughout my dominion. For the present, with the exception of the public shambles, no cows shall be killed in any Mohallas of this town in which the Hindus may be residing..."

Very soon many Hindu chiefs accepted his suzerainty.

Bahadur Khan also advised his followers: "Do not attempt to meet the regular columns of the English, because they are superior to you in discipline and bundobust, and have big guns; but watch their movements, guard all the ghats on the rivers, stop their supplies, cut up their daks and posts, and keep constantly hanging about their camps; give them no rest".

The recapture of Lucknow by the British demoralised the defenders of Bareilly, but Khan Bahadur Khan did not give up without a close fight.

The British operations in Rohilkhand were elaborate and concerted movement of troops was organised to march on Bareilly.

General Walpole was to approach from the left bank of the Ganga, Sir Colin Campbell was to join Walpole on the frontier of Rohilkhand, and Major-General Penny was to march from Meerut and join Sir Colin near Bareilly. The British troops moved with great caution apprehending sweeping guerilla movement.

Sweeping On Like Winds

On May 5, 1858, Bareilly witnessed a fierce battle. Bahadur Khan's men, aided by the troops of Oudh, Begum Hazrat Mahal, the Maulvi and Prince Feroze Shah, effected a dreadful blow on the British. W. H. Russell, the London *Times* correspondent who covered the battle, wrote:

"My *dooly* was raised from the ground and then let fall violently. I heard my bearers shouting 'Sowars! Sowars!' I saw them flying with terror in their faces. All the camp-followers, in wild confusion, were rushing for the road. It was a veritable stampede of men and animals. Elephants were trumpeting shrilly as they thundered over the fields, camels slung along in their utmost jaggling strides, horses and tats, women and children, were all pouring in streams, which converged and tossed the heaps of white as it neared the road—an awful panic. And, heaven above! Within a few hundred yards of us, sweeping on like winds, rushed a great billow of white Sowars, their sabres flashing in the sun, the roar of their voice, the thunder of their horses, filling and shaking the air. As they came on, camp-followers fell with cleft skulls and bleeding wounds upon fields... The eye takes at a glance what the tongue cannot tell or hands write in an hour. Here was, it appeared, an inglorious and miserable death swooping down on us in the heart of that yelling crowd."

That was the charge of the Ghazis. But they faced a highly disciplined enemy. All of them fell dead after a few hours. The next day Bareilly was recaptured by the British. Khan Bahadur Khan left his capital with his followers and wandered about till December 1859.

Bahadur Khan was a British subject and a retired judicial official in the Company's service. He had also received a monthly stipend of Rs 100/- as the head of the vanquished House of the Rohillas. He was captured by Nepal's forces in December 1859. At his trial at Bareilly he was found guilty to be hanged by the neck.

CHARGE OF THE GHAZIS who died fighting a Scottish regiment at the Battle of Bareilly (after a contemporary painting). The Ghazis ("crusaders") were bitter enemies of the British and had allied themselves with Bahadur Khan's forces.

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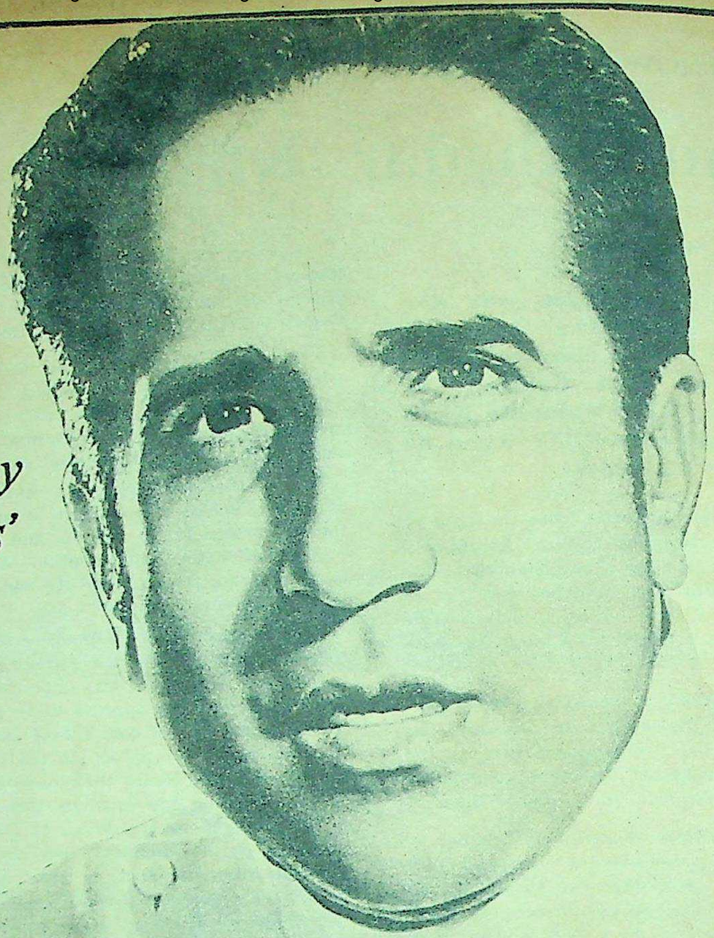
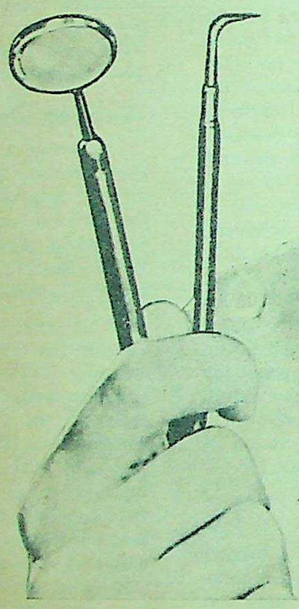


'Your family needs a toothpaste formulated to destroy decay-causing germs'



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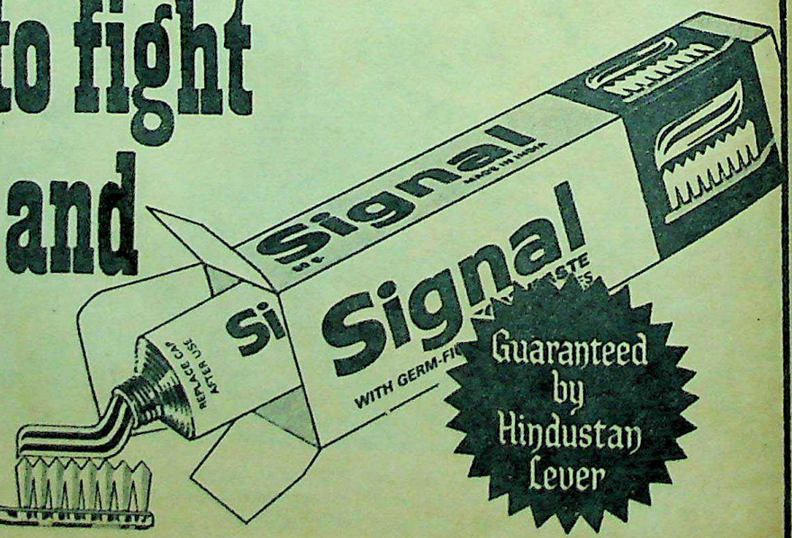

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DIARY O

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Edited by

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Shan-Hai-Ku
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DIARY OF A RAJPUT NOBLEMAN — 2

Boxer Rebellion In China

Edited by Mohan Singh, Lloyd I. Rudolph and Susanne H. Rudolph

Last week we carried a sketch of Major-General Amar Singh, Thakur of Kanota. His 87-volume diary was recently discovered at Jaipur. The present selections from his diary illustrate the range of his activity. He was the first Indian to serve with a regular commission in the British Indian Army—he fought in France and Mesopotamia during World War I. As Commander of the Jaipur State Forces and a well-connected Jaipur nobleman, he played an important part in the administration of Jaipur State. And in 1900-01, Amar Singh, Second Lieutenant in the Jodhpur Lancers, accompanied Sir Pratab Singh, Regent of Jodhpur State, to China to join an allied army fighting the Boxers. He received a gallantry medal for one of the engagements.

Shan-Hai-Kwan, Thursday, October 25, 1900
Wong Kung Ying Expedition

THERE is, I think, not much to write about this expedition, for there was nothing except the characters of the people and the cruelty and mismanagement of the Russians.First I must begin with the latter who, in my opinion, are quite heartless brutes. They treat the poor Chinese very badly. They had sent news that a Russian section had been cut off and that many Boxers were in great forces. When we arrived there, we found the villages nearly deserted, and the few inhabitants that remained ran off to the hills as soon as they saw the troops approaching.

There were, besides our cavalry, Germans, French, Russians and other British companies, though all were infantries, besides a maxim gun...

All this trouble was for nothing. It was ... found that no Russian section was killed .... and that all this was invented by them simply as a pretext to plunder the poor inhabitants. The Russians have very bad management and they cannot live if they do not plunder.

I am almost sorry, or rather ashamed, to say that I too brought a mare and a mule foal as a plunder, though it was done with orders. Still I was the man to blame, for I set them to this task. Afterwards we had to leave that mare and the foal, for the General would not let us have it. The Germans had brought in a good many sheep which the General had also sent back.

The most harmful deed that was done was this: it was ordered that the villages should be searched and, if arms were to be found in any of them, they were to be burned. No arms of the modern inventions were found but simply firepieces of the oldest fashion—what we call in India *Toredar*—and a few rusty swords. Even for these things the villages were burned. It was no doubt a pitiable thing to see such peaceful and harmless men made homeless who, at the very first sight of an enemy, took to the hills. Those that remained brought out and offered all the soldiers pears, chestnuts, walnuts, tea and liquor. The poet had truly said:

नहीं पति बहुपति निबल पति,
एति कुमार पति नार।
इह पुर की कांन कही,
सूर पुर कर हीं उजार॥

This same thing is happening in China. If under able hands, China can put in the field an army that would compete with any power in the world.

The Russians thrashed them whenever they could not make them understand. They said that some Boxers had assaulted their outposts and that a man had been wounded. We saw him too. It was a cut on the head he had received, and who can say whether it was a Boxer or a poor inhabitant whose wife or daughter had been raped before his very eyes and who had struck the blow? Each and every one was of the last opinion.

Just imagine: on the first day after our disembarkation we had been sent to ride through and about the city to terrify the people, because the Boxers were said to have made an assault last night on the Russian Gate. Among the eight people who were called Boxers, six were women. Probably they had been robbed, raped and then slain to cover the whole thing.

Shan-Hai-Kwan, Sunday, July 14, 1901

... The Russian cavalry, or rather the Cossacks whom I had a great opportunity of observing, are true soldiers in the truest form. There is no smartness in them. There is nothing glittering and every small particle that they carry is useful and nothing is superfluous. Their uniform is quite light. There is no pride in them. They are innocent-looking soldiers and very obedient, though they are reported to be very poorly paid. They loot the Chinese a good deal but I do not blame them, because it is the policy of their Government who do not supply them sufficiently and so, whenever they run short of provisions, an expedition is organised and they bring in what supplies they want...

Shan-Hai-Kwan, Monday, January 21, 1901

To begin with, I must first describe what I was doing before the news arrived. I was in my closet and ordered Maharaj Akhai Singhjee's black Irish horse to be got ready, for I was intending to go to the General's quarters to enquire for the paper containing the picture of Sarkar. When I came out and was washing my hands, Girdharijee (the servant of Akhai Singhjee) told me that some shots have been just fired on Captain Hughes while he was coming from the city and that all were going after the offenders. I too hastily buckled on my sword and revolver and, taking my spear, rushed out. Just in the doorway, I found the black horse waiting for me. There was no time to change the saddle and so I jumped on its back and galloped off in the direction pointed by our men. The information Girdharijee had given me was quite wrong...

The men who had gone with the mules and carts to collect wood for our regiment and the commissariat were informed by the inhabitants that the enemy was in the neighbourhood and will attack them and advised them to clear off as soon as they could. Naturally our men paid no attention to their advice and, having loaded their carts, were just starting, when some shots were fired at them. Some mules were hit and so the men dispersed. The syces hid themselves in the nullahs and made for the camp at their best pace. The sowar with the commissariat mules was on horseback and galloped hard, amid a hot shower of bullets, for the camp to inform us about the attack.

To resume the thread of my personal account, I must say that I was leading at a brisk trot, because Major Turner's pony was not going well... we had no signs of the enemy and so turned to the left and were going towards the hills through the stream, when we came up of a sudden on a village where there were two red flags with some white in it floating. How I wished to possess one of them! But it was too dangerous.

"On Into Him !"

We rode up the hills overlooking it and saw the same men (with rifles slung on their shoulder and riding Chinese ponies) making for the village further on. The men were dismounted and ordered to unsling their carbines. I hastily jumped off and, taking a carbine, loaded and fired at twelve hundred yards. The cartridge misfired.

Seeing them too far off, the men were ordered to mount again and we rode on with an intention of charging them. The Major and myself got away very soon, for we were free, but it took some time before the sowars could come up, for they had to buckle and sling up their carbines. The Major was on the point of dismissing the idea of charging but I urged him and he agreed.

I galloped on and soon passed the Major. I was about fifty or seventy yards ahead when I reached the rear of the enemy and looked back. The Major shouted: Go on into him!"—and the next instant I closed up. The last man was riding a mule and had no weapon, and so I let him go. The second had jumped off his horse and was running alongside the third one, who seemed to me their leader. I speared him in the back and down he rolled.

I left him and took myself to the other one, who was thrown off in the same manner when, looking to my right, I saw a man

—Continued

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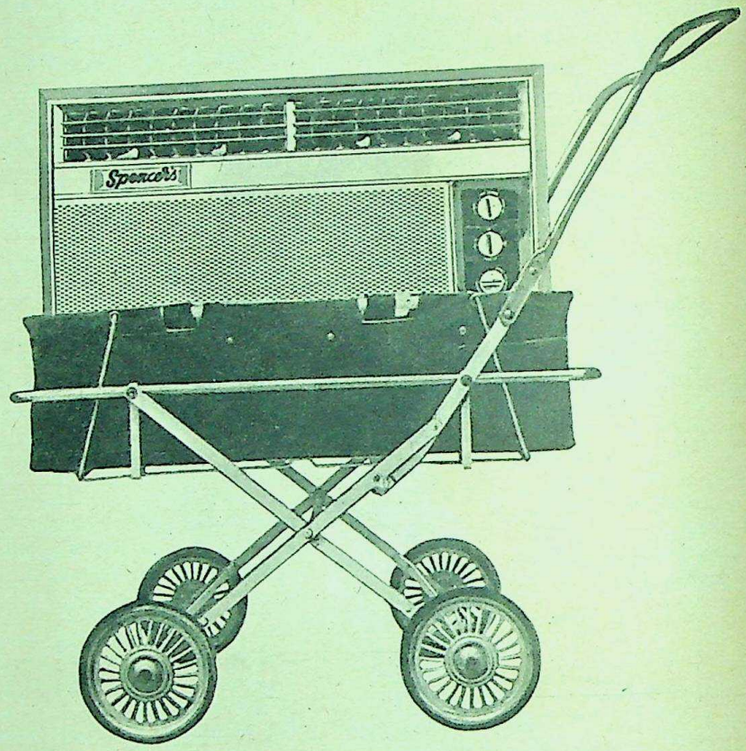

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falling off his horse by the revolver shot of Major Turner. I went further on and dropped another with my spear. This time my spear fell from my hand, so I drew out my revolver and fired at two men and they both rolled down from their ponies but got up again.

Of the whole lot, these two acted like heroes. One was some fifty and the other eighty yards off... Like a fool, I too stopped and began to fire my revolver. I fired the remaining four chambers and looked around. While all this was happening, the two were busy firing on me their mauser rifles. Each must have fired some five shots separately, but I got off scot free. Looking around, I saw the Major and the others standing under cover of a low nullah bank, some two or three hundred yards off. I galloped off and joined them with the farewell bullets of my friends whizzing around me...

To describe my feeling, I have very little to say. As soon as we got down the hill and intended to form a line, I had no other thought than of calling the men on. When I was on the point of closing up with the enemy, I had no excitement at all. I had no hatred, no anger, nothing that I can describe in my mind. Looking behind was quite involuntary and the voice of the Major, "Go on, into him!", and my leaving the first unarmed man is all I felt.

The faces of the three men whom I speared and when they looked at me while falling down is a sight never to be forgotten. They had an expression of great pain and horror or fear, whatever it may be called. It was also the same with the other two that were knocked with the revolver. I can safely say, without exaggeration or boasting or self-praise, that my temper and nerve seemed to me to be quite cool. Of course I was a little excited.

No Fear!

As regards fearing from bullets, I say that I never found out, until I went to Major Turner and the others standing in the cover, that anyone was firing from the village. Nor had I any fear from the bullets that my two companions were firing, as long as I stood and fired my four shots...

As far as I can see, I do not find anything to blame myself, except that I, instead of drawing my revolver, ought to have drawn my sword. I am sure that I would have killed some more, and so would have the sowars when they had no one to finish, for the blow from the sword would have meant instant death. It was sharp as a razor and the "goat-cutting" practice would have done everything. I feel confident in myself that, had I been using my sword from the back of Ghatotguch, I would have done nearly double the execution, but what is done is done.

Shan-Hai-Kwan, Saturday, January 19, 1901

In the noontime, Bukhtawar Singhjee, Akhai Singhjee and myself... saw the French infantry of the Zouvaves drilling. They are very sturdy fellows and drill most beautifully. I met Captain Mitchell and was received very hospitably. He also congratulated me on getting the first spear in the engagement with the enemy.

JODHPUR CAVALRY STABLES IN SHAN-HAI-KWAN, CHINA, 1901. *The picture was taken by 2nd Lt Amar Singh. The diarist was a keen photographer and has left behind 25 volumes of photographs, some of them of historical value.*

Shan-Hai-Kwan, Sunday, July 14, 1901

Here are a few words about the difference between the British and Indian armies. As regards fighting qualities, the Indian Army would perform the same thing as the British if well officered.

The Indians are looked upon as inferiors in the scale of humanity. The British are better treated, supplied, fed, clothed and paid than the Indians. Even they are better armed, though they have now found the mistake and are arming them on the same principle. No Indian can rise above the rank of a Rissaldar or Subedar-Major and, however young or junior a British officer, he always looks down upon the other as an ignorant fellow, even though he may be more experienced and possessed of better head...

The Lieutenants, Alexander and Gaussen, always commanded over our Captains; Lt Hughes always considered himself much more senior to Jasjee and even went so far as to take away his sword without any trial. Hughes is merely a Captain while Jasjee is a Major. The difference lies that the one is British while the other is an Indian. The taking away of Jasjee's sword is a great blow to our pride. There was clearly written in the orders that the Special Service Officers had no other business than to see that the orders of the General Officer Commanding are understood and to give counsel and not to interfere in any way at all.

The charge against Jasjee is that he was drunk on the line of march. He had no doubt drunk a little, which every other British officer does. He was quite sane and yet Lt Hughes took away his sword...

If Jasjee is not to be considered a Major, why does the Government allow or empower the states to confer these ranks in the Imperial Service Army? Either there ought to be no Lieutenants and Majors in the Imperial Service or they must be treated on the same footing, which is rather difficult. Had it not been for Sarkar (Sir Pratab Singh), this thing would have gone too far.

Whatever may happen, I for myself will never serve in the army, except in Imperial Service. Even if anyone offered me a direct Rissaldar Majorship in the British Indian Army, I would straightway reject it. I would not like to be treated like a coolie...

Again, there is another example. British sergeants and soldiers never salute Indian Officers—no, not even Sarkar. They look as if they expect the others to salute them. No notice is taken of it. They are not supposed to do it and, even if they are supposed to, no one seems to care for it, and so none of them salute. It is a mark of great favour on the part of the sergeant or soldier if he even condescends to say "Good Morning."

I do not blame the French soldiers for calling the Indian "coolies", considering the way the British treat them. They, of course, know what they see or hear. If a foreign soldier sees a British soldier not saluting an Indian officer, he naturally comes to the conclusion that the latter is a coolie and so he calls him that. The British make a great row when they hear the foreigners calling Indian soldiers and officers coolies, though they do not mind treating them as such themselves. Major Turner would not send our names for the "Military Order of the Dragon" (which is an American thing) on the ground that Indians are not supposed to subscribe for it.

Now I think I have written enough and shown with examples what difference there is between a British and an Indian, and I shall now write on another subject. While raising regiments and enlisting recruits, care is not taken that men of proper caste are enlisted. Low classes are enlisted and enrolled and then people say that they are incapable of doing this and that.

Open a Military School in India and see if the Indians, when they have equal training and treatment, can compete with those having these advantages in their favour. I wish Sarkar would make a rule that none but properly educated Rajpoots should be made officers. Jasjee is as good a man and officer as any British Major but, unluckily, he lacks the knowledge of English.

—To Be Continued

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BOOK REV

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A Divorcee's Dilemma

"The Day in Shadow" by Nayantara Sahgal (Vikas; Rs 20)

There is an autobiographical strain in most writing. With Mrs Sahgal that strain is discernibly stronger than in most Indian writers of our times. Her first published work, *Prison And Chocolate Cake*, was straight autobiography without fictional sugar-coating. She was not sure of success and utilised her Nehru-Pandit ancestry to project herself into the writing world. Her second book, *A Time To Be Happy*, was ostensibly fictional but any discerning reader could see that it was the second instalment of her life-serial: her marriage to a hearty, fun-loving, ambitious, extrovert business executive. Her third book, *From Fear Set Free*, was again autobiography. The fourth and fifth—*This Time of Morning* and *Storm in Chandigarh*—though given the form of the novel were essentially continuations of her life-serial. The *Storm* was in fact the story of the break-up of her marriage. *The Day in Shadow* is about a divorcee trying to square her equation with her growing children, her ex-husband, whose marriage settlement is more punitive than generous and the man who stands by her in her troubles with society, which is still embarrassed by the presence of a woman who has left her husband.

The mood of depression that overtakes the main character, Simrit, after her separation from her husband, is established fairly early in the story. "How can I enjoy anything? I can't even begin to think straight.... I feel so disorganised," she tells her mentor. He replies, "That's the way you may have to live for a while yet. Be patient, Simrit. It's how we'll have to live in this country for years yet, in a bit of a mess, with things not in their places, and not nearly enough of them to go round. And we'll have to learn to love the process, to get something out of it and go on giving something to it. There are no magic formulas. We can't make coaches out of pumpkins except by our sweat, and that takes time."

It was all very well for the country, she thought tiredly, but what about her life? A small wail started in her whenever she thought of that, she who loved order and beauty excessively and not because she had been born to them. They were her trade. She could never understand the theory that writers and artists were untidy people glorying in chaos. How could she whose working hours were spent struggling to give fine structure to the unformed, putting ideas into clear language, chiselling precise sentences and paragraphs from a welter of feeling, not be disciplined? Not that it mattered now, when the chaos was inside her. She couldn't order it by putting chairs and tables, or even painfully ground out sentences into place—though it helped. Somehow, obscurely, it helped.

Mrs Sahgal has done well to base her *dramatis personae* on real people. They come alive—particularly Simrit's husband, Som. So also the minister Sumer Singh and his mistress, Pixie. The others are less convincing. And there are too many thrown in who have very little to do with the story or in highlighting the characteristics of the chief actors in the drama.

The Day In Shadow is written with delicate sensitivity. But it is not the best of Mrs Sahgal's work.

K. S.

NAYANTARA SAHGAL, whose earlier novels have been essentially in the nature of a life-serial, continues the autobiographical strain in The Day in Shadow.

Kashmir Setting

"Sorrows Of The Snows" by Upendranath Ashk; Translated from the Hindi by Jai Ratan (Writers Workshop, Calcutta; Rs 25)

Upendranath Ashk belongs to the group of writers who, along with Manto, Krishan Chander, Rajindar Singh Bedi, Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi and Ismat Chughtai, began "the progressive movement of social realism" in Urdu fiction. The lives of the betrayed and the have-nots, or the lower middle classes were their *forte*. Most of what they wrote was excellent literature.

After Independence, the literary climate has changed. The writers of "the pink decade" have been replaced by the so-called disillusioned and the indignant generation. And yet, although the technique, literary priorities or compulsions may have changed, the basic realities remain the same. Ashk and his contemporaries continue to write, though perhaps with less verve. Ashk now writes in Hindi. His present novelette *Sorrows of the Snows* belongs to the class of earlier fiction. It is set in Kashmir. The main character is a *hatu*. He is the same one came across in pre-1947 Urdu fiction. Hasandin is God-fearing, poor and timid as ever. The only difference is that his English clients have given way to transistor-toting petite bourgeois businessmen from the plains. They make their children call them Mummy and Daddy, and cheat the poor. Their lives are trivial. They talk inanities. They have come up in life. The *hatu* remains betrayed as ever.

Ashk is good in his portrayal of characters. At places the narration is dull (it may not be so in the original). The translation could have been vastly improved. The price is exorbitant for such a slim volume.

Q. H

On A Judgment

"The Bank Nationalisation Case and the Constitution" by R. S. Gae (N. M. Tripathi; Rs 30)

The judgment of the Supreme Court in the Bank Nationalisation case, a landmark in the judicial history of the country, has had a mixed reception. While it is hailed in some quarters as the Magna Carta of individual liberty, it is also considered as an obstacle in the way of socio-economic progress. The author of this book has, however, made a dispassionate study of the judgment without leaning towards one view or the other and has boldly put forth his own conclusions.

In an exhaustive and critical analysis of the judgment, Mr Gae, Law Secretary, Government of India, has set out the salient features by stating the law as it stood before the judgment, the law as it emerges from the judgment and the impact it would have on legislation and litigation in the foreseeable future.

Among a dozen topics discussed in the book are the power of the President in passing ordinances, the legislative competence of Parliament to enact the Act acquiring the undertaking of the named banks, the law-making power of Parliament in regard to acquisition of property for the purposes of the Union, the legal meaning of "banking", the functions of the banks and bankers, the inter-relation of Articles 19(1) (f), 19 (5), 31(1) and 31(2) of the Constitution and the controversial issue of compensation guaranteed under Article 31(2) and the principles governing the same.

The Supreme Court has reconsidered and even overruled some of its previous decisions while dealing with the constitutional issue of the right to property in this historic judgment.

Another important issue the Court has decided is the one relating to compensation payable on the acquisition of an undertaking under Article 31(2) of the Constitution. Again, contrary to the earlier view, the Court has held that the compensation payable must be a just equivalent and the adequacy thereof can be a subject matter of determination by courts. The word "compensation" in Article 31(2) has created such fierce controversy that the amending Bill seeks to replace it with the word "amount", but any such amendment is bound to be challenged as going against the Golak Nath case. The proposed amendments also seek to set at nought the princes' right to privy purses.

The author has neatly summarised the legal position as it obtains under this epoch-making judgment and has also dwelt upon a large number of questions of great constitutional importance which arose during the 34 days of the hearing of this case, but which have been left open or undecided by the Supreme Court.

While new judicial heights have been reached in the Golak Nath case, the Bank Nationalisation case and the Privy Purse case, they have also created problems. The author, therefore, ends on a note of fervent plea for mutual accommodation and adjustment between the executive, the legislature and the judiciary so as to avert an ominous confrontation.

A. P. G.

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the union is not brought about through force. When will we realise that caste barriers are beginning to crumble under the weight of their own irrelevance in this technological age?

Barkur ANANDARAMA SHASTRI

The Music Monopoly

Sir—Raju Bharatan is again at his crusading best in "Smash This Music Monopoly" (MOVIANA: June 6). As he says, 'Dada' Burman has lost composing caste by forgetting his ethos and casting his lot with the "haves" who know no musical values and cherish none. Having taken up the cause of "have-not" composers, you should now champion the cause of "have-not" artistes. A handsome face is often mistaken for good acting. Thus "actors" like Rajesh Khanna command fabulous fees, not for what they are, but for what they look—chasing the dolled-up heroine round and round the mulberry bush. It is a pity that a majority of films today have a combination of such "play-acting" and "imported noise" by one of the Trio of Duos. Let's have a clean break with this monopoly of mediocrities.

Jamshedpur J. RAVI

Sir—Raju's bitter attack on the Indian Cine Composers' Guild is yet another addition to his many such outbursts against the Trio of Duos. While one is in sympathy with him for the "Poor Old Majority", it is disquieting to hear from him that a majority of the ICCG "impose" imported music. Leaving out the Trio of Duos and a few others, the remaining in the ICCG are certainly composers of class. Raju's contempt for Shanker-Jaikishan and their Sharda is well known but he should not have tried to belittle the other composers in his attempt to scale down the Trio of Duos.

Hyderabad N. N. PRABHAKARA RAO

How Fabulous!

Sir—What a fabulous Editor you must be to run a whole series on "The Fabulous Kapoors" of your fabulous imagination! These Kapoors may be the matinee idols of rickshawallas and tongawallas but what is their validity for the WEEKLY? What are you after: increased sales or the role of a hero opposite Hema Malini in an effort at North-South integration? Well, carry on. You will look grand chasing swadeshi damsels for a change. Here's wishing more power to your paan-bidi-matches-cigarette brand of journalism.

New Delhi P. L. CHADDAH

"The Fabulous Kumars"

Sir—As a logical follow-up to the very interesting series on "The Fabulous Kapoors", what about a depth study of "The Fabulous Kumars"—Ashok, Kishore and Anoop, the last-named an up-and-coming director? The three brothers (especially Kishore) are now at the height of their screen career.

Madras ARUN G. NADKARNI

The Illustrated Weekly of India

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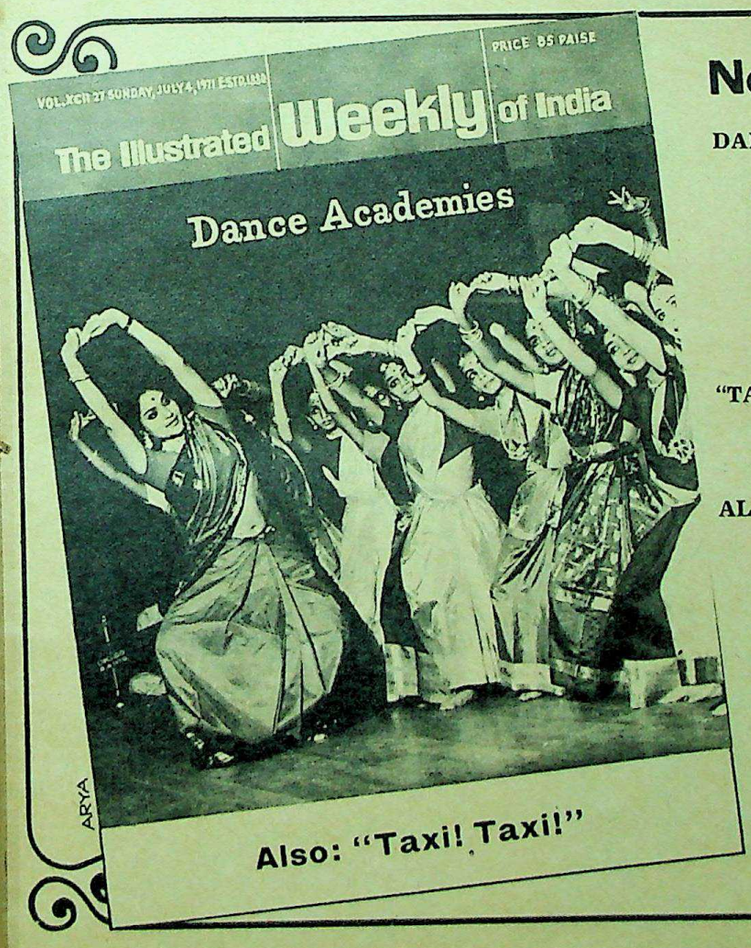
AND OUR REGULAR FEATURES

COVER: Sukhdev and Bhagat Singh shoot and kill J. P. Saunders in Lahore in 1928—designed by our Art Department



Next Week

DANCE ACADEMIES: Sunil Kothari writes on the schools of Indian Classical Dance all over the country. Starting from pioneers like Balasaraswati, Uday Shankar and Rukmini Devi to the famous Gurus of today. Alluring photographs in colour by Subodh Chandra.

"TAXI! TAXI!": S. V. Vasudev on the Taxi Driver: his earnings, aspirations, unions and family life—everything.

ALSO: Love and Friendship by P. S. Rege; Army Horse Show: colour photographs by Bedi and Dayal; Short Story by Vijay N. Shankar; Adventures of the Black Sparrows in the latest instalment of Krishan Chandar's Once Upon A Sparrow; What is noteworthy in Movies and Sports and Books.

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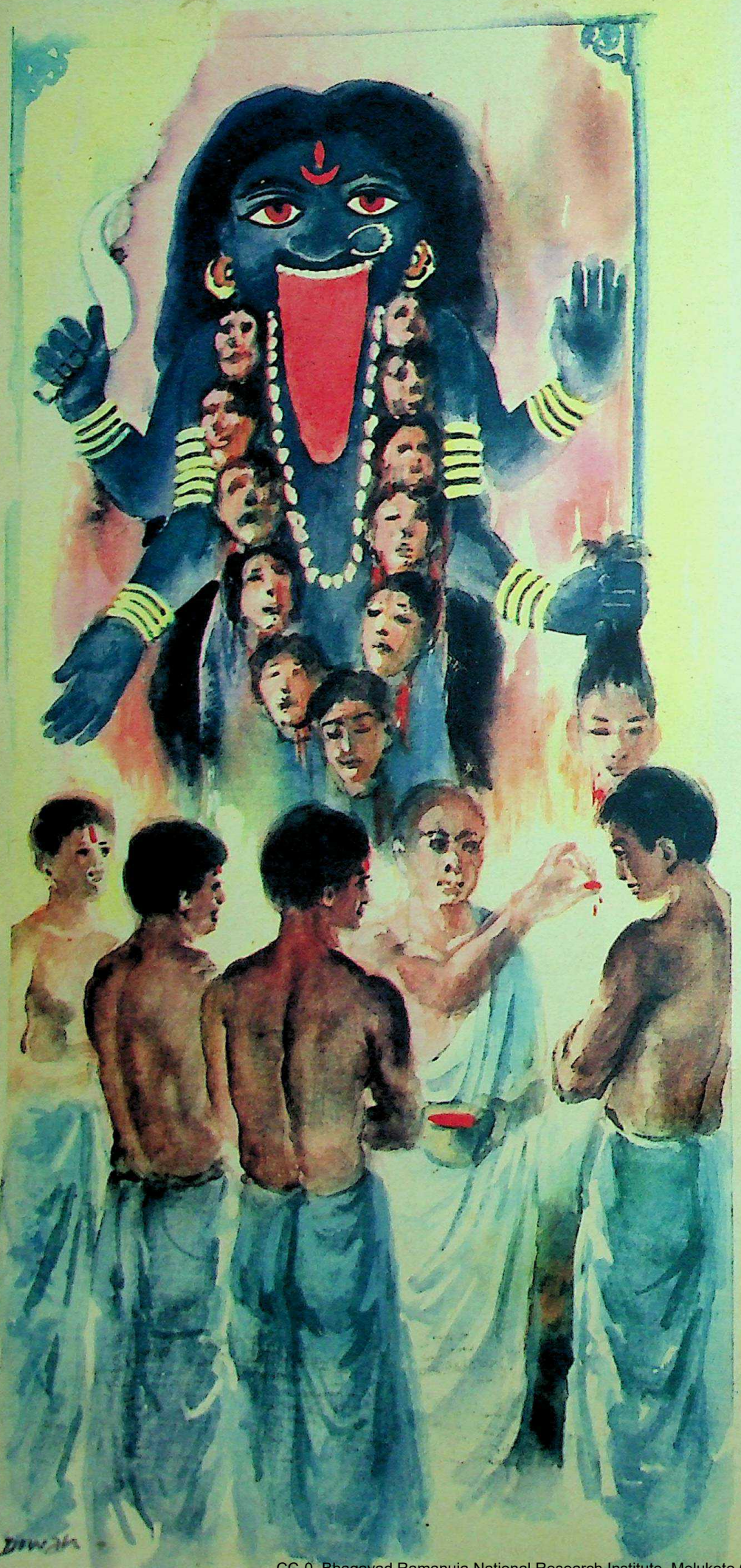
THE TERRORISTS—the first phase



by QURRATULAIN HYDER

From Chapekar to Bhagat Sin the militant struggle against Raj is a long and harrowing sa of heroism: plots, assassin tions, tortures, hangings, tra portations for life and death exile. The terrorist moveme was resurrected in August 1 some of its leaders also creat the Indian National Army. T day, most of the old revoluti aries have been forgotten a the survivors live in penury, known and unsung.

IN a medieval, feudal society political p test usually takes place within the fra work of religion. India was still in Middle Ages when Ghadar (the Muti broke out in 1857. The people of no India took up arms against British mination, ostensibly to defend their "D and "Dharma". The revolt failed becaus the confused leadership of kings, naw and rajas who were interested in sav their tottering thrones. The new mercan class of Calcutta, Bombay and Madras mained loyal to the English. So did Punjabis.

During the uprising, however, Hin and Muslims fought together. The follow decades saw the rise of sectarian militan

The Wahabis

In the first half of the 19th century Wahabis of north India had waged a "h war" first against the Sikhs and then agai the British in Bengal. During the Mut they joined the rebels. After 1857 they co tinued their "jehad" against the British c called them "the Hindustani fanatics". T Penal Settlement on the Andamans was o ginally set up for the rebels of the Mut and the Wahabi mujahids ("holy warrior who had their headquarters at Patna. T Wahabis travelled on foot from Ben Bihar and U.P. to the North-West Fron where they campaigned against the Engl By 1863 the Government had to send six massive expeditions against them. To su jugate "the seditious masses in the heart our empire" the Government began t notorious State Trials at Ambala, Pat Calcutta, Maldah and other places. T trials continued from 1864 to 1871. A lar number of Wahabis were either hanged deported to the Andamans. Till 1868 the C cutta Mohammedan College included in course of studies the "doctrine of reb lion". The leading scholar of this coll was also sent to the Andamans. In 186

BENGALI TERRORISTS took their oa before the image of Kali, the goddess destruction. Their leader placed tilaks blood on their foreheads. They were sor times initiated in cremation grounds imitation of the Aghor sanyasis) or sw on a sword placed on the Gita.

Wahabi pamphl clared that the was an apostate quell the chron Hindustani fana other expeditio time W. W. Hun the keen intelle gave its presen movement."

In 1870 the was exiled to t appealed to the be tried in ope court proceedin distributed all Pal writes in pamphlet fired avidly read by aries.)

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LORD HAR he and Lady crowd near returned to executed in

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Wahabi pamphlet published in Bombay declared that the well-wisher of the English was an apostate. During the same year "to quell the chronic source of disturbance, the Hindustani fanatics", General Wilde led another expedition to the Frontier. At the time W. W. Hunter wrote, "No wonder that the keen intellect of the Bengalis eventually gave its present tone to the Mujahideen movement."

In 1870 the Wahabi leader, Amir Khan, was exiled to the Andamans. His followers appealed to the Calcutta High Court that he be tried in open court. They published the court proceedings in a pamphlet whch was distributed all over India. (Bipin Chandra Pal writes in his reminiscences that the pamphlet fired his imagination. It was also avidly read by many Bengali revolutionaries.)

During the same year, Abdullah, a mujahid, killed Mr Justice Norman who had sentenced Amir Khan. On February 8, 1871, Sher Khan, a Wahabi prisoner in the Andamans, killed Lord Mayo, while the Viceroy was inspecting the Jail.

Mr Justice Norman and Lord Mayo were the first victims of political assassination in British India.

Sikh Namdharis

Like the Muslims the Sikhs had also recently been deprived of their kingdom. Although a large number became loyal to the British, groups of zealots rose from time to time and in the guise of social or religious reform continued to fight the new rulers. One of them, the Kuka Namdharis consisted mostly of Sikh have-nots. Their leader, Baba Ram Singh, spoke against Sikh aristocracy as well as "the cow-eating whites". As vegetarians the Kukas started a cow-protection movement and directed their activities against their old political foes, the Muslims. In 1867 the Kukas killed some Muslim butchers and their families in Amritsar and Malerkotla. They were arrested. Many were hanged or blasted off the cannon.

This was the period when the British Government dreaded the rapid Russian expansion in Central Asia. The Kukas, very imaginatively, discovered *Sau Sakhis* of mysterious origin. The *sakhis* prophecised a Czarist invasion of India and the setting up of the dynasty of Baba Ram Singh.

The Kuka Namdharis were the pioneers of the Khadi movement. To this day they continue to wear rough homespun cloth.

The Marathas were the third group in the subcontinent to protest against the loss of their empire to the British. They too clearly remembered their triumphs over the Mughals and the formal end of their power in 1818. Towards the end of the 19th century their militancy was revived by B. G. Tilak.

In Bengal Muslims lost to the English in the Battle of Plassey in 1757. Unlike the Sikhs and the Marathas, the Hindus of Bengal had not been rulers of the land. They not only felt no particular

—Continued

LORD HARDINGE, Viceroy of India, was injured on December 23, 1912, by a bomb hurled at him by Rash Behari Bose and his comrades while he and Lady Hardinge were passing through the Chandni Chowk in a procession. Rash Behari Bose had put on a burqa and mingled with the crowd near the Punjab National Bank. The bomb killed the Indian attendant of the Viceroy. Rash Behari Bose, then a government servant, returned to Dehra Dun. The accomplices were, however, caught and Avadh Bihari, Amir Chand, Balmukand and Basant Kumar Biswas were executed in Ambala Jail in May 1915. One of the conspirators, Hanuwant Sahai is now 90, and lives in Delhi.

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VASUDEV BALWANT PHADKE (1845-1883) *led an armed revolt against the government. Justice Ranade called him a "mad patriot". He was a socially conscious rebel.*

resentment against the British, they were the first to take to Western education and provide cultural and political leadership to the rest of India. In 1884 Sir Syed Ahmed Khan said about the Bengalis: "They are the only people in our country we can be proud of, and it is only due to them that knowledge, liberty and patriotism are progressing in India. They are the head and crown of the communities of Hindustan." The leadership they provided represented complex social and political discontent prevalent in the country.

The cause of both urban and rural discontent was essentially economic.

After Plassey the East India Company's plunder of Bengal resulted in a series of terrible famines. During 1769-70 there was a revolt led by the sanyasis and faqirs, who became the natural leaders of a deeply religious rural society. The influx of British capital shattered the village economy. In the 1830's there was another agrarian revolt in Bengal, led by the Wahabi maulvis, Titu Mir, Dhudu Mian and others, who declared that "the earth was God's dominion and no one had the right to occupy it as an inheritance or levy taxes upon it."

Permanent "Unsettlement"

The British had introduced fixed money payments assessed on the land irrespective of good or bad crop. The State became the ultimate owner of the land from which the peasant could be ejected. The Peramanent Settlement put the clock back. The English created a loyal Hindu zamindar class. The peasantry became poorer and insecure. There was an exodus of the new landless to Calcutta.

The Muslims, had been totally crushed. They continued to be fiercely anti-British and considered English education as an act of *kufr* or infidelity. The Wahabi network had been smashed. In 1868 a group of Wahabi ulema started the famous Seminary at Deoband in Saharanpur, U.P. The Deoband School became a centre of liberal political thought and a kind of vague Islamic idealism. Some of its products were to take a leading part in the confused nationalist politics of the first few decades of the next century.

After the last Wahabi mujahid had been hanged or deported, Sir William Hunter advocated, in 1871, a change in the British policy towards the Muslims, "who had suffered from want of magnanimity and great public wrongs spread over a century."

A loyalist middle class was created with direct or indirect British encouragement. Still, the ulema of Deoband and their followers remained anti-Government.

During 1876-78 the Deccan was ravaged by a dreadful famine. During this time Vasudev Balwant Phadke, a Chitpawan Brahmin of Maharashtra, launched his one-man mission to drive out the British. He gave lectures but the well-to-do were not interested. The underprivileged flocked to him. One day in 1879 he took casual leave from the government office in Poona where he worked as a clerk, and went off to fight. He formed a band of 300 Ramoshis, Kolis and the famine-stricken ryots and began looting government treasuries. He also robbed the rich. Then he went into the Nizam's Dominions and tried to "enlist" 500 Rohillas. The Pathans were arrested. Phadke was dramatically captured, tried, and deported to Aden where he died in jail, in 1883.

Phadke left behind his autobiography and a manuscript on "the tenets for the conduct of the new ruler coming to power after political revolution".

Phadke was a loner but the Government knew well that a storm was brewing among "the lower orders" and another mutiny could break out any day.

A. O. Hume founded the Congress, in 1885, largely to protect British interests against "an imminent terrible outbreak". English mothers living in their bungalows in the civil lines still dreaded the noise of the distant "tom-tom" coming at night from the 'native quarters'. The sound carried terrifying echoes of 1857.

It was towards the close of Lord Lytton's viceroyalty, around 1878, when Mr Hume became convinced that " some definite action was called for to counteract the growing unrest. I was shown seven large volumes containing a vast number of entries... said to be communications from over thirty thousand different reporters. Many of these entries reported conversations between men of the lowest classes, all going to show that these poor men were pervaded with a sense of hopelessness of the existing state of affairs, that they were convinced that they would starve and die. They were going to do something and stand by each other, and that something meant violence. Innumerable entries referred to the secretion of old swords, spears and matchlocks which would be used when required. It was not supposed that the immediate result in its initial stages would be revolt against our government, what was predicted was a sudden violent outbreak of sporadic crimes, murders of obnoxious persons, robbery of banks, looting of bazaars... that very soon after the bands obtained formidable proportions a certain small number of educated classes. . .would join the movement and direct it as a national revolt."

(Sir William Wedderburn: *Allan Octavian Hume, Father of the Indian National Congress*, 1913, quoted by R. Palme Dutt in *India Today*, 1947.)

DAMODAR HARI CHAPEKAR (1869-1898) *killed Mr Rand and Lt Ayerst in Poona on June 22, 1897. He was hanged, along with his brothers, in the Yeravda Jail on April 18, 1898.*

The Congress was joined by upper-class gentlemen politicians, the pillars of the various communities. The British wanted to produce a docile crop of babus and junior civil servants. But there were fewer jobs and an increasing number of educated aspirants. Competition arose between Hindus, Muslims, Brahmins and non-Brahmins. The upper classes sent their sons to England, mostly to qualify for the bar, as law was the only profession open to Indians where they could get anywhere.

Kipling's "Baboo"

The educated Hindu middle class or the Bhadra Log of Bengal realised that they were debarred from gaining higher positions in the government service. The pro-British, leisured Hindu zamindars and the Bhadra Log had spearheaded the social reforms and cultural awakening in Bengal. The Government knew their importance. But, in general, Kipling's "Bengalee Baboo" remained a figure of fun.

"The baboo," wrote 'Ali Baba', an English satirist in *Vanity Fair*, London, "is itself a subject of tears. The other day as I was strolling down the Mall, I met a Bengali baboo. It was returning from the office. I asked it if it had a soul. It replied that it had not, but some day it hoped to pass the matriculation examination of the Calcutta University... The true baboo is full of words and phrases, full of inappropriate words and phrases lying about like dead men in a battlefield. Lord Lytton declared that the Bengali was the Irishman of India. Sir George Campbell took an interest in the development of the baboo, and the selection of the fittest for government employment. But it is the future of baboodom I tremble for. When they wax fat with the new religion, music, painting, *Comedie Anglaise*, scientific discoveries, they may kick with those developed legs of theirs until we may think they are something more than a joke. The fear is that their tendencies may infect others. . ."

Apart from the fact that writings such as these revealed the extent of contempt the

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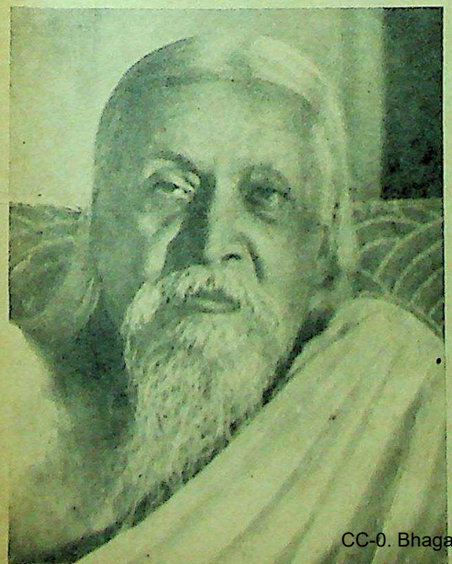
rulers had for the subject race, this particular author's words proved prophetic.

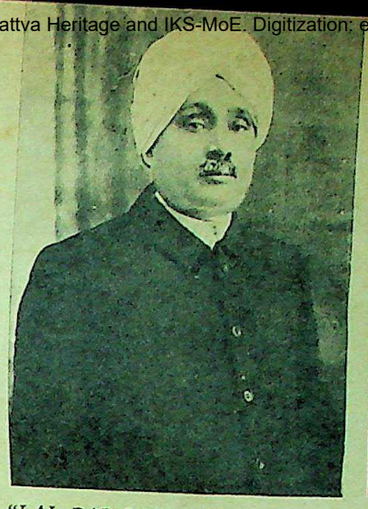
In Bengal a secret society was formed as early as 1870. It was inspired by the liberation movement of Italy and included Rajnarayan Bose, the maternal grandfather of Aurobindo Ghosh. Many other societies came into existence but their membership remained confined to the well-to-do and they mostly devoted themselves to political discussions and cultural pursuits. It was actually the unemployed, lower-middle class youths who were seething with anger and had lost patience with the moderate leadership provided by the gentleman politicians of the Congress. In militant religious nationalism the lead was given by Maharashtra.

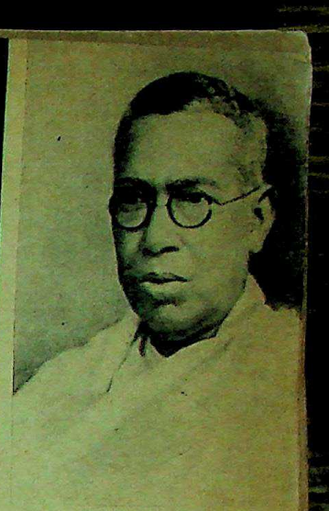
Bal Gangadhar Tilak had been a member of the Indian National Congress and had grown weary of its petition-making policies. In order to fire the Maharashtrian youth with nostalgic memories of their great past, he instituted the Ganpati Festival in 1893 and the Shivaji Utsav in 1897. On June 12, 1897, while inaugurating the Shivaji Festival he said: "The Divine Krishna teaching in the Gita tells us that we may kill even our teachers and our kinsmen and no blame attaches if we are not actuated by selfish motives. Shivaji did nothing from the desire to fill his own belly. It was in a praiseworthy cause that he murdered Afzal Khan, for the good of others. **If thieves enter our house and we have not the strength to turn them out, should we not without hesitation shut them in and burn them alive? God has conferred on the malechchas no grant of Hindustan inscribed on imperishable brass. Shivaji strove to drive them forth out of the land of his birth but he was guiltless of the sin of covetousness. Do not circumscribe your vision like frogs in a well. Rise above the Penal Code into the rarefied atmosphere of the sacred Bhagvad Gita and consider the actions of great men."** (*Kesari*, June 15, 1897).

During 1896-97 Maharashtra had been visited by another famine. Conditions were made worse by the outbreak of plague in Poona and Bombay. The Government took strong preventive measures but the high-handed manner in which they were carried out was greatly resented by the people. English soldiers violated the privacy of homes

AUROBINDO GHOSH (1872-1950). *From the age of seven he was educated in England and studied at Cambridge. He was one of the pioneers of the revolutionary movement till he turned to spiritualism in* 1910.







"LAL-BAL-PAL": Lala Lajpat Rai (1865-1928), *Bal Gangadhar Tilak* (1856-1919) *and Bipin Chandra Pal* (1858-1932) *formed the defiant triumvirate of Indian extremism. They inspired and influenced the militant nationalism in the first three decades.*

while making house-to-house search for plague cases.

The enchanted calm of the Government House, the civil lines and the turf club was suddenly shattered by a shot fired one evening at an English official by a Chitpawan Brahmin of Poona.

Damodar Hari Chapekar was a disciple of Tilak. On June 22, 1897, he killed Mr Rand, the Plague Commissioner, on the very day the 'Poonah colonels' were celebrating the 60th anniversary of Victoria's reign.

Stoicism And Joy

Chapekar was not a very educated young man. He lived by singing kirtans. He was orthodox and had vowed to cause injury to anyone who dared to keep his daughter unmarried after the age of sixteen. (This was after the Age of Consent Bill for Hindu girls which the liberal moderates of the Congress had supported and Tilak as a conservative revivalist had opposed.) Chapekar, along with his two brothers, had also set up a club for physical training "for the Removal of Obstacles in the Way of the Hindu Religion".

Damodar and his brothers, Mahadev and Balkrishna, were sentenced to death by Justice Parsons and Justice Ranade. Damodar was hanged in 1898 and his brothers in 1899. The Chapekars mounted the scaffold cheerfully reciting shlokas from the Gita. This stoicism and joy in the face of death had been the hallmark of the Wahabis who died at the gallows reciting the kalima and verses from the Quran.

The Chapekars' friend Ganesh Dravid who played Judas and betrayed them was awarded Rs 20,000. (Out of this sum income tax was deducted, too, about which Dravid wrote a letter of complaint to the Editor, *Times of India*, Bombay.)

Vinayak Damodar Savarkar, another Chitpawan Brahmin, was only fifteen when the Chapekars were executed. (The Government was to call the militant religious nationalism of Maharashtra "the conspiracy of Poona Brahmins to regain their lost power"). Young Vinayak took a vow before the idol of Durga that some day he would vindicate Damodar Chapekar. As a college student in Bombay, in 1900, he formed a political club which later came to be known as Abhinav Bharat. Young students like J. B. Kripalani and B. G. Kher became its members. A number of similar societies were formed all over Maharashtra.

Bankim Chandra Chatterji's famous novel was published in 1882. It became an exhortation to armed revolution. The Santanas in the novel fought the Muslim rulers of Bengal. They were modelled after the Sanyasis who led the peasant revolt during the 1770s. But neither sanyasis nor faqirs had risen against the Muslims. Because of its anti-Muslim theme *Anand Math* was resented by that community. In his *Militant Nationalism in India* Bimanbihari Majumdar suggests that Bankim Chandra had been inspired, not so much by the 18th-century sanyasis, as by Vasudev Phadke who, at the time of the writing of the novel, stalked the drought-stricken Maratha country and, dressed as a sanyasi, looted government treasuries.

Karma Yogis

Both Swami Vivekanand and Aurobindo Ghosh became admirers of Bankim Chandra. His novel set forth the ideal of selfless political karma yogis working for the revolution. At this time the Tagore family also came to the fore as the cultural leaders of modern Bengal.

The end of the 19th century was dominated by Vivekananda. He was one of the most extraordinary men produced by modern India. After his triumphant return from the West he instilled a new confidence in the Indians in their own ancient heritage. He was also a revolutionary although he was against social reforms like widow re-marriage. He pleaded for a dynamic revival of Hinduism. His neo-Vedantism, as well as his ideas, some of which were startlingly modern, deeply impressed the younger generation. In her book *Aggressive Hinduism* Vivekananda's remarkable Irish disciple, Sister Nivedita spoke of a self-confident, re-vitalised Hindu society. Sister Nivedita also believed in the myth of Aryan supremacy. Vivekananda founded the Ramakrishna Mission. The goddess Kali became the new symbol of strength.

In 1902 a band of Kali worshippers formed the Anushilan Samiti, inspired largely by Bankim Chandra and Vivekananda. Jatindranath Banerji and his friends formed another revolutionary group. Sister Nivedita gave a large collection of European revolutionary literature to their

—Continued

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SISTER NIVEDITA (1867-1911), *formerly Margaret Noble of Ireland. As Swami Vivekananda's disciple she preached his message: "Shastras—the Guru—the Motherland." She also trained the members of Anushilan Samiti.*

library. Ramakrishna Mission became the centre of modern, politically-conscious swamis. Rash Behari Bose was fifteen in 1903 when he joined the Anushilan Samiti. Sister Nivedita, herself an ardent devotee of Kali, undertook the training of the young members. In 1905 Aurobindo Ghosh wrote his novel *Bhawani Mandir* as an order from the Goddess: "Because I have commanded it and because by making a centre for future religion, you will be furthering the immediate will of the Eternal and storing up merit which will make you strong in this life and great in another. You will be helping to create a nation, to consolidate an age, to Aryanise the world."

Sarala Ghoshal was a niece of Rabindranath Tagore. She was born in 1873 and graduated from Calcutta University. For some time she stayed with her uncle, Satyendranath Tagore ICS, who was posted in Sholapur, Maharashtra. There, Sarala Debi was greatly impressed by the Maratha militancy revived by Tilak. When she returned to Calcutta in 1897 she set up a club for physical training. She also instituted a revivalist festival similar to Shivaji Utsav.

Bengalis began to "infect" Punjab. In 1905 Sarala Debi married a Punjabi Brahmin barrister of Lahore. He also published a radical weekly in Urdu, called *Hindustan*. Punjab had already been set afire by the Arya Samaj. In 1907 there had been a lot of peasant unrest. Bengali style of extremism appealed to many a young firebrand. Arya Samaj had been successful in the conversion of many Sikhs. Lajpat Rai led both the nationalist and the Hindu proselytising *shuddhi* movement. In 1905 Jatin Banerji arrived in Punjab. His philosophy of political violence converted many, including the two Arya Samajist brothers, Ajit Singh and Kishen Singh. (Bhagat Singh was the son of Kishen Singh), Sarala Debi and Ajit Singh's impassioned speeches were published in Urdu secretly at night in the press started by Lajpat Rai.

The terrorists were as much fired by the zeal to revitalise Hinduism as by the desire to liberate India. The Muslims were vigorously excluded. Because of the emphasis on Hindu religion and rituals and the openly communal and provocative tone of the Marathi and Bengali press, the terrorist movement alienated the Muslims. *Bande Mataram*, the theme song of *Anand Math*, aroused terrible, conflicting emotions in the two communities. Muslims objected to the song because of its association with *Anand Math*. For young Bengali Hindus it became the battle cry and the national song. In 1906 when the agitation against the partition of Bengal was in full swing, Sir Abdul Qadir of Lahore published, in his magazine, *Makhzan*, a translation in Urdu verse by Gulbahar Singh. Sir Abdul added the note: "There is strong resentment against the song which is actually a Sanskrit hymn to Mother India. We hope the translation will remove the misunderstanding."

But the resentment continued and politics became increasingly communal.

Lord Curzon, the Viceroy, who had already become unpopular because of his reactionary policies, decided to partition Bengal "for administrative convenience" and join some eastern districts with Assam. A united Bengal and a politically powerful Calcutta had become too dangerous. The Muslims welcomed the partition because it gave them a province in which they would be a majority. The East Bengali districts where Muslims were in a majority had remained neglected: the new capital at Dacca, it was hoped, would help develop the eastern region. Non-Muslim Bengal protested against it. The Muslim League was founded, at Dacca, in 1905.

The Cult Of The Bomb

Within the Congress the rift between the Moderates and the Extremists like Tilak, Bipin Chandra Pal and Lajpat Rai grew wider. In 1906 a compromise was reached between the two factions who met at Calcutta and supported the boycott movement against the partition. However, the difference continued and "Lal, Bal, Pal" grew more popular with the action-minded youth.

Bengal was partitioned in October 1905. The Anushilan Samiti led the agitation for its annulment. Bombs and explosives began to be produced in private factories. The government took strong measures against the protesting youth, mainly college students and school boys. The singing of *Bande Mataram* became punishable by law.

The terrorists appeared in Bengal's cities. Bengali papers like *Sandhya*, *Yugantar* and *Bande Mataram* openly supported the agitation. The terrorists obtained firearms from the French colony of Chandernagore or smuggled them from abroad.

Yugantar wrote, "Mother Kali would not accept the sacrifice of sheep. The highest sacrifice—[that of human beings]—must be offered." It was proposed that funds be collected through donations, by looting of government property, and by taxes levied in liberated areas.

The Anglo-Indian journal, *The Pioneer*, thundered: "If the Bengalis acted upon the advice given them we would descend upon them with the fire and sword and we would shoot and hang as remorselessly as in 1857 ... perhaps even more so. The tiger qualities of an imperialist race are not dead. They merely sleep."

Police lathi charge on students in Barisal led to violent retaliation. The main target of the Bengali terrorists was Kingsford, Chief Presidency Magistrate who was transferred from Calcutta to Muzzafarpur, Bihar.

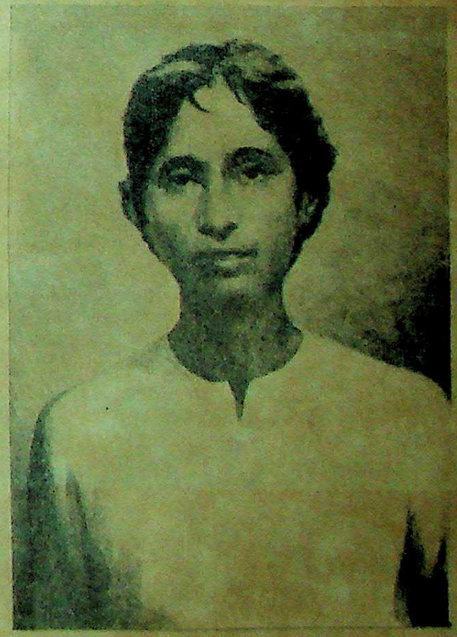
The terrorists selected Khudiram Bose (19) and Prafulla Chaki to do away with Kingsford. The boys were sent to Muzzafarpur. On the evening of April 30, 1908, the young men hid themselves in the trees near Kingsford's bungalow. As they saw a carriage approaching from the Planters' Club they hurled a bomb. It killed Mrs and Miss Kennedy, wife and daughter of an English professor of Calcutta University and sympathiser of the Congress. Kingsford was not in the carriage.

The assassins were arrested. Prafulla Chaki shot himself at the police station. Khudi Ram Bose was hanged.

The police began to round up suspects. The very next month 38 persons, including Aurobindo Ghosh, were arrested in Calcutta in what came to be known as the Alipore Bomb Case. One of the accused, Naren Gosain, turned approver and was put in the European Ward of Alipore Jail. Before he could give evidence the accused ingeniously smuggled revolvers in the jail. Naren was shot at in the hospital ward by Satyen, one of the accused. Satyen's comrade Kanai killed him. Kanai was executed on November 10, 1908. His funeral was attended by thousands of admirers. His ashes were taken as sacred relics. After his execution Satyen was cremated inside the jail.

The Alipore Case was tried by Justice Asutosh Mookerjee. Aurobindo Ghosh was defended by C. R. Das and acquitted. After his release from jail he settled in Pondicherry in 1910 and became a spiritual.

(Next Week: Indian Revolutionaries Abroad and the Ghadar Movement)



KHUDIRAM BOSE (1889-1908) *he looted mailbags at Hatgacha, took part in the bomb attack on the Bengal Governor's train near Narayangunj and tried to kill two Englishmen, Watson and Fuller, before his attempted assassination of Kingsford.*

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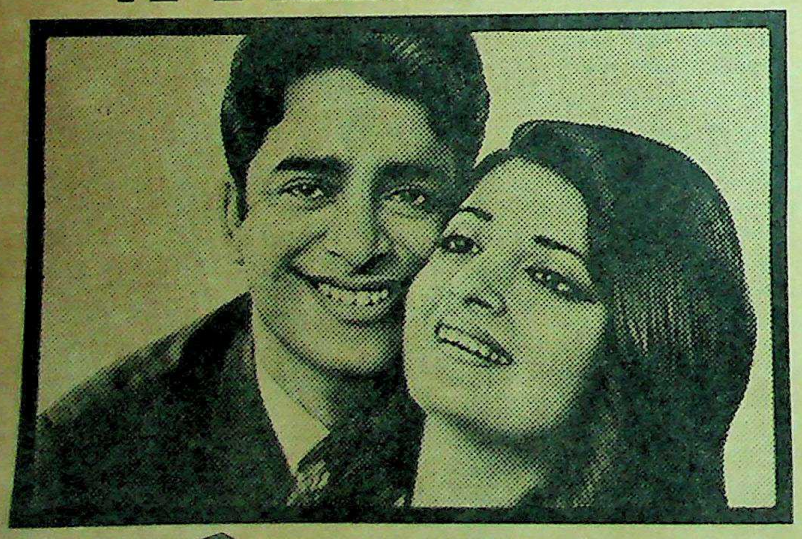

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What Double Talk!

Sir—You have eminently succeeded in irritating your readers by your double talk. While finding it difficult to appreciate your suggestion to "forbid newspapers and journals from carrying astral forecasts" (THE EDITOR'S PAGE: May 30) under the heading, "How to Irritate People", I cannot but sympathise with you for your incapacity to apply your own suggestion to the journal of which you are Editor. Why then should you so pontifically talk of freedom of the press and protest vehemently against Inder Gujral and Indira Gandhi when they only state the bald truth: that Editors are just hired lackeys of their proprietors without any power or privilege, except to talk valiantly on issues which do not touch the vested interests of their bosses?

Madras — S. SUNDER RAJAN

What Fiction!

Sir—Touching on "A Bloody Spring in Paris" (May 22), the French Commune of 1871 was not a *result* of the defeat suffered in the Franco-Prussian War, as Victor Passmore has it, but a *sequel* to the Franco-Prussian war. Such is the quality of fiction we get in the WEEKLY!

Tezu — Mrs R. HARIHARANE

On Satyan

Sir—As per the July-December 1970 ABC Certificate, 6,150 people of Kerala get the WEEKLY, either as subscription copy or from the bookstalls. The actual readership is much more, as a copy is read by an average of at least 25 people. Hundreds of thousands of Malayalis living in the other parts of the country too read the WEEKLY avidly. On June 14, we Malayalis lost our immortal film hero Satyan. What about a befitting tribute to this great thespian who played Sheila's husband in the 1965 President's Gold Medal-winner: *Chemmeen*?

Bombay — K. D. THOMAS

Music Monopoly In South Too

Sir—The bold *expose* in MOVIANA (June 6) of the monopoly in Hindi film music applies no less to Tamil film music. Though there are in Tamil Nadu a good number of music directors rich in talent and experience, two or three composers, as the "haves", monopolise the field. The "have-nots", in spite of their talent, find it therefore hard to earn a livelihood. And what the "haves" have to offer is only stereotyped tunes—just like the "haves" of the North, here also they employ imported techniques with scant regard for originality. They never care for musical values. Most of the time, it is sheer cacophony.

Even in "Listeners' Choice" (Madras, Trichy and Ceylon), most listeners prefer film songs composed five years ago. Raju's *expose* should be an ear-opener to producers and distributors in the Tamil film world—if they have an ear for music any longer.

Madurai — P. S. KUMAR

The Illustrated Weekly of India

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NEXT WEEK

The Aga Khan and the Ismaili Khojas

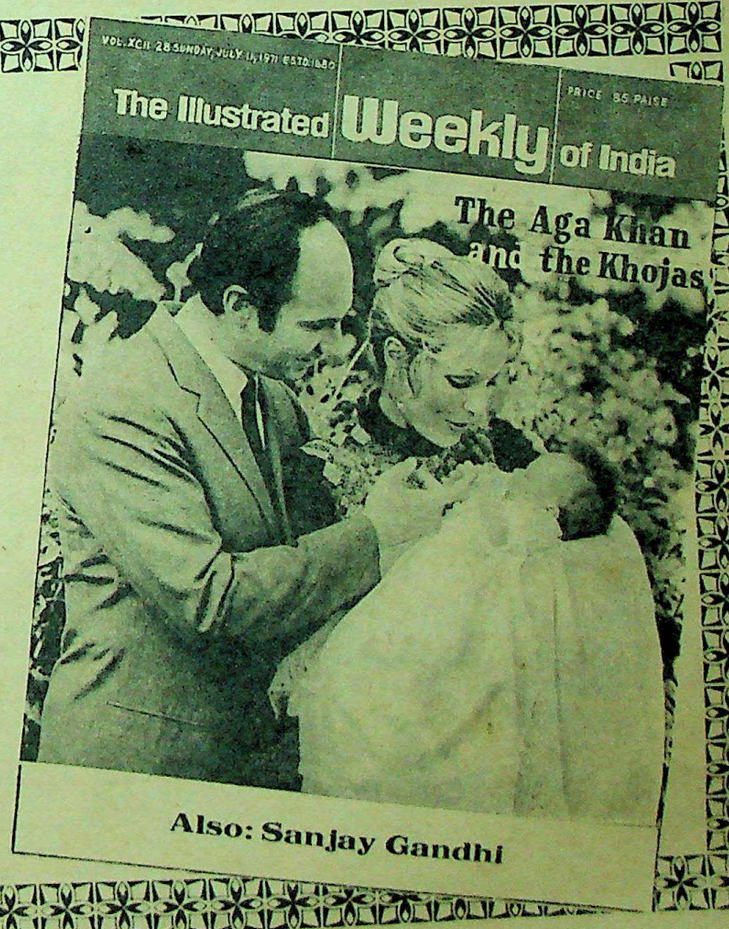
Man of the world and spiritual leader—Prince Karim is both. Shireen Jamal writes the story of the fabulous Aga Khans and their progressive community. With exclusive photographs.

SANJAY GANDHI: Small Car Man or Prime Minister—where does his destiny lie? A penetrating study by D. R. Rajagopal. With photographs of Sanjay's childhood and boyhood days.

STORY OF THE INDIAN TERRORISTS: The third and last in a gripping series by Qurratulain Hyder.

THE JUNGLE: Story by Manoj Das

AND A NUMBER OF OTHER FEATURES



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Dance Academies

KATHAK'S popularity is confined to the north but the Hindi films have made it known in other regions. There are ten leading institutions imparting training in this dance form—and in the photograph are students of Kadamb, Ahmedabad.

by SUNIL KOTHARI

Photographs by SUBODH CHANDRA

How classical is the dance stage of today? Dance schools mushroom in every town and city and every teacher is a "guru".

INDEPENDENCE marked the resurgence and renaissance of classical Indian art—and the first awakening during the early twenties and thirties to the dance heritage has in the years led to a mushroom growth of schools and centres imparting training in various classical dance systems.

It was in the thirties that eminent minds like Rabindranath Tagore, Mahakavi Vallathol, and pioneers such as Rukmini Devi, Menaka and Uday Shankar established cultural centres for research and training in the dance forms. Those were the years of search for old gurus and visits to the interior for ancient manuscripts and the like. Gurudev, on a visit to Imphal, witnessed a Manipuri performance and, enamoured of the dance form, established a training centre at Santiniketan. Likewise, Vallathol was impressed by Kathakali and decided to rescue the dance-drama form by establishing an academy of arts in Kerala. Uday Shankar, inspired by the Darlington Hall in the U.K., chose Almora in the Himalayas for his centre of creative dance, whereas Menaka, a pioneer exponent of Kathak, preferred a hill station—Khandala, near Bombay. Ramgopal, the renowned Bharata Natyam dancer, ran a school at Bangalore for a while and great teachers like Muthukumara Pillai and Kunju Kurup (Kathakali) taught at his centre. Famed dancers like Mrinalini Sarabhai, Tara Chowdhury, Kumudini Lakhia, Shevanti and Satyavati received their training there for some time and worked in his troupe. Rukmini Devi, with the cooperation of the Theosophical Society, chose Adyar, on the outkirts of Madras city for her centre. Vallathol's

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Kerala Kala Mandalam and Rukmini Devi's Kalakshetra continue to be model cultural centres.

In the wake of further researches and discovery of regional forms like Kuchipudi in Andhra and Orissi in Orissa, new centres have sprung up in the regions in recent times. Besides such centres, various universities have established faculties of dance, drama and music to encourage the fine arts. And in all the major cities of India, there are countless dance schools offering courses in classical dance.

Bharata Natyam

The most popular classical form of dance in India is Bharata Natyam, with its main centres in Tamil Nadu. **Thanks to the untiring efforts of stalwarts like the late E. Krishna Iyer and devoted exponents like Rukmini Devi, Bharata Natyam has regained its prestige and is no longer treated as the dance of devadasis.** Rukmini Devi came to Bharata Natyam through the ballet (she was coached in ballet by Pavlova's assistant, Cleo Nordi), and she brought to the dance form a perceptive and analytical approach. She invited reputed gurus to the Kalakshetra and patiently broke down the prejudice of the orthodox elite. It was no easy task but she was fortunate indeed to enlist the support of gurus like Pandanallur Meenakshisundaram Pillai, Muthukaran of Kattumanar Koil, Chokkalingam Pillai and Dandayudhapani Pillai. She also received guidance from musicians and Sanskrit pandits.

The Kalakshetra, now in idyllic surroundings at Tiruvanmiyur, near Madras, imposes strict discipline on the students. The courses are planned with understanding

—*Continued*

MANIPURI is ideal for ballet compositions and gained a wider audience thanks to the efforts of Rabindranath Tagore, who established a training centre in the thirties at Santiniketan. There are eight established Manipuri dance schools today. The photograph shows students of Govindaji Nartanalaya, Imphal.

DARPANA, conducted by Mrinalini Sarabhai, offers training in three classical dance systems—Bharata Natyam, Kathakali and Kuchipudi—apart from courses in drama, puppetry and music.

—Jitendra Arya

VYJAYANTHIMALA trains students in Bharata Natyam at her Natyalaya—both in Bombay and Madras. Bharata Natyam is the most popular of the Indian classical dances and there are 24 training centres, a few attached to universities.

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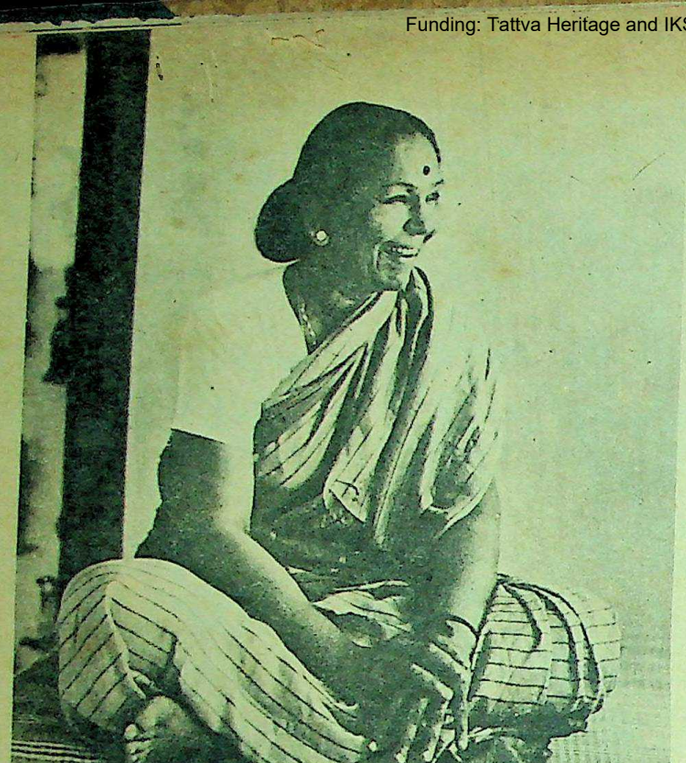


BALASARASWATI, the Queen of Abhinaya in Bharata Natyam, comes from a family of dancers and musicians. Trained by the late Guru Kandappa, she now passes on her genius in classical dance to the students at her school, conducted in collaboration with the Music Academy, Madras.

RUKMINI DEVI, Director of Kalakshetra, has done commendable pioneering work in the revival of classical dance. An educationist, she firmly believes that religion will live through the arts. The Kalakshetra at Tiruvanmiyur, near Madras, remains a model centre of learning.

and no compromises are permitted. A set period of training in the art form is compulsory, besides an overall study of subjects like ancient history, religion, philosophy, etc.

The emphasis is on the "Gurukula" system as was the practice in the past. At Kalakshetra, one finds students from all parts of India and some from abroad.

There are several other schools in Madras city that impart training in Bharata Natyam. Reputed gurus like Vazhuvoor Ramaiah Pillai, Kanjeevaram Elappa (son of the late Chokkalingam Pillai), Subbarayan Pillai, Dandayudhapani Pillai, Kitappa of Tanjore, eminent dancer Balasaraswati and younger gurus trained at Kalakshetra like Adyar Laxman and P. V. Dhananjayan as also performing dancers like Vyjayanthimala, Kamala, Padma and others run their classes, passing on the classical heritage to the younger generation.

In Ahmedabad, Mrinalini Sarabhai has laid the foundation for classical training in Bharata Natyam at her Darpana Academy. The Faculty of Dance, Baroda, headed by Anjali Mehr, a former student of Kalakshetra, pursues the Kalakshetra ideals. Mention must be made of Guru Muthiah's school at Bangalore, where he carries on the tradition of his father Pandanallur Meenakshisundaram Pillai.

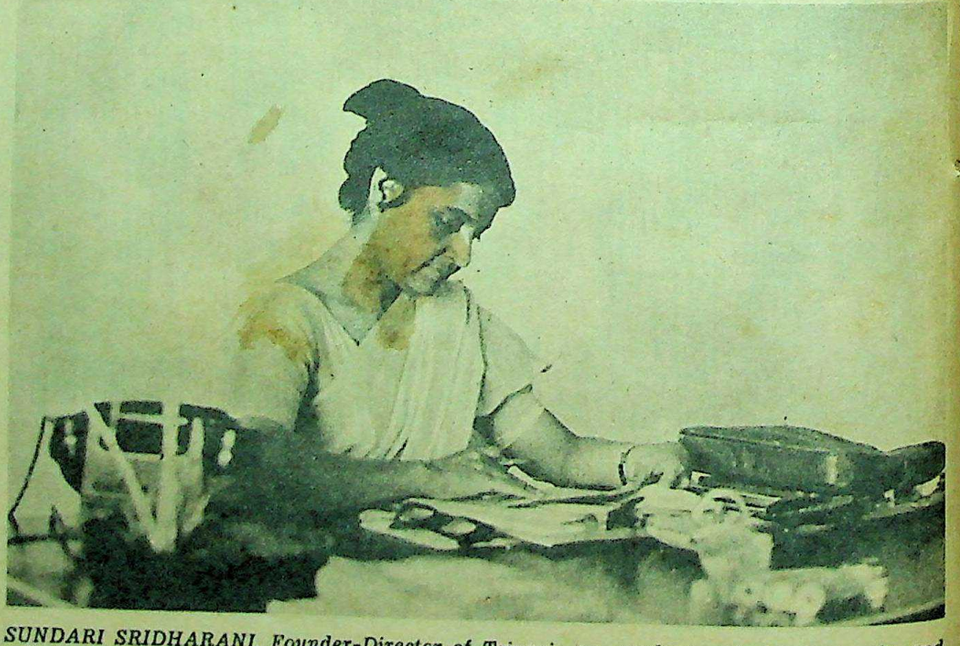
In Bombay, Guru Kuppiah Pillai of Raja Rajeshwari Bharata Natya Kalamandir with his sons, Mahalingam and Kalyanasundaram Pillai, and son-in-law Govindraj Pillai has groomed a generation of young dancers in the classical tradition. Vyjayanthimala also runs a Bharata Natyam school in Bombay—Natyalaya. Nowadays she personally supervises the training and the young dancers trained at Natyalaya should soon make their mark on the dance stage.

Kathakali

Turning to Kathakali, the Kerala Kala Mandalam, launched in November 1930 by Mahakavi Vallathol, is at present run by the State. The high standard of training here, under the direct supervision of Kunju Nair, is praiseworthy and in keeping with the demands of a highly systematised form.

At the Kala Mandalam, too, one finds the *Gurukula* system. The resident students learn Kathakali for a period of six years. The school is situated ideally on the banks of the Bharatapuzha river.

The other reputed school of Kathakali is the Udyogmandal, at Alwaye, Kerala, run under the supervision of the dynamic connoisseur of this art, M. K. K. Nayar.



SUNDARI SRIDHARANI, Founder-Director of Triveni—an academy of dance, music and painting in Delhi—is herself a noted dancer, who did a diploma course at Uday Shankar's Cultural Centre, Almora. Triveni offers regular training in Manipuri, Bharata Natyam and Orissi.

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Where To Learn

BHARATA NATYAM

Kalakshetra; Balasaraswati's Classical Bharata Natyam School, Music Academy, Madras; classes conducted in Madras by Ramaiah Pillai; Elappa Pillai; Dandayudhapani Pillai; Subbarayan Pillai; and Kamala; Natyalaya (Madras and Bombay); Darpana Academy of Performing Arts, Ahmedabad; Faculty of Dance, Drama and Music, University of Baroda; Faculty of Dance and Music, University of Mysore; Faculty of Dance and Music, Tirupati; Govt. College of Dance and Music, Hyderabad; Rabindra Bharati; University of Calcutta; Muthiah Pillai's classes, Bangalore; Prof. U. S. Krishna Rao and Chandrabhaga Devi's classes, Bangalore; Venkatalakshamma's classes, Mysore; Raja Rajeswari Bharata Natya Kala Mandir, Bombay; Swarna Saraswati's classes, Delhi; Triveni, Delhi; Sangeet Bharati, Delhi; Nritya Sikhar, Hyderabad; Nataraj Ramkrishna's classes, Hyderabad; Kerala Kala Mandalam, near Shoranur, Kerala.

KATHAKALI

Kerala Kala Mandalam; Kalakshetra; Udyogmandal, Alwaye; P. S. V. Natya Sangham, Kottakkal; International Centre for Kathakali, Delhi; Darpana, Ahmedabad; Rabindra Bharati, Calcutta; Santiniketan; Bharatiya Nritya Kala Mandir, Patna; Krishnan Kutty's classes, Bombay.

KATHAK

Kathak Kendra, Delhi; Gandharva Mahavidyalaya, Delhi; Bhatkhande Sangeeta Vidyapeeth (the former Morris College of Hindustani Music), Lucknow; Kadamb, Ahmedabad; Faculty of Dance, Drama and Music, University of Baroda; Nritya Bharati, Poona and Bombay; Kala Chhaya, Poona; Lacchu Maharaj's classes, Bombay; Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay; Government College of Dance and Music, Hyderabad.

MANIPURI

Jawaharlal Nehru Manipuri Dance Academy, Imphal; Govindaji Nartanalaya, Imphal; Santiniketan; Rabindra Bharati, Calcutta; Uday Shankar's Dance Centre, Calcutta; Parimal Dance Academy, Bombay; Triveni, Delhi; Bharatiya Nritya Kala Mandir, Patna.

KUCHIPUDI

Siddhendra Kalakshetra, Kuchipudi village and Vijayawada, Andhra Pradesh; Kuchipudi Art Academy, Madras; Nritya Sikhar, Hyderabad; Darpana, Ahmedabad; Prahlad Sharma's classes, Eluru; Korada Narasimha Rao's classes, Eluru; Summer courses conducted by Andhra Mahasabha, Bombay.

ORISSI

Kala Vikas Kendra, Cuttack; College of Dance and Music, Bhubaneswar; Nritya Niketan, Delhi; Triveni, Delhi; Bharatiya Kala Kendra, Delhi;

BALLET

Uday Shankar's Dance Centre, Calcutta; Little Ballet Troupe, Gwalior; Sachin Shankar's Ballet Centre, Bombay; Institute of Choreography, Delhi; Narendra Sarma's classes, Delhi; Bharatiya Kala Kendra, Delhi; Natya Ballet Centre, Delhi.

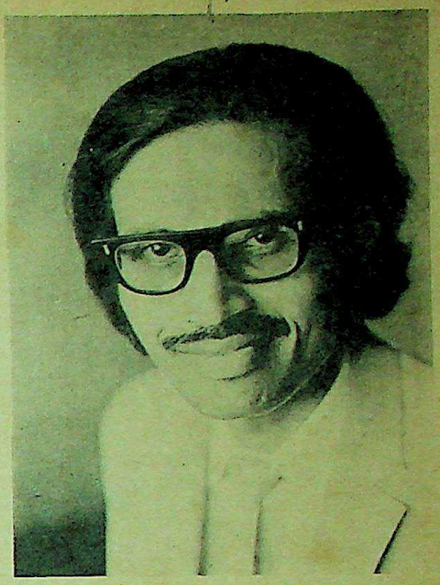
ANJALI MEHR is Head of Department of the Dance Section in the Faculty of Dance, Drama and Music, University of Baroda. She studied Bharata Natyam at Kalakshetra and has adapted her training system to conform to the same tradition.

Kottakkal, more famous for its Arya Vaidya Sala, has also a Kathakali school—P. S. V. Natya Sangam, supervised by Asan Krishnan Kutty. The full training course at this centre covers eight years.

In Delhi, a student can learn Kathakali at the International Centre for Kathakali, supervised by Guru Madhav Panikkar.

Kathak

In the North, Kathak is the most popular classical dance style and Delhi is the centre for Kathak training. **The Kathak Kendra is among the important schools, conducted since 1969 by the Sangeet Natak Akademi.** It offers a three-year diploma course in Kathak dance. There are other short-term courses and a preparatory section for beginners. Students from abroad, under Government of India scholarships, join this institute for the training. The late Shambhu Maharaj and the late Sunder Prasad were teaching the Lucknow and the Jaipur styles of Kathak till recently at this centre. Now their mantle has fallen on Birju Maharaj, son of the late Acchan Maharaj, a famed Kathak dancer. Reba Vidyarthi and Kundanlal Gangani also teach here.



THE AUTHOR, a chartered accountant and lecturer at Sydenham College, Bombay, is a keen student of the classical dance and is a frequent contributor on the subject.

For training in Kathak, the Gandharva Mahavidyalaya is another noted school in Delhi. The Faculty of Dance, Baroda; Bhatkhande Sangeet Vidyapeeth (the former Morris College of Hindustani Music), Lucknow; Nritya Bharati, conducted by Rohini Bhate, both at Poona and Bombay; and the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, are other institutions that merit mention among the important Kathak training centres. Private lessons are also offered in Bombay by Lacchu Maharaj, elder brother of Shambhu Maharaj.

Kumudini Lakhia, a disciple of Shambhu Maharaj and Birju Maharaj, runs a Kathak school—Kadamb—at Ahmedabad.

Manipuri

In Manipur there are as many dance schools as there are gurus. The gurus, deeply religious and performing artistes, impose strict discipline on their disciples and a generation of dancers have reaped the rewards of intense training.

Attempts to get together the leading gurus and to systematise the training courses have in recent years been made by the Jawaharlal Nehru Dance Academy, run by the Sangeet Natak Akademi with the cooperation of a local advisory board. Guru Amubi Singh, the late Guru Atomba Singh, the late Guru Takhelchangba Amudan Sharma and Thangjam Chaoba Singh have been associated with this institute.

Another noted Manipuri dancing school is the Govindaji Nartanalaya, where the well-known Guru Bipin Singh guides the students.

Outside Manipur, as noted earlier, Santiniketan offers training in Manipuri. Uday Shankar's centre for creative dance, now a shadow of its glorious past, continues its courses in Manipuri, in Calcutta. In Bombay, the noted exponent Savita Mehta runs the Parimal Academy to popularise the Manipuri dance.

—Continued

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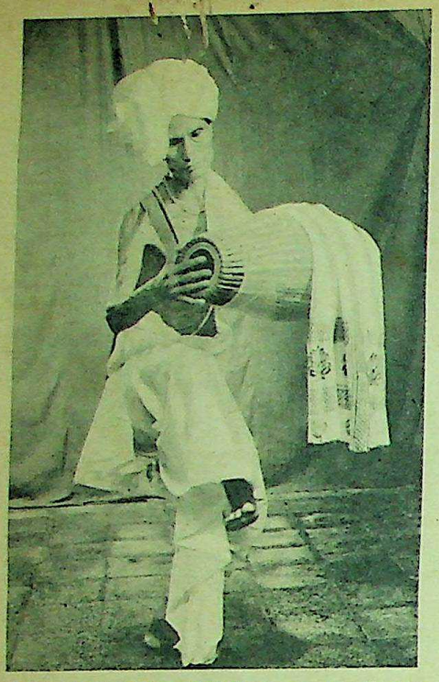
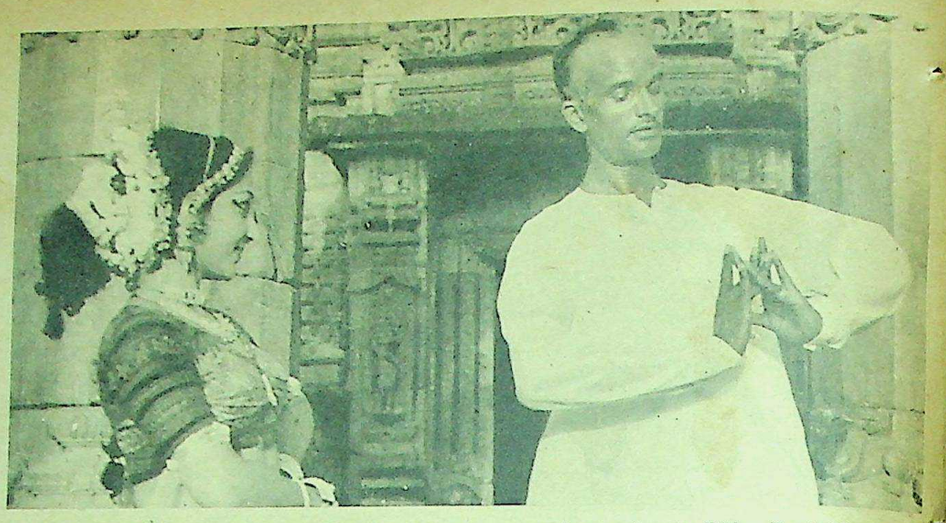


MEITEI TOMBA SINGH, a master drummer, active on the Manipuri stage even at the age of 70, is the Principal of the Govindaji Nartanalaya, Imphal.



ORISSI GURU Pankaj Charan Das demonstrates a mudra to dancer Ritha Devi. He teaches at the College of Dance and Music, Bhubaneswar, and at the Utkal Sangeet Mahavidyalaya, Puri.

In Delhi, Triveni has had a regular dance section from its inception imparting training in Manipuri, under the expert guidance of Rajkumar Singhajit Singh. This is the only established institute in Delhi teaching Manipuri, although several teachers and artistes conduct private classes.

Apart from these major dance forms, Kuchipudi and Orissi have now gained recognition as distinct dance forms.

At Kuchipudi village, some 35 miles from Vijayawada, Andhra Pradesh, is the Siddhendra Kalakshetra. The inimitable Vedantam Satyam, famous for his female roles, is now the principal of this institute and other noted teachers like Venugopal Krishna Sharma teach there. Nearby, in Eluru, Prahlad Sharma, brother of Vedantam Satyam, offers lessons in Kuchipudi. Korada Narasimha Rao, who once partnered Indrani Rehman, also teaches there.

In Madras, a popular dance school is the Kuchipudi Art Academy, run by the versatile Guru Vedantam Chinna Satyam.

In Hyderabad, Sumati Kaushal runs a dance Academy, Nritya Shikhar, offering courses both in Kuchipudi and Bharata Natyam. In general Kuchipudi is popular in Andhra Pradesh and several schools flourish in small towns throughout the State.

Orissi

In the case of Orissi, even before Indrani Rehman studied under Debuprasad Das and popularised the dance form, there existed a college of dance and music at Cuttack —the Kala Vikas Kendra. Well-known gurus like Kelucharan Mahapatra have been associated with this institute, which has done commendable work in the revival of Orissi. The Kala Vikas Kendra offers a diploma course in Orissi and most of the younger exponents have studied there. Though its present state cannot compare favourably with the conditions prevailing a decade ago, mainly on account of the migration of the dance gurus to Delhi for lucrative openings, the institute continues its admirable work against all odds.

At Bhubaneswar, the capital of Orissa, a college of dance and music is run by the Orissa State Sangeet Natak Akademi, with Dr Minati Misra, a Bharata Natyam and Orissi dancer, as its principal. Regular classes and courses with examinations are conducted and the services of gurus like Pankaj Charan Das and Guru Debu Prasad Das are available.

In Delhi, Badrinath Khosla took up the task of popularising Orissi by establishing the Nritya Niketan—the courses are now conducted by the much-sought-after guru Kelucharan Mahapatra. Though the school has faced some rough going, with periodic changes of teachers, it must be said to its

LACHHU MAHARAJ, the only surviving son of Kalka Prasadji of the Lucknow gharana, has taught a generation of Kathak students in Bombay.

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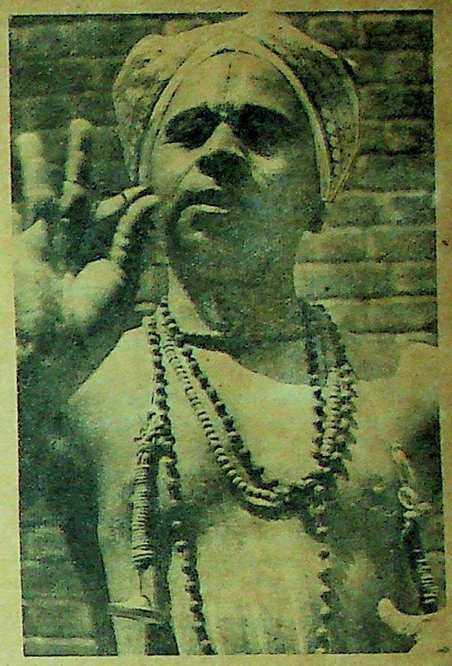
— Sunil Kothari

BIRJU MAHARAJ, son of the late Acchan Maharaj, is a great name in Kathak and teaches at the Kathak Kendra, Delhi.

— B. V. K. Murthy

VENKATALAKSHAMMA, head of the Department of Dance, University of Mysore, is known for her excellence in Abhinaya.



NATYACHARYA C. R. Acharyalu possesses a good knowledge of ritualistic Kuchipudi dances and teaches at Darpana, Ahmedabad.

credit that it did give a necessary fillip to Orissi in the capital.

Triveni also offers courses in Orissi, under the guidance of Guru Surendranath Jena. Recently the Bharatiya Kala Kendra has also opened classes in Orissi.

Low Standards

But a large number of these dance schools fail to meet the requisite standard of a classical training centre. At best, only three or four could be considered as ideal schools.

Where lies the trouble? Why do so many dance schools fail to meet the standard? The fault is in the method of training. The very nature of training, as we gather from tradition and history, requires the *guru-sishya parampara.* Where the students are resident boarders and the training stretches from six to eight years and includes the study of allied arts, the results are satisfactory.

At the Kerala Kala Mandalam, for instance, the schedule of training is rigorous. I met an American girl studying Kathakali at the Kala Mandalam. It was heartening to hear her speak Malayalam fluently and to find her studying Sanskrit in order to imbibe the spirit of the dance.

Most of the dance academies offer package courses and promise to turn out a student as an accomplished dancer in six months. Knowledge of Sanskrit or the language in question is hardly insisted upon. The classical dance forms are deeply rooted in religion and mythology and their techniques are detailed in ancient Sanskrit treatises. The self-styled gurus are themselves ignorant of the treatises.

Since much depends upon the individual attention paid to the trainee, a general classroom approach can hardly yield the desired results. The one-hour training, thrice a week, is not enough to correct the faults of the students. This inadequacy is more glaring in the case of Bharata Natyam. As is the strange practice at several centres, the guru sits on the floor keeping time with a stick without performing the dance movement. The "arangetrams" in such circumstances have become mere tamashas, often intended to exhibit the girl for the marriage market.

What happens to the students who "graduate" from these dance centres? Very few schools are able to maintain a *corps-de-ballet.* Thus the students have to make their mark in solo performances. After a period of stage appearances, some marry and forget their art. Some dancers in their misguided enthusiasm start schools and, alas, impart training in the form they claim to have discovered. When one sees the work undertaken in these nurseries, one wonders if it was at all necessary to tamper with tradition. As a matter of fact a performing dancer's attempt to run a school hinders her career, as she is tied down to her classes. If she leaves her work to her assistants then the quality of training suffers.

The centres, as an experiment, should be run by the State Sangeet Natak Akademis with full financial support from the State Governments. Individual resources are bound to be limited, and, as I noticed, all these dance schools, barring a few, suffer from financial handicaps.

Thus the present-day system of dance training has little relevance to classical dance. Even where the Faculties of Dance, Drama and Music are conducted by Universities, the results are far from satisfactory. There is indeed a lot of activity, but without any direction. If the training has to have meaning, we must have more centres like the Kerala Kala Mandalam and the Kalakshetra.

DANCERS BY THE DOZEN. The Raja Rajeswari Bharata Natya Kala Mandir, conducted by Guru Kuppaiah, his sons—Mahalingam Pillai and Kalyanasundaram—and son-in-law—Govindaraja Pillai—is one of the largely attended Bharata Natyam schools in Bombay.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

The Terrorists—second phase

by QURRATULAIN HYDER

Indian revolutionaries abroad often lived in disguise, were pursued and shot by British agents. They planned a revolution in India in 1915. Many were arrested and executed. Today most of them have been forgotten.

AFTER Maharashtra and Bengal, Punjab rose in revolt. The land of Subedar-Majors, maliks, knights, Rai and Khan Bahadurs, now came to be associated with Lala Lajpat Rai (called "Sher-i-Punjab") and Sikh "babas" who with their long, white beards looked like wrathful biblical prophets as they went about preaching rebellion.

The Punjab countryside was in an uproar. 1907 saw a dreadful famine. The Government had raised land tax and water rates in the canal colonies. Peasant indebtedness had increased. Moneylenders were murdered. The agitators appealed to the peasants not to join the army. Unlike Bengal and Maharashtra the insurrection did not remain confined to bands of terrorists. It became a broad-based agrarian revolt. Sardar Ajit Singh and Syed Hyder Reza urged the farmers not to pay taxes. There were anti-British riots in Lahore, Rawalpindi and Delhi (then a part of the Punjab). Ajit Singh and Lajpat Rai were deported to Burma. The idea of revolution also began to influence U.P. which was the stronghold of a rising middle class and was infested with the feudal barons. Sufi Amba Prasad of Moradabad formed the Bharat Mata Society, agitated in the Punjab and had to escape to Iran.

Indian revolutionaries had widened their horizons. Not long after the execution of Damodar Hari Chapekar, in 1897, Shyamji Krishna Varma, an eminent Kathiawari millionare, set sail for England. Shyamji Varma had studied at Oxford. On his return to India he had become involved with the militant nationalism. Back once again in England, he set up in High Gate, London, an establishment which he called "India House". It became the headquarters for young radicals.

Shyamji Varma also gave scholarships to Indian students to come abroad and train themselves for political work. He gave one such stipend to Vinayak Damodar Savarkar who came to England in 1906.

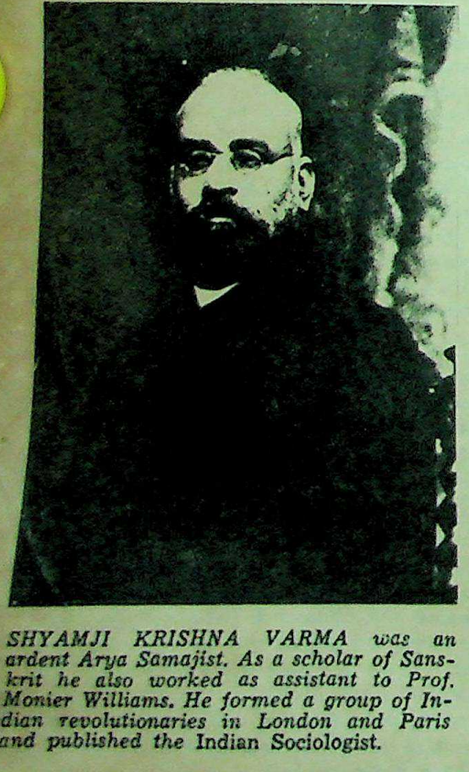
Nationalism and modern revolutionary ideas were not Inspired by British liberalism and Englsh education alone. More than a century earlier Tipu Sultan had been a member of the Jacobins' Club; Raja Rammohun Roy had admired the French Revolution. The liberation of Italy from Austrian rule had also impressed the Indians. Mazzini, Garibaldi and Cavour had become the idols of young extremists. The awakening in the East, Japan's sensational victory over Russia in 1905, the nationalist movements in Ireland, North Africa, the Middle East and China, had all deeply stirred the Indian intelligentsia. Many students abroad utilised the opportunity to study these movements at first hand. In 1906 Virendranath Chattopadhyaya (brother of Sarojini Naidu) met Mustafa Kemal in London which was the haven of revolutionaries from different countries. They studied and worked in relative freedom and plotted to overthrow the oppressive regimes back home. There were groups of exiles from Russia, Ireland, Turkey, Iran, Egypt and other countries. Indian students were particularly influenced by the Irish Sinn Fein and the Russian Nihilists. "India House" became the centre of young firebrands like S. R. Rana, Lala Har Dayal, Khudadad Khan, Syed Hyder Reza, Zafar Ali, V. V. S. Aiyer and others. In Paris some Indians learned from the Russian Nihilists how to make bombs and other such stuff. The "trainees" included B. M. Bapat, Hemchandra Das and Mirza Abbas.

They smuggled the do-it-yourself Bomb Manual to friends in India.

News from home was depressing. There was deep trouble in Punjab, Bengal and Maharashtra. V. D. Savarkar had just managed to send 52 revolvers to his brother Ganesh when news came, in December 1909, that Ganesh had been arrested.

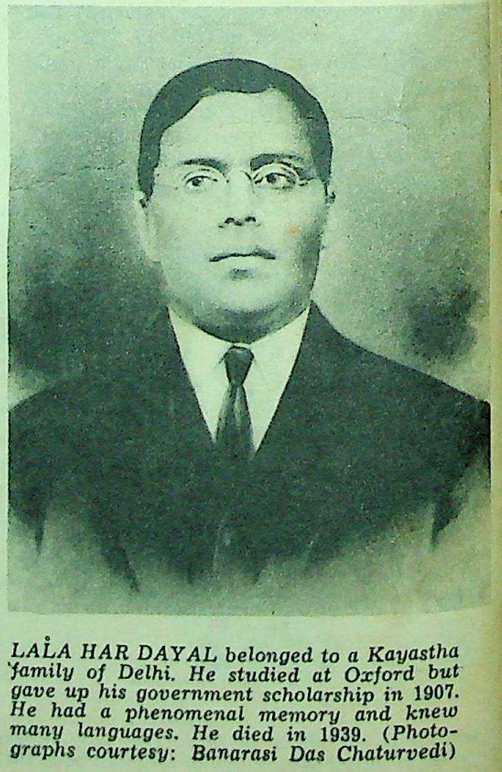
Ganesh Savarkar was transported for life for owning a copy of "How the Russians Organise a Revolution" as well as a copy of the bomb manual. On December 21, 1908, Anant Kanhere, Krishnaji Karve and V. N. Deshpande killed M. T. Jackson, Collector of Nasik, who had sentenced Ganesh Savarkar. All three were hanged.

Ganesh Savarkar appealed to the High Court. Justice Chandavarkar and Justice Heaton dismissed the appeal. The sentence was also avenged in London. An engineering student, Madanlal Dhingra bought a couple of revolvers and began practising marksmanship. He belonged to a wealthy, loyalist family of the Punjab. His father had asked a personal friend, Sir William Curzon-Wylie, to look after him and



SHYAMJI KRISHNA VARMA was an ardent Arya Samajist. As a scholar of Sanskrit he also worked as assistant to Prof. Monier Williams. He formed a group of Indian revolutionaries in London and Paris and published the Indian Sociologist.

MADANLAL DHINGRA was a student from Lahore who studied at the University College of Engineering, London. On August 17, 1909, he was hanged at Pentonville Prison for killing Sir William Curzon-Wylie. His act was praised by Annie Besant.



LALA HAR DAYAL belonged to a Kayastha family of Delhi. He studied at Oxford but gave up his government scholarship in 1907. He had a phenomenal memory and knew many languages. He died in 1939. (Photographs courtesy: Banarasi Das Chaturvedi)

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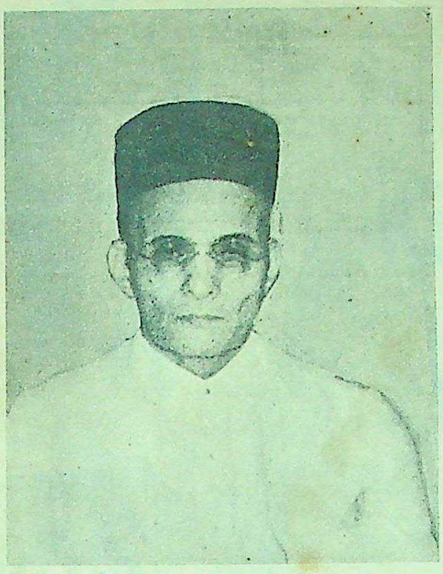
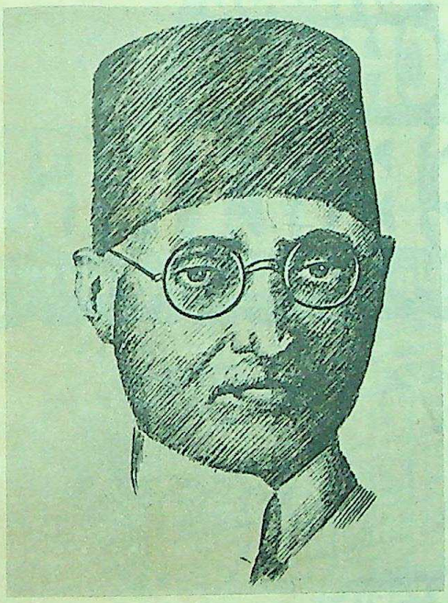


VEER SAVARKAR was one of the pioneers of the revolutionary movement. In 1910 he was arrested in London and deported to the Andamans. He was sent back to India in 1921 and interned for many years; later he led the All-India Hindu Mahasabha.



MAULVI MOHAMMED BARKATULLAH belonged to a wealthy family of Bhopal. He was one of the founders of the Ghadar Party. After the failure of the conspiracy, he lived in dire poverty in Germany where he died in 1927.

keep him from getting into mischief. It was, in fact, Sir William's secret job to keep an eye on Indian students' activities in London.

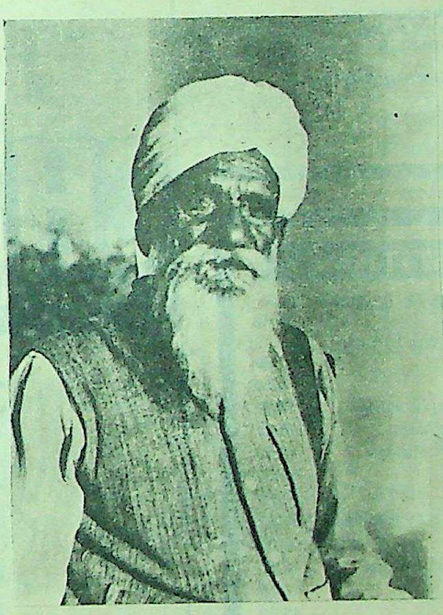
On July 1, 1909, Sir William came to attend a function of the Indian Association at the Imperial Institute. As he went around shaking hands with the guests he also came towards the son of his friend. Madanlal took out his pistol and shot him in the face. Lalkaka, a Parsi gentleman, tried to save the dying Englishman. Madanlal killed him as well.

Madanlal was disowned by his father. He was tried at Old Bailey and hanged on August 17, 1909. He became the hero of the Indian radicals abroad. V. N. Chattopadhyaya started a magazine called *Madan Talwar* (the Sword of Madan). It was printed in Berlin by Madame Cama.

Madanlal's action was praised by the Irish press as well as by the radical Egyptian paper *La Patrie Egyptienne.*

During the same month the younger Savarkar was arrested in London and shipped home. At Marseilles he escaped through the toilet port-hole, was caught by a gendarme and handed back to the British authorities. He was awarded a life sentence and sent to the Andamans.

The capital was shifted to Delhi. On December 23, 1912, the Viceroy who was to inaugurate the new capital passed through Chandni Chowk in procession. A bomb was hurled at the Viceregal howdah. Lord Hardinge was injured, his Indian attendant was killed. The thrower was Rash Behari Bose who had put on a burqa and mingled with the crowds. He was an excellent actor. After the incident he coolly returned to Dehra Dun where he worked in the Department of Forests. After some time when the Viceroy visited Dehra Dun, Rash Behari was among those who welcomed him as a loyal baboo. Afterwards he posed as a CID informer. Then he disappeared. His accomplices, Avadh Bihari, Balmukand, Master Amir Chand and others were arrested and hanged.



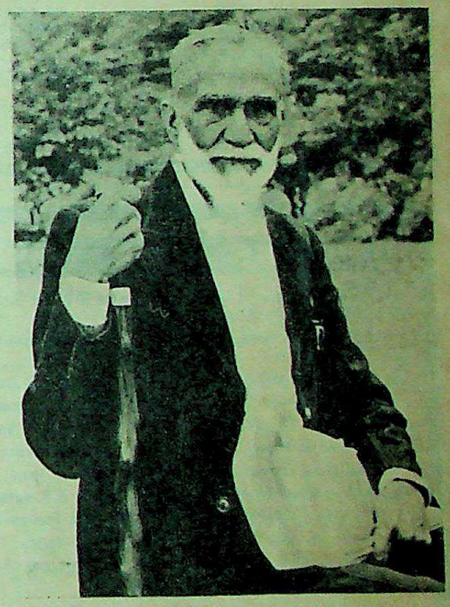
BABA SOHAN SINGH BHAKNA. Along with Jwala Singh who provided funds for scholarships, he organised the Sikhs in the USA and later became the first President of the Ghadar Party. He died recently at the age of 96, in Bhakna, near Amritsar.

Rash Behari Bose was to reappear on the scene as the planner of the abortive "Ghadar" uprising.

Ghadar 1915

The Ghadar Party originated in the United States. Many thousand semi-educated Sikh farmers and lumbermen had settled in Canada and the West Coast of the USA. They were subjected to racial discrimination and indignities. In 1907, they founded a Khalsa Diwan to look after their interests. In the same year some Indian students at Berkely, California, formed the Indian Independence League. Bhai Parmanand, Lala Lajpat Rai, Lala Har Dayal, Pandit Kanshi Ram (a disciple of Sufi Amba Prasad), V. G. Pingle, Dr Khankhoje of Nagpur, and Maulvi Barkatullah arrived in the USA and made contacts with Sikhs. The Sikhs of Oregon had also founded an Indian workers' association. They published an Urdu-Gurmukhi weekly which they called *Ghadar* after the Mutiny of 1857. In 1912 the association's name was changed to Ghadar Party. It was based in San Francisco. Sohan Singh Bhakna became its President, Barkatullah, Vice-President and Har Dayal, Secretary. The party had vaguely socialistic ideas. Revolution was planned. Ghadar literature in Urdu, Hindi, Gurmukhi, Gujarati and English began to be published and mailed to Indians overseas. It was also secretly circulated among the Indian regiments posted in India and abroad. In 1914 the Ghadar Party came to have 10,000 members.

The First World War gave new hopes to Indian revolutionaries abroad. They intensified their activities. The U. S. Government arrested Har Dayal on charges of spreading anarchy. He jumped bail and escaped to Switzerland. So did Barkatullah.



RAJA MAHENDRA PRATAP, an aristocrat of Hathras, U.P. He was on the Berlin Revolutionary Committee and was made the President of the Free India Government set up in Kabul in 1916. The Raja is now 90 and lives in Dehra Dun.

(Maulvi Barkatullah was the son of a high-ranking official of Bhopal State. He was educated in England and had taught Urdu at the University of Tokyo. He had also published a magazine which was banned by the Japanese Government.) The revolutionaries met in Berlin and sought help of the German War Office. They formed a Revolutionary Committee which included Har Dayal, C. M. Pillai, Barkatullah, Viren Chattopadhyaya, Raja Mahendra Pratap, Sohan Singh Bhakna, M. N. Roy and others. Kaiser Wilhelm even gave a title to one of them: he was styled Baron von Chakravarty. It was decided to invade India from South-East Asia and Kabul. M. N. Roy

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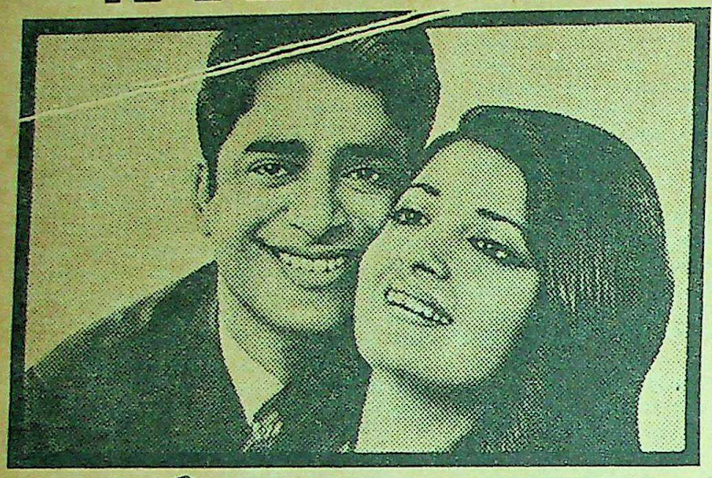

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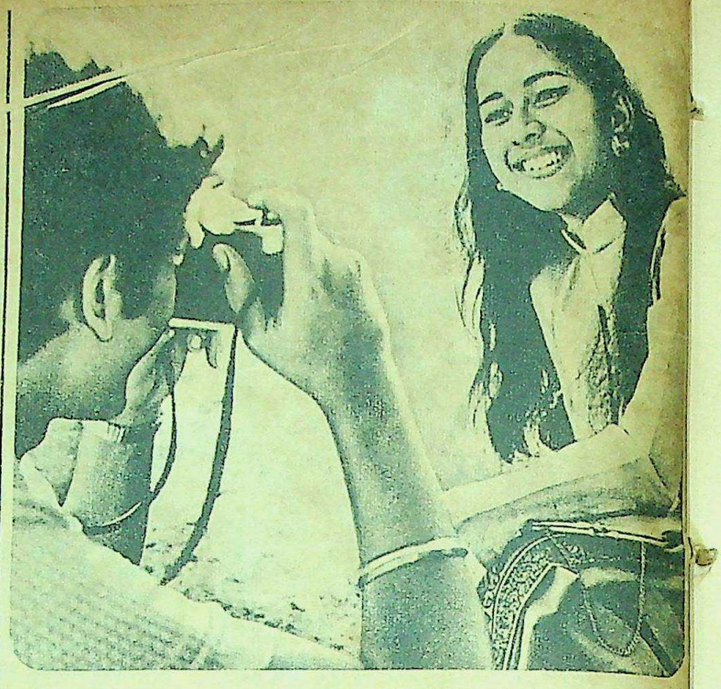

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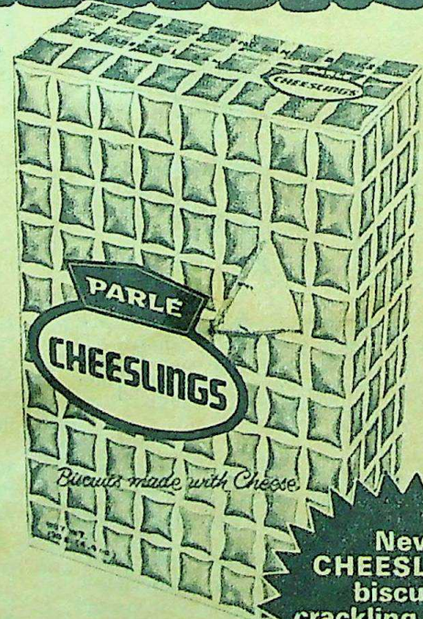

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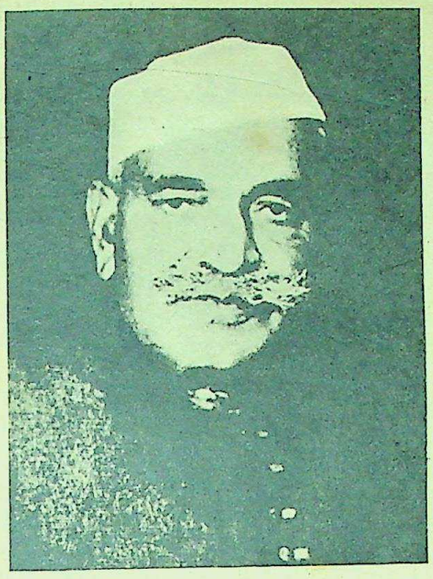
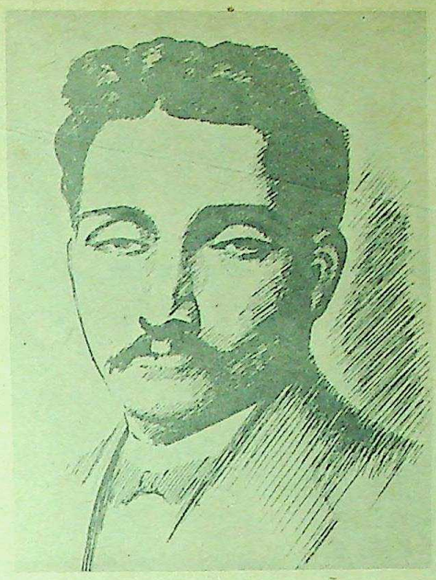


ALI AHMAD SIDDIQUI of Fyzabad, U.P. Along with Syed Mujtaba Husain of Jaunpur, Amar Singh and Ram Rakha, he organised the Indian mutiny in Malaya, and Burma. The first three were executed in 1917. Ram Rakha was sent to the Andamans.



PANDIT KANSHI RAM was a disciple of Sufi Amba Prasad. He had become a rich contractor in the USA. Along with Dr Khankhoje he started the Indian Independence League and also financed the Ghadar Party. He was hanged in March, 1916.

went to Java, disguised as "C. Martin", to obtain arms from the German agents based in Shanghai. Rash Behari Bose, Sachin Sanyal, Kartar Singh Saraba and Pingle planned the Ghadar inside India. Indian regiments were contacted: they were to start the mutiny on February 21, 1915. Bangkok was to be the focal point of the Indian settlers in South-East Asia and the immigrants returning from America.

Nanak Jahaz

In order to discourage Indian immigration the Canadian Government raised the deposit fee from $25 to $200. It also laid down the condition that the immigrant must travel on a through ticket from his country of origin. There was no direct route from India to Canada. The indigent Sikh farmers of the Punjab intending to emigrate to the New World could not fulfill these conditions. Many, therefore, sold their properties and through Baba Gurdit Singh, a rich contractor of Singapore, chartered the Japanese ship, *Komagata Maru*. She was renamed *Nanak Jahaz* and carried 376 Sikhs and 21 Muslims.

The ship reached Vancouver on May 23, 1914. The passengers were not allowed to disembark. Many Ghadar Party men quietly joined the crew. Arms were smuggled aboard. The passengers faced great hardship in the harbour and even fought the Canadian police. Eventually, on July 23, 1914, they had to begin the return journey to India; they had decided to start the insurrection when they got home.

The news leaked out. As the ship reached Budge Budge near Calcutta, the passengers were forced into trains. They resisted. The police opened fire and killed 31 people. Some, including Baba Gurdit Singh, escaped and reached Punjab.

In a round-up hundreds of Ghadarites were arrested; forty-two were hanged, 114 transported for life. Five thousand local Ghadarites were interned in their villages. In Singapore rebellion was preached in the 5th Native Light Infantry composed of Muslims, by Cassim Mansour, a rich Bohra (or Khoja) merchant from Bombay. On February 15, 1915, the mutineers rose in revolt and held Singapore for two days. They were ruthlessly punished. Mansour as well as 37 mutineers were executed.

By 1915 several thousand Ghadarites arrived on board Japanese ships. They were bitterly disappointed to find their homeland wallowing in loyalist sentiments. Even the national leaders did not approve of any sabotage of the war efforts. Gandhiji had volunteered to serve the British Government. The Ghadarites were arrested. Those who were released from jail became desperate and began to kill policemen. In the Punjab they robbed or murdered rich mahajans as well as loyalist Sikhs. During the entire Ghadar movement the rebels could kill only one Englishman.

Shambles

Germany had sent many ships carrying arms and ammunitions for the Ghadarites. They were torpedoed on the high seas.

The revolutionaries had decided to capture the Suez Canal and smuggle arms into British Baluchistan through Iran. Egyptian revolutionaries had been contacted. Kedarnath (22) came from Germany to Iran. He was arrested by British agents and shot dead in the middle of a desert. His comrades, D. C. Kersasp and Basanta Singh, were also executed. Sufi Amba Prasad who was a scholar of Arabic and Persian, had lived for some time disguised as a maulvi in Shiraz. He too was arrested by the British agents. He killed himself in his cell.

The Indian conspiracy in Kabul also ended in shambles.

It was a thoroughly muddled situation. From the Andamans V. D. Savarkar offered to cooperate with the British against "the danger of an invasion by Turko-Afghan fanatics". The Indian Muslims had all their sympathies for the belaboured Sultan of Turkey, who was also the hereditary Caliph of the Muslim world. Turkey had become an ally of Germany; its once mighty empire in Europe and the Middle East was being dismembered by the perfidious British. (The Indian Muslims, along with the Congress, were to carry on the caliphate movement even after the Young Turks had established a modern, secular republic and the nationalist Arabs had unashamedly taken British help in order to throw off Turkish imperial domination.)

At the outbreak of the war the anti-British section of the Indian Muslims decided not to live under the Raj: Many thousand migrated to Kabul. These Muslims were led by the Ulema of Deoband. The Seminary at Deoband was steeped in anti-British traditions. In 1909, in their usual manner, they had set up many rebel schools in the Frontier Province with the cooperation of a young man called Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan. The schools were promptly closed down by the Government. When the war broke out Maulana Obeidullah Sindhi of Deoband made news.

The Maulana was the son of Sardar Ram Singh, a Sikh sahukar of Mianwali. He had become a Muslim and studied theology in Sind and later at Deoband. In 1913 Obeidullah founded a terrorist group in Delhi and contacted other terrorist parties. Then he joined the Ghadar Party. In August 1915 Sheikh-ul-Hind Maulana Mehmul-ul-Hasan, the famous Rector of Deoband, asked him to proceed to Kabul. Ratanlal Bansal, a historian of the Deoband Movement, writes that the wife of Sheikh Abdul Rahim, another Deobandi militant, sold her jewellery to provide Obeidullah's and his three comrades' fare to Kabul. (Maulana Sheikh Abdul Rahim was also a convert: he was the older brother of Acharya J. B. Kripalani).

Meanwhile Raja Mahendra Pratap and Maulvi Barkatullah of the Berlin Revolutionary Committee arrived in Afghanistan. In 1916 a Free India Government was set up in Kabul, with Raja Mahendra Pratap as its President. The Government's future plan was drawn by its Prime Minister, Obeidullah, and emphasised "the special character of the Muslim majority provinces." Others in the cabinet were Barkatullah (Home), Mohammad Bashir (Defence), C. R. Pillai (Foreign Affairs), Mathura Singh, Khuda Baksh, Mohammad Ali, Dr R. A. Zakaria, Zafar Hasan, Allah Nawaz, Harnam Singh, Kala Singh and Abul Aziz.

Silk Road

From India Maulana Mehmud-ul-Hasan went to Arabia. There he met Ghalib Pasha, the Turkish governor of Hejaz, and obtained letters from him asking the Afghan tribes to help the Kabul conspirators. (The Rowlatt Committee Report was to call those ill-fated letters "the Ghalibnama".)

From Kabul the Indian conspirators sent their letters written on yellow silk and

—Continued

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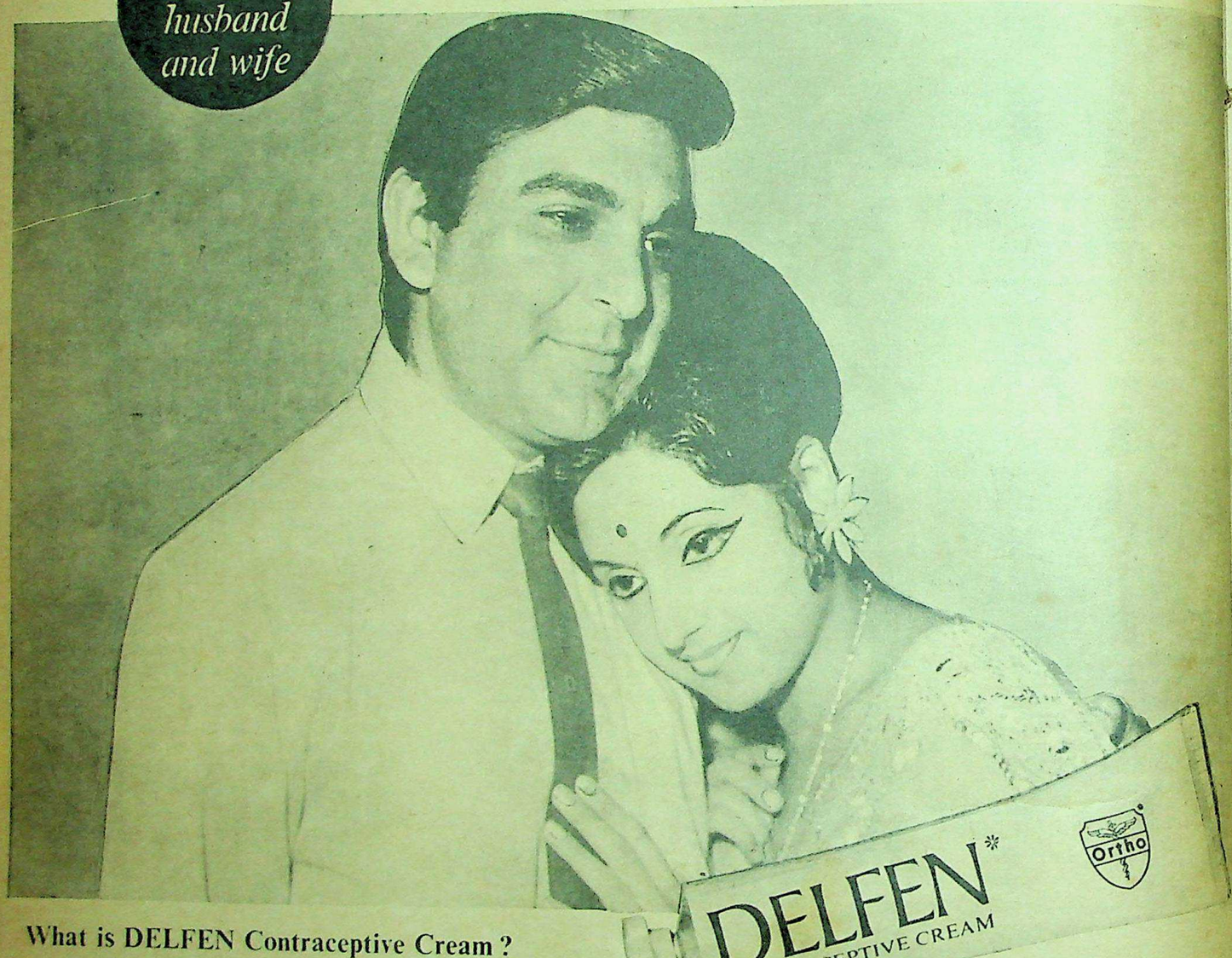

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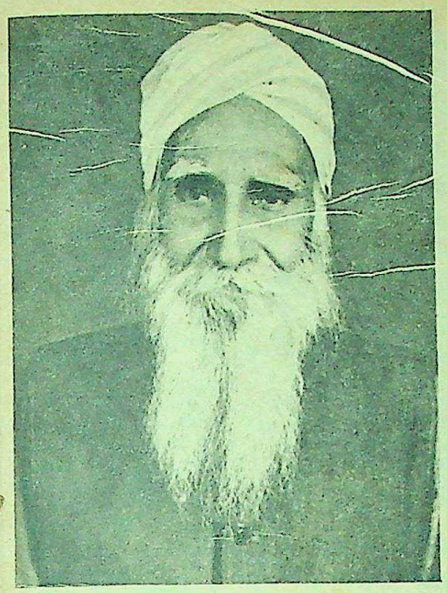
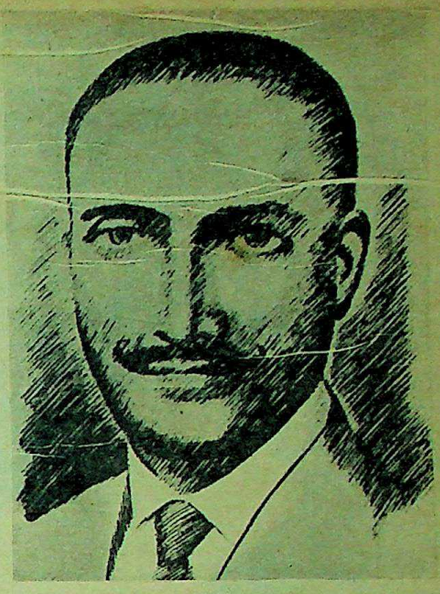


HARNAM SINGH TUNDELAT, the one-armed Ghadar leader and poet from the USA. Other leaders included Baba Gurmukh Singh, Sobha Singh Bhikivind, Sant Wasakha Singh, Dafedar Lachhman Singh, Inder Singh, and Balwant Singh "Canadian".

KARTAR SINGH SARABA. In the US he had worked in the Ghadar Party press. He returned to India and incited soldiers in Agra, Meerut, Allahabad and other cantonments. He was tried at Lahore and died on the gallows on November 16, 1915.



SYED RAHMAT ALI SHAH, another Ghadar leader from the USA. He was executed along with a large number of revolutionaries who planned or took part in the abortive uprising in 1915. They had returned from America on board various Japanese ships.

stitched inside the couriers' coats so that they would not be detected by British spies. They also sent such letters to Czar Nicholas and the Sultan of Turkey. A silk-letter report was despatched to Sheikh Abdul Rahim of Deoband who was to forward it to Maulana Mehmud-ul-Hasan. Instead, Abdul Haq, a government spy, handed it over to Sir Michael O'Dwyer.

The Governor informed the pro-British Sharif Hussain of Mecca, (great grandfather of the present King of Jordan). Maulana Mehmud-ul-Hasan and his comrades were arrested and deported from Hejaz to Malta. There the aged divine was tortured and kept in prison for four years. (He was released in 1920 and returned to India a dying man. In September, 1920, he laid the foundation stone of the Jamia Millia Islamia at Delhi, of which Dr Zakir Husain was to be a teacher. The Maulana died the next month).

Crescent And Red Star

In Afghanistan Obeidullah and his comrades helped depose the pro-British Amir Habibullah Khan. King Amanullah came to power. In May 1919 he declared war on England. In July a peace treaty was signed. One of the conditions laid down by Whitehall was that Obeidullah be deported from Afghanistan. The Maulana went to Moscow and met Lenin. (From Russia he reached Turkey and then Italy. For long years he remained in penniless exile, hounded from country to country by British agents. In 1936 the Indian National Congress demanded his return and he was permitted to come back.)

Perhaps the very name "Ghadar" was jinxed. Both the Ghadar rebellion and the Kabul conspiracy ended in utter fiasco, because of the lack of arms, superior British espionage (our revolutionaries were not very good at keeping secrets) and the Indian genius for internal disunity. Too many personal rivalries had cropped up among the Ghadar leaders. Both Dr Chakravarty of Germany and Ram Chandra of the USA were accused of pocketing large sums of money given by the German Government and the Sikh settlers of America. All this cooled the German Government towards them. The differences among the leaders developed to the extent that when in 1917-18 the US Government tried 17 Indians and 18 Germans in San Francisco, the Ghadarite Ram Singh killed Ram Chandra in the court.

Contradictions

Some of the leaders' political ideas also bristled with contradictions. Har Dayal spoke of "Hindu socialism" and was also the precursor of the political philosophy of the Jana Sangh. (His political theories as well as his quotations are extensively given in his biography recently written and published by his admirer, Mr Dharmavira). Maulana Obeidullah also believed in a kind of socialism in which land was to be national property. At the same time he was an Islamic revivalist.

Maulvi Barkatullah was one of the few leaders who were listened to by the quarrelling colleagues. He, too, was hounded by British agents from country to country. In 1927 he represented the Ghadar Party at the Anti-Imperialist Conference held in Brussels. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru attended this conference on behalf of the Congress. Maulvi Barkatullah died destitute in Germany in September, 1927.

Sardar Ajit Singh, the old revolutionary, lived first in Geneva and then in utter poverty in Paris, disguised as a Russian Muslim, "Mirza Hasan Khanov". Dr Khankhoje who had set up a Free Government in British Baluchistan spent 42 years in exile, mostly in Mexico.

Despite its weaknesses and failures, "Ghadar" was the first secular, nationalist movement in which many hundred Sikhs, Hindus and Muslims heroically sacrificed their lives for the cause of freedom.

Of the other leaders who had plotted the Mutiny, Rash Behari Bose escaped to Japan as "P. N. Tagore" and acquired Japanese nationality. (During the next World War he, along with Subhash Bose, was to create the Indian National Army.) Lala Har Dayal went to live in Sweden and praised the British empire. V. G. Pingle and many others were hanged. M. N. Roy went to Mexico, where he founded the Mexican Communist Party. Then he went to Moscow, became an important figure in the Third International, taught Ho Chi Minh in a political class and differed with Lenin.

Cloak And Dagger

Virendranath Chattopadhyaya, who carried a price of £10,000 on his head, also went to Russia and was put in charge of Oriental Studies at the University of Leningrad. Viren Chattopadhyaya was a linguist and an expert at quick disguise. In no time he could change his dress, appearance and voice. He disappeared in Russia. Many revolutionaries were adept at disguise. V. G. Pingle often posed as Shyamlal, a Bengali, and Ganpat Singh, a Punjabi. Aiyer lived in Cairo as an Egyptian dervish.

Of the Kabul conspirators Maulana Mohammed Mian Ansari of Deoband hid himself in Russian forests, went to see Lenin and remained in exile. A number of other young Indian Muslims also went to Russia from Kabul and met Lenin.

This frequent hobnobbing of young, highly educated Indians of all faiths, with Comrade V. I. Lenin, was soon to bear results.

(Next week: Marxist influence on militant nationalism, the Hindustan Republican Party, Bhagat Singh, and after).

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raise their standards. This can be done through extensive literacy work in the rural areas. Planning of women's vocational training should be an integral part of education planning. Co-educational vocational schools should be set up. This would make it possible to economise on teachers' salaries, classrooms and equipment.

India needs a large network of agricultural schools and there must be a guaranteed access to such training for school-age girls. At the beginning this will meet with many obstacles owing to social backwardness. Yet these obstacles can be overcome by impressing on the rural families the economic asset, if their girls have agricultural knowledge, and by sending town women trained in modern farm technology to the rural areas.

The state must take the initiative in overcoming the serious social and ideological obstacles apart from providing enough schools and institutions and facilities to men and women going to work in the villages. The emphasis must be on the importance of ideological work.

Development is making our country feel the need for women to work outside the home more and more. Firstly, because of the woman's need to work. The wage of the man alone is not enough for the upkeep of the family. There are also social and cultural factors. An educated working woman acquires a certain position in the family and society. And secondly, because the country needs qualified labour in all spheres of production.

The task of overcoming and resolving the problems of working women falls on the state, the Women's Organisations and the girls themselves. The state must plan for the creation of equal opportunities for education and vocational training and the creation of favourable conditions for the application of the laws.

Women's Organisations should propagate awareness among girls of the usefulness of work outside the home and the need for education and training. The press can play a large role in this field. Participation of girls in political and national activity is necessary. They must be made aware of their national responsibilities and this comes through education. It must, however, be clear that education is a tool, but what good is a tool if you do not use it?

The situation is a complex one. But it is clear that whatever changes we wish to bring in the status of women they have to be worked out within the context of our cultural values, the needs of our society and our Indian way of life. Lenin when writing about the emancipation of women said: "Laws alone are insufficient and we shall by no means confine ourselves to decrees." This is also the approach of the Prime Minister of India and hence the National Committee on the Status of Women.

THE AUTHOR SHAKUNTALA MASANI is Member-Secretary of the National Committee on the Status of Women.

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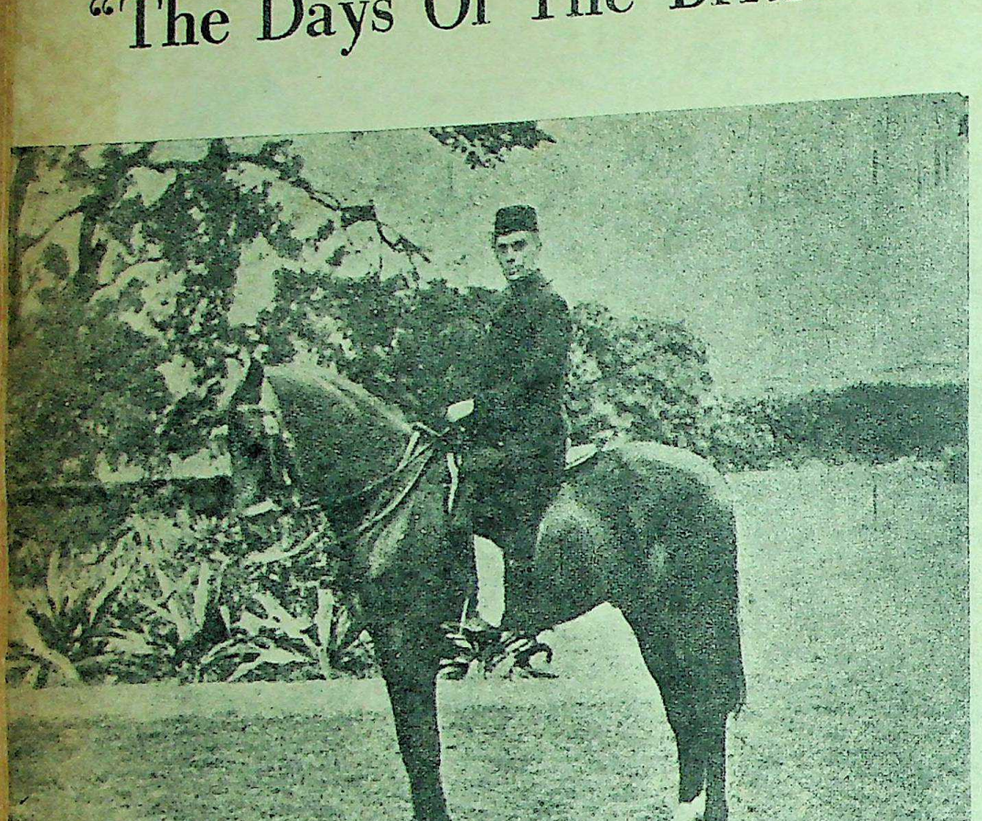
"The Days Of The British Are Numbered..."

–Nehru On April 4, 1930



THE YOUNG PRINCE SALLIES FORTH. Nehru had been singularly blessed by good fortune in having a fairy-tale background, a rich family, [illegible] education, good looks and a sharp mind. He did not take long to capture the imagination of the common people, whom he so dearly loved. This photograph was taken in 1930. He also rode on horseback and was taken out in procession as Congress President during the Lahore Congress Session in 1929.

To commemorate Jawaharlal Nehru's 9th death anniversary, "Selected Works of Jawaharlal Nehru—Volume IV" has just been published by Orient Longmans, New Delhi; Price Rs 60; Pages 600.

by QURRATULAIN HYDER

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU'S writings always reveal the liberal intellectual, the pacifist and the humanist who had become the darling of India's young intelligentsia. Modern India and Nehru grew up together and influenced each other. Young radicals loved him because he thought as they did, perhaps more articulately, and represented their aspirations. He was a modern man, passionately involved in the contemporary world, in human issues, and was showing the way....

In the present volume, a representative section covers Nehru's speeches, letters and circulars issued to Congress workers (whom he addresses as "Dear Comrades") during the troubled days of the Civil Disobedience Movement of 1930.

There is a letter to Raja Mahendra Pratap, the fierce revolutionary who had become the head of "Free India Government" set up at Kabul in 1915. The fire-eating Raja must have asked Nehru about the Congress policy and is gently told that the Congress is definitely committed to full independence for India. Nehru agrees with the Raja that most Indians are in favour of Pan-Asian Unity. "It is difficult, however, to do anything practical in regard to it. As for Russia, I am personally very sympathetic to the great experiment going on there and I have repeatedly stated as such..."

A lot has happened since, both on the banks of the Don and the Jamuna. But the Raja, now 96, heads the "World Shadow Government" based in Mussoorie. Such is the tenacity of idealists!

There is a speech Nehru delivered at Tangan, Rae Bareli District, on February 5, 1930. The young leader admonishes his "peasant brothers" for merely shouting "Jai Jai" and praising one another. "You must be knowing that a hard time is coming in your country. Times have always been hard for you... You peasants pay lakhs of rupees but the zamindar keeps one large portion of it and another large portion goes to the Government... This is direct taxation."

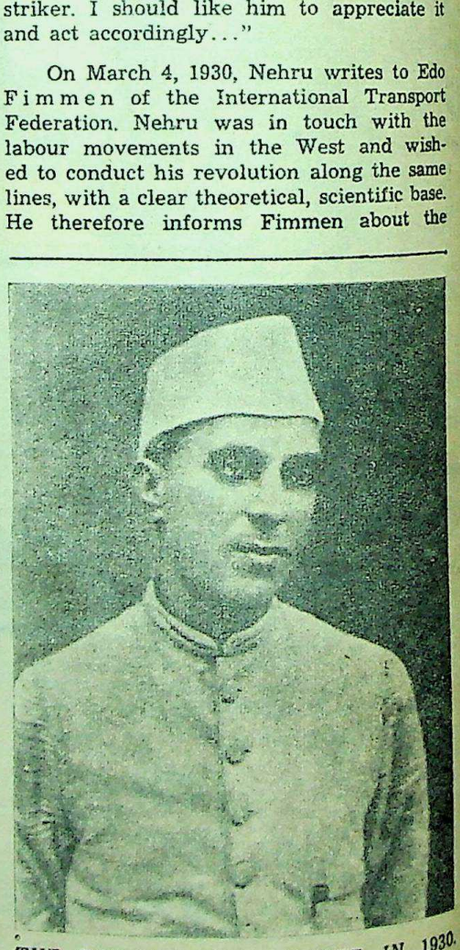
Nehru explains everything to the illiterate masses in a lucid manner, like a patient schoolmaster. No rhetoric. No jargon. Then he goes on to talk about famine and scarcity. Today, this speech makes ironic reading, especially when one thinks of UP where the wicked zamindari system has been replaced by massive corruption, administrative inefficiency and lawlessness. And the peasants continue to shout "Jai Jai" for various political parties, including the Ruling Congress.

There are messages to Volunteers and Circulars to Secretaries of the PCCs and a letter to J. Adhikari, dated February 25, 1930. Over 75,000 employees of the GIP Railway had gone on strike from February 4, 1930, to protest against the unfair treatment meted out to the Indian Railway workers. Nehru tells Adhikari that the railwaymen were perfectly justified in striking, but in his characteristic clear-headed way—like a statesman and not like a demagogue—he adds:

"Not knowing the exact position of other Railway unions and what they are prepared to do, I can hardly make fervent appeals to them to strike. But certainly I should welcome such a strike if it could be brought about.

"I agree with you that all industrial struggles are ultimately of the nature of political struggles. Indeed this should be so. I am not sure, however, how far this point of view is understood by the average striker. I should like him to appreciate it and act accordingly..."

On March 4, 1930, Nehru writes to Edo Fimmen of the International Transport Federation. Nehru was in touch with the labour movements in the West and wished to conduct his revolution along the same lines, with a clear theoretical, scientific base. He therefore informs Fimmen about the



THE DREAMY-EYED LEADER IN 1930. Jawaharlal wrote books, cultivated men like Einstein, Russell and Romain Rolland and mingled with the poverty-stricken peasants of UP. He lived his life on many levels of awareness and action.

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the GIP Railway workers' strike success ... the forthcoming Civil Disand also abo... nt. "Perhaps I may not be obedience Movem... again for some time. able to write to you ... have forgotten That will not mean that w... the British you. It will simply mean that ... for us Government has made it impossible ...er to communicate with our friends. Whate... happens, I shall think of you and other friends in Europe and it will be a comfort to feel that we have your whole-hearted sympathy. The national struggle in India has a tendency to become a racial one. Many of us here want to avoid it. In this we are helped greatly by the sympathy of friends in Europe and elsewhere. I am glad to say that the National Congress is becoming more and more socialistic in its outlook, though the basis of the struggle is still national. Most of the rich elements like the landlords and the big capitalists are against us..."

Those were indeed the days of fervent optimism.

Comrades of Yesteryear

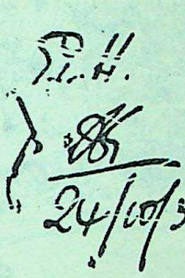
Then the problem of minorities. On March 14, 1930, Nehru writes:

"... But even when the fight is fiercest and consumes all our energies, we must remember that the true solution of our difficulties can come only when we have won over and given satisfaction to our minorities. Today it is unfortunately the fact that some of them fear the majority and, for fear of it, keep apart from the struggle for freedom.

"Fortunately, this applies to some members only of the minority groups and not to all. Many brave Muslims, specially in the Punjab and the North-West Frontier Province, are in the vanguard of the struggle. The gallant Sikhs are happily with us and will allow no others to outstrive them in courage and sacrifice. But it is sad that some who were our comrades-in-arms ten years ago are not with us today. None of us, who had the privilege of marching shoulder to shoulder with them then, can forget the brave part they took and the sacrifices they made. We cherish that memory and we are confident that, when the fight thickens, they will take their rightful place in the forefront.

"The history of India and of many of the countries of Europe has demonstrated that there can be no stable equilibrium in any country so long as an attempt is made to crush a minority or to force it to conform to the ways of the majority. There is no surer method of rousing the resentment of the minority and to keep it apart from the rest of the nation than to make it feel that it has not got the freedom to stick to its own ways. Repression and coercion can never succeed in coercing a minority. They but make it more self-conscious and more determined to value and hold fast to what it considers its very own.

"It matters little whether logic is on its side or whether its own particular brand of culture is worth while or not. The mere fear of losing it makes it dear. Freedom to keep it would itself lessen its value. The new Russia has gone a long way in solving its minorities problem by giving each one of them the fullest cultural, educational and linguistic freedom.



For the fifth time I have been arrested and charged with various crimes by the officials of the British government. For the fifth time, I have no doubt, I shall be convicted. I have so far taken no part in this trial and I desire to take none, but I wish to say a few words so that those who are trying me in this and my own people, who have honoured me beyond measure, may have some glimpse of what I have in my heart.

I am charged with sedition and with the exciting of disaffection against the British government. Eight and a half years ago I was charged with a similar offence and I stated then that sedition against the present government in India had become the creed of the Indian people, and to preach and practise disaffection against the evil which it represents had become their chief occupation. Ever since, the Indian people had come to realise that there could be no freedom for them, no lessening of the terrible exploitation which had crushed the life out of millions, till British rule was removed from India. Since this realisation came upon me in all its tragic intensity, I could have had no other profession; no other business, no other aim than to fight British imperialism and to drive it from India.

On the first day of this year the National Congress finally resolved to achieve the independence of

FIRST PAGE OF STATEMENT AT TRIAL, October 24, 1930. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi has given her father's writings and manuscripts to the Jawaharlal Nehru Memorial Fund, New Delhi, which has undertaken the multi-volume project of Selected Works. The present volume covers the 1929-31 period and is edited by Dr S. Gopal.

"Therefore we in India must make it clear to all that our policy is based on granting this freedom to the minorities and that under no circumstances will any coercion or repression of them be tolerated. There is hardly any likelihood of economic questions affecting the minorities as such, but should they do so, we can also lay down as our deliberate policy that there shall be no unfair treatment of any minority. Indeed, we should go further and state that it will be the business of the state to give favoured treatment to minority and backward communities..."

This was published in *Young India*, May 15, 1930. As a footnote, Nehru adds: "May I suggest to you to pay particular attention to Gandhiji's suggestions in the coming issues of *Young India*...?"

There are letters to Gandhiji, Mahadev Desai, M. S. Aney and others. To Roger Baldwin, an English friend, he writes on April 4, 1930: "... Somehow I cannot help thinking that the days of the British Empire are numbered now and that it is going to be our privilege and good fortune to help to end it. Day after tomorrow Gandhiji begins the Civil Disobedience Movement campaign..."

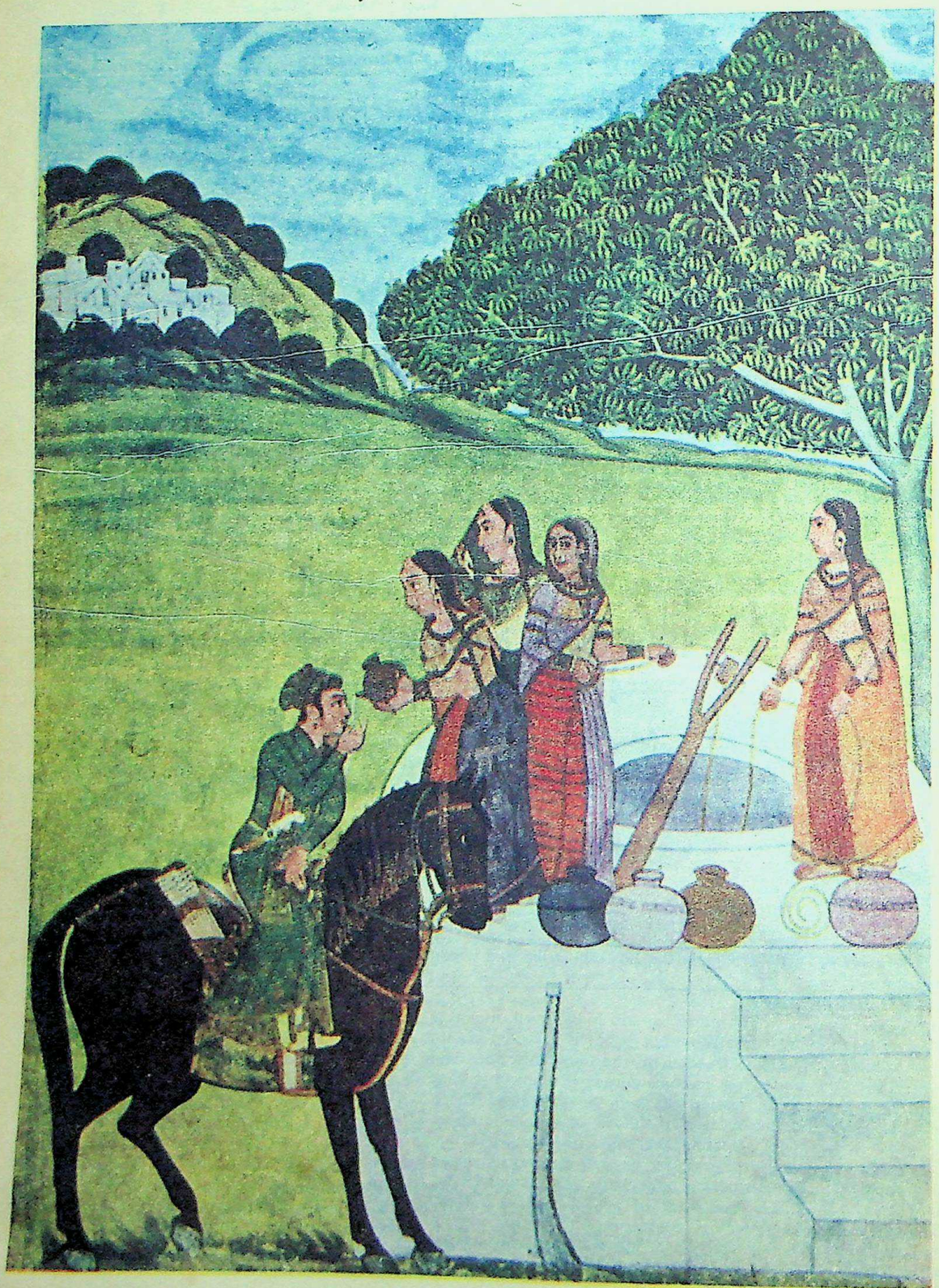
Such extracts read like the scenario of a powerful historic drama being unfolded by its most fascinating actor...

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

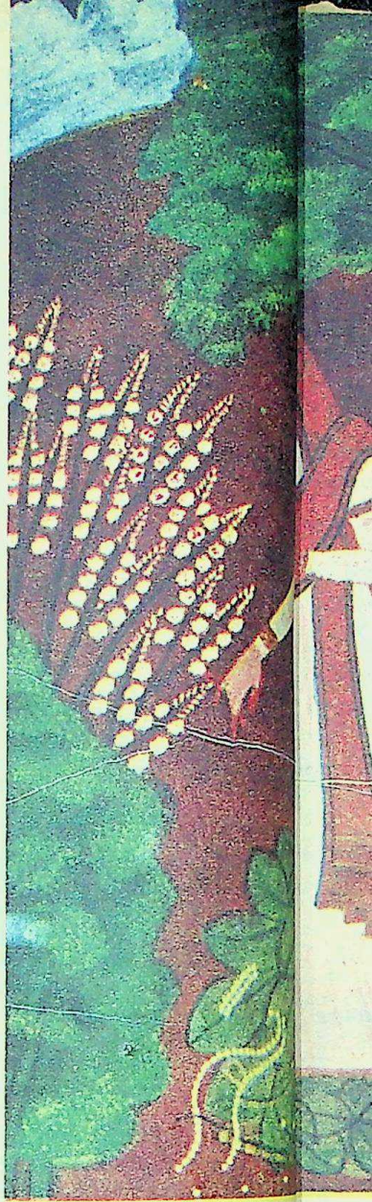
Garhwal School Of Painting

Art historians wrongly believe that some artists of Kangra came to Tehri-Garhwal in 1831 and founded the Garhwal School. The style owes its origin to Shyam Dass and Har Dass of the Mughal School. They were Shahjehan's court painters. They came to Raja Prithipat Shah's Court at Srinagar, Garhwal, as retainers of the refugee prince, Sulaiman Shikoh, in 1658.

by MUKANDI LAL



AKBAR AT A VILLAGE WELL—by Mola Ram (1743-1833), grandson of Har Dass. In the background at left are the palaces of Srinagar Raj, Garhwal. The leaf-green of the mango tree is repeated in the young Emperor's jama (dress).



A GARHWAL MINIATUR[illegible]*la Ram,*
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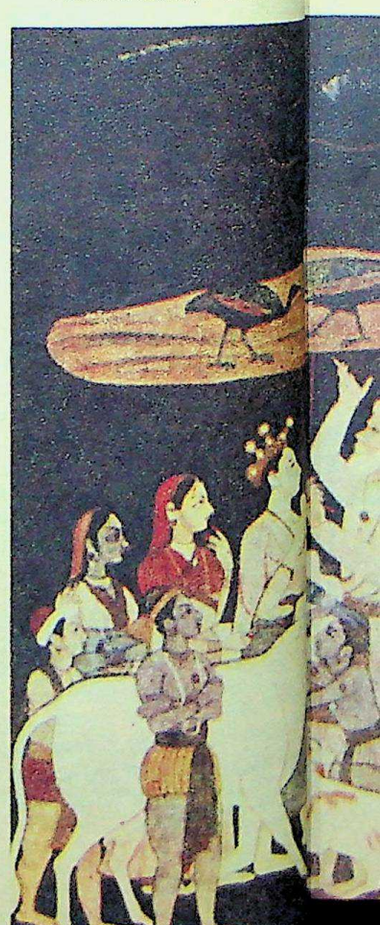
reward. Below: *Krishna* [illegible]



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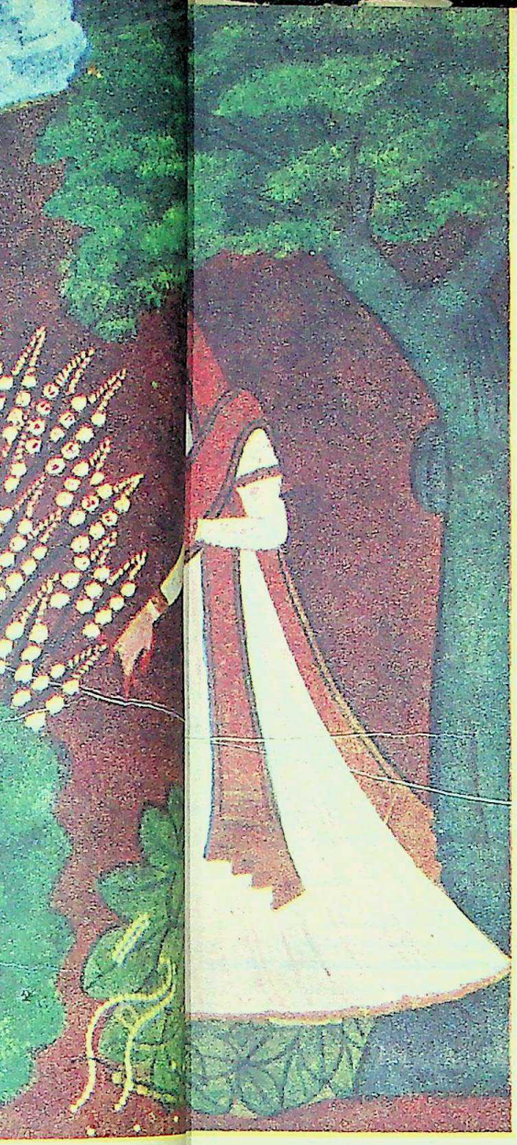

RHWAL MINIATUR la Ram, who had said he prefer-
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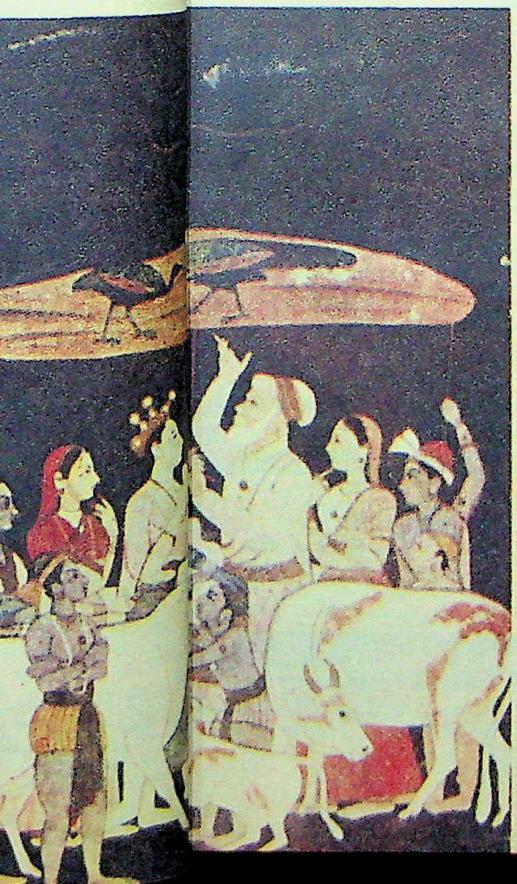

DARA'S son Sulaiman Shikoh—who was at Allahabad—wanted to join his father at Lahore. He wanted to proceed through the hills, as in the plains Aurangzeb's forces were operating. He first asked the Raja of Kumaon, who declined to allow him into his territory. Then the Prince approached Raja Prithipat Shah (1625-60) of Srinagar, Garhwal. The Raja agreed to receive him—provided the Prince brought with him only a few people. The Prince was then camping at Nagina. From there he came to Srinagar, in May 1658, with 17 courtiers. Two of his followers were Shyam Dass and Har Dass (father and son), Shahjehan's court painters.

When Aurangzeb came to know of this, he wrote to the Zamindar of Srinagar (as the Raja was then called at the Imperial Court in Delhi) to surrender the Prince. The old Raja refused.

Aurangzeb declared war on the Raja and sent an army to Patali Doon at the foot of the Garhwal hills (where now Corbett Park has been established) on the banks of the Ramganga.

The old Raja was adamant but the heir apparent, Medni Shah (1660-1684), who was *persona grata* at the Mughal Court, contrived a plot in consultation with the Court officials. They pretended to put up a fight at Patali Doon. They appointed Sulaiman Shikoh Commander of the Garhwal Army, sending him to Patali Doon to fight Aurangzeb.

—Continued

THE TEMPTATION OF SHIVA—by Mola Ram. The Master was also a poet and preferred to call himself a kabi. During the break-up of the Mughal Empire, many eminent artists of the Mughal School, like Mola Ram's grandfather, found refuge in the courts of Rajput Princes and Pahari Rajas.

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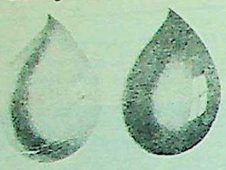

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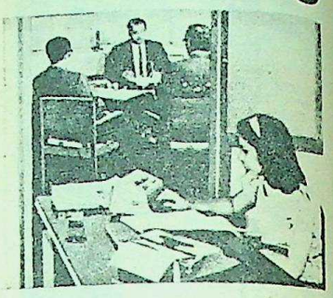

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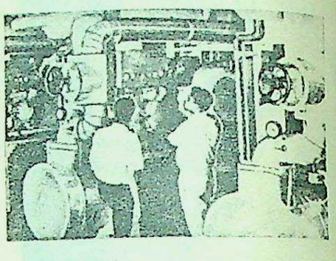

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It did not take long for Aurangzeb's men to capture Sulaiman Shikoh. Shyam Dass and Har Dass were left at Srinagar and remained there. The Raja appointed Shyam Dass and Har Dass his court painters and created the office of *Tasvirdar* (picture-maker).

Mola Ram, son of Mangat Ram, grandson of Har Dass, was born at Srinagar in 1743. He was not only a great painter but also a poet, a writer, a historian and a philosopher. From his manuscript, drawings and paintings, I was able to collect the material for this article. I had the advantage of being a neighbour and friend of Mola Ram's descendants. As a result of my research, I first wrote *Some Notes on Mola Ram* (Rupam, Calcutta, 1921). I continued writing about the Garhwal School of Painting in art periodicals, both in English and Hindi, until finally I was able to publish, through the Publications Division, *Garhwal Paintings* in 1969.

The art of painting, introduced in Garhwal by Shyam Dass and Har Dass, was originally an offshoot of the Mughal School. It was continued by their descendants, most notable of them being Mola Ram. It flourished in Garhwal for 200 years. The last batch of known Garhwal artists were three sons of Mola Ram: Jwala Ram (1788-1848), Shiv Ram (1790-1855) and Ajab Ram; and two greatgrandsons of Mola Ram: Hari Ram (1858-1906) and Tulsi Ram (1881-1950). Jwala Ram was the last notable artist of the Garhwal School.

The work of the sons of Mola Ram demonstrates the decline of Pahari Art. Shiv Ram's painting of Sulaiman Shikoh, Jwala Ram's paintings and drawings of birds and towns and Tulsi Ram's landscapes bear evidence of European influence. A couple of paintings by Jwala Ram were discovered by Dr Randhawa in Lambagaon in 1962.

Jwala Ram drew 63 sketches of mythological subjects at the request of his friend, Bachua Jargar, at Hawalbagh (District Almora), where he was then—in 1934—serving Sir Ramsey Henry as a clerk. In this album of 63 drawings on a leaf, Jwala Ram has made an interesting endorsement:

Waqai batarikh panch daham mah farbari san athara sau chautis (1834) *muqam Haulbagh barai khatir Bachua Jargar navist dastkhat Jwala Ram Mussawar.*

"On February 15, 1834, at Hawalbagh, (drawn) for the sake of and according to the wishes of Bashua Goldsmith. Signed Jwala Ram, Artist."

Mola Ram continued the tradition of his four ancestors by painting in the Mughal style (having learnt the technique from his father, Mangat Ram) as he himself has written in his Memoirs up to 1775 A.D.

In 1930 I discovered an excellent drawing, in Mughal style, in the collection of Mola Ram at his descendants' house in Srinagar. Had it not been described, dated and signed by himself, I would not have thought that it was the work of Mola Ram, whom up to 1930 I had described in my articles as a great Pahari painter. On the top of this picture, "Mastani", there is the following verse in Hindustani:

Mastani chal mast sharabi baithi apne khane men; sune rag jhuki jhuki, sakhi de pyala dastane men. Piwat bhar bhar; phir phir mangat hai taratar daune men. Kavi Mola Ram Mussawar khainchi yeh tasbir rijhane men; Sambat 1828 (1771 A.D.) *sal Chait gate* 16.

"I, Mola Ram, poet and painter, drew this picture of Mastani (a gay girl) who (after her bath) is listening to music and is drinking cupfuls (of wine) which her companion is handing over to her, one after another; dated Sambat 1828 (1771 A.D.)."

In The Royal Garden

In this drawing, which is partially coloured, Mola Ram has depicted a prince sitting in a swing in the palace garden, surrounded by a dozen beautiful women. The scene is obviously in the palace garden and the picture is presumably of Jehangir. At the bottom of this partially painted picture, Mola Ram has written the following description in Nagri characters:

Subh bal bishal bichitra mahawar ambar bhushan angmen.
Kou garwat tal bajawat hai, kou de khushbu itra hi mauj men.
Chahun or phool rahi sabji gul lal hi kyari bhari rang men.
Kabi Maula Ram prasan Maha Piya jhulat hai piya ke sang men.
Shubham.

"She is playing on the swing with her beloved. Other women in the party are beautifully clad and ornamented. Some are playing the sitar, some are keeping time, some are singing, others are offering *pan* and *attar*, etc, some are standing in between. There is greenery, red and multicoloured flowers are blooming, so sayeth the poet Mola Ram. May happiness come to all."

So far, the earliest painting by Mola Ram in the Pahari style I have been able to discover is on the unfinished "Two Ranis", dated 1769. Its finish and technique indicate that it is the work of a beginner or the early attempt of the artist in the new style.

Another early work of his in Pahari *qalam* is the picture, "Mor Priya", on the top of which Mola Ram has written his motto:

Kahan hazar kahan, lakh hain arab kharab dhan gram, samjhe Mola Ram to sarab sudeh inam; Sambat 1832 (1775 A.D.) *Phagun* 1 *Sudi.*

"I, Mola Ram prefer sincere appreciation and admiration (of my art) to tons of money and thousands of villages as a reward."

When Mr J. C. French came, in 1930, to see my collection, at my house in Lansdowne, he remarked: "It appears primitive." The same year I discovered "Mastani" and "Two Ranis" and came to the conclusion that Mr French was correct about "Mor Priya" being an early work of Mola Ram, when he had started painting in Pahari *qalam*.

Mola Ram painted a group portrait of Jai Dev Wazir and his attendants. On the top of the picture of Raja Praduman Shah's Minister, Mola Ram has written the qualities of the Wazir and said that, when he painted the picture, he was given one *pagri* (turban), one shawl and 101 rupees cash by Jai Dev Wazir. The Minister is painted riding a grey Tibetan pony, dressed in the Maratha court dress, smoking a hubble-bubble. He is attended by five orderlies, one is the mace-bearer (*chobdar*) walking in front. One is a *huqqa bardar* holding the hubble-bubble. One is holding on his shoulder a matchlock gun, another a spear.

This group portrait is in the collection of Mr G. K. Joshi, whose grandfather, Badri Datt Joshi, was presented with it and

—Continued

PRINCE SULAIMAN SHIKOH by Shiv Ram (1790-1855)—author's collection.

SELF-PORTRAIT by Mola Ram. The miniature is part of Balak Ram's collection.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

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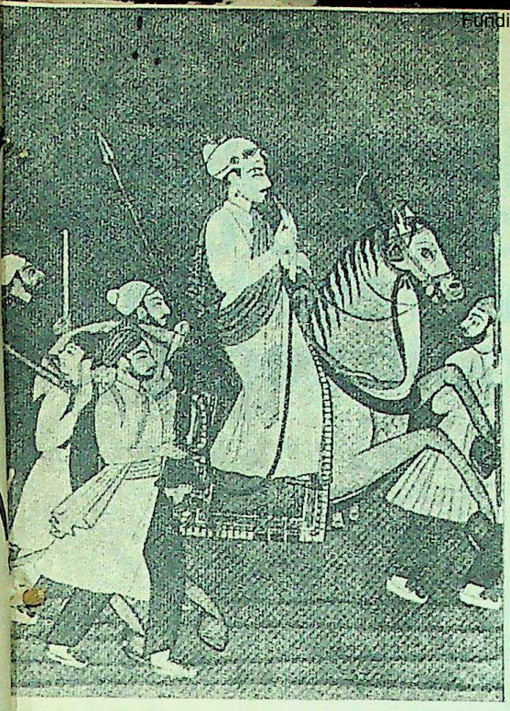

JAI DEV WAZIR by Mola Ram. G. K. Joshi's collection.

several other paintings of the Garhwal School, in 1890, at the time of his retirement as Deputy Collector of Srinagar, by Tej Ram, a grandson of Mola Ram (father of Balak Ram—1867-1956). Tej Ram died in 1906. I had seen him working as a goldsmith.

I have seen a Sanad dictated by Jai Dev Wazir and written by Hari Datt Khanduri on behalf of Raja Praduman Shah. The Sanad was presented to the Mahant of Kamleshwar at Srinagar. I have also seen a copper plate in which Jai Dev Wazir is mentioned as belonging to the Dangwal family. It is interesting to know what were the qualities of Minister Jai Dev:

Data gyanta gyanmaya Sri Jai Dev Wazir lajwant surbir satbadi gambhir. Bachan kahe sakre hare na ta men chitt sum dekhi surat lajai tajai apni bitt Sri Jai Dev Wazir ki yeh tasbir likhi jab, diyo dushala turi eksou ek mohi tab. Rakhi bachan parteet jeet jag men jas lino. Guni mitra prasann sum ari kaun dukh dino suno sant sab kan de. Mola Ram bichar kahi saramdar son kam hai murakh ke jachak nahi.

"Jai Dev was truthful, serious, spoke few words, did not lose himself in his words. He hated misers. He was generous. He kept his word. He was a friend of the learned. Mola Ram also said that Jaidev had nothing to do with the fools."

Other signed and described paintings and drawings of Mola Ram which are in my collection are dated 1780, 1785, 1790, 1795, 1810 and 1812 A.D.

The joint authors of *Indian Paintings* (London, 1969) have written:

"The Art of Kangra, which had its birth at Guler and reached maturity at the court of Maharaja Sansar Chand, ultimately reached the remote estate of Tehri-Garhwal, deep into Himalayas... the daughters of Sansar Chand carried the best paintings of Kangra to Garhwal, when they went there to marry Raja Sudarshan Shah in 1831. Here, a late school of painting developed under the patronage of Sudarshan Shah (1804-59) and the princesses and it seemed certain that the school drew on artists from the court of Tira Sujehanpur."

But the fact is that the Garhwal School of Painting was founded by Shyam Dass and Har Dass in the second half of the 17th century and was continued by their descendants. It flourished up to 1880 AD.

Mola Ram continued working in his studio at Srinagar even when Raja Praduman Shah left the town in 1803 and when his son Sudarshan Shah established his new capital at Tehri in 1818.

When the Gurkhas had driven away Praduman Shah from Srinagar and taken possession of his Raj, the then Gurkha Governor of Srinagar, Hastidal Thapa, visited Mola Ram's studio in 1803. He said to Mola Ram:

Kantipur men kirti tuhari sunat rahe, ab ankhan nihari chitr tuhare dekhe.

"I have heard of your fame (as an artist). I have now seen your paintings with my own eyes."

A Muslim artist, Baqar Ali "Fardaq", came to Mola Ram and told him he had come having heard of his art all over the country. He said to Mola Ram:

Uttar aur Dakshin mahi, Poorab aur Paschim mahi, kirat suni tuhari chitr chitrkari layi hai, kahat Fardaq Baqar Ali, darjehane ism sakhi marad alam men kahte tumhen. Sifat sun ke aye hain, sikhado hamen. Rahen ham hamesha tumhare hi sang, karen mashq tasvir rangin rang.

"You are not only known as an artist all over but you are also known as a bold generous man. I have been attracted to you by your fame. Teach me the art of painting. I want to live always with you to learn to make pictures of multicolours."

Further Proof

Another proof of the existence of Mola Ram's studio at Srinagar before 1780 is that, when his Governor (Faujdar of Dehra Dun), Ghamand Singh, revolted against Raja Jai Krit Shah (1780-1785), he came to Mola Ram's studio and asked him to go to Nahan to seek the help of Raja Jagat Prakash of Nahan.

Maharaj ati dukhit bhayo,
chitrsal mahi hamko kahyo
Mola Ram kam taji jao
chitr sal likhi tum kya payo
hamko dushtan an dabayo
tab ham kino yeh sawaiya,
lage tir nahin lage rupaya.
Jagat Prakas tum blanu sam, tam kiyo hamhu gras
grah gahyo jyon gaj kon Ghamand Singh diyo tras.
Keech ke beech men hathi phanse tab hathi ko hat de hathi nikase.
yeh chhand ham diyo banai chitra sahit likhi diyo Dhani Ram pathai.

"When Raja Jai Krit Shah was attacked by his Governor Ghamand Singh of Dehra Dun, the Raja came to Mola Ram's studio and told him: 'Why are you wasting your time in the studio when I am oppressed by Ghamand Singh?' He asked Mola Ram to go to Raja Jagat Prakash of Nahan to seek his help. Mola Ram, instead of going himself to Nahan, composed a poem in which he said: 'Jagat Prakash was like the sun and here Rahu was swallowing the sun (Raja Jai Krit Shah). When the crocodile caught the (foot of) the elephant, then another elephant helped him. Just as, when an elephant gets entangled in mud, only another elephant can take him out of it, so the Raja Jai Krit Shah, who is being attacked by Ghamand Singh, can be helped by you.'"

Mola Ram sent this poem, along with a painting illustrating his meaning, to Jagat Prakash through messenger Dhani Ram. The poem and the painting, sent on behalf of Jai Krit Shah, had the desired effect. Jagat Prakash came to the rescue of Jai Krit Shah.

The above references conclusively prove that, long before 1831, there were painters at Srinagar, Garhwal. The writers who are unaware of the history of Garhwal do not know that Tehri was not in existence before 1818. The entire Himalayan region, where the Ganga and the Jamuna rise and flow until they reach the plains, were ruled over by the Rajas of Garhwal with their capital at Srinagar from the 13th century onwards until 1803 A.D.

Gurkha Invasion

When the Gurkhas attacked Garhwal, through Almora, the then ruler of Garhwal, Raja Praduman Shah (1785-1804), who had also ruled at Almora for eight years earlier, retreated to Dehra Dun, where he was killed at Mohalla Khurbura in 1904. His son, Sudarshan Shah, had taken refuge in the house of a rich Kankhal resident near Hardwar. From Kankhal, Sudarshan Shah carried on negotiations with the British Government through Colonel Hersey. The British Government was interested in ousting the Gurkhas from Almora and Garhwal—these being border areas adjoining Tibet. They drove them away from Garhwal and Almora in 1815.

The Garhwal Raj was divided into two parts, half of Garhwal, on the left bank of the Alaknanda, was retained by the British and was amalgamated into other British territory; the other half, on the right bank of the Alakananda, was left for Sudarshan Shah. The capital of Garhwal, being on the left bank of the river, remained with the British Government.

Raja Sudarshan Shah (1804-1859) had to look for a new capital for himself. He continued staying at Kankhal up to 1818.

Sudarshan Shah selected a small delta between the confluence of Bhagirathi and Bhilangna for strategical reasons and for being only 30 miles from his ancestral capital: Srinagar. There is a vilage close to that delta by the name of Tipri. This selected place for the capital was called after that village and from Tipri it became Tehri.

Sudarshan Shah became Raja in 1804 on the death of his father. He actually assumed regal duties from 1818, when he founded his capital at Tehri. William Moorecraft, who visited Tehri on February 6, 1819, in his *Travels in the Himalayan Provinces of Hindustan and the Punjab*,

—Continued

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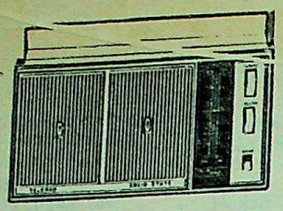

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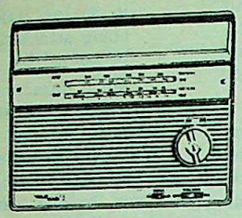

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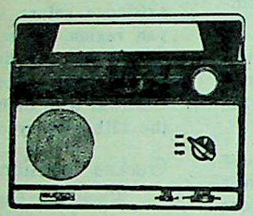

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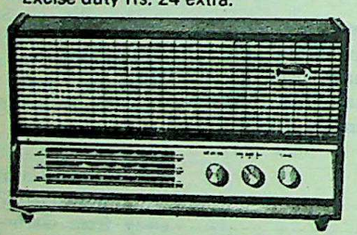

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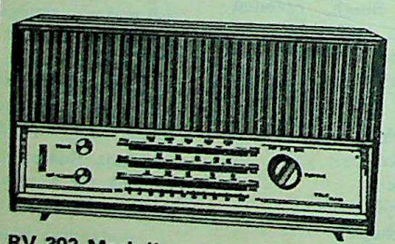

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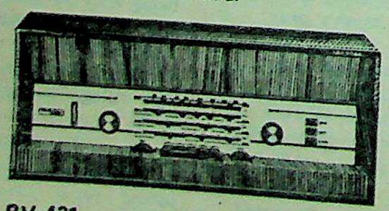

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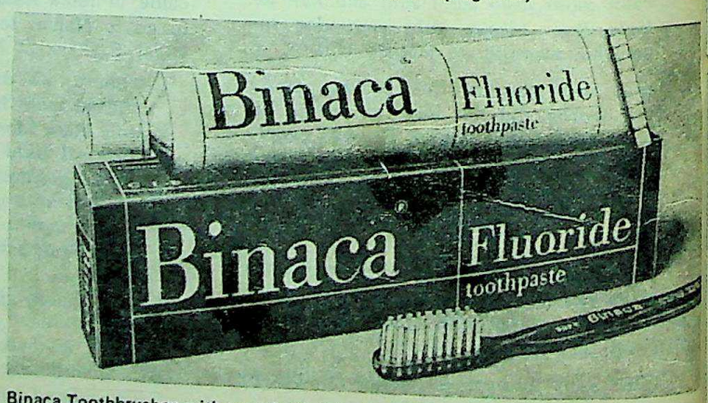

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writes: "Tiri is far removed from the principal line of road and is recommended by no peculiar advantage. At present indeed it contains only the house of the Raja, a very humble mansion, and the dwellings of his followers. The assembling population is dispersed in tents over the plain (below), at a distance of about half a mile from the residence of the Raja. The Vilangna falls into Bhagirathi."

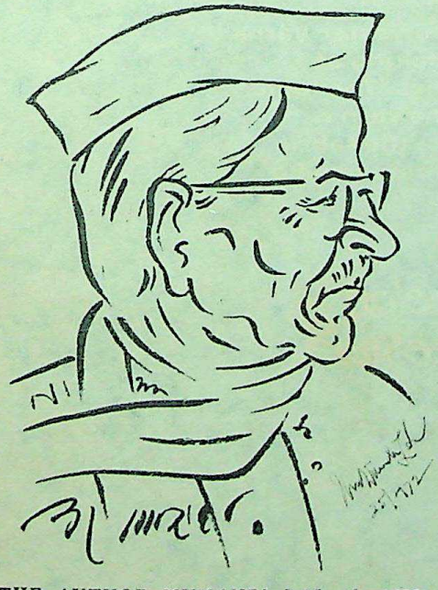
The theory about the marriage of the two daughters of Sansar Chand to Sudarshan Shah in the normal royal manner in 1831, as suggested by the authors of "Indian Painting", is not supported by the historical documents relating to the wedding.

The fact is, as stated in *The Punjab Gazetteer*, Vol. II, Part I, 'Kangra District', Page 75:

When Sansar Chand died in December 1823, his successor, the only son Anirudh Chand, was summoned to his camp by Maharaja Ranjit Singh, who was overlord of Kangra State, and the Maharaja faced him with a "very unacceptable demand" to marry his two sisters to the nominee of Maharaja Hira Singh of Jammu, a protege of Ranjit Singh. The high-caste Katoch Rajput, Anirudh Chand, "regarded the (proposed) alliance a disgrace to family honour".

He gave up the throne of Kangra and fled with his sisters surreptitously. And immediately after observing his father's first death anniversary, he invited Sudarshan Shah, who was a high-caste Panwar Rajput, to marry his two sisters. Sudarshan Shah agreed to marry them because he had no son from as many as three Ranis.

The marriage took place at Kankhal, near Hardwar, where Sudarshan Shah lived, during the occupation of his Raj by Gurkhas. The arrangements for the marriage ceremony, with pomp and show, were made by the Mahant of the Gurdwara at Dehra Dun (the Mahants of Guru Ram Rai's Gurdwara at Dehra Dun have always been Garhwalis by race). Anirudh Chand died in exile in 1831. Raja Sudarshan Shah took his new brides to Tehri.



THE AUTHOR MUKANDI LAL (b. 1885) was educated at Allahabad and Christ Church, Oxford; called to the bar, Gray's Inn, in 1918; has been a Judge of the High Court, Tehri-Garhwal State, and a legislator in UP; has been collecting Garhwal painting since 1909; is a Fellow of the State Lalit Kala Akademi, UP, and writes in art journals. He is at present writing Rukmani Mangal *and* A History of The Garhwal School of Painting, *both in Hindi.*

MOLA RAM'S CONTEMPORARIES sketched by the legendary artist. Author's collection.

It is said that, in spite of his having five Ranis, Sudarshan Shah had no son. He wrote to the Political Agent, Mr Trail, that he had no male issue from his Ranis, therefore he nominated Bhawani Singh, born of a palace maid. He ruled in Tehri from 1859 to 1872 and came to be called Bhawani Shah.

Bhawani Shah was succeeded by his son Pratap Shah, who ruled for only 20 years (1872-92). Pratap Shah married a princess of Guler in 1878. She appeared to have been interested in painting. She brought with her paintings of Guler and Kangra. Raja Pratap Shah died at a very young age. Rajmata Guleria ruled over the State of Tehri ably for eight years, during the minority of her son, Kirti Shah (1892-1913). Raja Kirti Shah also was interested in art. He bought from Balak Ram, a greatgrandson of Mola Ram, some paintings of the Garhwal School.

Similarly, his son Narender Shah (1913-1950) also collected some paintings and acquired some of the collection of his grandmother, Rajmata Guleria, who gave the major portion of her collection to her favourite son: Kunwar Vichitra Shah. He fell out with his brother Raja Kirti Shah, who lived at Dehra Dun. Many paintings of this collection of Guleria Rani passed from his possession to several collectors and museums. What was left was inherited by his eldest son, Rao Virendra Shah, who, I understand, has passed on the paintings to Captain Shoorbin Singh, one of his three stepbrothers.

Maharaja Narendra Shah had collected a good number of Pahari paintings including some of the Garhwal School. He had also inherited paintings from his father Raja Kirti Shah. N. C. Mehta, a well-known collector of Pahari paintings, visited Maharaja Narendra Shah at Narendranagar, the new capital of Tehri State. He saw his collection and wrote *Studies in Indian Painting* in 1926, in which he had a chapter as "A Note on the Court Art of Tehri-Garhwal". **This misled all the subsequent writers and art critics. They forgot that, by the time the Tehri Court came into existence in 1818, Pahari painting had declined and hardly any first-class Pahari painting was painted after 1818.**

There is no tradition of painting or painters at Tehri. There are no descendants of painters or houses of painters in Tehri, as there still are in Srinagar. There were five families of artists in Srinagar up to 1878. There are still two families of artists there, though they have stopped painting.

In 1818, there were not even ordinary artisans at Tehri. Raja Sudershan Shah had even to send for spear blades from Srinagar. The Raja's own brother, Kunwar Pritham Shah, had, in order to learn painting from Mola Ram, to come to Srinagar from Tehri, as related by Prince Pritham Shah:

Tehri se tirat rahe gurudware Srinagar
awat jat hi

pag thake diyo nahin kavi sagr
Ham pai kyon nahin avate tum kavi
Mole Ram?
Kahat hain Pritham Shah, tum baith
rahat nij dham.

"I, Pritham Shah, have been coming to my master's house at Srinagar. I have got tired coming and going, yet (the teacher) has not taught me everything. O poet Mola Ram, why don't you come to me? You remain always at home—so says Pritham Shah."

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Our Republic Is 22 Years Old

Photographs by DHIRAJ CHAWDA

TWENTY-TWO is an age when one is prepared for the challenges of life. It is significant that, this January 26, India celebrates its Republic Day fully confident of its own strength.

It is not victory in the battlefield alone that matters, for, apart from the triumph of a righteous cause—the emergence of Bangla Desh—India has never been interested in military conquests.

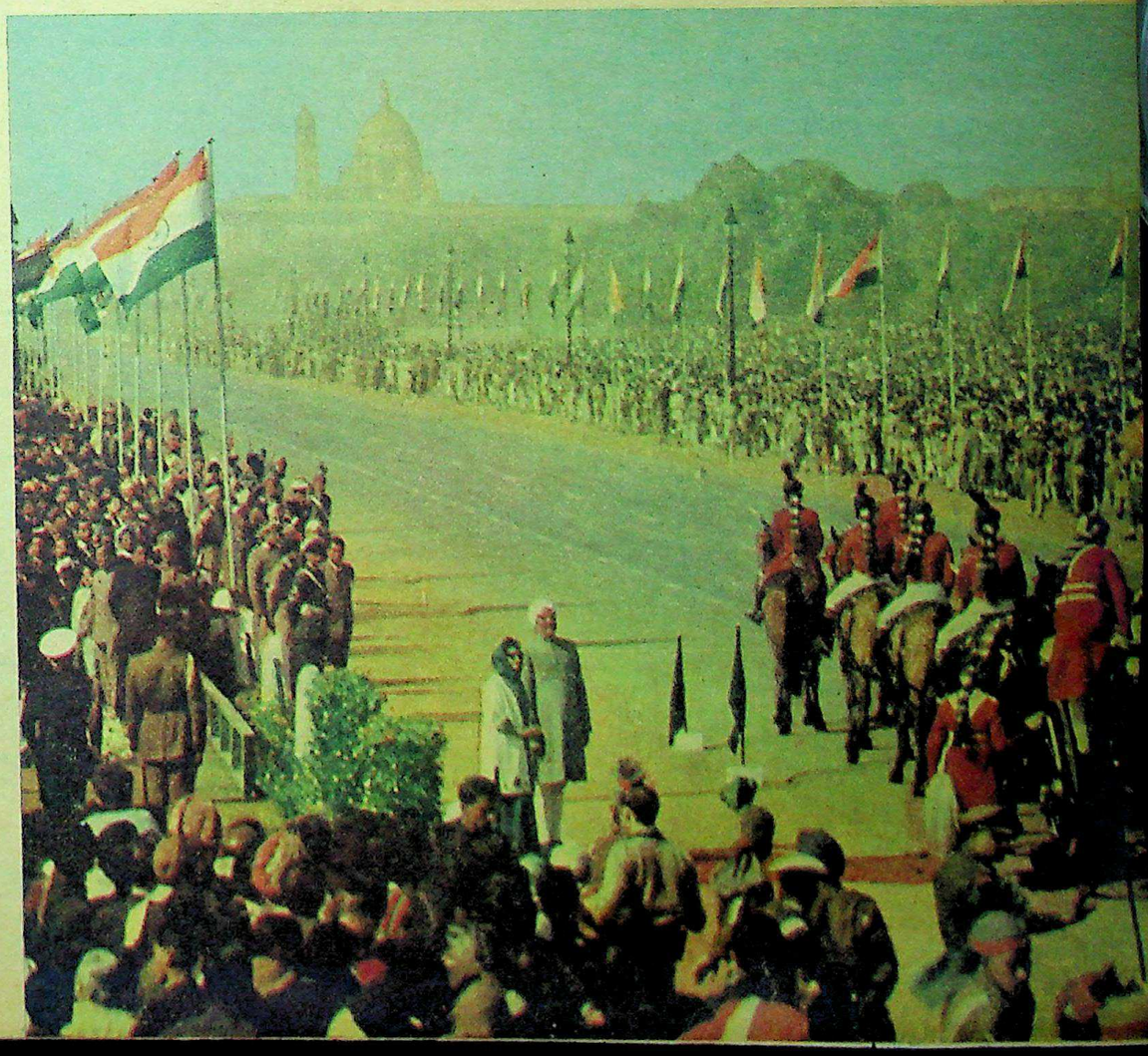
The politics of the war stressed once again what ought to have been our prime objective—s e l f-sufficiency. And, in the future, India will certainly move nearer to that goal, whatever the hardships.

The 23rd Republic Day finds us united as never before, sure of the rightness of the values bequeathed to us by great leaders such as Mahatma Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru.

If we do not fritter away our strength in petty squabbles and in the bickerings of power struggle, India should acquire a new national pride and identity.

Republic Day 1972 marks the evolution of a New India—an India that will surely keep its "tryst with destiny" in full measure.

S. V. V.



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Bapu's Children And Grandchildren

by ARUN GANDHI

What are they doing today? Have they kept up the Gandhian tradition? A grandson of the Mahatma writes.

IT is difficult to live down a big name, and though most of us of the Gandhi family would love to be lost in oblivion it is not really possible to escape.

Many have asked me: "How many daughters did Gandhiji have?" None at all. He had four sons. They were Harilal, Manilal, Ramdas and Devadas—in that order.

Harilal (1890-1948) was a very brilliant person and close to his father. His thirst for knowledge was insatiable. Ever since he began to understand he argued with his father against the experiments in basic education to which he and his younger brothers were subjected. Gandhiji had been disillusioned by the type of education that was imparted by schools and colleges. He felt that education at home was the best way to groom children into becoming responsible citizens. Though Harilal never really rebelled against his father, Gandhiji's methods seem to have had a serious impact on his psyche.

He returned from South Africa a strapping young man and married Gulab (*nee* Chanchal). Soon after that he went to Calcutta to make a living for himself. It was here that his pent-up inferiority complex came to the fore and got the better of him. He must have felt inadequate to face the world because he did not have formal education. He got into bad company and took to heavy drinking. The Muslim League persuaded him to be converted to Islam. Harilal became Abdulla. But he soon realised the folly of changing religion to spite his father and reverted to Hinduism. His wife Gulab died suddenly, a broken woman swept away by the influenza that raged through the country in epidemic form. They had five children, two of whom died very early. Of the three—a son, Kanti, and two daughters, Rami and Manu—only two are alive today: Kanti and Manu.

Harilal died in obscurity a few months after the Mahatma's assassination.

Kanti is a medical practitioner. His major interest in life is the uplift of the poor. He has done a great deal of work among the people of Worli and Kalachowki in Bombay. Of late he has been engaging himself in improving relations between Hindus and Muslims. He married a charming girl from Kerala, Saraswati. They have two sons—Shanti, who is a doctor and practises in America where he lives with his American wife, and Pradip, who gave up studies at the Inter Science level and started working. He is now being groomed as an agent for life insurance. Shanti has two daughters.

Rami, the elder of the two daughters, died many years ago. She was married to Kunverjibhai Parikh and they lived a very quiet life together. They have a son—Prabodh (married to Madhuri) who is a doctor and has three daughters: Ansuya, Neelam and Navmalika who are all married and have children of their own.

Ansuya married Mohan Parikh and are together doing social work in Baroda. Neelam married Yogendra Parikh and they do social work at Vyara near Surat. Navmalika married a doctor, V. S. Vajaria. They live in Porbandar.

Manu, like Rami, leads a quiet life as a housewife in Bombay. She is married to Surendra Mashruwala, a nephew of Kishorelal Mashruwala who devoted his life to Gandhiji. Surendra works as an accountant in a local firm. They have a daughter, Urmi, who is married to Bhupat Desai. Both are at present in the United States where Bhupat is doing an advanced course in agricultural economy. They have a son, Mrinal.

MANILAL MOHANDAS GANDHI (1892-1956) was, together with elder brother Harilal, taken to South Africa when

MAHATMA GANDHI with his granddaughter Tara. She is the only daughter of Devadas and is currently in Rome with her husband who is working with the FAO, on loan from the Government of India. They have a son and a daughter. Tara's brother is Rajmohan Gandhi of MRA fame and editor of Himmat.

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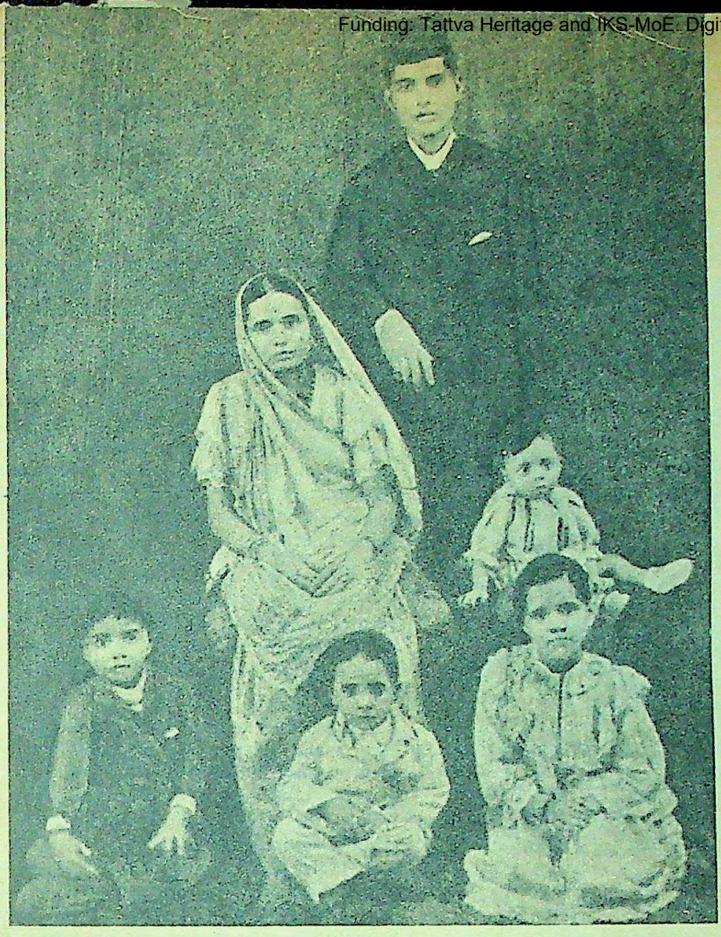
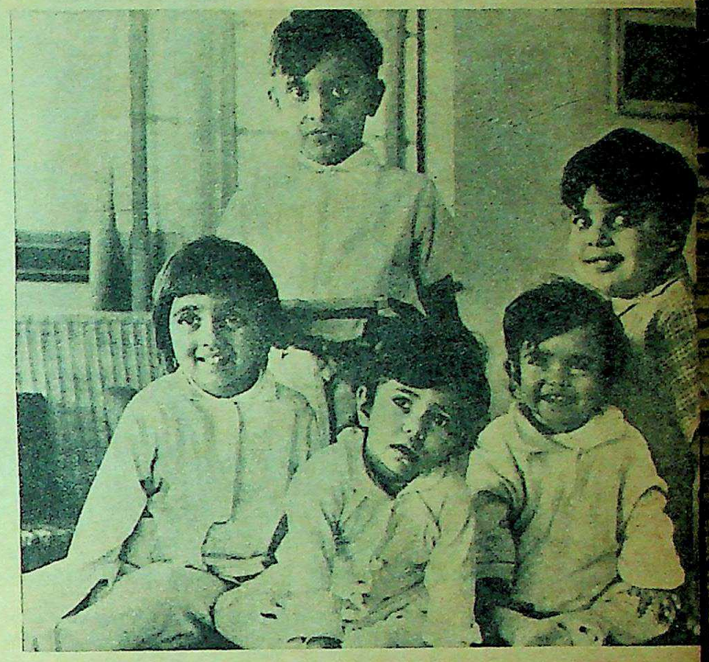


FAMILY PORTRAITS. Left: *Harilal, the eldest son of the Mahatma, with his wife Chanchal. They had five children, two of whom died in infancy. For a while Harilal got into bad company and took to drinking heavily. To spite his father he became a Muslim. Then reverted to Hinduism.* Below: *The Mahatma's great grandchildren* (L to R) *Asha, Ashish, Arati and Kush. Kidar stands at the back. They are the children of Ela and Mewalal Ramgobin. Ela is the daughter of Manilal, the second son of the Mahatma.*



Gandhiji went there in the 1890's. Very devoted to his parents he did everything they expected of him. He was self-educated and was later left behind in South Africa to manage the Phoenix ashram and help edit the weekly *Indian Opinion* which Gandhiji had started in 1903. In his own right he made a name for himself by defying the segregationist policy of the white South African government not only through his paper but by actively contravening the apartheid laws which kept blacks and whites apart at all levels. On a number of occasions he was sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. He once exposed the atrocities committed by the white jailers against the black prisoners which created quite a sensation throughout the country.

He fought on two fronts. Nothing could keep him out of India's struggle for independence. In 1930 when he read of Gandhiji's plan to start the salt satyagraha he rushed to India to join it. Like many others he was beaten up mercilessly and later imprisoned. In 1928 he married Sushila, a niece of Kishorelal Mashruwala. Sushila, at 64, still lives in South Africa. With singleminded devotion, and little help, she looks after the hospital, museum and library built in memory of Mahatma Gandhi and the school in memory of Kasturba. They have a son and two daughters.

Sita is the eldest of the three. At 43 she is a busy housewife married to Shashikant Dhupelia, a Durban businessman. They have three children—Satish, Uma and Kirti.

Arun, that is yours truly, is the most prodigal of all. Smokes, eats non-vegetarian food and is generally regarded as the most un-Gandhian of the lot. Among my other vices, I work at *The Times of India* for a modest living. Married a Maharashtrian girl from Baroda, Sunanda, who comes from the famous Ambegaonkar family. We have two children, Tushar (12), who wants to outdo his father and soar in the skies as a pilot, and Archana, whose ambition in life is to atone for her father's sins.

Ela is the youngest of the lot at 32. She is a firebrand and wants to live to see South Africa a free country in which whites and blacks can live in harmony. She hates to be referred to as Indian. "I am an African," she asserts. She has married another firebrand politician Mewalal Ramgobin, who is a Bhaiya from U.P. At least his ancestors were. He says he is an African. They have five children: Kidar, Kush, Asha, Ashish and Aarti.

RAMDAS MOHANDAS GANDHI (1896-1969) was closest to his father. When he did not live with him in Sevagram he lived near him in Nagpur where he had set up his home and looked after the affairs of Tata as their Branch Manager. He also lived the longest of all the sons, and was the last to die, in 1969, after a prolonged illness. Ramdas was born in South Africa and had always wanted to go back to see the place of his birth. The thing he liked most of South Africa was the delicious golden syrup. He too had played his part in the struggle for India's freedom and had served several terms of imprisonment. He was married to Nirmala who today looks after the guests who visit Sevagram and is a Trustee of the Kasturba Gandhi Memorial Trust. They have three children—Sumitra, Kanu and Usha.

Sumitra is perhaps the most accomplished of all the grandchildren. At least among the girls. She has done her M.A. and LL.B. and was for a short period Collector of Raisina in Madhya Pradesh. Now she holds a senior executive position in F.C.I. in Gujarat. She is married to Gajanand Kulkarni who is a bigwig in the Indian Institute of Management, Ahmedabad. He was formerly in the Union Finance Ministry. They have three children—Ramachandra, Shrikrishna and Sonali.

Kanu qualified as an engineer from Poona University and, after working in Bombay for a few years, went to the U.S.A. to do some specialised training at the M.I.T. He is now attached to a unit of NASA and is one of those inscrutable scientists who live in a world of their own. He is married to a girl from Calcutta—Shivalakshmi, who has a doctorate in Botany.

Usha is a high society housewife in Bombay and an accomplished speaker on the radio. Soon after finishing college she married Harish Gokani, a very successful art silk manufacturer of Bombay, and a past President of SASMIRA. They have two sons —Anand and Sanjay.

DEVADAS MOHANDAS GANDHI (1900-1957). His was a short but full life. Born in Durban, South Africa, he too, like his other brothers spent his childhood in that apartheid-ridden country. The common factors among all the brothers were that they were all self-educated, all of them participated in the freedom struggle and all four of them had to build a life for themselves. Considering the circumstances, Devadas achieved the stupendous height of becoming

—Continued

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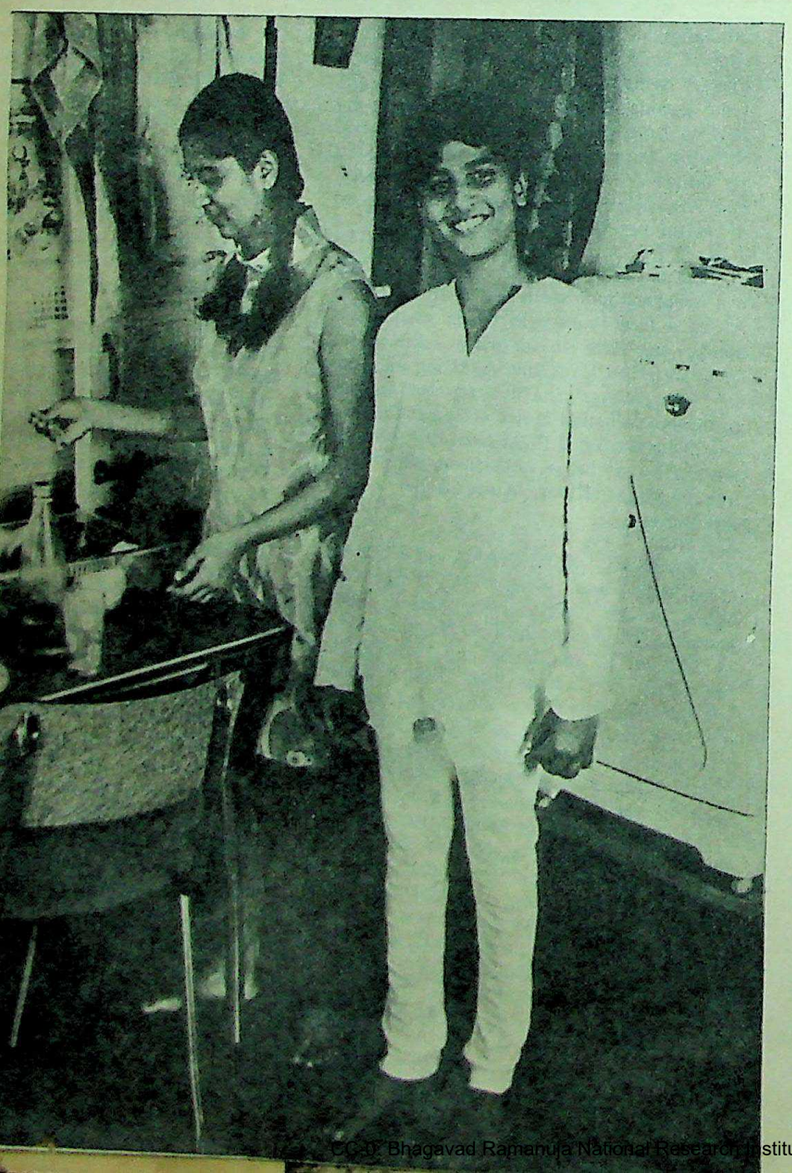
BELL-BOTTOMED GANDHIS? Uma and Satish. They are the children of Sita, the eldest daughter of Manilal Gandhi. She is married to a Durban businessman, Sashikant Dhupelia. They have one more daughter, Kirti.



the Managing Editor and Managing Director of *The Hindustan Times*. He was a very accomplished writer and his political analyses were avidly read by many a top official in the Central Government. His keen perception and depth of knowledge were amazing and what few can match today was his ability to know each one of the staff — from the sweeper to the editor — personally by name and each one's capabilities. He never went to sleep till the paper was on the machine. Yet, he once told me: "Journalism is a miserable profession and you are a fool to have joined it." He married Lakshmi, the daughter of C. Rajagopalachari. Their four children—Tara, Rajmohan, Ramchandra and Gopalkrishna. We always teased them for being double-barrelled. They have eminent grandfathers from both sides.

Tara is the eldest. She has been living in Rome for the past several years as her husband, Dr Jyoti Bhattacharjee, is on loan from the Government of India to the FAO. They have two children—Sona and Vinayak.

Rajmohan is the most eminent of all the grandchildren. A brilliant student—M.A. (Hons), Delhi University—he was being groomed for journalism, but decided the world needed Moral Re-Armament. He spends all his waking hours for this objective and, I dare say, all his nights dreaming of what the world will be like when he has achieved it. He is the most eligible bachelor in town today but his work takes him to such far corners of the earth that it is hard to keep track of him.

Ramchandra is a philosopher. He has two Ph.D.s, one from Delhi and the other from Oxford, and is now teaching the subject at St Stephen's College, Delhi. Both his theses are shortly to be published. He hates limelight, even more than the rest of us, and wants nothing more than to be left alone with his books. His charming Punjabi wife, Indu, is also very accomplished and teaches at Miranda House, Delhi. They have a daughter, Leela.

Gopalkrishna looks a carbon copy of his father. Very genial, loving and knowledgeable. He did his M.A. in Delhi and then passed his IAS and was the Assistant Collector of Tindivanam in Tamil Nadu. Today he is in Madras as an Under Secretary in the Railway Ministry. He was the last of the grandchildren to be married—a few months ago, that is, of course, presuming that Rajmohan chooses to remain an ascetic all his life. Gopu's wife, Tara, a science graduate, is widely travelled and very pretty.

This, in brief, is the story of the Gandhis today. It is a vast family, like any other, with a surname which means we are grain dealers. But none of us are. We are proud, though we may not show it, of our grandfather and it occurs to me it would be good business to charge royalty for the use of his name. That's the Bania in me!

THE AUTHOR'S CHILDREN—Archana and Tushar. Their father, Arun, works for The Times of India. Their mother, Sunanda, comes from the well-known Maharashtrian Ambegaonkar family. Tushar wants to be a pilot and Archana's ambition is "to atone for her father's sins".

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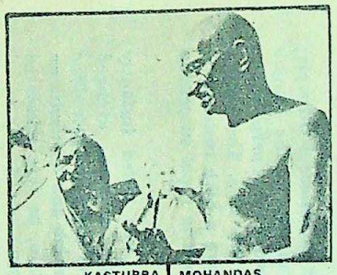
THE GANDHI FAMILY



KASTURBA | MOHANDAS

⊠ *Sons-in-law*

♣ *Daughters-in-law*

HARILAL | CHANCHAL ♣

MANILAL | ♣ SUSHILA

RAMDAS | ♣ NIRMALA

DEVADAS | ♣ LAKSHMI

KANTILAL | ♣ SARASWATI

RASIKLAL

SHANTI

RAMI | ⊠ KUNVERJI

⊠ SURENDRA | MANU

⊠ GAJANAND | SUMITRA

KANU | ♣ SHIVALAKSHMI

⊠ HARISH | USHA

SHANTI ♣ SUSAN

PRADEEP

URMI ⊠ BHUPAT

RAMCHANDRA

SHRIKRISHNA

SONALI

ANJALI

ANITA

MRINAL

ANAND

SANJAY

ANSUYA ⊠ MOHAN | LEKHA RAHUL

NEELAM ⊠ YOGENDRA | SAMIR

PRABODH ♣ MADHAVI | PARAG SONAL

NAVMALIKA ⊠ VRAJLAL | PARUL MANISHA

TARA ⊠ JYOTI

RAJMOHAN

RAMCHANDRA | ♣ INDU

♣ TARA GOPALKRISHNA

SONA

VINAYAK

LEELA

⊠ SHASHIKANT | SITA

ARUN | ♣ SUNANDA

⊠ MEWALAL | ELA

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UDHAM SINGH: The Patriot Who Avenged The Jallianwalla Bagh Massacre

by M. S. GILL

The day of reckoning came after 21 years. Sir Michael O'Dwyer left the Punjab as Governor in 1921, censured for having condoned the killing of over 375 innocent men and women by General Dyer. Sir Michael was shot by Udham Singh on March 13, 1940.

IN SEARCH of history—Punjab's, India's—in Birmingham, I ran into a Sikh immigrant from Sangrur. The conversation inevitably centred on the Punjab, news from home, the latest happenings and the like. We drifted towards history. I mentioned Maharaja Dalip Singh, buried at Elveden Hall, thirty miles from Cambridge. Mehima Singh brought up his pet project—a film on the life of Udham Singh, lone avenger of the Jallianwalla Bagh massacre.

"It will be a great picture. His life and sacrifice were worthy of Bhagat Singh, who, incidentally, was his hero. I have collected much material on Udham. There are men alive who knew him in 1939-40. I have even read his last letters from jail."

I pricked up my ears. "Gill Sahib, they will make you weep—these letters. The noble sentiments; the high mark of courage even in the face of death; the unselfishness; and the sense of humour amidst all the darkness. Oh, he was a real Punjabi!"

"Where are these letters? Who has them? When can I see them?" My questions came in quick succession.

"An old friend and colleague of Udham has them. But you won't be able to see them, leave alone get them. They are the old man's life; to him a treasure beyond price."

Finally I asked Ajit Singh, a Don of Queen's College, Cambridge. He drove me over to a house by the sea, in a quiet English resort. When we arrived there, I pressed the buzzer, while Ajit admired the roses in the front garden. Once, twice. Finally, as the third ring of the buzzer cut through the silence of the house, a window upstairs opened. The kindly face of a genial woman, now knitted in a small frown, peeped out. I mumbled something. She eyed us, particularly Ajit, and said, "Oh, we weren't expecting you. Wait a minute, I will let you in."

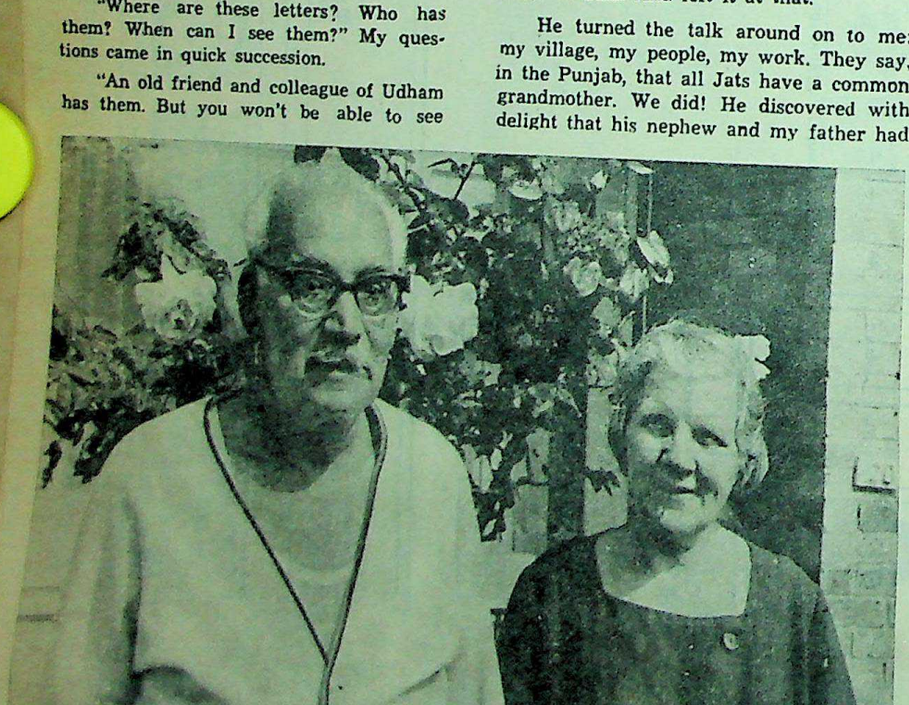
As I stepped into the corridor, I heard a familiar welcome: *"Aao-jee, Aao.* Come upstairs."

Shiv Singh Johal, 65, stood at the top of the landing. We met as if we had always known each other. Soon his wife produced some coffee, and we talked of ourselves.

I introduced myself and came to the point at once. I could not wait. "Sardar Sahib," I said, "I have heard that you have the last letters of Shaheed Udham Singh These are part of our history and will give flesh to our memories. Yo do not know me, but if you can trust me, let me take them back to the Punjab, where they belong. At least permit me to see them."

Shiv Singh Johal was extremely courteous in his reply. "I have the letters, but these are not mine. They belong to the nation," he said. And left it at that.

He turned the talk around on to me: my village, my people, my work. They say, in the Punjab, that all Jats have a common grandmother. We did! He discovered with delight that his nephew and my father had spent thirty summers together in the same cavalry regiment. Now his nephew's son and my brother shared the same squadron of tanks. Mention of Uncle Butalia opened many invisible doors for me. In spite of the gap of thirty years, we could share memories. Sardar Shiv Singh called his wife. "Darling, Mr Gill knows Raghbir and Bindy!"



SHIV SINGH JOHAL with his Norwegian wife. They referred to Udham Singh as "Bawa", since he appeared so detached from worldly ambitions. The Shiv Singhs' home was always open to Udham Singh, though they were aware of his dangerous mission. The last letters of Udham Singh had been preserved with care by Shiv Singh in grateful remembrance of the patriot's sacrifice.

Mrs Johal, Norwegian by birth, Punjabi by choice, was even more interested. Raghbir and Bindy were to her the best nephews anyone could ever have. How they spoilt her when she spent a year in Jullundur. And didn't she know the Sikhs, the village folk and their marvellous hospitality. Oh, the wedding feasts they attended at Jullundur! But for the heat which made her ill, they would never have come away. Sitting by the sea in a quiet English town, we talked of another land.

I turned the conversation to Udham Singh. Shiv Singh's eyes lighted up with distant memories and perhaps the hint of a tear. "We called him Bawa—he was so

—Continued

On March 13, 1940, the Royal Central Asian Society and the East India Association had organised a lecture on Afghanistan—at Caxton Hall, London.

Lord Zetland and Sir Michael O'Dwyer, during whose Governorship of the Punjab the Jallianwalla massacre was perpetrated, were among those on the dais. The lecture ended at 4.30 p.m., when a Sikh rushed forward and fired six shots in rapid succession from a revolver.

Michael O'Dwyer was killed instantly and thus the Amritsar massacre avenged after 21 years. (O'Dwyer had laid down office as Governor of the Punjab and left India on May 30, 1919. In Britain, he was presented with a purse of £20,000.)

Udham Singh, who called himself Mohammed Singh Azad, was committed to trial at the Old Bailey Central Criminal Court, which passed a sentence of death. He went to the gallows on June 12, 1940.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

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NOTE. No payment in part satisfaction of the sum adjudged to be paid by a prisoner, in order to obtain the remission of a part of his imprisonment, can be made on a Sunday, or on a week-day before 9 a.m. or after 5 p.m. but the total amount of fine &c., may be paid at any hour before the closing of the Prison at 10 p.m., or on any day. No part payment can be accepted in the case of a prisoner committed by a County Court.

In cases in which part payment of fine would have been accepted during the prescribed hours, but full payment is made on account of the time at which payment is tendered, the difference will be refunded as soon as possible to the person making payment.

In replying to this letter, please write on the envelope:—

Number 1010 Name M. Azad

Brixton Prison

15 · 3 · 1940

Dear Mr. Singh —

Friends I am sorry that I do not know your full name. Please will you do me a fever to send me few books so I can keep busy my self here I am having plenty of time to study and the place I am is very fine But still I am looking forward to go some better castle — If you some books in Urdu or Gurmukhi and if you have time to do so then pl past the Books to me.

No. 24. (18721—19-6-34)

But I am letting you one thing I dont want your [illegible] Books as I do not believe them nor Mahamedenism. So you can please your self. I am sure I could get some books from S. O. Mohan Singh. But he has gone back and I do not know you who is the Incharge of the Gurdawara now that is all. I am a Prisoner and writing from Brixton Jail I have to stay here I am having many body guards and I am well looked after — I hope and wish soon I will be known again when all of you will be old. Because the case against me is case I wanted for many years — I am have not to written you in Hindustani — But still you will understand the sort of book I want

Some books about history or Indian news papers I tell you one thing as my experience you will not take this trouble for me. But I do not care much But if you do sent the Books you will be appreciated and I will be much thankful to your trouble — So good bey to all

Yours sincerely
Mohamed Singh Azad
in
Hospital Brixton
Prison

note London
I am Guest of the
H.M. The King George
now — Sincerely

THE FIRST LETTER. Udham Singh makes a request to Shiv Singh Johal for books in Urdu or Gurmukhi—"some books about history or Indian newspapers". Unperturbed by the outcome of his trial, he says, "I am looking forward to go some better castle". He adds a postscript: "I am guest of the H.M. the King George now." Udham Singh signed himself as Mohamed Singh Azad.

P.S. (2)

a gentleman comes to see me nearly every day he is a head of some missions in India and trying me to Bring Faith in Christianity. Now what about the sikhs if they dont mind me to looking from there religion. So I may please the old man who waist his time for me. I might get good possession in gaol when I will go back as I am thinking to adopt there religion as I will be belong to Church of England. Just to please him as he waist his time and my time also. I have written to Maslim Mosque Putey about Quran Sherif I like to read But I do not think they will sent to me But I do mind I am still Mahamed Singh Just the some I care Blunt if they dont

(3)

I am sitting in the school like a child — I will ask the Governor of Prison if he will allow me to see some one from the sikh temple Because the Priest are allowed — any. how if you have some one who can come from your church please let me know by return so I may ask the Governor — will be pleased to see my own Priest after 21 years. But now as the time is getting heavier day by day and before I leave every body behind I like to see all the Priest I can. Till then I may say Chinese to all my dear friends

Yours [illegible]

POSTSCRIPT TO THE SECOND LETTER. The prison chaplain had been visiting Udham Singh and he writes to say that he is thinking of joining the Church of England—just to please the padre. At the same time, he wants "to see my own priest after 21 years" and also asks for the "Quran Sherif".

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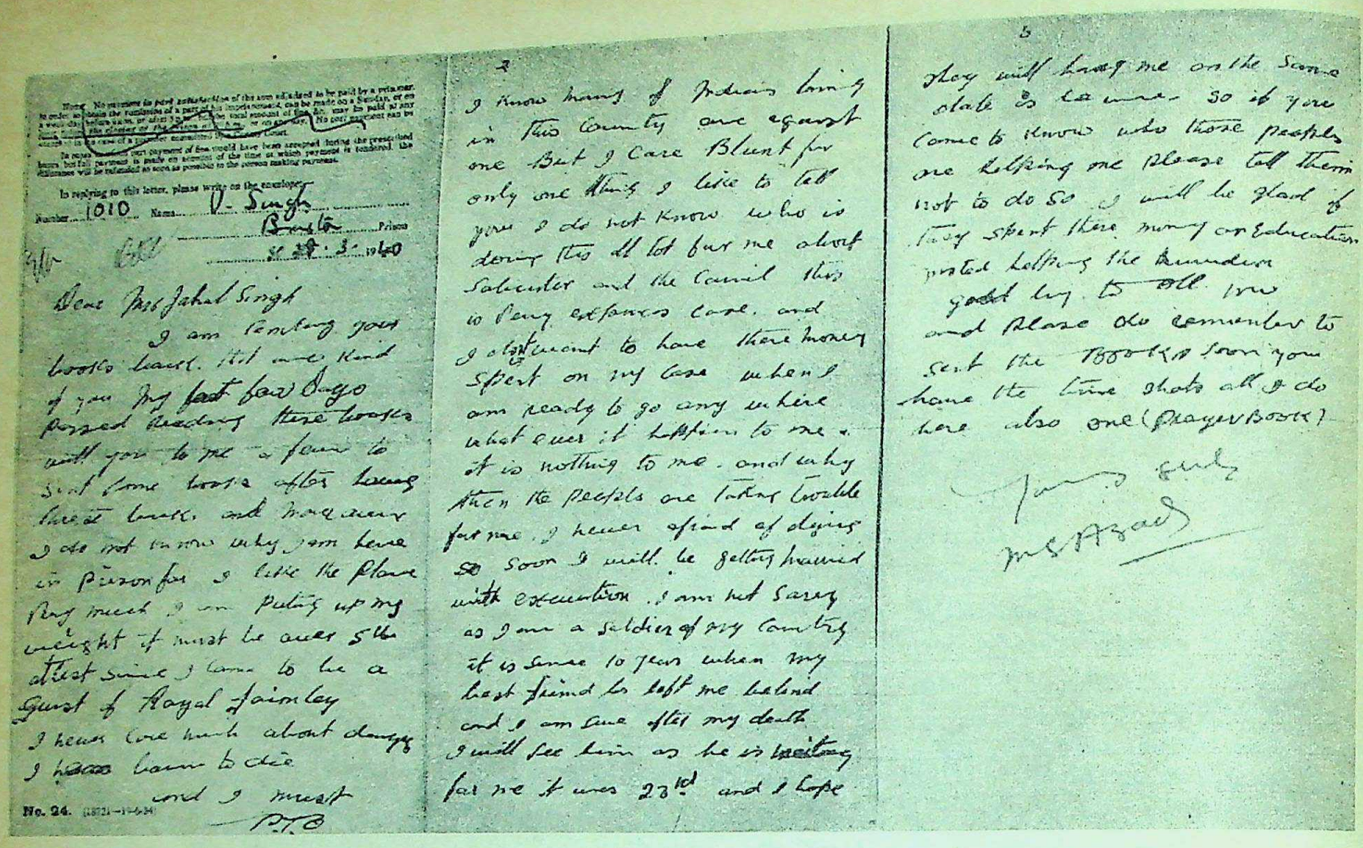
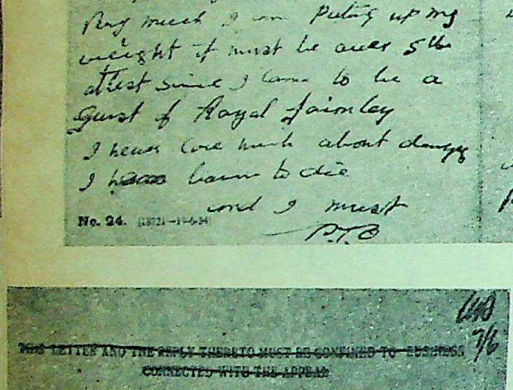


In replying to this letter, please write on the envelope:—
Number 1010 Name V. Singh
Brixton Prison
8.IV.1940

Dear Mr Johal Singh
I am sending you books Learn. All are Kind of you My last Dear Daya passed Reading these books with you to me a favor to Send some books after being Freed books and magazine I do not know why I am here in Prison for I like the place Very much I am putting up my weight if must be over 5lb at least since I came to be a Guest of Royal Family
I am not sorry as I am a soldier of my country so if you come to know those people who are helping me please tell them not to do so I will be glad if they Spent the money on Education.
I know lots of Indians living in this Country one against one But I Care Blunt for only one thing I like to tell you I do not Know who is doing this all for me about Solicitor and the Council this is Very expensive Case and I object much to have these money Spent on my Case when I am ready to go any where what ever it happen to me it is nothing to me and why such the people are taking trouble for me I never afraid of dying so Soon I will be getting Married with execution I am not Sorry as I am a Soldier of my Country it is since 10 years when my best friend he left me behind and I am one after my death I will see him as he is waiting for me it was 23rd and I hope
they will hang me on the same date as I came So if you come to know who those people are helping me please tell them not to do So I will be Glad if they spent there money on Education.
posted letting the Rumdon
Good by to all
and Please do remember to Sent the Books as soon you have the time photo all I do here also one (Prayer Book)
Yours truly
M S Azad



THIS LETTER AND THE REPLY THERETO MUST BE CONFINED TO BUSINESS CONNECTED WITH THE APPEAL

In replying to this letter, please write on the envelope :—
Number .. Name ..
PENTONVILLE Prison
7. Dec. 1940.

Dear Sir, I would you please be good enough to forward me the Sikhs Prayer book (Gutka).
I would be greatly appreciate.
Yours Faithfully,
Udham Singh 27/12

THE THIRD LETTER. Udham Singh continues to be light-hearted. "I am putting up my weight, it must be over 5 lb. at least since I came to be a guest of Royal Family... I am not sorry as I am a soldier of my country... so if you come to know those people who are helping me, please tell them not to do so. I will be glad if they spent the money on Education." Left: In this last letter, Udham Singh asks for the Sikh Prayer Book (Gutka).

indifferent to the ambitions and successes of this world. The other Punjabis—a couple of hundred at best—often chided him for not working and earning enough. He would always reply with gentle mockery that, while they only thought of bread and butter, he had some work to do. Udham flitted about the Shepherds Bush Gurdwara in London like a shadow. No one really knew what he was up to. Nor, for that matter, did the simple immigrant labour really care. They had their jobs to do and their families to look after."

"How did you get to know him?" I asked.

"In the beginning we were just casual acquaintances. Sometimes he came and had a meal with me. In India, I had lived in the U.P. for a while and knew the father of poet Ram Parshad Bismil, the Kakori case martyr. One evening, we were talking of India's plight and I quoted a couplet from Bismil. I missed a line. Bawa promptly supplied it. From that moment, I took him to my heart. I told him—'Bawa, whatever you may be up to, this house is always yours'."

A lump rose in my throat. I thought of Bhagat Singh and his band of brothers and their ambition:

Sarfaroshi ki tamanna ab hamare dil mein hai;
Dekhna hai, zor kitna bazoo-i-qatil mein hai.

Shiv Singh continued: "Udham was brought up at the Sikh orphanage at Amritsar. He was one of the volunteers serving water at the Jallianwalla Bagh meeting. The bloodshed and the subsequent humiliations heaped on our people seared his memory. He carried the burden of revenge constantly in his wanderings in America and Europe. Bawa confided his purpose to me. I said to him, 'What you do is your business, but this house is always open to you, no matter what happens.' Months passed. Nothing happened. One evening, as he talked of such matters, I cut him short. I thought he was more of a talker than a doer. Udham explained. He had not been able to get O'Dwyer and the Secretary of State together. I let it pass. On March 13, 1940, Udham redeemed his pledge to himself and his people. In the Tudor room of Caxton Hall he shot Michael O'Dwyer dead. Lord Zetland and Sir Louis Dane were wounded. As he was led away by the police Udham was calm—almost serene. He felt free in spite of the handcuffs. The insult and disgrace of Jallianwalla was wiped out in blood.

"Bawa was always so considerate. A couple of weeks before the event he stopped seeing me. He did not want the police to harass anyone for his deed. We collected money for his defence. Krishna Menon helped very much. But Bawa was not interested. He thought we were wasting money unnecessarily. He had done what he wanted to and was not afraid to pay the price. To the last he was brave and cheerful—even indifferent. He had only one anxiety. In his last days he would often ask me 'Do you think I will measure up to the sacrifice of Bhagat Singh?'"

Shiv Singh paused. We felt it was time to leave. He would not hear of it. We must have lunch. Mrs Johal came in from the kitchen and reinforced his request with a smile. "Will you have *parathas* or *chappatis*?" We opted for *chappatis*.

Shiv Singh thought the occasion called for "Karah Parshad", the Sikh halwa. Mrs Johal put the Amritsari cooks to shame

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

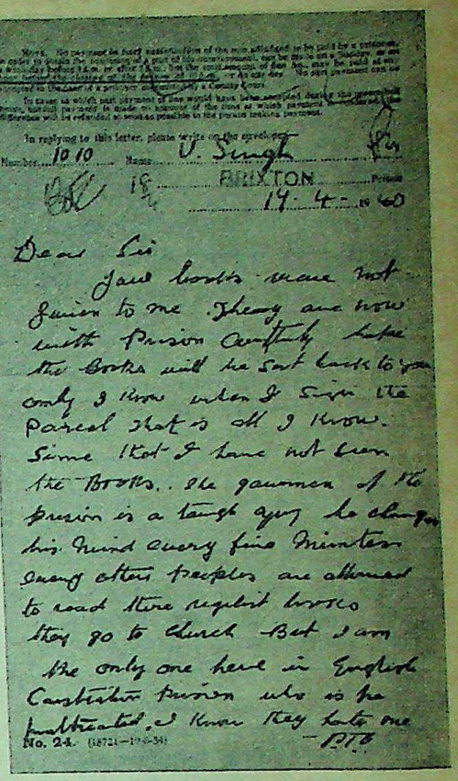
ON THE LETTERS

Udham was not afraid to die and in fact retained his sense of humour to the last. He claims in his letters that he is the guest of "the His Majesty, The King George". In another place he says he is the guest of the "Royal Family". In the second letter he asks for some books to study as "since I am going for examination. I hope this time is the highest degree a person can obtain in jail". In his third letter he writes that money should not be wasted on his trial as he is "ready to go anywhere whatever it happens to me, it is nothing to me... I never afraid of dying; so, soon I will be getting married with execution. I am not sorry as I am a soldier of my country. It is since 10 years my best friend has left me behind and I am sure after my death I will see him as he is waiting for me. It was 23rd and I hope they will hang me on the same date as he was". The reference here is to Bhagat Singh.

In the second letter there is an amusing reference to a Christian priest who tries to convert him. "A gentleman comes to see me nearly every day. He is a head of some mission in India and trying me bring faith in Christianity. Now what about the Sikhs if they do not mind me to loosing from their religion. So I may please the old man who waist his time for me. I might get good position in India when I will go back as I am thinking to adopt their religion as I will be belong to Church of England. Just to please him as he waist his time and my time also". One can almost hear Udham Singh laughing at the absurd attempts of the padre to convert him.

In the fourth letter there is a sentimental reference to Heer Waris Shah. Udham Singh wanted to get this book to the Old Bailey "for to take oath". In the last sentence of this letter he again says, "Now he is my priest so I like to have his book taken to court with me". This reference is again to Waris Shah.

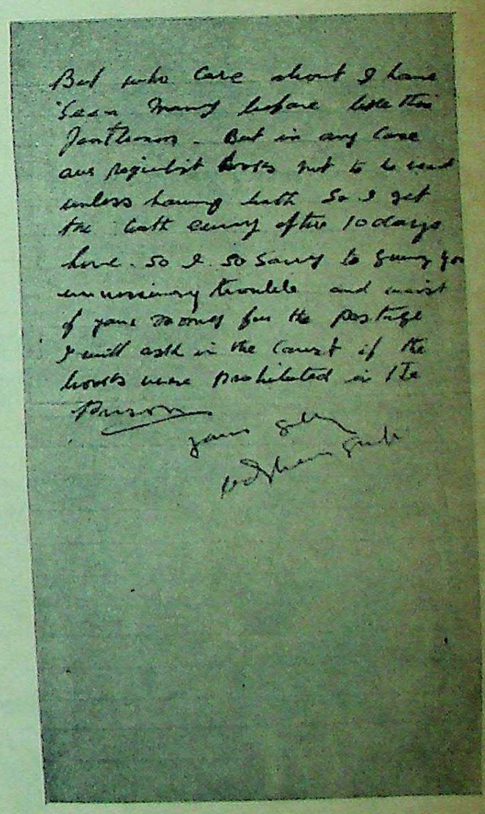
*His attitude to religion is interesting. In a general way, like all young men of the time, he claimed nationalism as his religion and called himself Mohammed Singh Azad. Even in these letters he does claim indifference to religion. But at the same time he wrote all his letters to the Sri Guru Singh Sabha of the Shepherds Bush Gurdwara in London. He asked for religious books, including the Quran. In the second letter, he writes that he "will ask the Governor of prison that he will allow me to see someone from Sikh temple...will be pleased to see my own priest after 21 years. But now as the time is getting nearer day by day and before I leave everybody behind I like to see all the priest I can". In the fifth letter, he complains about the Governor of the Prison who did not give him the books sent for him and says that "Every peoples are allowed to read their religious books they go to church. But I am the only one here in English Construction Prison who is he maltreated." In the same letter there is an interesting passage which shows his inner attitude to his faith. He consoles himself about not getting the religious book by saying "but in no case our religious books not to be read unless having bath. So I get the bath every after 10 days here". **The last letter is a request for a Sikh prayer book (Gutka).** After this the Chaplain of the Prison also requested for a prayer book in Urdu or Gumukhi. These were sent and acknowledged by the Prison Chaplain. From all this it should not be difficult to guess Udham Singh's feelings about his faith.*



In replying to this letter, please write on the envelope
Number 1010 Name U. Singh
B1 18 BRIXTON Prison
14.4.40

Dear Sir
Jail books were not
Given to me. They are now
with Prison Authority. After
the Books will be sent back to you
only I know when I sign the
Parcel that is all I know.
Since I Got I have not seen
the Books. The governor of the
prison is a tough guy he changes
his mind every five minutes every
Time Printers
many others peoples are allowed
to read their regulir books
they go to church But I am
the only one here in English
Construction prison who is he
maltreated. I know they hate me
P.T.O.

No. 24. (18721—1750-5/41)



But who care about I have
been many before like this
Gentleman. But in any case
our regulir books not to be read
unless having bath. So I get
the bath every after 10 days
here. So I so sorry to give you
unnecessary trouble and cost
of your money for the postage
I will ask in the Court if the
books were prohibited in the
Prison.

Yours sincerely
U. Singh

THE FIFTH LETTER. *"The governor of the prison is a tough guy—he changes his mind every five minutes... But I have seen many before like this gentleman." Udham Singh wrote in all seven letters from gaol. After his execution, the Deputy Governor of Pentonville returned to Shiv Singh Johal "the property belonging to this man" but refused to accede to the request for his ashes.*

in the cooking of it. We found it difficult to refuse a second helping! Another round of coffee and Shiv Singh produced the letters. With what loving care they had been kept! In 1940, who would have valued the last scribbled notes of a terrorist, awaiting the gallows? The envelopes, the bills and receipts for the trial expenses were all there, neatly kept in albums. Shiv Singh called his wife: "Darling, where is the photo of Bawa?" A family album was produced. **The Johals talked gently of Bawa as of a long-lost, much-loved son. We felt almost like intruders and prepared to take their leave.**

Shiv Singh picked up the albums and handed them to me. "Please take them," he said. I know what it cost him to say so. I myself felt as if I was carrying Udham Singh's ashes home. As we drove towards London, Ajit and I were both silent. But a couplet which Bhagat Singh quoted in his last letter to his brother kept haunting my mind:

A guest of moments am I, O Mehfil,
A lamp to put out at dawn.
The lightning of my thoughts shall
remain in the air,
This handful of dust matters not.
Farewell!
Be happy compatriots, we go a-
journeying.

The man who ultimately called himself Mohammed Singh Azad to emphasise the oneness of religions and the various communities of the Indian subcontinent is, ironically enough, commemorated in his native town of Sunam by two different statues standing close together. Rival religious communities claimed him for their own and someone with a sense of humour solved the problem by suggesting the setting up of two statues.

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ON A REPUBLIC DAY

by HARISHANKAR PARSAI

Why is our Republic Day always shrouded in clouds and bitterly cold?

FOUR times I have seen the Republic Day parade in Delhi; I don't have the strength to do it a fifth. Why is it that every time I go the weather turns cruel? Even before the 26th of January, it begins to snow in the hills, a cold wave starts, clouds gather, the sun remains hidden, and it rains every once in a while. Just as Delhi doesn't have its own economic policy, it doesn't have a weather of its own either. The economic policy is established by the Dollar and the Pound, by the International Monetary Fund and the Aid India Consortium; similarly, Delhi's weather is determined by Kashmir, Sikkim, Rajasthan, and other places.

I am not so foolish as to believe that this happens only the year I go to see the parade. Even those who go regularly say that on every Republic Day the sky is sunless and the weather bitterly cold.

Just what is the reason? What is the mystery?

When the Congress had not split I had asked a Congress Minister, "Why is the sun always hidden on Republic Day? Why can't we celebrate for once under a bright sun?"

He said, "Be patient. We are trying to make the sun come out, but it is not easy with such an old sun. It will take time. Give us first at least a hundred years of administration."

We gave them a hundred years to bring the sun out. However, one should be able to see, each year, at least a little bit of it. Certainly the sun is not a baby stuck in the womb of the horizon whom they will suddenly bring out one day by a caesarian operation.

More recently, when the Congress broke apart, I asked an 'Indicate' Congressite. His reply was: "Every time we tried to bring the sun out of the clouds, the Syndicatewallas threw obstacles in our way. Now, however, we promise you the sun for the next Republic Day."

A Syndicatewalla happened to overhear. He said, "That lady is caught in the meshes of the Communists. It is they who are pushing her to bring the sun out. They hope from behind the clouds will emerge their coveted 'red sun'. We ask, 'Why is it necessary to bring the sun out? Wouldn't it be enough just to remove the clouds?' "

I questioned an S.S.P. *Bhai*. He replied, "The sun must act in an anti-Congress fashion. At the instance of Dr Lohia, it has filled out our party's membership form. You can't expect it to watch a Congress chief stand in review! Put a non-Congressite on the reviewing stand, then you will see. The sun will come out for sure."

I then asked a Jan Sanghi *Bhai*. He was very frank. "If the sun had been secular it would have come out for the parade of this party. How can you imagine this government can persuade Bhagawan Amshumali to come out? The sun will emerge forth only for our government."

The Communist was still more blunt. "This is a CIA conspiracy. The Seventh Fleet is sending these clouds to Delhi."

The leader of the Swatantra Party said, "Did you expect anything else from toeing the Russian line?"

The P.S.P. *Bhai* said, somewhat half-heartedly, "It is a rather complex question. The next session of the National Council is expected to take a decision on this issue. I shall then let you know."

I couldn't get hold of Rajaji, but if I had succeeded what else could he have said except Be Happy, at least the stars still come out in this *raj*?

I'll wait. Let the sun come out when it will.

OUR Independence Day also comes in the midst of heavy rains. The British were very clever. They gave us our freedom in the middle of the rainy season and left. Ran off, like that wicked lover who absconded with the umbrella of his beloved. Now when she walks to the bus-stand, getting drenched, she is tortured not by the memory of her lover but by the thought of that umbrella-thief.

Our Independence Day gets drenched in the rain; our Republic Day shivers in the cold.

I stand watching the parade, my hands stuffed in the pockets of my overcoat. The Prime Minister goes by with some foreign dignitary in an open car. The commentator on the radio says, "Loud clapping can be heard." I am watching: no one around me is clapping. We all have our hands stuffed in our pockets. No one wants to expose them. They might get frozen.

But, even if we are not clapping, others are. The people sitting on the bare ground clap. They don't have coats to warm their hands. It seems our Republic Day rests on freezing hands. Only those hands clap for it whose owners don't own warm clothes.

But some say—"Poverty should be removed."

Others respond—"Those who demand that are a threat to Democracy."

There are floats for every State in the Republic Day parade. They are, however, not truly representative. '*Satyameva Jayate*' is our motto, but the floats tell lies. They display development programmes, folkways, or history. Actually, each State ought to depict on its float what made that State famous in the preceding twelve months. The Gujarat float should depict the Ahmedabad riots. A house burning, a child being thrown into the flames. I had hoped the Andhra float would show Harijans being burnt alive. Alas, nothing like that was shown. What perfidy! A State gains international fame for its riots

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in this country

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but displays on its float small-scale industries! Is there a better 'cottage industry' in this country than riots?

My own Madhya Pradesh tried to come closer to the truth two years ago. On their float they displayed famine-relief activities. It was, however, only half the truth. That particular year M.P. had gained fame not for famine-relief work, but for malpractices in it. If I had had my way I would have shown false muster rolls being filled, paymasters putting their thumb impression against thousands of names, and money being passed between *netas*, officers and contractors. The official float didn't come anywhere near *this* truth. Last year our State gained a name on account of the *Tat-Patti* incident. I would have enjoyed a tableau of ministers, officers and others standing around munching on *Tat-Patti*.

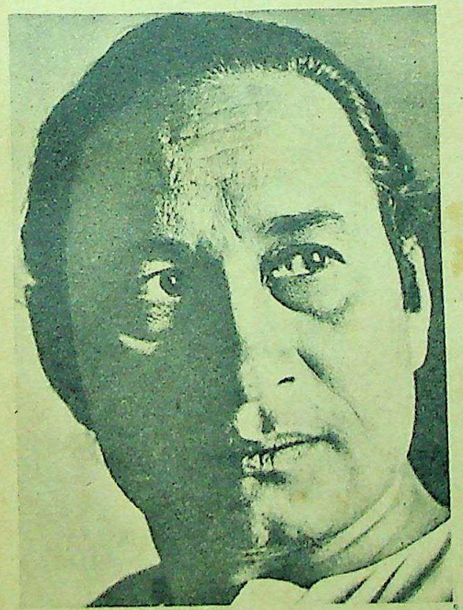
AS is the case with the floats, so with the official pronouncements. Every year it is announced: Socialism is coming. It hasn't come yet. Where did it get stuck? Just about every party promises every year that Socialism is coming, but it has yet to come.

I dream. Socialism has come and stands on a hill outside the city. The people of the city stand ready with *arti thals* to welcome him. But the hill has been surrounded by Socialists of all colours. Each of them has promised the people he would personally lead Socialism by the hand into the city.

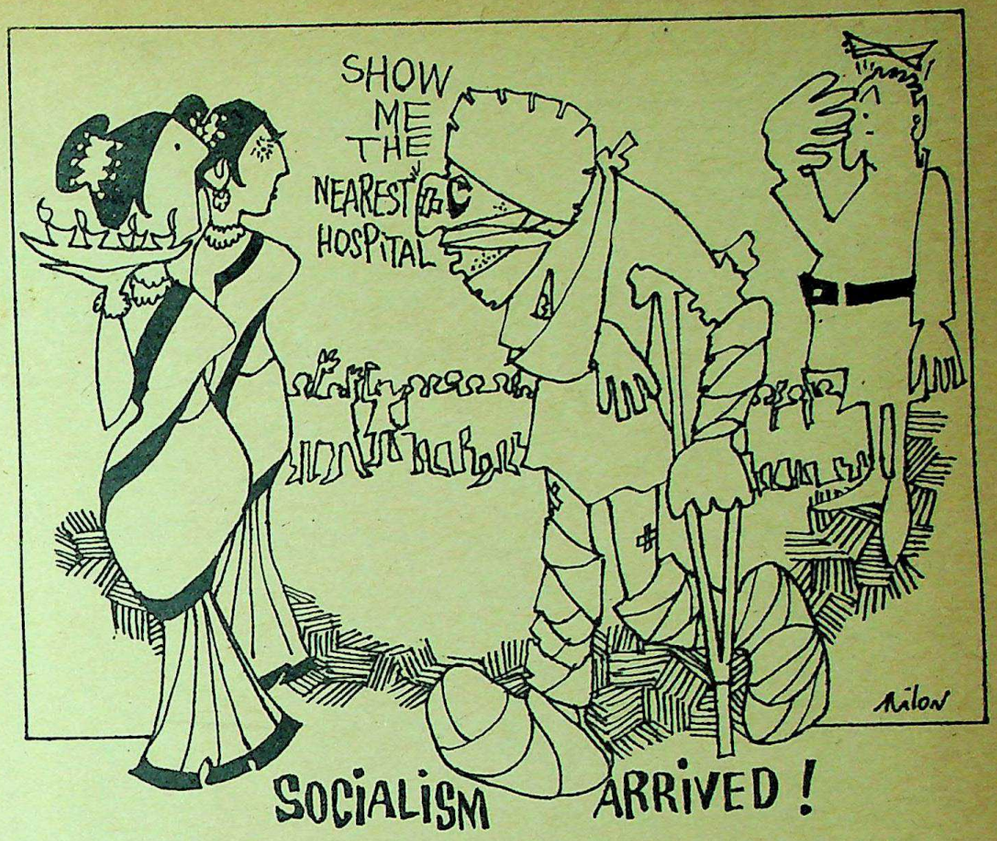
Socialism shouts from the summit, "Take me to the people."

The Socialists encircling the hill reply, "First we must decide who will hold your hand and lead you into town."

Socialism has been 'gheraoed'. There are the Democratic-Socialists of the P.S.P. and the S.S.P., there are the Communists of both the People's Democracy and the National Democracy types, there are the Congressites of the two varieties, there are several people from the Socialist Unity Forum. There are also the Revolutionary Socialists. Everyone wants to lead Socialism by the hand into the city and declare: here, I have brought you Socialism.



HARISHANKAR PARSAI (b. 1924) is one of the most creative satirists in Hindi. There was no satirical writing worth the name in Hindi before 1950. Parsai has tried to fill this gap. He lives in Jabalpur.



Socialism is bewildered. So are the people. Socialism stands ready to come, but the Socialists are engaged in fisticuffs. Socialism tries to climb down, but is showered with stones and threats. "Beware! Not that way." One Socialist grabs a hand, another grabs the other. They begin to pull their separate ways. Other Socialists jump in and pull free his hands. Socialism stands on the summit, drenched in blood.

IN this country the person who champions something is always the one who destroys it. Those who are clamouring for freedom of expression are the ones trying to rob the writer of his freedom. Those charged with establishing cooperatives are the ones killing that movement. Cooperation has become merely a matter of spirit. They all cooperate with one another in taking bribes. The revolution is dead. The Socialists themselves are blocking the path of Socialism.

Meanwhile the Prime Minister has announced that Socialism is just around the corner.

I begin to imagine things.

A pronouncement has been made in Delhi: "Socialism is starting on a tour of the country. He should be taken everywhere. All efforts should be made to welcome him."

One Secretary remarks to another, "Well, here is another of those V.I.P.s. Now we must make arrangements for him too. They certainly are a pain in the neck."

Orders go out to the Collectors, who write to the S.D.O.s, and they in turn to the tehsildars.

Instructions are sent to police officers: "Protect Socialism."

In the office the Barre Babu asks the Chhote Babu. "Arey, Tiwari Babu, didn't we get some g.o. about Socialism? Can you see where it is?"

Tiwari Babu somehow manages to find the paper and brings it over. The Barre Babu exclaims—"Arey, that Socialism passed through here the day before yesterday! No one went to the station to receive him! Tiwari Babu, why do you always sit on papers? That's a very bad habit."

All the officers speak to the Chief Secretary. "Sir, can't this Socialism come later? The thing is we are unable to make full arrangements for his protection. Dassera is not far off. There are chances of a riot. All the 'force' is at present engaged in that work."

The Chief Secretary writes to New Delhi. "We are unable to arrange for the protection of Socialism. His arrival should be postponed for a while."

Where papers concerning Socialism's arrival get lost in files, where arrangements can't be made for its protection—if under such circumstances and with the support of such a Sarkar you want to bring in Socialism, go ahead. I have no particular objection. If Socialism comes, not through the efforts of the people but through files, it will be at least a historical event.

(Translated from the Hindi by C. M. Naim)

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

THE MEOS

by M. R. DUA Photographs by Chander Kanta

The half-a-million Muslim Meos are an ancient rural community of North India. They are a warm-hearted and friendly people. They live in the area once known as Mewat—Alwar and Bharatapur in Rajasthan and Gurgaon in Haryana.

A CLOUD of dust rose behind us as we drove into Shahzadpur, a sleepy village in the district of Gurgaon. Dressed in their multicoloured clothes, men, women and children cheered us vigorously as our vehicle came to a halt.

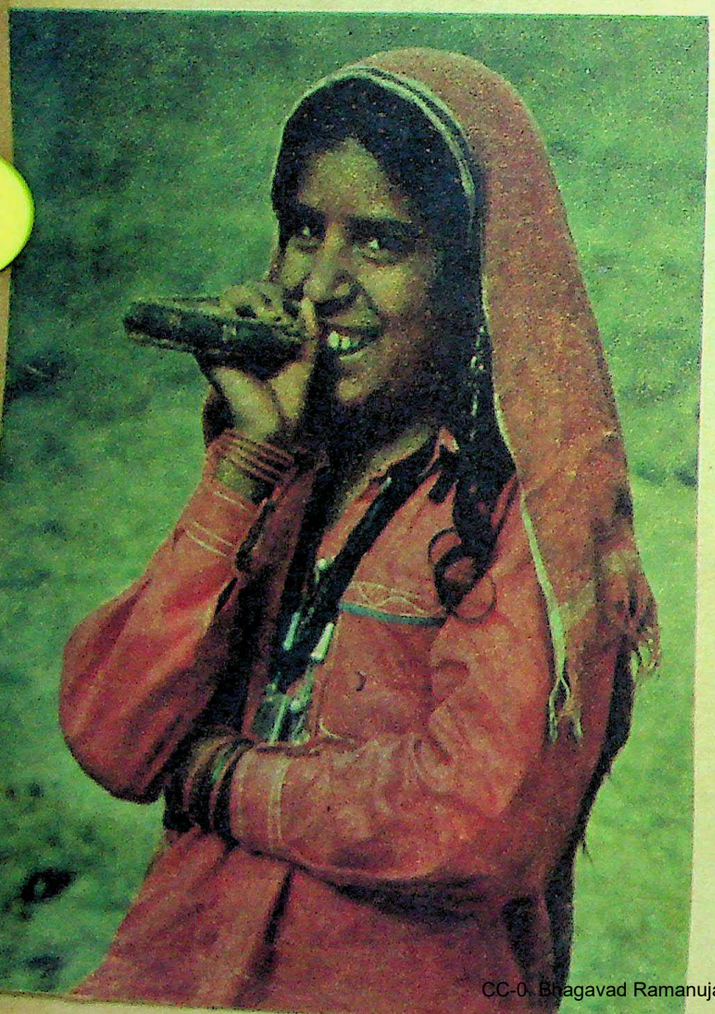
Soon after, they escorted us in a small procession headed by the village band playing old Mewati airs.

We were greeted in the same manner when we arrived in tiny Meo settlements in Mathura and Alwar. This is the usual way in which the Meos receive visitors from Delhi and other big cities.

The Meos are Muslims but proudly claim descent from Lord Rama, Lord Krishna, Arjuna and Bhishma Pitamaha. They are mentioned in several epics and romances written by Chandbardai, Laldas and others. They are probably the progeny of the 36 famous "Kulbans" including the Chandrabans, Surajbans, Yadubans, Tomarbans and Chauhanbans, and are distant relations of the Rajputs, Minas, Khanzadas (Pathans), Jats, Gujars and Ahirs and some other martial races of India.

Captain C. E. Yate wrote in 1870 that the Meos observed Muslim festivals and also celebrated Janmashtami, Dassera, Holi and Divali. "They often keep brahmin priests to write *pili-chithi* or a note fixing the date of a marriage. They call themselves by Hindu

—*Continued*



MEO GIRLS are sturdy and cheerful. They are in no way different from the village women elsewhere in India; they work in the fields, are married early, bear many children and many hardships.

SILVER ORNAMENTS for the peasant bride. Her father will be long indebted to the money-lender.

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THE BRIDEGROOM with his barat is welcomed and feted by everybody. In the time-honoured tradition of rural India, the bride is considered the daughter of the entire village and her marriage is a matter of local prestige. Below: *The maulvi saheb and the guests pray for the new couple after the marriage register has been signed.*

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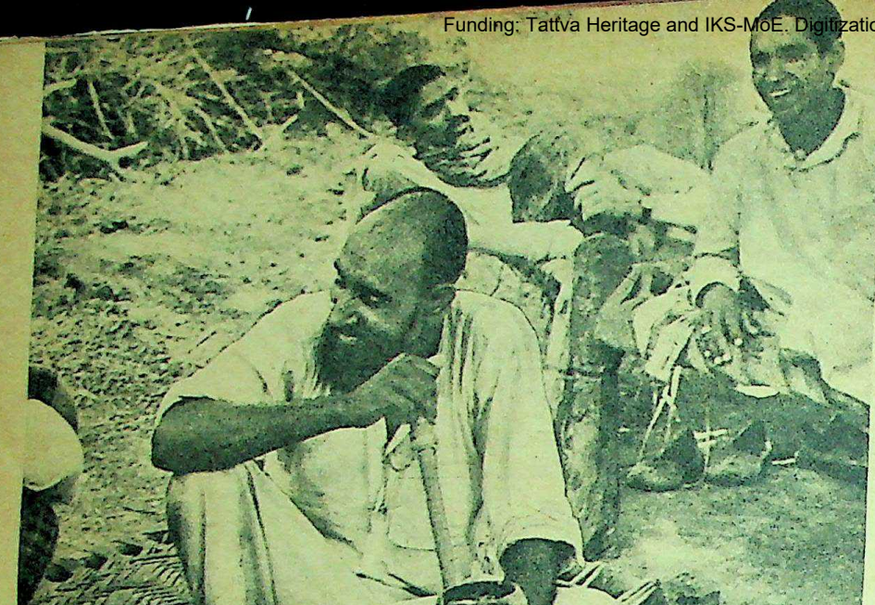

AFTERNOON GOSSIP. The Meos are a tradition-loving agricultural people. But this rustic milieu has produced such eminent Meos as the Marxist historian, the late Dr Kunwar Mohammed Ashraf, one of the most outstanding intellectuals and Communist leaders of modern India. Mutlabi Faridabadi, famous Urdu poet of the Marxist tradition, is also a Meo.

names, with the exception of "Ram" and "Singh". On Amavas the Meos, along with Hindu Ahirs, Gujars, etc., do not work. When they make a well, the first proceeding is to erect a *chabutra* to Bhairoji or Hanuman. However, when plunder is to be obtained, they have often shown little respect for shrines and temples, and when the sanctity of a threatened place has been urged, they resort with a "*tum Deo, to hum Meo*"—"you may be a Deo (god), but I am a Meo".

Sir Herbert Rislay in his book, *The People of India*, inclines to the belief that the Bhils are the aboriginal stock from whom the Meos are descended. And Mr Channing wrote, "Meos are such of the aboriginal Mina population of the Aravalli hills as were converted to Muhammadanism, and their name is probably a corruption of Mewasti, or the men of the mountain passes."

Mewat is said to be the Sanskrit "*minavati*", rich in fish, while the Meos themselves derive it from *maheo*, a word used in driving cattle. Again, Mina is said to come from Amina Meo or "pure". Meo was a term applied to those who did not become Muslims. The Hindu Meos and Minas claim to be Rajputs, but are not so regarded by other Hindus. The Muslim Meos call themselves "Mewatis".

A Muslim source describes those people to be Meos who were converted in the 8th century by Muhlib-ibn-Safra. Those who became Muslims first were Munhait Khan (Jaipal), Daulat Khan, Shujaat Khan (Dharampal) and Karim Khan (Dhanpal). Many Persian and Arabic historians have derived the word Meo from "Mewva" which means brave, gallant, chivalrous and defiant people. Maulana Zakaullah in his *Tarikh-i-Hind*, Maulana Syed Ali Bilgrami in his *Tarikh-i-Tammadan-i-Hind*, Maulana Najamul Moghni in his *Tarikh-i-Hind*, Pinakilal Joshi in his *Tarikh-i-Hind* and numerous other works support this belief.

However, two other Meo historians, Mohammad Ashraf Khan and Hakim Ajmal Khan, have recently put forward new derivations. According to Ashraf Khan, Meo is the spoiled form of "Meds", a group of people who came to India in the first century A.D. Mewat is the place of Meds or *Med-pat*. They also settled in upper Sind (Larkana, Khairpur, Sukker and Gandwah, now in Pakistan). Then they moved on to cross the Jamuna and settled in the Upper Doab (Aligarh, Etawah, Mathura) and then at Bharatpur and Alwar. Mohammad Ashraf Khan quotes A. Cunningham in support of his contention thus, "The Meds or Mands as they are called by Muslim writers are most certainly the representatives of the Mandrueni who lived in the Mandrus river, to the South of Oxus and as their name is found in the Punjab in the notices of several classical writers from the beginning of the Christian era downward and in none before that time, I conclude that they must have accompanied their neighbours Jati or Jat on their forced migration from the Oxus to India".

Hakim Ajmal Khan, journalist and writer, who edits the only Meo journal, *The Meo Gazette*, has opined that the words *Med* and *Mer* were the original form of the word Meo as Zat was the word for Jat. As the Meos also lived in Mewar and Udaipur, there are popular names among Meos till today like Med Khan, Amed, Medi, Made Singh, Meda, and Made Khan. He firmly believes that the Meos are the heirs of the original Aryans.

Some parts of M.P., U.P. and Delhi also have Meo settlements. The total area of Mewat is 3,090 sq. miles, comprising nine tehsils—two of the district of Gurgaon—Nuh and Ferozpur Jhirka); three in Bharatpur—Deeg, Nagar, and Kaman; and four of Alwar—Tijara, Kishengarh, Alwar and Lachmangarh. The territory of Mewat is about 40 miles south of Delhi. The total population of Mewat was over 12 lakhs of which some five lakhs are Meos. In some villages, 98% of the population are Meos with a mere sprinkling of Rajputs and Banias, Ahirs and Thakurs, Jats and Gujars, Brahmans and refugees from Pakistan who migrated to India during the partition in 1947.

It is however only in Bharatpur and Alwar that one finds the original culture of the Meos. Those living in Gurgaon and Alwar, since they are near Delhi, have been affected by the orthodox faith of the Muslims of Delhi and Aligarh. Besides, they are more affluent and conscious of their rights and privileges.

Lovers Of Freedom

The Meos of Mewat have jealously guarded their freedom. During 1857 Meos fought along with the Gujars. Haig remarks in the *Cambridge History of India*: "During the early Mohammedan kingdoms, the area known as Mewat had never been permanently conquered and the depredations of its inhabitants, the Meos, extended at times to the walls of Delhi and beyond the Jamuna into the Doab". Since the Meos were settled in the Sind areas and ruled before the Rajputs came on the scene, they were active all over. According to Cunningham, the Rajput kings were able to rule with the help and cooperation of the Meos. They sided with King Bijayapal when Mehmud Ghaznavi attacked in 1024-25. Tuhinpal, the son of Bijaypal, was helped by the Meos in protecting the kingdom when Mohammed Ghori invaded India in 1195.

The Imperial Gazetteer records the defiant spirit of the Meos: "Throughout the period of Mohammedan rule, the Meos were the Ishmaelites of their own country and of the Upper Doab, though harried again and again by the kings of Delhi from Nasiruddin Mehmud (1259) to Babar (1527). During the troubled times of Timur's invasion (1398), Bahadur Nahar founded the subdivision of Mewatis called Khanzadas. They were for many years rulers of Mewat, and among the most powerful chiefs in this part of India. Under Akbar, the tract was divided between the sarkars of Alwar and Tijara in the Subah of Delhi. The rule of the Mewatis was subsequently challenged by the Jats... before the death of Aurangzeb in 1707... The Meos and Mewatis however retained their character for turbulence, and towards the end of the 18th century travelling in upper and central Doab was unsafe owing to armed bands of Mewati horsemen. They gave much trouble to Lord Lake's forces in the Maratha war in 1803."

The Meos defied Feroz Shah Tuglaq, Ibrahim Lodhi, Babar, Jahangir, Akbar, Aurangzeb, and later the British. **The Mutiny**

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of 1857, the 1899 famine, the 1903 and 1924 epidemics of plague almost squeezed the Meos and curbed their once indomitable spirit for many years to come. The 1947 riots and the mass migration of the Meos to Pakistan further weakened their srtength and unity in the Mewat region for many years.

The Meo society is complex and orthodox. *Pal* is the term given to the several subdivisions of the Meos. There used to be the heads of the families, groups, clans and communities. This was based not on political standing but on the behaviour among themselves and also on economic considerations. Meo sub-divisions became popular in the time of Emperor Akbar. They followed many Hindu customs and traditions. Even now most of them listen to and remember by heart some *dohas* of the Ramayana and Mahabharata. The latter has been translated into the Mewati language by Sa'adullah Khan, a prominent Meo poet.

The Meos are divided into 12 large and small clans called *pals* and 52 smaller divisions known as *gotras*. They do not marry in the *pals* and *gotras* of their own.

The delay in taking to Islam has categorised them into "better" and "inferior" Meos. Those who accepted Islam earlier than the others are considered "superior".

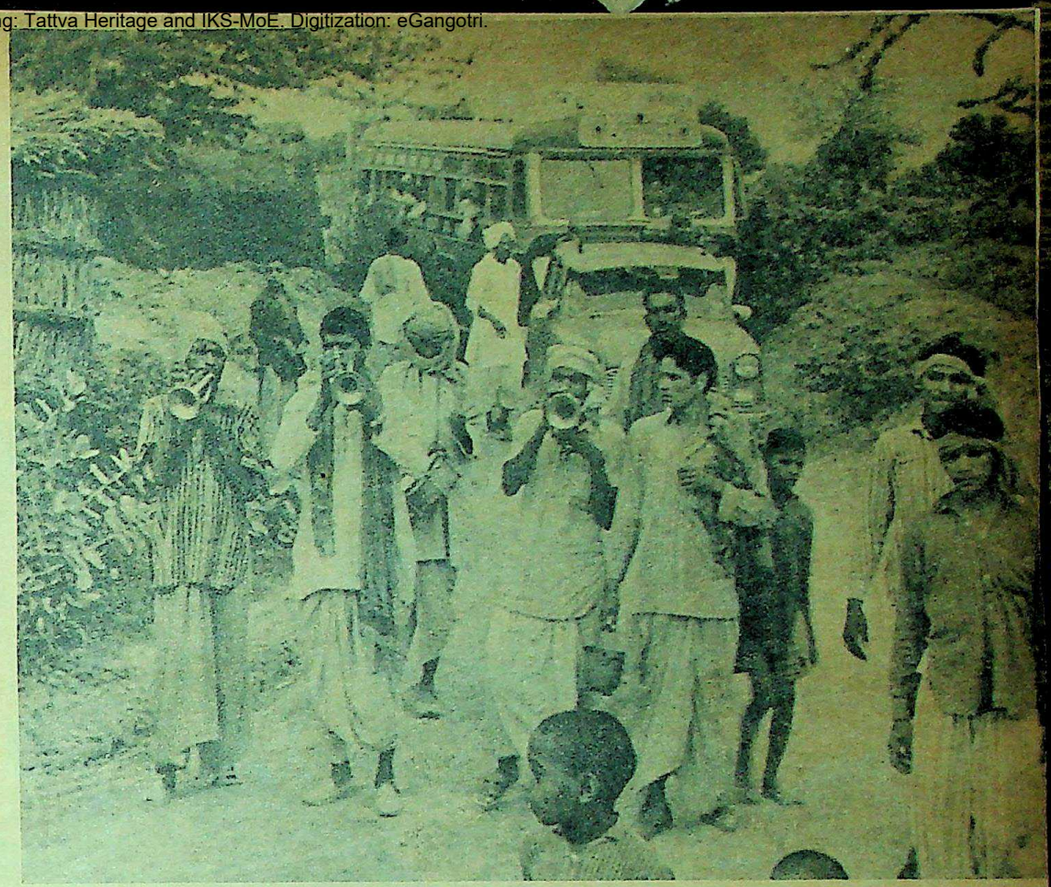
According to B. L. Cole "as a race the Meos are impulsive, litigious, ruinously extravagant on occasions such as weddings and funerals. Their faculties are however sharper than those of any other tribe, except perhaps the Ahirs... As soldiers they are cheery and willing workers but it is sometimes difficult to find men fit for commissions."

A Conservative Society

A Meo marries early. The wedding is a prolonged affair. It is preceded by year-long preparations. Although polygamy is permissible, a Meo usually has one wife. As widow re-marriage is allowed in Islam, a young widow is generally married to the brother of the deceased husband. This is done so that the family property is not divided or does not go out of the family. Love marriages or elopements, abductions or forced weddings are not even heard of in the community.

Earlier, a bride-price was charged. According to the tribal custom anything between Rs 200 and Rs 5,000 was paid and demanded for a girl. The price depended on the age. This was due to the economic importance of women who work in the fields. The custom is mostly extinct now and, instead, parents now give a dowry and entertain big marriage parties.

Meo marriages are generally held in the months of May and June after the crops have been harvested. The ceremonies begin with *lagan*, followed by *chak nauta*, and *ban nauta*. Dinners are served to the groom and his people by relatives and the residents of the village. Mustard oil is sent to the bride's people a week before the marriage. During *pendi-ka-neg*, four days before the marriage, *laddus* are distributed in the village by the groom's family. *Batna and banvara* involve giving an oil bath to the groom two days before the wedding. The *barat* is received by the bride's people on the outskirts of the village. Money is distributed by the bride's people among the *barat*. (Incidentally, many of these customs or their variations are followed by the urban and rural Muslims all over North India.)



"MERE SAPNON KI RANI" or some other "hit tune" is played by the village band, like the "filmi dhuns" played at more sophisticated weddings in the country. The barat follows in car and bus. In earlier times, the marriage parties used to travel on camelback which added a touch of desert romance to the general gaiety.

The Nikah is performed in the village mosque and is the usual Islamic marriage. The maulvi recites some verses from the Quran and asks for the consent of the girl. As soon as the girl's consent is received the maulvi asks the boy's consent, and the *nikah-nama* is signed. The legal ceremony does not take more than ten minutes. After this dried dates (*chhohara*) are distributed among the guests.

The *barat* is served rice in earthernware with sugar and pure ghee sprinkled on it. After the feast, the guests carry a spare dish called *kotal* and present it to any householder of the village who provides them the necessary facilities for the stay. The *kotal* signifies that the person is a *barati*. Satisfactory arrangements for the stay of the *barat* is a matter of respect and dignity for the whole village. The *barat* leaves after two days. The bride's relatives go to the groom's village and bring her back after a couple of days. Or the girl remains in her parents' home for a year or two till she attains maturity. Her departure to her husband's house is called *gauna*.

In a session of the All-India Meo Panchayat held in Nuh recently, it was decided to simplify the ceremonies, lessen the duration of the stay of *barats* and reduce the dowry.

The Meos suffered a real setback during the 1947 riots. Since most of the Mewat was predominantly Muslim, it was considered to be a citadel of the pro-Pakistan forces. A large number of the Meos were killed, many shifted to Gurgaon, Delhi and Aligarh. About three lakhs of them migrated to Pakistan. But most of them did not want to go to Pakistan. It was Mahatma Gandhi who assured safety to the Meos and called them the "backbone" of India. It was announced on the radio on October 21, 1947, that migration to Pakistan was voluntary and not a compulsion. After this, around one lakh of them came back from Pakistan and were resettled in their own region by the Government of India. During the riots, the Maharaja of Alwar started the shuddhi movement, under which some 50,000 Meos were converted to Hinduism. Conversions were resorted to by the Meos to ensure the safety of their lives and property. Most of them became Muslim again though a few pockets in Rajasthan still remain Hindu. Most of the Meos are slowly and steadily becoming orthodox Muslims.

The Meos are predominantly an agricultural race. Ninety-five per cent of them live on agriculture directly or indirectly. Hardly five per cent are educated. Village schools or *maktabs* impart elementary knowledge of Urdu, Persian or Arabic which does not take them anywhere as Urdu is not a state language either in Haryana or in Rajasthan. All Meos are under debt. There is a saying: "The Meos are born in debt, they live in debt and they die in debt."

The Meos are indifferent to family planning. Their many children work as agricultural labourers.

Although the Mewati dialect has no script or written literature, some Mewati poets like Sa'adullah Khan, Bhikji Baded, Laldas and Munshi Ahmed Khan are well known.

—Continued

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The Shuddhi Movement

IN Alwar attempts were made by the Government of Rajasthan and the local Arya Samaj to reconvert the Meos to Hinduism. Shuddhi or purification is related to the Hindu notion of ritual purity and pollution. By implication a person becomes ritually polluted when he adopts Islam, or any other religion.

The Arya Samaj believes that a Hindu who has been defiled by adopting another religion can again be purified through some religious rituals and accepted back into the Hindu caste society. In Alwar, shuddhi was organised by the State. The Arya Samajists were very much interested in participating in it, but they did not see eye to eye with the State authorities on the mechanics of the rituals. According to a local Arya Samaj leader, shuddhi was not done properly. Brahmin priests were employed by the State to perform the rites, but these priests, it was felt, were more interested in their fees than in the proper performance of their duties. He thought that the movement was a failure because only 500 to 700 Muslims were converted.

A State official however was quite satisfied with the organisation of the shuddhi. According to him, about 40,000 Meos were converted. He described the purification procedure in these words: "The Meos were brought to the baori (a public water tank for bathing). Men were shaved except for the moustache. Their heads were shaved, too, leaving only a top-knot. Then they were bathed and asked to participate in a havan. Meat-eaters were fed some pork, and the vegetarians were given chanamat (ritual drink made from milk, spices and flower petals). Women were bathed in the pond and were made to wear a sari instead of their traditional Muslim dress. Their balis (special kind of earrings worn by Muslim women) were removed. Then they were allowed to go to their villages. For six months, all the Meos in Alwar remained Hindu. After that Vinoba Bhave visited Mewat and encouraged the Meos to practise Islam."

A Meo of Lachmangarh who went through shuddhi described it thus: "While we were trying to escape from our village, we heard that Prime Minister Ranbir Singh of Alwar had offered to convert us to Hinduism. We went to Alwar city and were led to a baori. Six or seven barbers shaved us. After conversion we used to go to the Hindu temple for worship. We also had kirtans in our houses. We began to cremate our dead. During the six months following our conversion, we cremated four dead." Some of the Meos felt bad that their faith was destroyed, but it was, as some felt, "necessary to save our lives". Some felt horrified at the possibility that they might be forced to eat pork.

(Based on the "Cultural Change and Widening Integration among the Meos of North India" by Dr P. C. Aggarwal)

Tablighi Movement

The Tablighi Jamaat is not a regular organisation. It is inspired by Maulana Yusuf who has his headquarters at the shrine of Nizam-ud-din Aulia in New Delhi. His father, Maulana Ilyas, was a divine and in the wake of the failure of the non-cooperation movement of the early 1920's, when Muslims and Hindus began to organise themselves under the slogans of Tabligh and Shuddhi, Maulana Ilyas began to preach a puritanical concept of Islam.

The Maulana founded a religious school at Nuh in Gurgaon district. Many educated Meos became his followers.

The Tablighi Jamaat is composed of members from different towns or villages. While touring Mewat they carry their own food and stay in mosques. They visit no homes, and accept no hospitality. Most of them are very poor. They ask the congregation to follow and practise the original moral teachings of Islam and to emulate the Prophet. Generally, in the afternoon or immediately after the evening prayer, they make a round of the village from door to door and request the Muslims to come to prayers and observe the principles of Islam, to observe the fasts in Ramzan, to give up extravagance on marriage occasions and other ceremonies, to observe only that mode of dress and abide only by such customs as are popular among the urban Muslims and not to observe the 'Gotra' system which is a hangover of the Hindu caste structure.

(Based on the report of a socio-economic survey conducted by the Research Programme Committee of the Planning Commission, Government of India, under the direction of Dr Hashim Amir-Ali, in 1961.)

"NO HARD FEELINGS, WE ARE ALL BROTHERS." A Muslim greybeard chats with a fellow Meo who happens to be a Hindu priest. How politics makes victims of human beings was amply seen in 1947 when a large number of Meos were killed, converted, re-converted and generally made miserable—as though their own poverty and backwardness were not enough.

The Man Who Ran 140 Miles Non-Stop

Meo hardihood is phenomenal. Nawab Shamsuddin Khan, the Meo ruler of Ferozepur Jharka ordered a marauder, Karim Khan, to assassinate William Frazer, British Resident at Delhi. (Frazer was a noted scholar of Persian and Arabic and a personal friend of Ghalib.) On March 22, 1835, Karim Khan shot Frazer dead and ran all the way from Delhi to Ferozepur Jhraka to inform the Nawab. The moment he reached his destination he realised that the Nawab was about to hand him over to the police. Immediately Karim Khan returned and ran all the way to his village and then to Delhi. In all he ran 140 miles non-stop.

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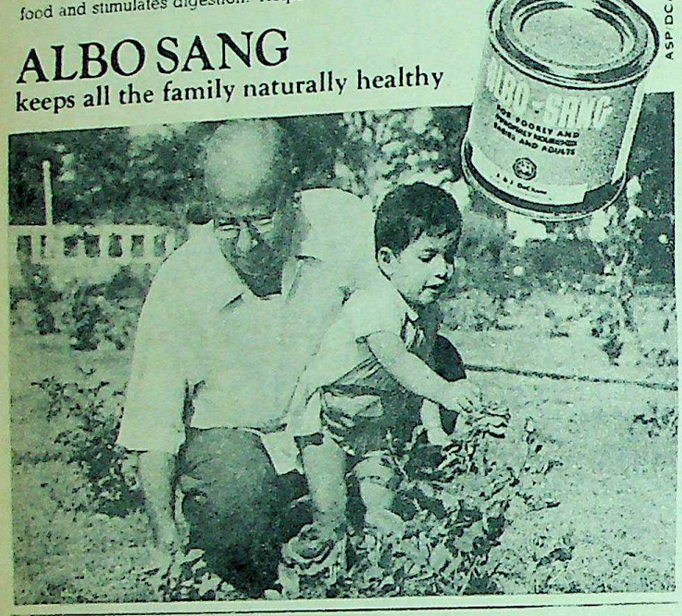

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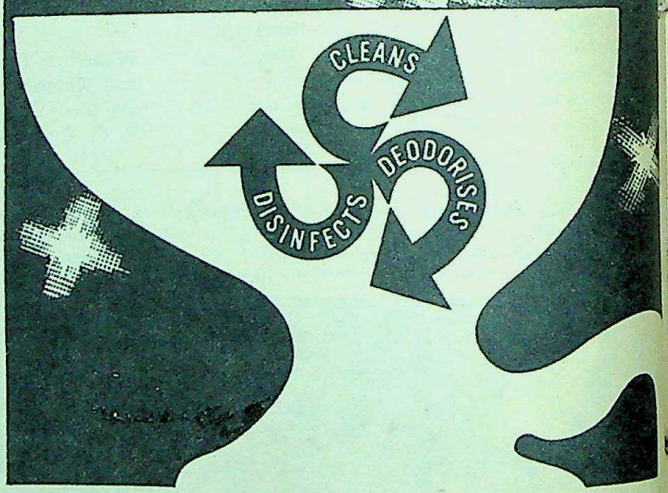

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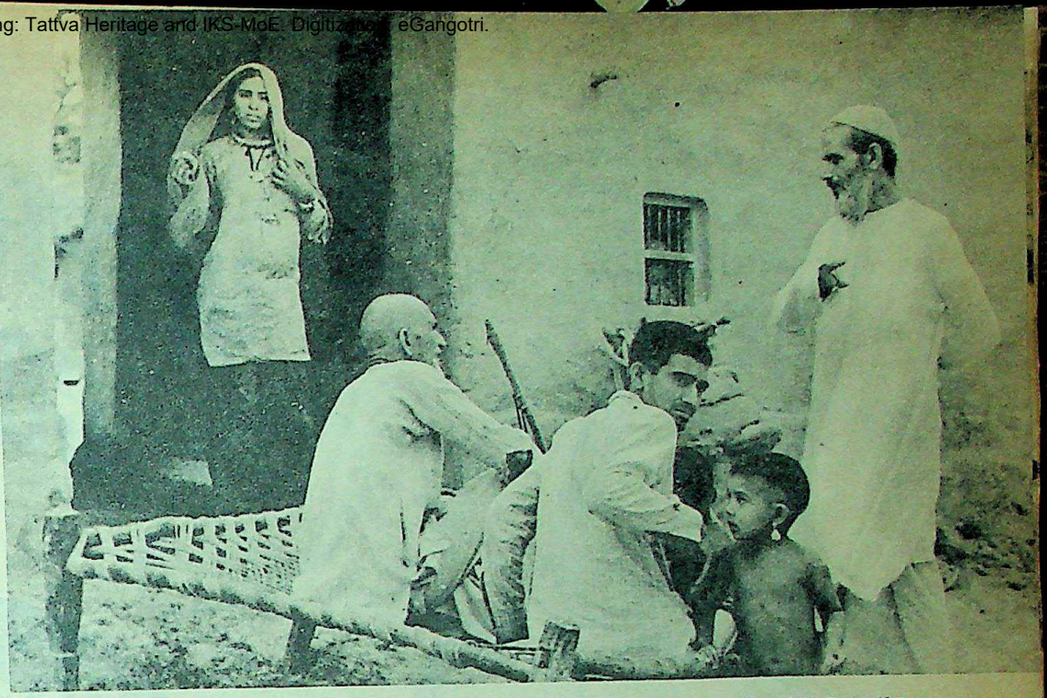
SOME EMINENT MEOS

CHAUDHRI YASIN KHAN (1896-1970) was the first graduate from the Meo community. He worked with Sir Sikander Hyat Khan and Sir Chhotu Ram in the Unionist Party. Yasin Khan established the first Meo educational institution, the Brayne Meo High School, at Nuh, and the All-India Meo Panchayat. He was for many years Chairman of the Punjab, Himachal Pradesh and Haryana Wakf Board and a member of the Punjab Assembly from 1936 to 1945. He also agitated against the increase in revenue in Alwar State. During the 1947 riots, he met Gandhiji, Maulana Azad and Nehru for the rehabilitation and safety of Meos. He was elected to the Punjab Assembly in 1952 and again in 1957.

TAYYAB HUSSAIN (b. 1936) is the son of Yasin Khan. He was elected to the Punjab Assembly in 1962-67, was Deputy Minister for PWD and Health under Partap Singh Kairon. He is now Chairman of the Wakf Board of Haryana, Punjab and Himachal Pradesh, and President of the Mewat Educational Board. He was elected to the Lok Sabha from the Gurgaon constituency on a Congress (N) ticket. He routed the Nawab of Pataudi and won with a majority of 68,000 votes.

KHURSHID AHMED (b. 1934) was an active student leader. He was elected a member of the Punjab Legislative Assembly in 1962. He is now Health Minister of Haryana.



A PEASANT FAMILY. Culturally the Meos have an affinity with the rural Punjab, Rajasthan and Western U.P. At the same time they maintain their own clan system based on pals and gotras. The Mewati dialect is a mixture of Braj Bhasha, Rajasthani and Urdu.

ABDUL RAZAQ (b. 1926) was elected to the Haryana Assembly in the 1968 mid-term poll as a member of Rao Birendra Singh's Vishal Haryana Party. He joined the Congress (N) in May 1970.

MAJLIS KHAN (b. 1927) was elected to the Rajasthan Legislative Assembly in 1962. In 1967 he won again with a majority of over 4,400 votes. He is the only Meo member of the Rajasthan Assembly.

HAKIM AJMAL KHAN (b. 1932), editor of the only Meo journal, *The Meo Gazette* since 1958. He is the son of Hakim Abdul Shakoor who established the first Meo magazine, *Aftab Mewat*, in 1926. He is a member of the Maulana Azad Akademi and of the Punjab and Haryana Wakf Board.

MASTER MOHAMMAD ASHRAF KHAN (b. 1909) is author of *Meo and Mewat* in Urdu, a history of the Meo community.

OUR FORTHCOMING ISSUES

February 13:

GROW FOOD, GROW RICH—IT'S TAX-FREE: Benedict Costa exposes the vicious system by which a few "gentlemen farmers" accumulate vast quantities of land while 65 million kisan families live in poverty. Fully illustrated. Also: Special features on the FAO; Agriculture As A Business; and Green Revolution vs Population Explosion.

MUJIB RETURNS: The Bangabandhu's triumphant entry into Dacca. Plus all the beauty of Sonar Bangla captured in colour by Rahul Singh.

PABLO NERUDA: Ali Sardar Jafri, a personal friend, writes on the work of the Chilean "Poet of the Revolution" who won last year's Nobel Prize for Literature. With rare photographs.

SUICIDE: What drives people over the brink? Pushpa Sundar analyses this social problem and finds out what is being done—or not done—to make life worth living for the few who are saved. With sketches by Milon.

DUST AND SMOKE AND STARS: Story by Ashim Ray.

February 20:

"MOTHER INDIA" AND HER SOLDIER SONS: 3,000 officers and jawans were killed; 8,000 were wounded. What are we doing for the bereaved and the disabled? Bikram Vohra tells you all.

The Illustrated Weekly of India

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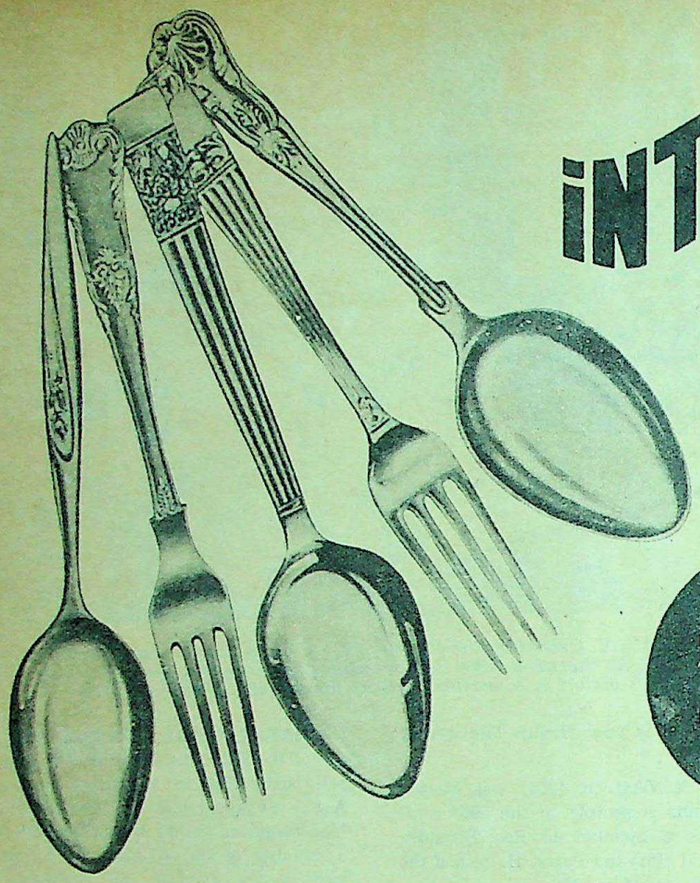

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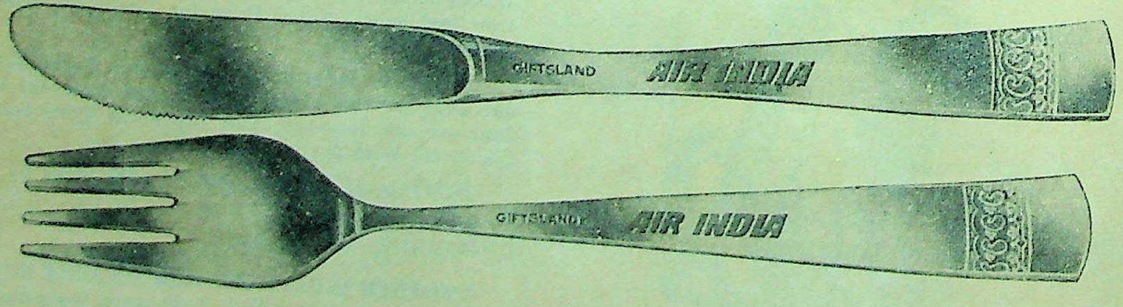

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think of music and dancing as professions outside their social circles.

So far I have been talking of the North. In the South, the situation is slightly different. The South, generally speaking, has been a little more tradition-bound in some respects, yet more forward-looking in others. The organisation of concerts is more developed in the South. The annual Festival of the Madras Music Academy, for instance, is an example for organisers in the North to emulate. The transition from the old established reputations of twenty-five years ago to today's singers has been smoother. The big names in 1947—Mysore Vasudevachar, Palladam Sanjiva Rao, Ariyakudi Ramanuja Iyengar, Karaikudi Sambasiva Iyer, Tiger Varadachariar—are no longer there. But there are quite a few established reputations of those days still active on the concert platform—Semmangudi Srinivasa Iyer, Palghat Mani Iyer, T. R. Mahalingam, M. S. Subbulakshmi, D. K. Pattammal. **The link with an older generation is thus quite strong. But there is a crop of outstanding musicians who grew up in independent India who have a stamp of "modernity" about them.** Some of them like M. D. Ramanathan, T. Viswanathan, Palghat Raghu, Umayalpuram Sivaraman, Tiruchi Sankaran are university graduates giving their musical erudition the framework of a modern education.

Music From Abroad

When one turns to Western music, the more obvious impression one gets is that of a lessening of interest. There are fewer orchestras and orchestral concerts, fewer regular teaching institutions. But there is a slow but steady growth in serious and real interest. In 1947 and the pre-independence days it was a kind of "snob" interest—the interest which certain small social circles took in the arts of the ruling class. Today it is a serious musical interest. The visits of distinguished soloists, chamber music ensembles, symphony orchestras have been much more frequent in the last twenty-five years and they have opened the ears of Indian musicians to the subtleties and beauties of a great musical system.

BALASARASWATI has set an all-time standard for Bharatanatyam artists. But, while classical dance has gained in popularity, the exponents who can bring complete authenticity to the interpretation of a dance form are few.

And now what about the dance? Here it is more difficult to generalise. Balasaraswati remains today, as in 1947, the supreme artist of Bharatanatyam. This is really a measure of HER greatness rather than of a poverty of talent. Dancers of her calibre appear in any nation at only rare intervals and they set standards for others to emulate without hoping to equal.

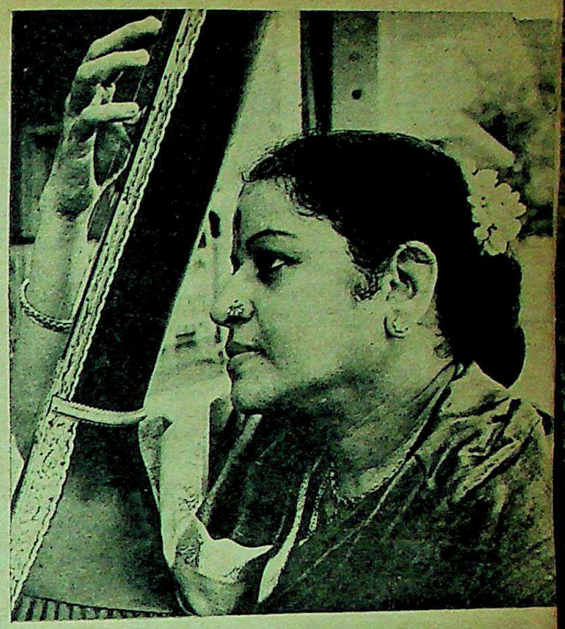
One of the remarkable developments in the last twenty-five years has been the result of the pioneering work of people like Rukmini Devi and Mrinalini Sarabhai. They set in motion a process which has made Bharatanatyam the most sought-out dance form by young girls today. There has been, understandably, a general lowering of standards, but a much wider appreciation of the art form. Reputations are made and unmade, particularly in the North, with carefully staged *arangetrams* attended by VIPs and presided over by VVIPs. Here and there we come across real talent which could and should be nursed and developed, but the *arangetram* and the glare of the flashlight cameras take precedence over work and discipline. **The number of Bharatanatyam stars who can tune a tanpura and play it, and sing the songs to which they dance and keep time, can be counted on one's fingers. And yet this was the beginning of serious training a generation ago.**

Standard Journey

From Bharatanatyam to Kuchipudi and Odissi is the standard journey for many young dancers. A few months in Kuchipudi are enough; and so with Odissi. There are those who claim to have discovered these, others who claim them as their special preserves and areas of specialisation, while the Gurus who impart training in these idioms must be feeling amused and smiling without rancour. The one supreme artist in Kuchipudi of the last twenty-five years is Vedantam Satyanarayana, still a youngish man and at the height of his powers. It is not generally known that the great Balasaraswati studied Kuchipudi from Vedantam Lakshminarasimha Sastri, particularly the basis of *abhinaya* and its improvisation.

In Kathak and Manipuri we have lost some veterans—the incomparable Shambhu Maharaj, Pandit Sunder Lal, Amobi Singh. Fortunately for us, Briju Maharaj is there, still young and active, to carry on and enrich a fine tradition and pass it on to a generation younger than his own. Like Balasaraswati, he is one of the rare dancers of our time who is a brilliant musician in his own right. This alone can give full authenticity to the interpretation of any dance form.

In the field of experimental dancing, Uday Shankar is still active assisted by his wife and his enterprising children. Ananda Shankar is a chip of the old block. He is not afraid of breaking new ground, not even of shocking his audience out of narrow-minded orthodoxy and complacency. Mrinalini Sarabhai, helped by Chathunni Panikkar, has created some 'ballets' using traditional dance forms and Rukmini Devi has clothed some of our epics in the garbs of Kathakali and Bharatanatyam. Briju Maharaj has used Kathak techniques imaginatively and effectively for some of his creations. But there is little evidence of any major achievement in the field of creative experimental dancing. What took Europe by storm in the last few years were the visits of the Kalamandalam and Udyogamandal groups. They revealed the powers of dramatic dancing and miming inherent in Kathakali and this was a revelation to connoisseurs and critics who had always thought of Indian dancing as a solo affair.



M. S. SUBBULAKSHMI is among those who represent the link between the older generation of Carnatic musicians and the new group with a stamp of modernity.

The Kalamandalam School stands out as the outstanding example of a training institute for traditional dancing. There are classes there for Bharatanatyam, Kuchipudi and Mohini Attam, but they do not really count. For Kathakali, they have the most exacting and rigorous discipline developed over a ten-year period of study under the finest dancers and teachers. Nobody need enter its portals unless he is prepared to put dancing before everything in life and accept an apprenticeship of austerity and the hardest work imaginable. The only rewards are the attainment of certain proficiency in the art form. There is no limelight to look for, no glamour, no headlines. It is gratifying to know that there are even today young men who accept such rigours for the satisfaction of fulfilling themselves.

A lot of things have happened in twenty-five years, but our music and dance have shown, as always, a rare resilience to withstand shocks and absorb new forces at work without losing their essential quality and individuality. On the one hand a creative musician like Kumar Gandharv, working strictly within the framework of a tradition, has shown us the immense flexibility it is capable of and the abiding fertilising force of the folk idiom. On the other hand, we have Ravi Shankar launching on uncharted waters, a little recklessly perhaps, with a concerto for Sitar and Symphony Orchestra. There are those who criticise such ventures. But it is through such artistic enterprise that new art forms are forged and old traditions revitalised.

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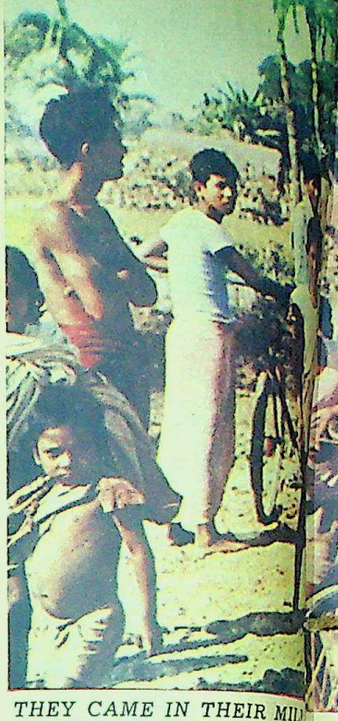
Looking Back: 1972-1947

In 25 years we compressed the history of centuries. We braved the shock of Partition. We fought three wars with Pakistan and suffered humiliation at the hands of China. We quarrelled among ourselves over religion and language and State boundaries. We multiplied fast and failed to banish poverty. But we managed to survive as a democracy, achieved a green revolution, abolished the princely order, nationalised banks and insurance and are imposing ceilings on the ownership of land and property. And we have emerged as the major power of South Asia.

WE WON'T FIGHT FOR A "1,000 YEARS". Shortly after midnight on July 2, 1972, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and President Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto of Pakistan signed a non-aggression pact in Simla, promising an era of peace for the subcontinent. The pact called for disengagement of troops in all Occupied areas except Jammu and Kashmir. No agreement was reached on the 93,000 Pak POWs in India. But both sides agreed to meet often and clear the misunderstandings that have bedevilled their relations.



THEY CAME IN THEIR MIL crackdown in March 1971. Th suade Yahya Khan to stop th enlist their help. But the wor riation started soon after the r. The refugees retur crores on them. Foreign aid co

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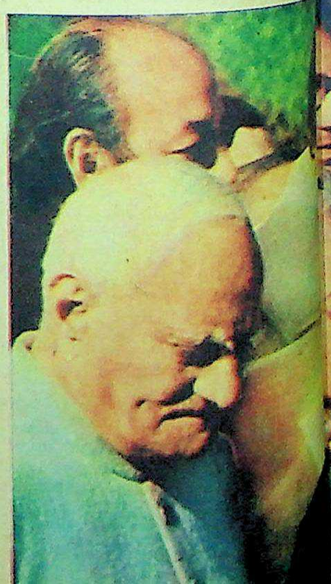
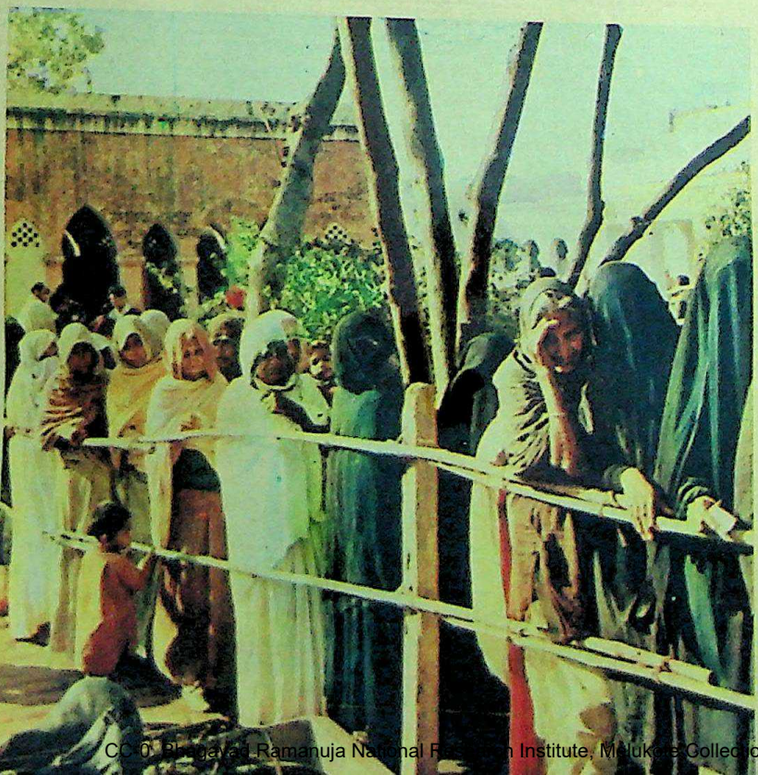


THEY VOTED INDIRA. In the March 1972 Elections in the States, the Congress captured 71% of the Assembly seats and polled 44.64% of the votes cast. Of the 2,727 seats, it obtained 1,926. The Congress won a majority in 14 States, as also in the Union Territory of Delhi. Only 40% of the former Ministers were re-elected. Manipur was the newest State to go to the polls. The year 1972 is also the year of ceilings. The Chief Ministers have decided to accept the Congress Working Committee's decision on land reforms. Areas of assured irrigation with one annual crop will be limited to 27 acres while the ceiling for land with two crops will be 18 acres. Dry land will be limited to 54 acres.

R. B. Bedi



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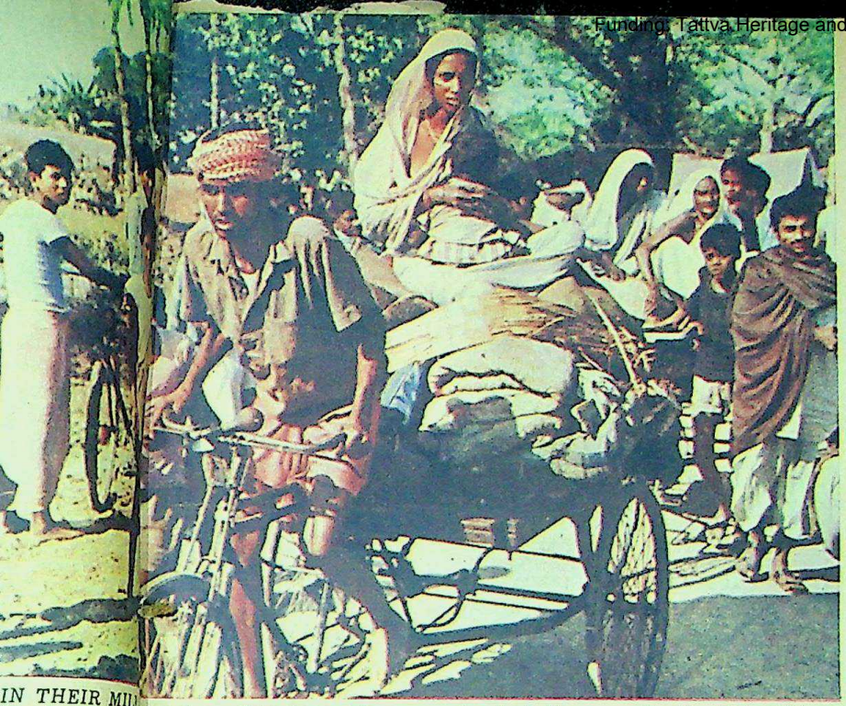

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...ees from East Bengal began coming to India soon after the Pak military ...million refugees. India repeatedly called upon the Big Powers to per... ...ast Bengal. Indira Gandhi personally went to major Western capitals to ...o watch in silence the brutalities perpetrated by West Pakistan. Repat... ...r. The refugees returned at the rate of 250,000 a day. We spent Rs 78 ...0 million, while UN agencies contributed Rs 31 million.

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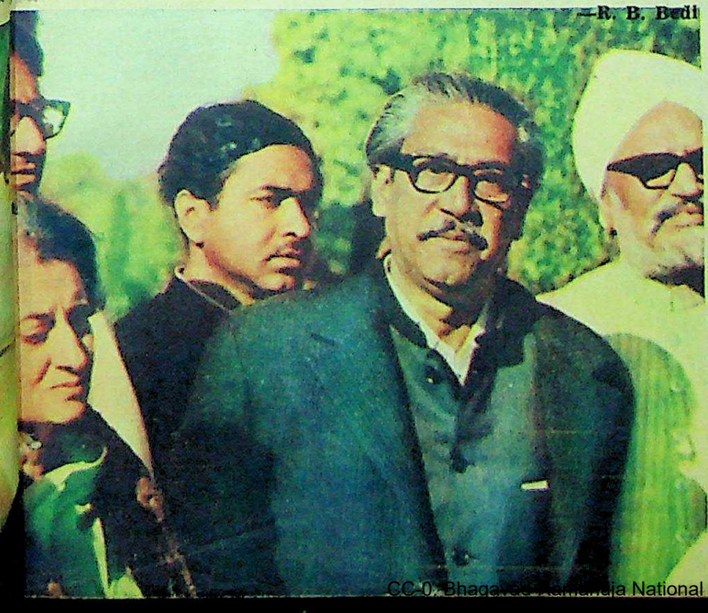
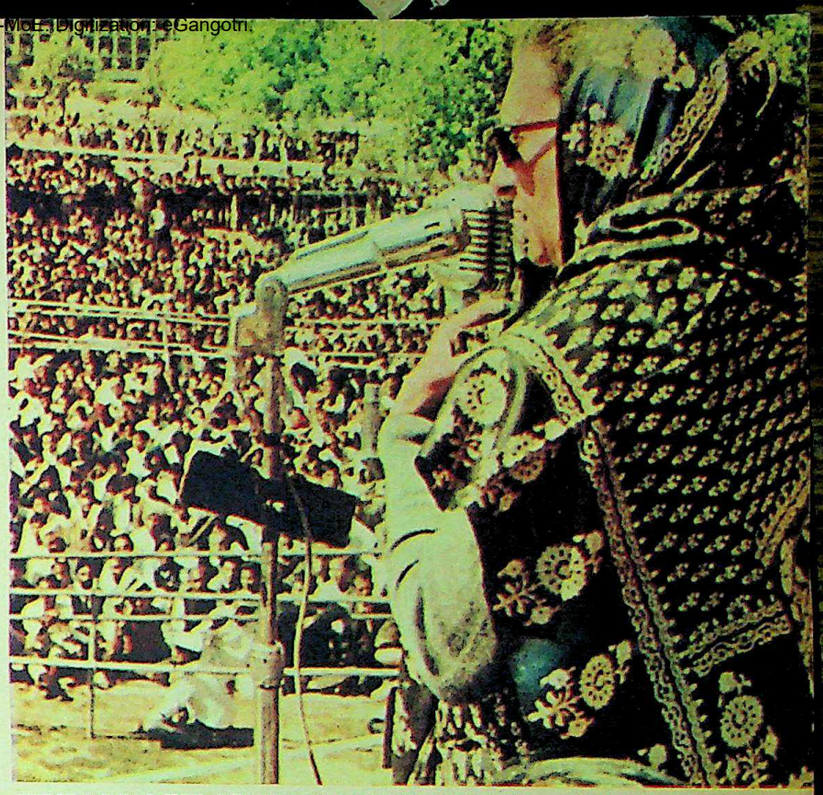
From a West Pakistani prison to London to New Delhi came Sheikh ...dhi, President Giri and Sardar Swaran Singh.

—R. B. Bedi





INDIRA PUTS HER POWER TO TEST. The Lok Sabha was dissolved in December 1970 and Indira went to the polls. She emerged as the people's choice. The Congress won 350 out of 515 Lok Sabha seats and was returned to power in 13 States. Mrs Gandhi was re-elected Prime Minister by a two-thirds' majority. Himachal Pradesh was inaugurated as the 18th State in January 1971. President's Rule was imposed in Gujarat in May. Ten thousand perished in a cyclone in Orissa in October. Indira Gandhi was awarded the Bharat Ratna in December.

TWO "RUBBERS" IN ONE YEAR. Ajit Wadekar and his men won their first ever "rubber" against both West Indies and England in the same year: 1971. They beat West Indies at Port of Spain in April and then England at the Oval in August. Here is Skipper Wadekar introducing Ashok Mankad to the Queen. It was after nearly 40 years of Test Cricket that India scored her first win abroad over West Indies and England—giving Ajit Wadekar two wins in his first two series as captain. At left is Manager Hemu Adhikari.

More Pictures Overleaf

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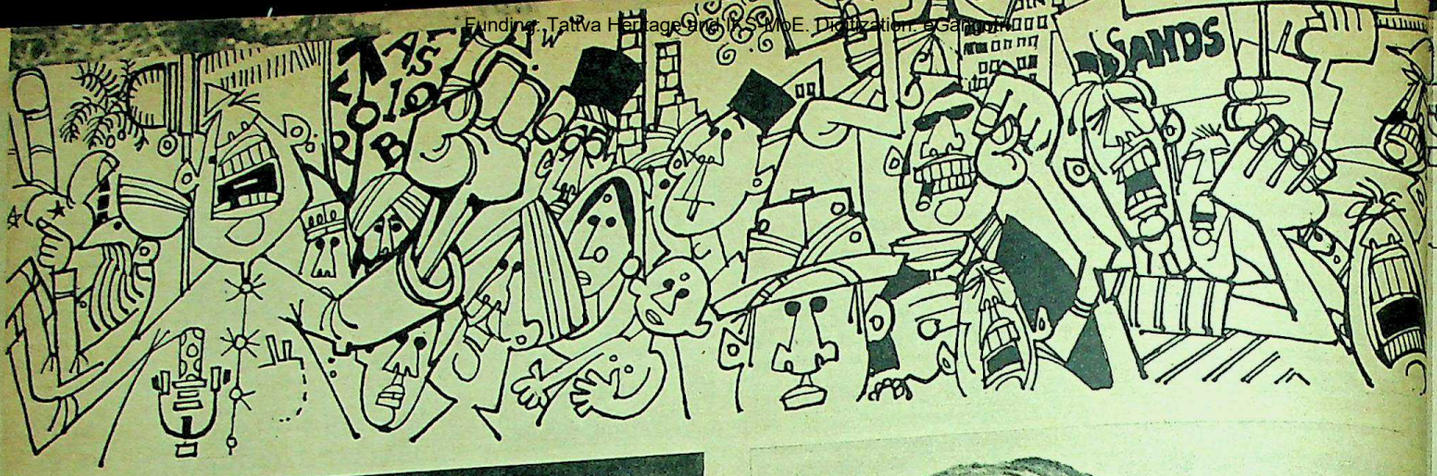

1971: THE END OF "FRIENDSHIP". An IAC Fokker Friendship with 28 passengers was hijacked to Lahore on January 30. On February 2, at the instigation of Mr Bhutto, the plane was blown up. India retaliated by disallowing Pak overflights. Air India acquired its first Jumbo jet, EMPEROR ASHOKA, in April. The 14-year-old wrestler, Ved Prakash, won a gold medal at the Commonwealth Games.

1970: SPLIT WITH LAUGHTER. The Congress Party divided into two in 1969. The Congress led by Mr Nijalingappa was, however, unable to remove Mrs Gandhi from power. Communal riots broke out in Bhivandi and Jalgaon (Maharashtra) in May. In December the Prime Minister called for mid-term elections. The Lok Sabha was dissolved one year before its term.

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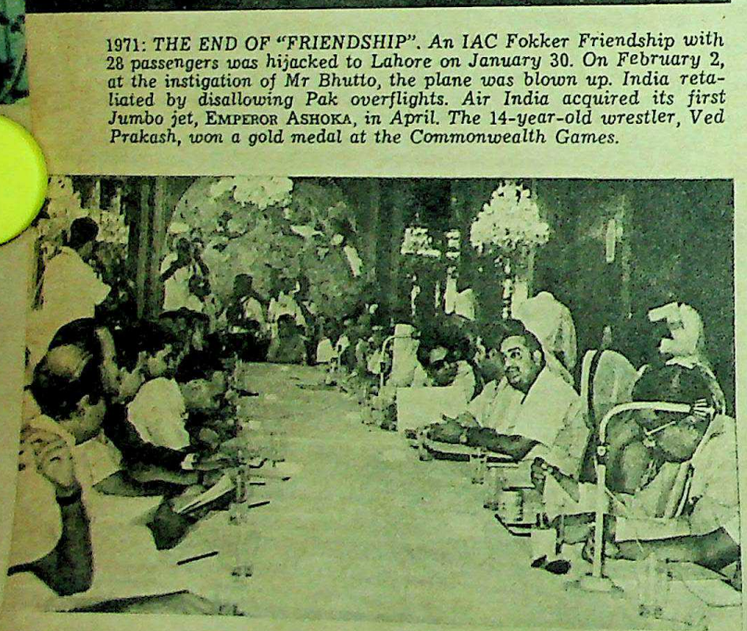

1970: REQUIEM FOR THE PRINCES. On September 5, the ruling party's Privy Purses Bill was defeated in the Rajya Sabha, but on September 7 the President signed an Ordinance abolishing the Princes' Purses and Privileges. The Naxalite movement in West Bengal gathered momentum after the arrest in August of Mr Kanu Sanyal, a prominent leader, and spread to Kerala.

1969: "V" WON. Dr Zakir Husain died on May 3. V. V. Giri was elected President on August 16. It was the Indira Gandhi Group's support to Giri's candidature that triggered the Congress split. In July, fourteen major banks were nationalised. Hindu-Muslim riots broke out in Ahmedabad in September.

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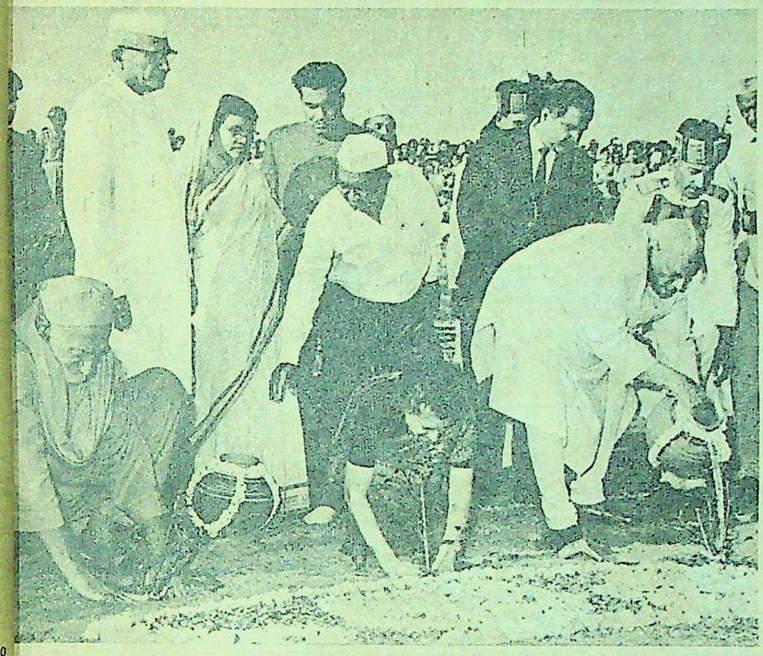
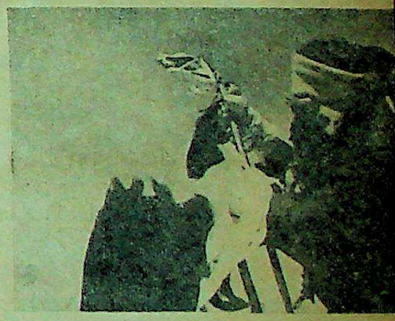


1969-68: *"FRONTIER GANDHI" AND THE PLANT OF PEACE. Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan came to India for the Gandhi Centenary Celebrations in October 1969. In 1968 Dr Hargobind Khorana, Indian-born American citizen, shared the Nobel Prize (Medicine) for his work on the Genetic Code. India's first submarine, the INS* KALVERI, *was commissioned.*

1967: *BIHAR SUFFERED its worst drought in 1966-67. This State was hit by famine again in 1968, 1969 and 1970. In West Bengal, 72 Naxalbari rebels were arrested as the first flames of the Naxalite movement ignited. Hindi was omitted from the curriculum in Madras Secondary Schools.*

1966: *MOST BEAUTIFUL. Reita Faria, an Indian medical student, was crowned "Miss World" in London on November 17. The rupee was devalued. H. J. Bhabha was killed in an air crash on Mont Blanc.*



1965: *MAJOR H. S. AHLUWALIA atop Everest as one of the nine members who climbed the peak in four successive efforts in May. In January, Hindi was made the Official Language of the Union. There were anti-Hindi riots in Madras.*

1967: *GOMAATA KI JAI! Sadhus demonstrated in Delhi demanding a ban on cow slaughter. Mihir Sen, India's long-distance swimmer, did a hat-trick by swimming the Gibraltar Straits, the Bosphorus and the Panama Canal. A Pak aircraft was shot down near Ferozepur. A DMK Ministry in Madras was installed for the first time.*

1966: *FAREWELL, LITTLE SPARROW! Premier Kosygin and President Ayub carry the bier of Lal Bahadur Shastri, who died in Tashkent on January 11, a few hours after signing the Tashkent Agreement. Indira Gandhi became Prime Minister on January 19.*

More Pictures Overleaf

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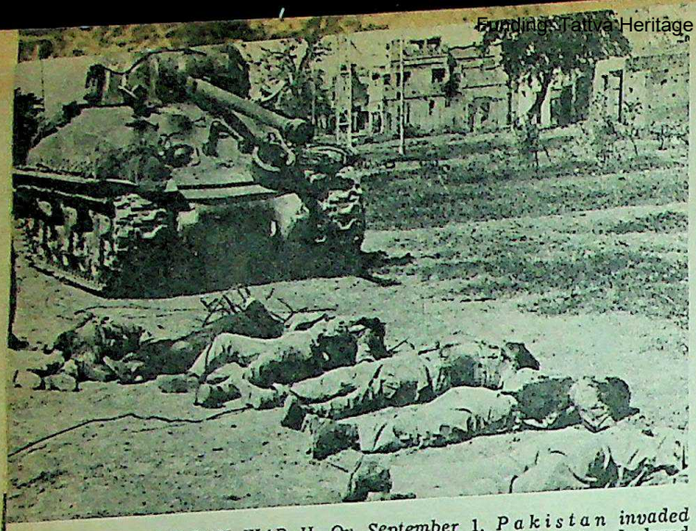
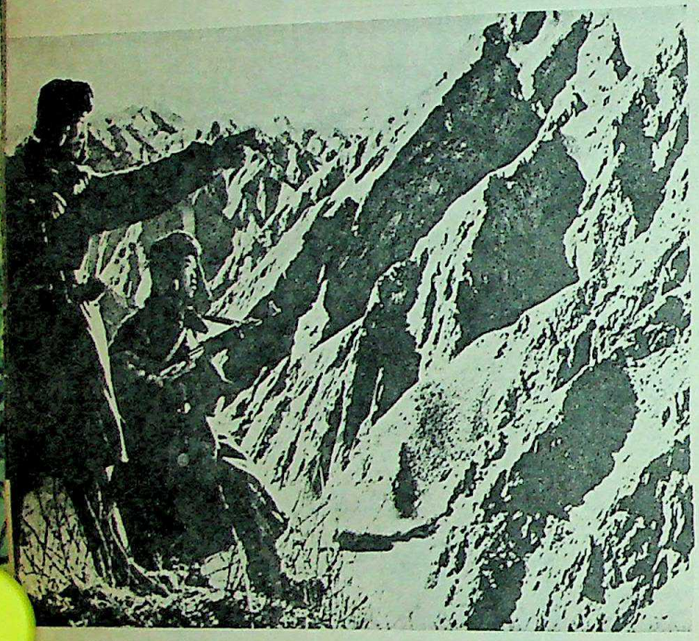
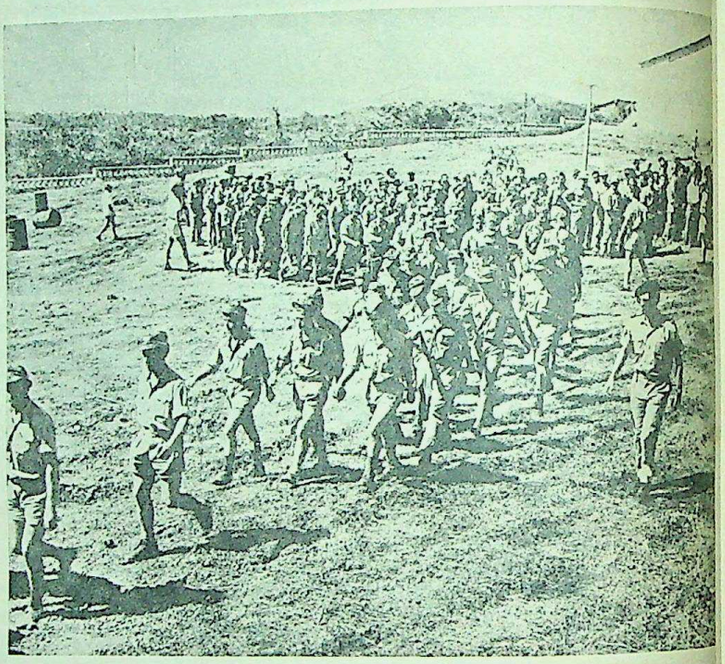


1965: *INDO-PAK WAR II. On September 1, Pakistan invaded Chhamb. On September 6, President Ayub Khan of Pakistan declared war on India. This followed Pak intrusions in the Rann of Kutch. On September 22 a ceasefire was agreed upon. On Independence Day 1965, India's first daily TV service was started. In December the Indian-made tank,* VIJAYANTA, *rolled out of the Avadi factory.*

1964: *"...AND MILES TO GO BEFORE I SLEEP." On May 27 died Jawaharlal Nehru. He was succeeded by Lal Bahadur Shastri on June 9. In December, the Pope paid a visit to Bombay for the Eucharistic Congress, the first Papal visit to any foreign country. On the last day of the year, Chinese troops made an abortive attempt to intrude into Sikkim. We regained the Olympic hockey title at Tokyo.*



1963-62: *THE GREAT BETRAYAL. Emergency was declared on October 26, 1962, after Chinese troops invaded NEFA and Ladakh, China declared a unilateral ceasefire on November 21. Defence Minister Krishna Menon was forced out of the Cabinet. In February of 1963 died Dr Rajendra Prasad, the first President of India.*



1961: *WHITE MAN'S BURDEN NO MORE. On December 17, Indian troops marched into Goa and, two days later, the Portuguese garrison in Panjim surrendered. Earlier in the year, Master Tara Singh went on a fast in pursuance of his demand for a Punjabi Suba. In November the Indian-built Avro 748 made its inaugural flight.*

1962: *JACKIEJI, WELCOME TO INDIA! America's First Lady visited India. We introduced the metric system.*

1961: *ROYAL VISIT. Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip visited India. Hindu-Muslim riots broke out in Jabalpur in February. The Tagore birth centenary was celebrated on May 2. India's first jet fighter, HF 24, manufactured at HAL, Bangalore, made its trial flight.*

1960-59: *THE DALAI LAMA sought asylum in India after Chinese troops occupied Tibet in 1959. In 1960 Bombay State was reorganised into Maharashtra and Gujarat. The same year we lost the Olympic hockey title to Pakistan at Rome.*

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Compiled by B. Vaid

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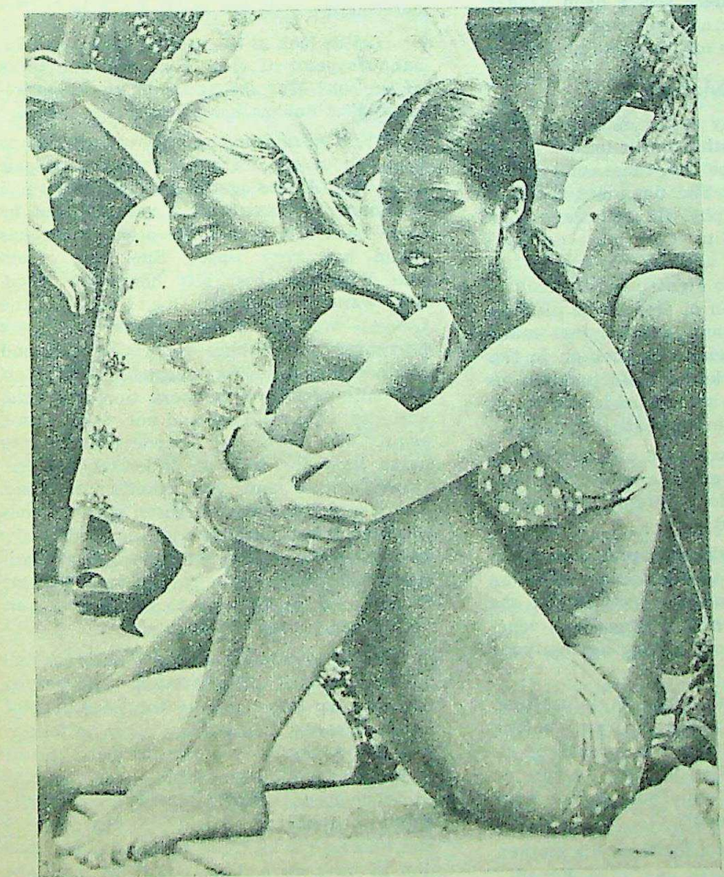
In The News

NOT THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE. The Simla Agreement received the overwhelming support of the Indian people. However, there were some protests against the fact that the President's ratification preceded rather than succeeded the subject's discussion in Parliament. For this reason, a number of parties boycotted the meeting called by the Prime Minister to discuss the Agreement. Among them were the Jana Sangh (who also said the Agreement was a "sell-out"), the Socialist Party (demonstrating above), the CPM and the Swatantra Party. The DMK, the CPI, the Akali Dal, the BKD and the PSP agreed with their view, though they attended the meeting.



THE BLINDING GLARE OF PUBLICITY. Princess Caroline of Monaco, daughter of former film star Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier, is the target of every photographer at a swimming contest in Monaco. The Princess is back home after a year's stay in England.

WILL HE SMASHKY SPASSKY? Bobby Fischer (left), the American chess genius, has been challenging the World Champion Boris Spassky (right) in a tense, gruelling, suspense-and-drama-filled match at Reykjavik, Iceland. From the first nine games, Fischer led by two points in the 24-game match. It is generally believed that the Russian grandmaster's game has been severely affected by Fischer's antics—the American does not arrive for matches or arrives late, he does not want TV cameras which can be seen or heard, he wants a hotel suite without a view (which would disturb his concentration)—among umpteen other demands. The game has gripped the world in a chess fever and triggered off record sales of chess sets and books.

In last week's News Page, a typographical error crept into the name of Giani Zail Singh, Chief Minister of Punjab. The error is regretted.—Editor

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Important Women in Netaji's Life

by KRISHNA BOSE

The women who most influenced Subhas Chandra Bose were his mother, C. R. Das's wife Basanti Devi, his brother Sarat's wife, Bivabati, and his own wife, Emilie Schenkl.

MA-JANANI

PASCAL Paoli admiringly called Letizia Bonaparte Cornelia, meaning mother of heroes, after the mother of the Gracchi brothers. In Probhavati Bose we have an extraordinary woman who was, indeed, fit to be the mother of heroes. We may begin our assessment with what her illustrious son had to say about her:

"And my mother?... No doubt she ruled the roost and, where family affairs were concerned, hers was usually the last word. She had a strong will and when one added to that a keen sense of reality and sound common sense, it is easy to understand how she could dominate the domestic scene."

From all accounts she had a domineering personality. Netaji must have inherited his strong determination and will-power from his mother's side. He had a one-track mind—when he decided on something, he followed it with all his soul. We see this again and again in his life—whether it was giving up the ICS or resigning from the Presidentship of the Congress—some of the qualities of leadership like self-confidence, determination, even organisational abilities can be traced in the long run to his mother.

In outward appearance Probhavati was short, frail and beautiful. Her features were not sharp. In fact, it is from her side that the son inherited the Mongolian touch.

Ma-Janani, as she was affectionately called by her grandchildren and admirers, came from a well-known Calcutta family, the Dutts of Hatkhola. They were educated and polished. Their prosperity and eminence were due (among various other reasons) to what Netaji euphemistically describes as "their ability to adapt themselves to the new political order". Though from a neo-aristocratic family, Probhavati had no formal education. But the way she looked after the education and upbringing of her sons is proverbial. She was a strict disciplinarian.

There is a story in the family of her supervision of the study hour of the boys. Her sons and some of her younger brothers whom she brought up were busy doing their studies. Ma-Janani appeared on the scene now and then to make sure they were at their books. Every time she approached, one of them would start reciting a passage in English, counting on her ignorance of that language. But Ma-Janani was not fooled. "How is it that I hear the same passage every time I come?" she asked. Years later she had a tutoress to give her English lessons.

The relationship between Netaji as a boy and his mother has been beautifully revealed in a series of letters written by the son to his mother when he was a lad of fourteen or fifteen.

From his autobiography we know that with so many children in the house young Subhas felt lost in the crowd. He was sorry for the lack of intimacy between himself and his parents. There was a deep hankering in his heart for a closer communication. This he did through his letters to his mother.

Letters To His Mother

He shares many of his emotional experiences with his mother in his letters. Considering the age of the boy, these early letters are very revealing. The dominant theme is religion and philosophy. He writes about the teachings of the Gita. One must do one's duty in this world without any thought of reward. Man has no right over the fruit of his work. Realisation of God is the ultimate goal of man's life and without that man's life is not worth living. He goes on in this vein in letter after letter. Unfortunately his mother's letters are not available and we do not know for certain how she reacted.

"What do you say?" he asks after commenting: "As all rivers ultimately find their way to the sea, so do all human lives reach their finality in God."

Sometimes he asks her opinion on lesser matters. He wishes to become a vegetarian and has given up eating meat. But if she does not approve of it he will not be a vegetarian. "I will not do anything against your wishes," he wrote.

His idea of motherhood is interesting. "You are a mother but do you belong only to us? No, you are the mother of all Indians. If every Indian is a son to you, do not the sorrows of your sons make your heart cry out in agony?"

The son demands a lot from his mother. "Only Bengal's mothers can save Bengal," he says. Most of the women who had any influence on Netaji appear to be of the mother type. This is a question that baffles European scholars. Did he have a mother complex? Did he find a mother surrogate even in his wife? they wonder. But to us, who are familiar with the mother cult of our country, it is not at all a puzzle.

SUBHAS CHANDRA BOSE (centre) with his wife Emilie Schenkl to his left, at Badgastein, Austria, in 1937. The others in the picture are A. C. N. Nambiar, Hedy Fullop-Miller and A. N. Bose.

PROBHAVATI BOSE, Netaji's mother, affectionately called Ma-Janani. She dominated the domestic scene with her strong will and sound common sense.

Let us look at the relationship from Ma-Janani's point of view. What did she think of her son? Was she aware of his latent genius? Was Subhas her pride or her despair?

"You have come to this world only to bring about my death," she said in despair to Subhas. At the age of sixteen Subhas had left home in search of a guru. When he came back after the futile attempt, Subhas found her very upset. She was afraid that Subhas had left home for good. She wanted to drown herself in the Ganges—only the thought of her daughters prevented her. Subhas reports to a friend and accomplice in the escapade: "Mother is a fanatic and says the next time I go she will also leave with me and not return home again." This particular episode brought into harsh light the lack of understanding between mother and son. Subhas complains that it is not possible to reason with his mother as she is displeased with him and thinks he does not care for her. There is a significant line in his letter to Hemanta Sarkar: "I think I'll *not be able to understand her.* I find *father very reasonable.*"

But Ma-Janani certainly deserves all our sympathetic consideration. The search for the guru affair is only the beginning of a stormy career that her son chose to follow. It was followed by the famous Oaten affair of Presidency College. Subhas was rusticated. How does a mother feel when her brilliant son apparently spoils his own career? She tolerated a lot more with calm resignation in later days. This being the first she was greatly disturbed.

When Subhas left the ICS, it was another shock to many in the family. We can well imagine the mother's feeling when her son renounced the life of ease, comfort and material succes
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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

and material success. He dedicated his life completely to "national service".

Was Subhas his mother's pride or despair? In Calcutta's Netaji Museum is a portrait of Probhavati in 1938 entitled: The President's Mother. The answer to our question can be found in her proud sparkling eyes.

Netaji's escape from India was another blow for her, now an old lady. She was disconsolate. She thought Subhas had really renounced home and gone to the Himalayas. She implored her elder son Sarat and his wife to tell her the truth. Basanti Devi remembers helpless tears in Sarat's eyes. Although he knew everything, he was not in a position to console her.

Ma-Janani died in 1943 when her son was organising India's Liberation Army abroad. In his early letters Subhas had wanted to share his mother with all his countrymen; in the end the mother shared her son with the rest of her countrymen.

BASANTI DEVI

"YOU are the real mother, I am only the nurse," Ma-Janani used to say to Basanti Devi, who was deeply touched by the mother's generous comment.

Basanti Devi, the widow of Deshbandhu C. R. Das, is still living. She is very old now. But even a few years ago she had a sharp memory and used to recall (many a time to this writer) her close association with Subhas with a mixed feeling of pain and pleasure.

When did she first see him? It was on a historic occasion. After the Oaten episode in Presidency College, a group of young students came to see Deshbandhu one night. He was at dinner when the bearer brought a slip. In his characteristic manner Deshbandhu Das said: "Bring them in here." Basanti Devi was taken a little aback.

"You are not going to ask them into the dining room?" she asked.

"Why not?" said Deshbandhu.

The student group was ushered in, Subhas among them. It was the first time she saw him.

Many years passed. Subhas's resignation from the ICS created a sensation in India. He had already informed Deshbandhu from England and offered his services.

On his arrival in Calcutta he called on Deshbandhu, but the latter was out of town. Basanti Devi was told that Subhas Bose had come. "You mean the Subhas Bose who resigned from the ICS?" she asked. So they met. They had a long chat. It was the beginning of a life-long friendship and understanding.

THE AUTHOR, Mrs Krishna Bose, is Head of the Department of English, Sivanath Sastri College, Calcutta. A freelance journalist, she has travelled widely in Europe and the USA.

Whenever the preceptor and the disciple differed on any matter, Basanti Devi had to mediate. In a letter to Sarat Chatterji, the eminent Bengali novelist, Subhas Bose wrote: "Many people think we followed him blindly. As for myself I can say that I fought with him on innumerable questions. Our quarrels were settled by Mother's (Basanti Devi's) mediation." Deshbandhu wanted Subhas to be the Chief Executive Officer of the Calcutta Corporation. Subhas would not agree. Did he leave the ICS in order to become the Chief Executive Officer of the Calcutta Corporation? Exasperated, Deshbandhu turned to his wife. "See if you can manage him," he said. After a prolonged argument Basanti Devi persuaded him to accept the post.

When Deshbandhu decided that the womenfolk of his family should take part in the non-cooperation movement and court arrest, Subhas objected to the idea. Basanti Devi again persuaded Subhas to come round. She even insisted on his accompanying her to the place where she was to offer satyagraha. She was arrested, but released the same night.

Subhas would speak frankly with Basanti Devi on many personal matters. "What about marriage?" she would ask him. There was a vague belief in India that Subhas had taken some sort of a vow not to get married until India was free. But to her query he always answered: "I certainly shall get married. I never said I won't."

Many people approached Basanti Devi with marriage proposals for Subhas. One father offered a dowry of Rs 1 lakh. Deshbandhu could not resist the temptation of playing a joke on Subhas. All of them were very busy raising money for the Tilak Fund at the time. Deshbandhu sent an urgent message to Subhas. When he came, Deshbandhu said a gentleman had offered Rs 1 lakh for the Tilak Fund. Subhas was excited.

"Wait," said Deshbandhu. "There is a condition." Then, after a pause: "You must marry the gentleman's daughter."

Subhas was furious. He had left his dinner and come, so he demanded a good meal from Basanti Devi.

Frequent Visitor

Cooking an unscheduled dinner for him was not at all an unusual thing for her. He was a frequent visitor. Often he came late in the night. He would sit in the verandah and talk and talk. She urged him to go home if only for the sake of the C.I.D. man on duty to watch him. Outside it might be raining in torrents. He should have some pity for the man standing near the lamp-post.

"Oh, let him get drenched!" he would say contemptuously. She would then prepare a small meal of boiled rice and vegetables, a typical *bhat-e-bhat* as it is known in Bengal. He just loved it. The last time she saw him was just before his escape from his Elgin Road home. He was supposed to be ailing. He smiled sadly at her and said: "Remember, you owe me a meal of *bhat-e-bhat*." She still owes it to him.

Deshbandhu Das's death was a blow for both but they reacted differently. Subhas firmly believed it was the beholden duty of all his followers to finish the work begun by him. He wanted Basanti Devi to give them the lead. But Basanti Devi retired completely from public life. Repeated attempts by Subhas to draw her out into active politics failed. He wrote to her, severely rebuking her: "You are foremost among those who have neglected to do their duty after Deshbandhu's death..."

BASANTI DEVI AND DESHBANDHU C. R. DAS in 1924. She was a source of inspiration to Subhas and often acted as mediator between him and her husband.

Bengal politics was ridden with factionalism at that time. Subhas believed Basanti Devi's leadership would hold together different warring groups. Another reason was his sincere desire that Indian women should play a role in the emancipation of India.

A foreign scholar has a rather intriguing explanation to suggest. The urge for a guru or guide was inherent in him. The transition from disciple to leadership was difficult for him. So after Deshbandhu's death, instead of directly stepping into leadership, he sought to fill the void through his wife. "He who was at once my friend, philosopher and guide in my life's mission is no more. Today I am utterly destitute. You are the only refuge of this helpless person," he wrote to her and signed the letter: "Your utterly useless but loving son Subhas."

At a particular period at the beginning of his political life Subhas was indeed close to Basanti Devi; closer than his own mother. "Mr and Mrs Das became to a certain extent his chosen and substitute parents," someone has remarked.

There was a deep mutual understanding between Basanti Devi and Netaji. Basanti Devi's affection for him grew with the years. The untimely loss of her husband and only son turned her more to Subhas. On the other hand she was a constant source of inspiration to Subhas.

—To Be Concluded

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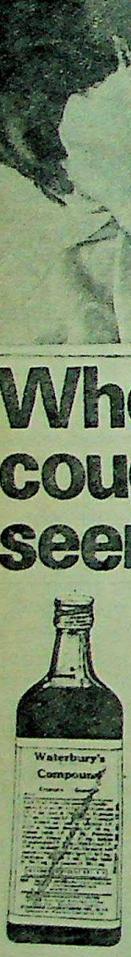
Tingling menthol... creamy lather... for cool, close shaving comfort!

CMS.G.7.72

When you're weak, coughs and colds never seem to go away.



Coughs and colds come when your body's resistance is low. When they go, they leave you weaker still. So you get coughs and colds more easily again. And again. It makes life very uncomfortable for you—in the office, at home, and everywhere.

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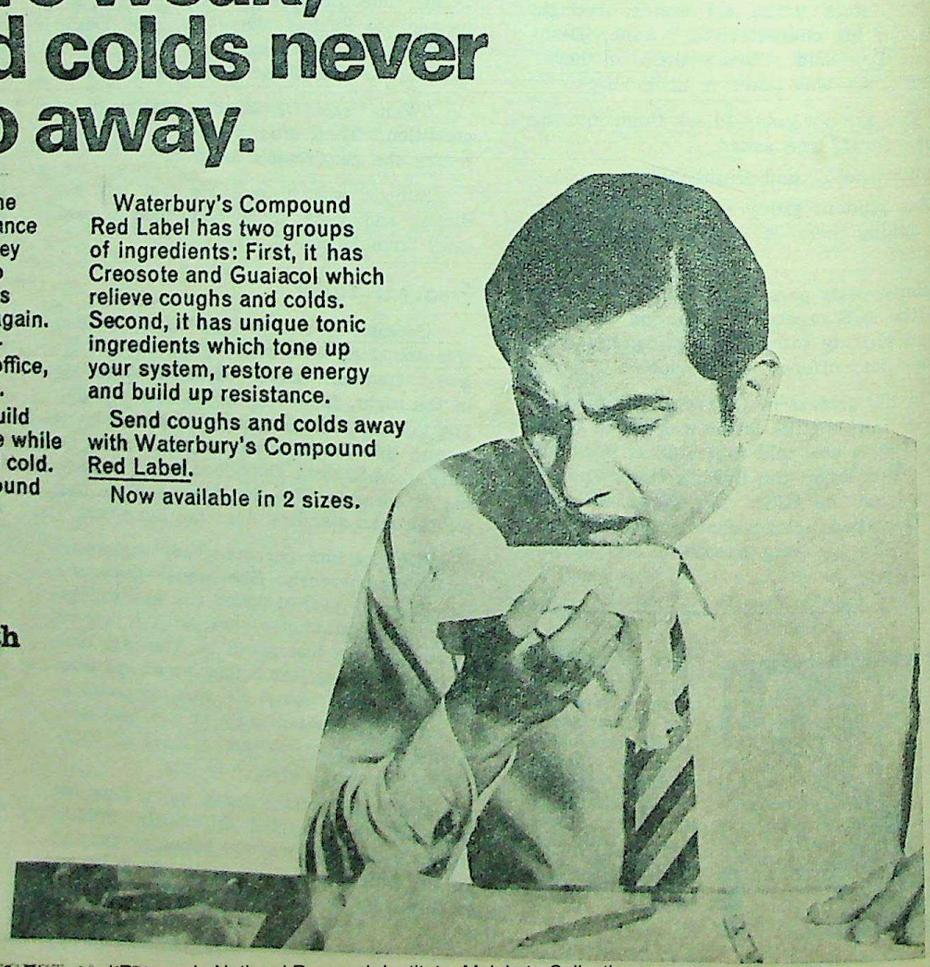

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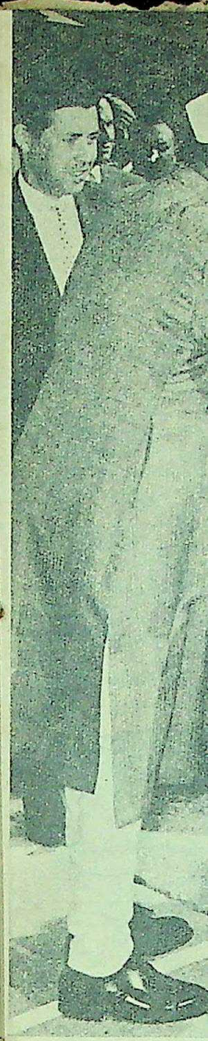

1958-55: *BHAI-BH and the First Secr (in the picture), v the special relatio General Election Party won an abso emerged as the la the first Communi Noon, Prime Mini*

1953: *FIRST LADY man President of Jawaharlal Nehru first to be establish on October 1 by N following the self- tion in the Telugu*

1952-51: *WORLD'S tion under univers and February 1952 ills—the draft of th ber 1952.*

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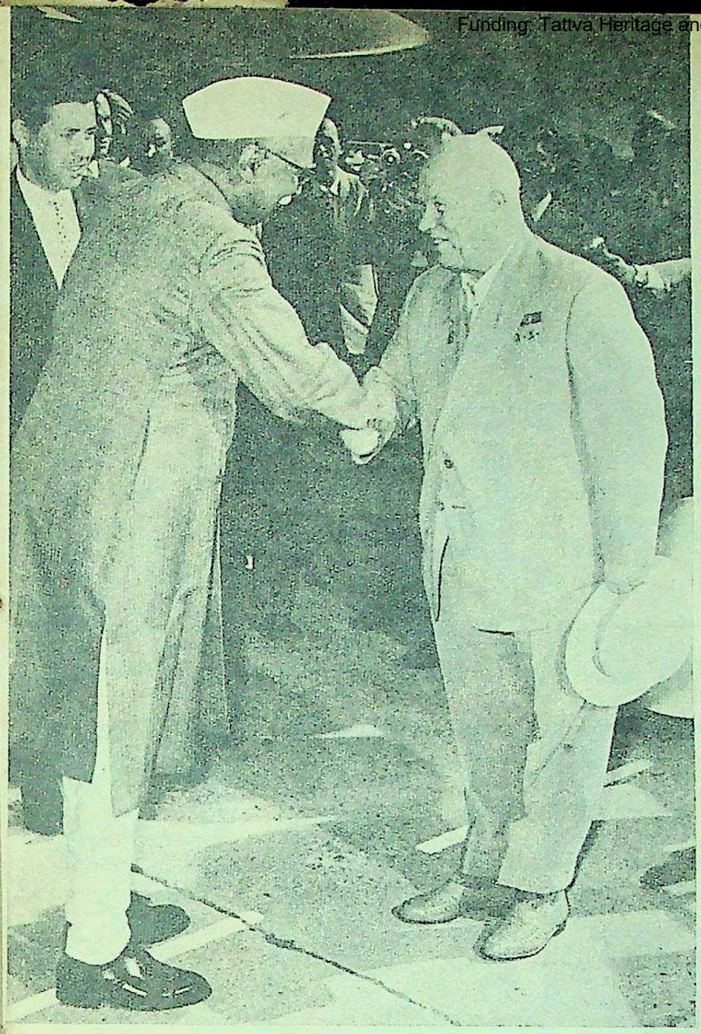


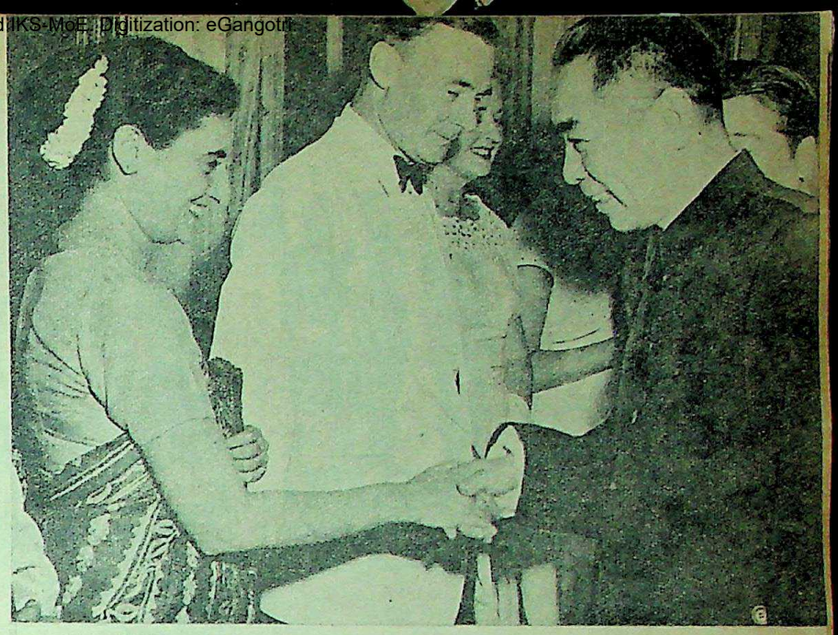
—R. B. Bedi

1958-55: *BHAI-BHAI. The Soviet Prime Minister, Marshal Bulganin, and the First Secretary of the Communist Party, Nikita Khrushchev (in the picture), visited India on November 18, 1955—and so began the special relationship between the two countries. India's Second General Election was held in February-March 1957. The Congress Party won an absolute majority in the Lok Sabha. In Kerala the CPI emerged as the largest single group and formed the government—the first Communist Ministry in any Indian State. Mr Feroze Khan Noon, Prime Minister of Pakistan, visited Delhi in September 1958.*

1953: *FIRST LADY. Mrs Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit became the first woman President of the U.N. General Assembly on September 15. Jawaharlal Nehru visited Karachi in July. The State of Andhra—the first to be established on a linguistic basis—was formally inaugurated on October 1 by Nehru at Kurnool. The decision to form it was taken following the self-immolation by Potti Sriramulu and violent agitation in the Telugu-speaking areas of the then Madras State.*

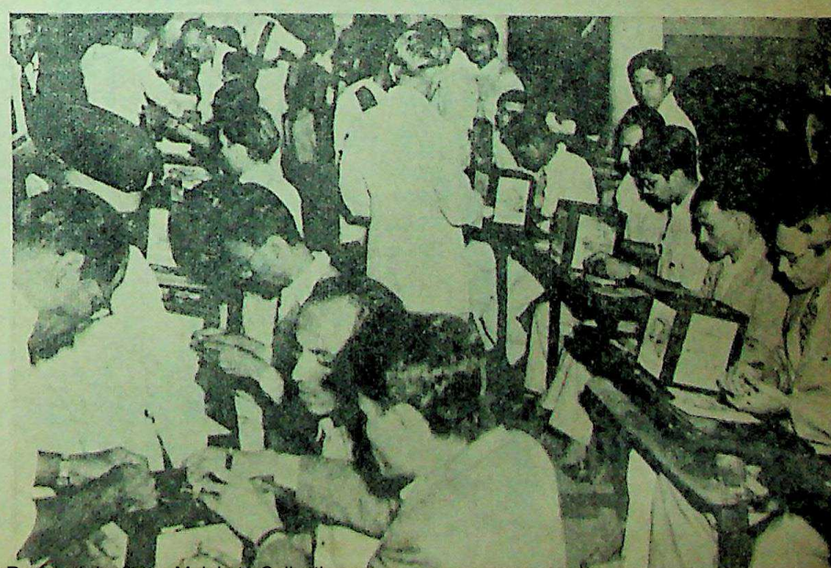
1952-51: *WORLD'S LARGEST DEMOCRACY. The First General Election under universal adult franchise was held between October 1951 and February 1952. We decided on a planned economy to solve our ills—the draft of the First Five-Year Plan was published in December 1952.*

More Pictures Overleaf



1954: *HE SMILES BEFORE THE GREAT BETRAYAL. Chinese Premier Chou En-lai (greeting Indira Gandhi here) arrived in New Delhi on June 25. Nehru paid a return visit to China on October 10.*

1953: *THE LION DETHRONED. Sheikh Abdullah's waning enthusiasm for integration with India led to tension with the Centre. This led to the dismissal of the Sheikh and the appointment of a new Cabinet under Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed in August. The Sheikh was arrested at Gulmarg and detained at Udhampur.*



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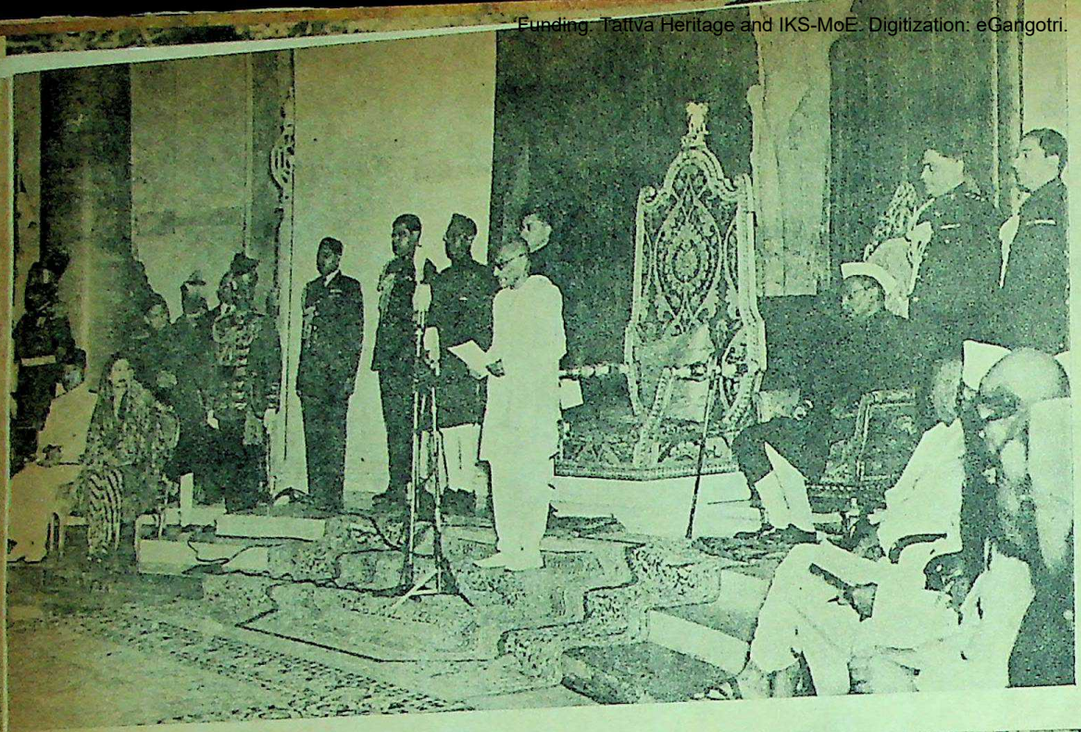
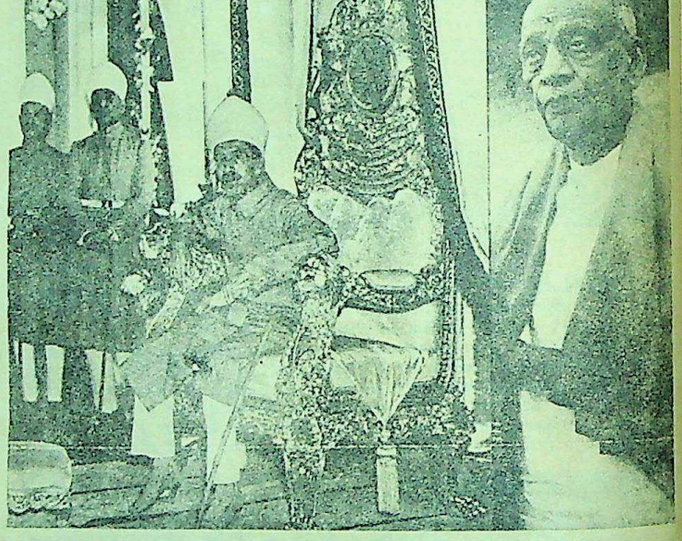


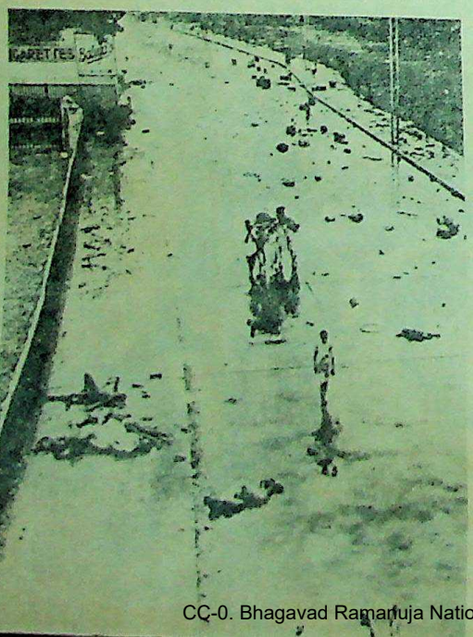
1950: *NOT EMPIRE BUT COMMONWEALTH. On January 26, India became a Republic retaining its membership of the Commonwealth. As India's Governor-General then, Mr C. Rajagopalachari announces the formation of the Republic. Dr Rajendra Prasad (seated to Rajaji's left) was elected the first President. Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, the Iron Man of India, died in Bombay on December 15, aged 75.*

—R. B. Bedi

1948: *"THE LIGHT HAS GONE OUT OF OUR LIVES." Mahatma Gandhi was assassinated on January 30 by Nathuram Godse in New Delhi. Earlier, on January 13, Bapu had undertaken an indefinite fast (his fifteenth in 35 years) in the cause of Hindu-Muslim unity.*



1949: *NO MORE "FIRMANS" FROM HIS EXALTED HIGHNESS. On September 13, Indian troops under the command of Lt-Gen. Rajendrasinhji crossed into Hyderabad. Four days later, the Hyderabad forces surrendered. This completed the integration of Princely India —the most solid achievement of Sardar Patel.*



1947: *ROAD TO PAKISTAN. Communal riots broke out in both Punjabs (Indian and Pakistani) in the wake of Partition. Thousands of Sikhs, Muslims and Hindus perished in the carnage. Following the invasion of Kashmir by Pakistani tribesmen, the State acceded to India on October 27. Sheikh Abdullah became Prime Minister of Jammu and Kashmir.*

—R. B. Bedi

1947: *HAIL TO BHARATMATA! "At the stroke of midnight, while the world sleeps, India will awake to life and freedom!" said Jawaharlal Nehru. On August 14-15, the Indian Empire came to an end with the formal transfer of power by Britain to the two new Dominions of India and Pakistan. On the historic morning of freedom, Nehru addressed his people from the ramparts of Red Fort.*

Sir—P. U. C.
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Short Stories

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New Delhi

Red Indians

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Sir—P. U. C. Chowdary's article contains several inaccurate statements. The workers' wages in the last two decades have increased by about 250%. The wage level in the plantations, which is a highly labour-intensive industry in the rural areas, cannot be compared with capital-intensive manufacturing industries in the urban areas and without taking into account the benefits enjoyed by plantation workers. The allegation about the industry making 200% profits is grossly misleading. The charge of neglect of assets is disproved by the increase in production recorded by the industry.

Coonoor — ASHOK KULKARNI

Short Stories

Sir—In the WEEKLY, what you affectionately call "short stories" belong to one category: substandard.

Ahmedabad — K. K. JAFARKHAN

Sir—It was a great pleasure to read "Housewife" by Ismat Chughtai (July 16). I hope you will give us more stories written by Ismat Chughtai, Saadat Hasan Manto, Amrita Pritam, Krishan Chander and Fikar Taunsvi.

New Delhi — GURCHARAN JIT SINGH

Red Indians

Sir—This is something unusual but it concerns all Indians. Red Indians are called "Indian" in the United States and are looked down upon. This confusion between Indians from India and the Red Indians sometimes causes us humiliation and embarrassment. To avoid this, why shouldn't we call ourselves "Hindustani"? We need not stick to the name given to us by the English rulers, need we?

Dr ZAFAR IQBAL

Indianapolis, Indiana (USA)

Family Planning And The Church

Sir—I read the interesting articles on Family Planning in the July 23 issue.

It may be added that the Church becomes the target of criticism either out of ignorance or without fully understanding the problems. That the Christian population in India is growing is true. But the growth is not on account of the alleged cold attitude of Christians to family planning. Indeed, all Christian Churches, including the Catholic Church, are for planning the family. The Catholic Church is officially against artificial means for fear of traffic in women. The Church is afraid that this will open the "road towards conjugal infidelity and the general lowering of morality".

Even as the Catholic Church is against the artificial methods, it encourages use of safe and infecund periods.

The increase in the Christian population seems to be on account of large-scale conversion from other communities to Christianity.

Trivandrum — M. S. VARGHESE

The Illustrated Weekly of India

Vol. XCIII. 33. Regd. No. MH9
Sunday, August 13, 1972

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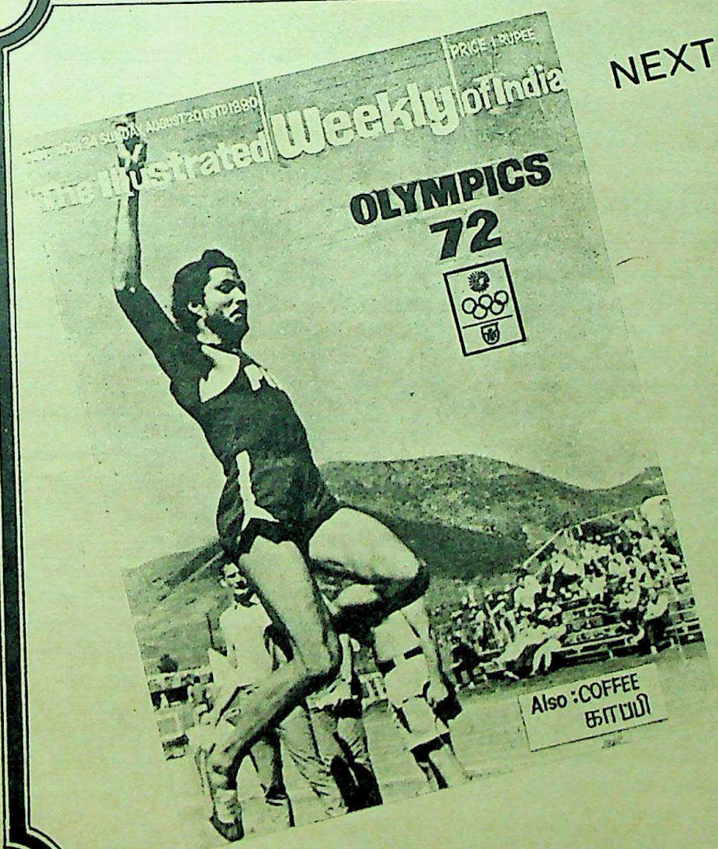
AND OUR REGULAR FEATURES

COVER: "Indira Trimurti" designed by P. S. Sathe and Mali. Photographs: R. B. Bedi 2, Tara Chand Jain 1



NEXT WEEK

"OLYMPICS 72": A comprehensive Special Issue presenting, at a glance, the range and sweep of the Greatest Sports Show on Earth. Thrilling action pictures, in colour and black and white, of the leading performers, with Mohinder Singh Gill, India's main hope at the Games, on the cover. A handy manual produced by Raju Bharatan and offering a grandstand view of "Olympics 72".

THE OLYMPIC SCENE: An expert study by Jal Pardivala, with telling facts and figures, of how India and other countries will fare.

MY EXPERIENCE AS AN ATHLETE: Exclusive to the "Weekly" from Harold Abrahams.

THE LONG ROAD TO MUNICH: A candid assessment by Raju Bharatan of India's quest for the Hockey Gold Medal they lost in 1968.

INDIA'S WRESTLING HOPES: R. Sriman makes an appraisal in the light of his vast experience in covering Asian and Olympic Games.

THE WORLD OF SOCCER: K. Bhaskaran, who was earlier this year in Rangoon to cover the pre-Olympic matches, examines the "goals" of Hungary and other leading contenders.

PLUS: All the other Olympic sports

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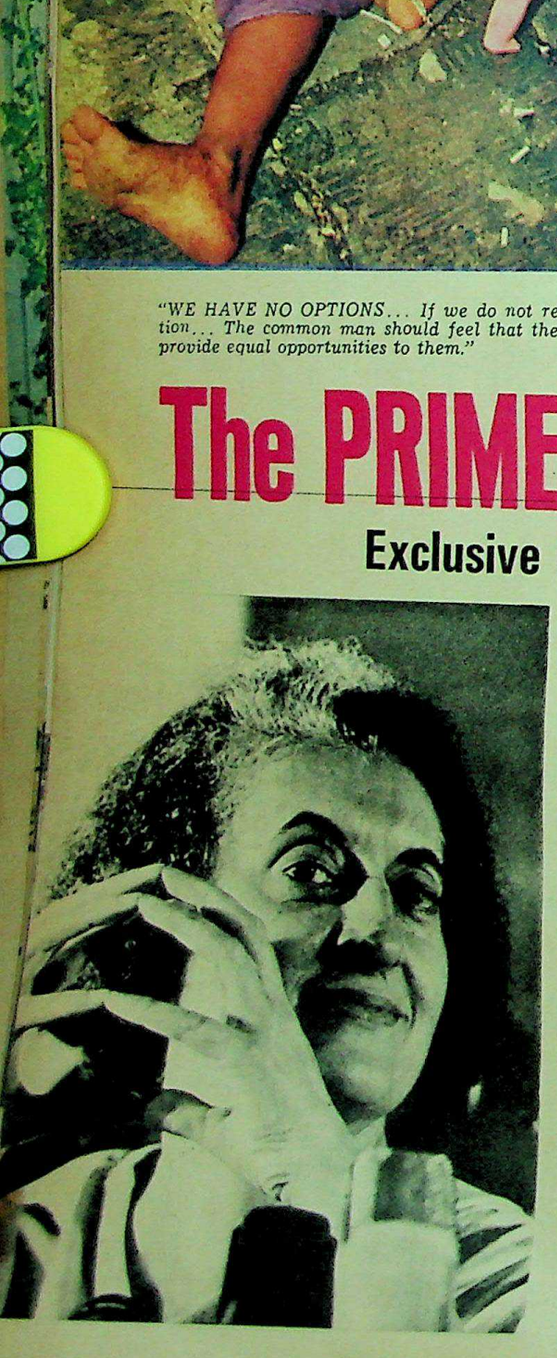
—Balkrishan—

"WE HAVE NO OPTIONS... If we do not reduce the disparities between the rich and the poor... we will be overtaken by a violent revolution... The common man should feel that the Government is doing its best to reduce the gap... We cannot make all people equal but we must provide equal opportunities to them."

The PRIME MINISTER SPEAKS...

Exclusive Interview With Khushwant Singh



The picture on our cover was inspired by the Hindu concept of God as the Trimurti—consisting of Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver and Siva the Destroyer. It also represents the three facets of our Prime Minister's personality. She is the architect and creator of a new design for living described as the socialistic pattern of society. She is the preserver of the secular-democratic form of administration. And she is the destroyer of privileges that go with birth and the accumulation of wealth.

The vast majority of the people support her three-pronged attack on the established order of things. But a minority, equally committed to the ideal of abolishing poverty, believe that she is on the wrong path and that, by unleashing forces which she can no longer control, she has put our freedoms in jeopardy and given our constitutional rights a Communist orientation. However, both are agreed that never in the history of India has any one person wielded as much power as Indira Gandhi does today. Some pay her a backhanded compliment by calling her the Queen-Empress of India. By decimating the Opposition at the polls and reducing her colleagues to absolute insignificance, she like Louis XIV could say: "*L'Etat c'est moi*" ("I am the state"). Her views on matters economic, political, cultural—on every subject—acquire the weight of her personality.

The dialogue between the Prime Minister and the Editor ranged from God to Garibi Hatao, from family planning to state patronage of art and literature, from All India Radio and Freedom of the Press to belief in astrology.

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THE Prime Minister's office is a spacious room panelled with Burma teak. She sits alone at the centre of a long rectangular table meant to seat her entire Cabinet. I make my salutation; she acknowledges it with a broad smile and waves me to a chair opposite her. Her press officer H. Y. Sharada Prasad takes a chair behind mine. She smiles again; the expression on her face indicates: "Go ahead!"

I have only a few seconds to take in the scene. She wears a pale cream-coloured sari with a broad border. Her mop of black hair with its grey streak looks very neat. Her large eyes, so melancholic in her photographs, have a happy twinkle. She is an extraordinarily handsome woman radiating confidence and goodwill. There is something quite regal about her personality. Hilaire Belloc's lines describing the beauty of a woman flash through my mind:

Her face was like the King's command
When all the swords are drawn!

She looks at me again. I know I should get on with my questions. I clear my throat and begin: "Madam, I've never interviewed a Prime Minister before; if my questions sound somewhat naive, please do not be impatient with me."

She smiles.

What Are Our Achievements?

"Madam Prime Minister, my readership includes a large number of young people—students, executives, professionals and such—who like to have answers tabulated as in examination papers. Permit me to put mine in that way. What in your opinion are our three biggest achievements during the 25 years we have been a free nation?"

I am determined not to let her get away with generalities. For a fleeting moment I have a feeling my technique has won.

"I suppose the breakthrough in the production of food would be one... but no—I don't like to catalogue our achieve-

—Continued

—Mitter Bedi

THIS LAND IS MINE. By acquiring surplus land from big landowners, will there be enough to provide for our 100 million landless people or are we merely distributing poverty instead of banishing it? Mrs Gandhi feels that "we must give the landless whatever land we have". She believes that our people will accept a slower socialistic pace provided they are convinced we are moving along the right path.

—Balkrishan

NO CEILING FOR HIM. How will limiting ownership of urban property provide homes for the homeless? The Prime Minister is confident that the measure, when properly worked out, "will make a sizable contribution in providing space for homes for the poor"

"OUR GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT is to have survived as a free democratic nation." We are the world's largest democracy: 275 million Indians went to the polls in the last State Elections in 1972. Of all the nations of Asia and Africa which won independence after World War II, India is the only country that has had an uninterrupted record as a free democracy.

—R. B. Bedi

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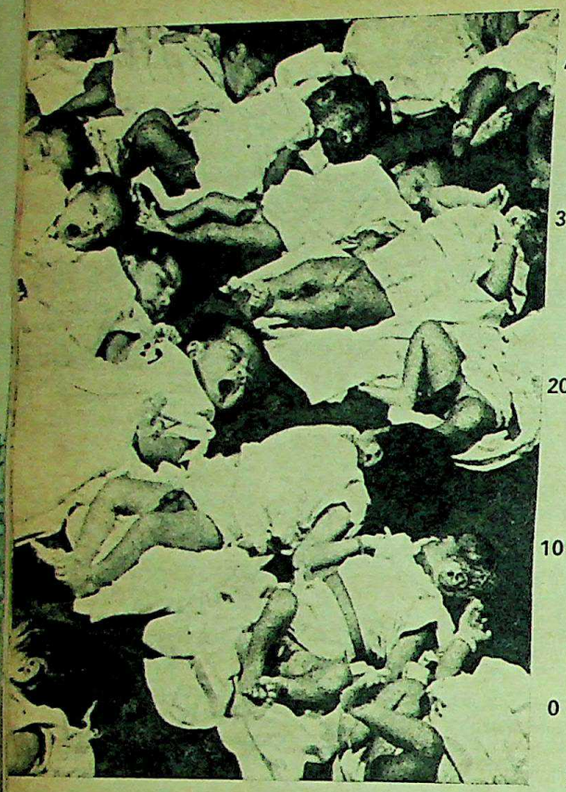
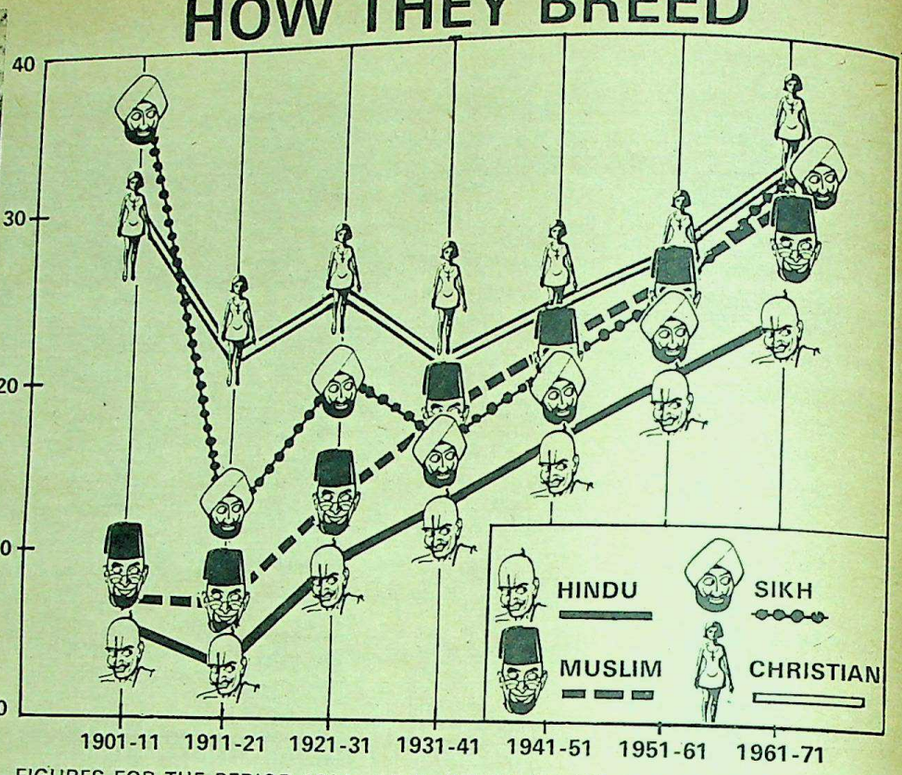




FIGURES FOR THE PERIOD 1901 – 1947 RELATE TO UNDIVIDED INDIA

ments...there is nothing tangible about such things. **I would say our greatest achievement is to have survived as a free and democratic nation. We have grown to maturity. You can include many other items in that framework."**

I find the answer intangible and lodge my protest. "There wasn't any real threat to our survival at any time—except perhaps during our confrontations with China and Pakistan."

"Oh yes there was! As early as 1948 there was real danger of disintegration."

I am about to say that "survival" seems a very negative and passive achievement. Most other nations of Asia and Africa which attained freedom after World War II had also survived. But then I think of Pakistan and Bangladesh; of the violence in Indonesia and Burma and Sri Lanka; of massacres in Biafra, Burundi, Uganda—civil wars and *coups d'etat* in many other states. Maybe survival has a deeper meaning.

What about our three biggest failures? Once again she refuses to be pinned down to one, two, three. The reply is as intangible as the first.

Our Failures

"I would say it's the failure in developing character; of conditioning our minds to think along modern lines... we continue to be preoccupied with trifling irrelevancies."

This is too vague for me. I try to persuade her to itemise shortcomings in their order of importance. "Don't you think that our failure to control our population is the biggest black mark against us?"

"No, I don't," she replies emphatically. "We have done quite a lot to limit the size of families; we could have done more, but I don't consider the population problem with grave anxiety."

I show her a graph with the latest figures depicting how, if things go on as they are, by the turn of the century we will have overtaken China and become the poorest and the most congested country in the world.

She is not impressed. "I do not underestimate the importance of family planning; but it is only one of the many problems we have to handle. During British days, large areas of activity were left untouched. We are operating on a much larger scale and at many more levels. **I am not pessimistic nor unduly alarmed at the rate of progress made in this field."**

I don't give up. "Don't you think a measure of coercion would be justified?"

She cuts me short: "Coercion? In a democracy?"

"Let's say legislation like raising the age of marriage."

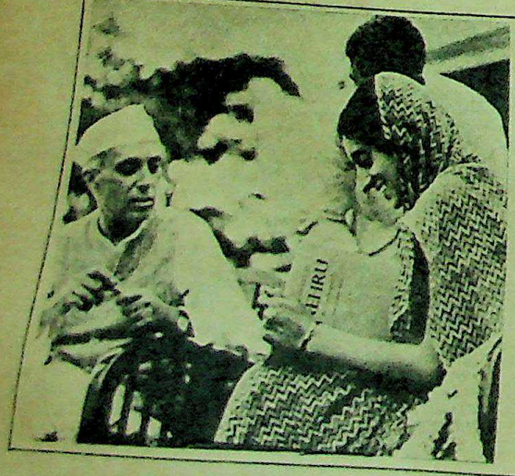
"What's the use of passing legislation which you cannot enforce? The Sarda Act was passed fifty years ago but child marriages continue—certainly in my home State, Uttar Pradesh."

On Family Planning

"Do you think family planning is important enough to be introduced as a subject of study in schools and colleges?"

"Yes, I do. Whether at the school or the college level I am not sure. But we have to change our curriculum in many ways to conform to national requirements."

I try to broach the subject from yet another angle. "Have you seen the report on the rates of growth of different communities?"



Child Of Light

Years ago, when Indira was a teenager, her father, Jawaharlal Nehru, wrote to her on her birthday: "Be brave and all the rest follows. If you are brave, you will not fear and will not do anything of which you are ashamed... Let us make friends with the sun and work in the light and do nothing secretly or furtively. And if you do so, my dear, you will grow up a child of the light, unafraid and serene and unruffled, whatever may happen."

—Continued On Page 12

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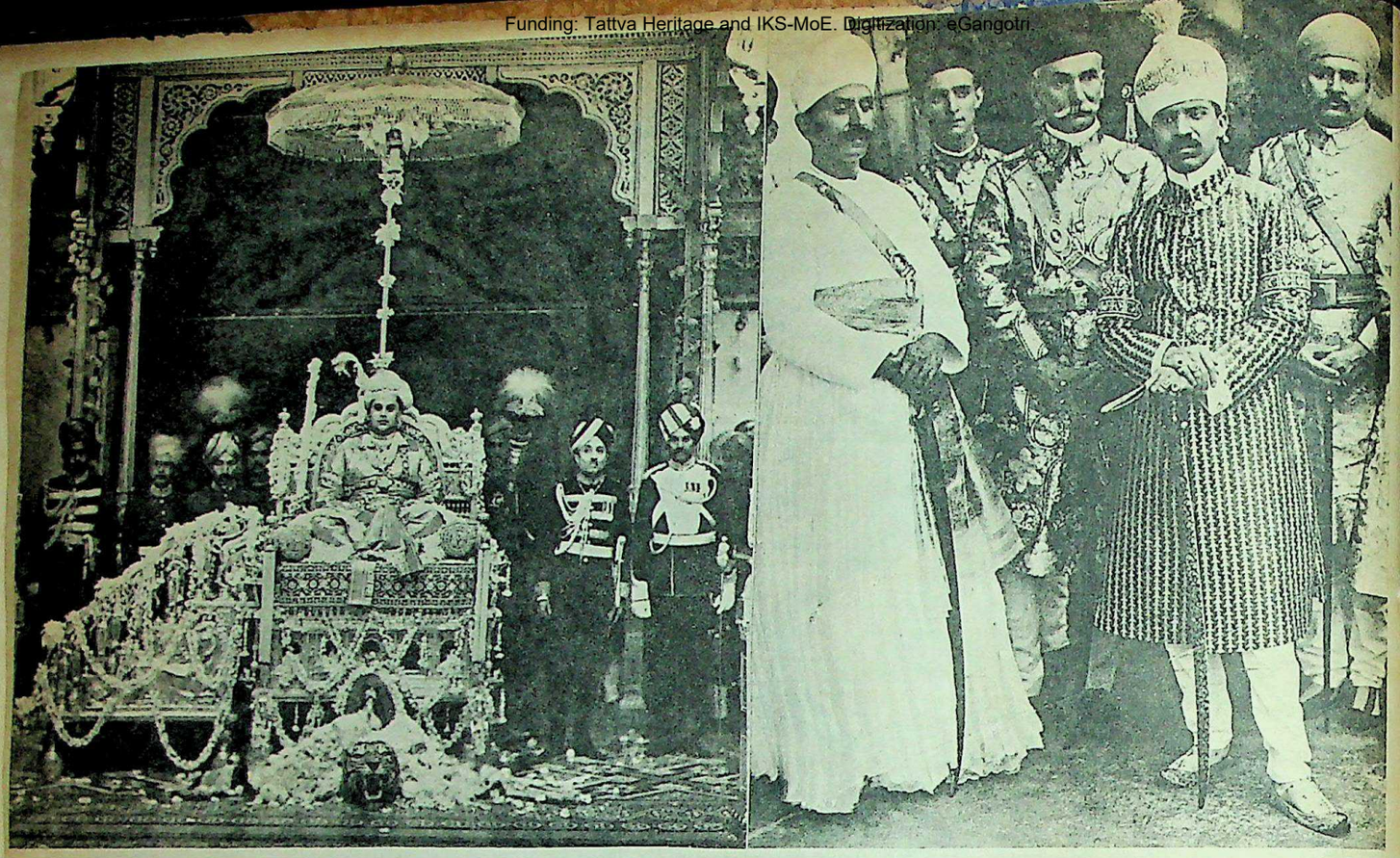

ABNORMAL PEOPLE. "The Princes lived abnormal lives and were never given the chance to develop," says the Prime Minister. "Besides, the common man wants to know why some people should enjoy special privileges." The privy purses added up to Rs 4½ crores per year diminishing with each succession. "It is not a question of money but of principle," says Mrs Gandhi. She took the leading role in abolishing privileges guaranteed to the Princes by treaties of accession

She nods. "And have you seen the devious explanations?" she asks me and continues: "Of the Christians they say it is due to conversions. How can that be true when so many States have legislation against missionary activity? Of the Muslims they say it's because many have come back from Pakistan. I don't think we know enough about the subject to draw conclusions!"

"But there's no excuse for the Sikhs' rate of increase," I say. "They are the most prosperous and the most educated religious minority in India and yet their rate of multiplication is only next to that of the Christians!"

The Prime Minister replies with a studied smile indicating: 'Answer that one yourself.' I switch to other important topics.

Abolishing Poverty

"Indiraji, you have launched an economic programme aimed at abolishing poverty. Would you agree that the steps taken so far —like nationalisation of banks, abolition of princely purses and privileges, the change in the status of the ICS are more symbolic and cannot be of any real economic benefit to the country? Did you introduce these to create the right kind of atmosphere before taking other steps to lessen the gap between the affluent and the underprivileged sections of our society?"

"I don't agree that these steps were only of symbolic value—certainly not the nationalisation of banking. It has been a big step forward. I would not even describe the abolition of the Princes' purses as only of symbolic significance. It was..."

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Photographs by T. S. Nagarajan

"It involved only Rs 4½ crores to begin with, the amount diminishing with successive heirs."

"It's not the money that is important, it's the principle... It was in their own interest..."

"After giving them an undertaking? I agree the Princes were parasites but once you give a solemn assurance..."

"I don't think they were parasites; they had never been given a chance to work and show their mettle. Their purses and privileges were holding them back. Because they led abnormal lives, they did not develop as normal people. They lacked self-confidence. They can now play their role in building the nation. **As individuals, they will be better. Their talents, their inner resources will be fully used. They don't have to depend upon what their fathers left them. Besides this you have to consider the feeling of the masses. They want to know why one section of the people should enjoy privileges and others remain deprived. We cannot make all people equal but we must provide equal opportunities to them."**

Ceilings

I turn to the subject of ceilings. "There's not enough land to go round. From what you expect to acquire from big landowners—and you admit your records are woefully inadequate—you will not be able to provide land to the landless millions. If this is so, will this move be worth while?"

"We will give the landless whatever land we have. They will appreciate that we have done our best with the resources at our command."

"The ceilings on urban property will achieve even less. It will not provide homes to the homeless because all urban property is already occupied. It will only convert tenants into landlords or substitute the Government as the landlord of the acquired property."

"No," replies the Prime Minister emphatically. "The acquisition of urban land and large mansions will make a sizable contribution towards providing space for homes

—Continued

THOU SHALT NOT KILL. The 2,500th Nirvana Mahotsava of Bhagawan Mahavira will be celebrated in 1974-75. To the suggestion that all shikar, sale of guns and cartridges and serving of game in restaurants be banned in that year, the Prime Minister replies: "We will give it serious consideration."

THE DESERT MAKERS. While denudation of forests and wanton destruction of fauna go on as before, movements such as Vanamahotsavas and Wild Life Weeks have lost momentum. "I have always been against formalised Vanamahotsava," says the Prime Minister. "Tree-planting should be carried out regularly as a routine of duty."

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for the poor. **In any case it is important that the common man should feel that the Government is doing its best to reduce the gap between the rich and the poor. It is one way of sowing the seeds of social equality.**"

"What about ceilings on incomes from sources other than land or urban property?"

"The matter is being discussed but we have not yet arrived at any definite conclusions. **However, these measures are aimed at reducing disparities. If we do not go ahead with them, the poor will rise in revolt. And I am violently against a violent upheaval. In any case, if you can achieve the same result by peaceful means, why not?**"

"All that you want to do can only be done if you have an able and honest administration. Do you think you have such a bureaucracy available to you?"

"Yes, I do. The younger elements coming into our civil services are able, efficient, honest and dedicated."

"The cumulative effect of what you have set about to do will be of the proportions of a revolution." I want to caution her with the adage: He who rides a tiger cannot afford to dismount! But from the answer she gives me, it is clear that she knows what she is about.

"We have no option. Either we do these things peacefully ourselves or we will be overtaken by a violent revolution."

I turn to disparity between profession and practice. There has been much talk against ostentatious living, most of the talking being done by leftists who themselves live in considerable style. There are no signs of Gandhian simplicity in the way of living of our Ministers (Mrs Gandhi is an exception). Also there are institutions about whose utility I have doubts. I ask her: "In trying to husband your resources you often talk against ostentatious living and wasteful expenditure. Don't you think that institutions like Governors and Upper Houses in the States are examples of unnecessary expense and should be dispensed with?"

Governors And Raj Bhavans

The Prime Minister pauses for quite some time before replying. "Governors perform an important function. There has to be someone in every State to represent the Central Government. We are going into the matter of expenses of the Raj Bhavans. Some residences have been taken over, some staff like military ADCs have been reduced. But we find that the Governor's establishment which has to look after visiting dignitaries is on the whole cheaper than any alternative arrangement."

I wonder if Governors do in fact perform important functions. Why are so many retired civil servants, discredited politicians and at times complete nonentities nominated? In any case I feel they could do very much more in their States than open exhibitions and go to tea parties. I put it to the Prime Minister: "Why don't Governors play more active roles in civic matters? Some years ago every monsoon season our papers used to be full of pictures of Governors (and Ministers) planting saplings for *Vanamahotsava*. Tree-planting seems to have been forgotten. Many other useful activities have lost their momentum. Why are not the Governors instructed to take more interest in welfare activities?"

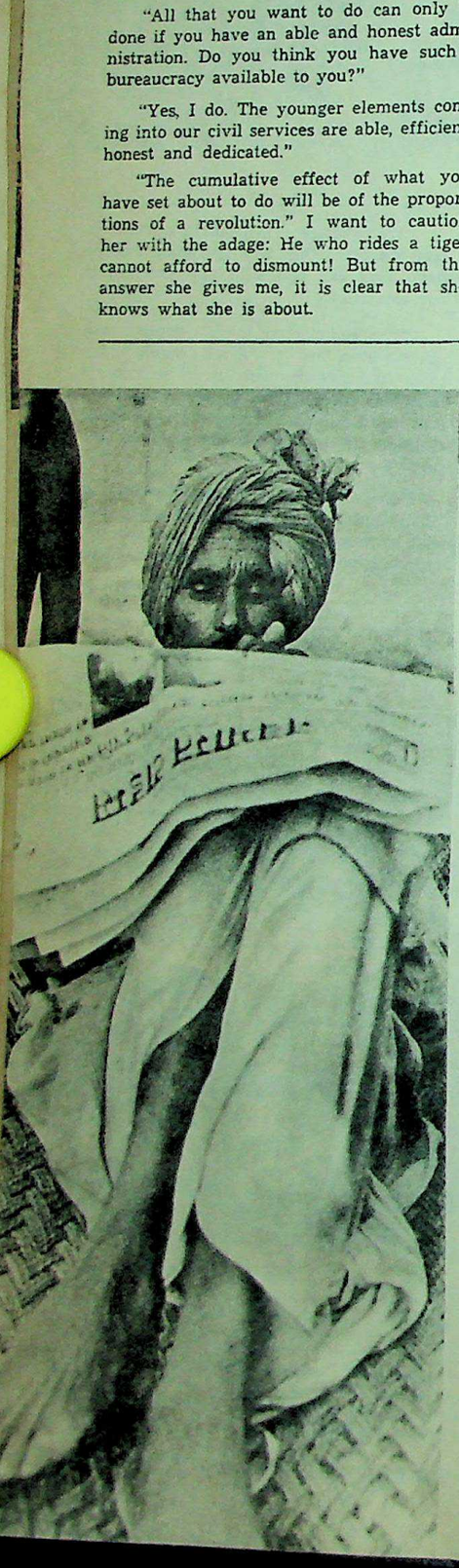
"I have always been against formalised *Vanamahotsava* and special weeks for this or that. You mention tree-planting. It should be carried out regularly as a routine of duty. I agree with you that Governors could play a more useful role in civic life. Some are more active than others. **There is Begum Ali Yavar Jung (wife of the Governor) in Maharashtra. She is taking the lead in the Kachra Hatao movement in the cities. There should be more of this kind of activity.**"

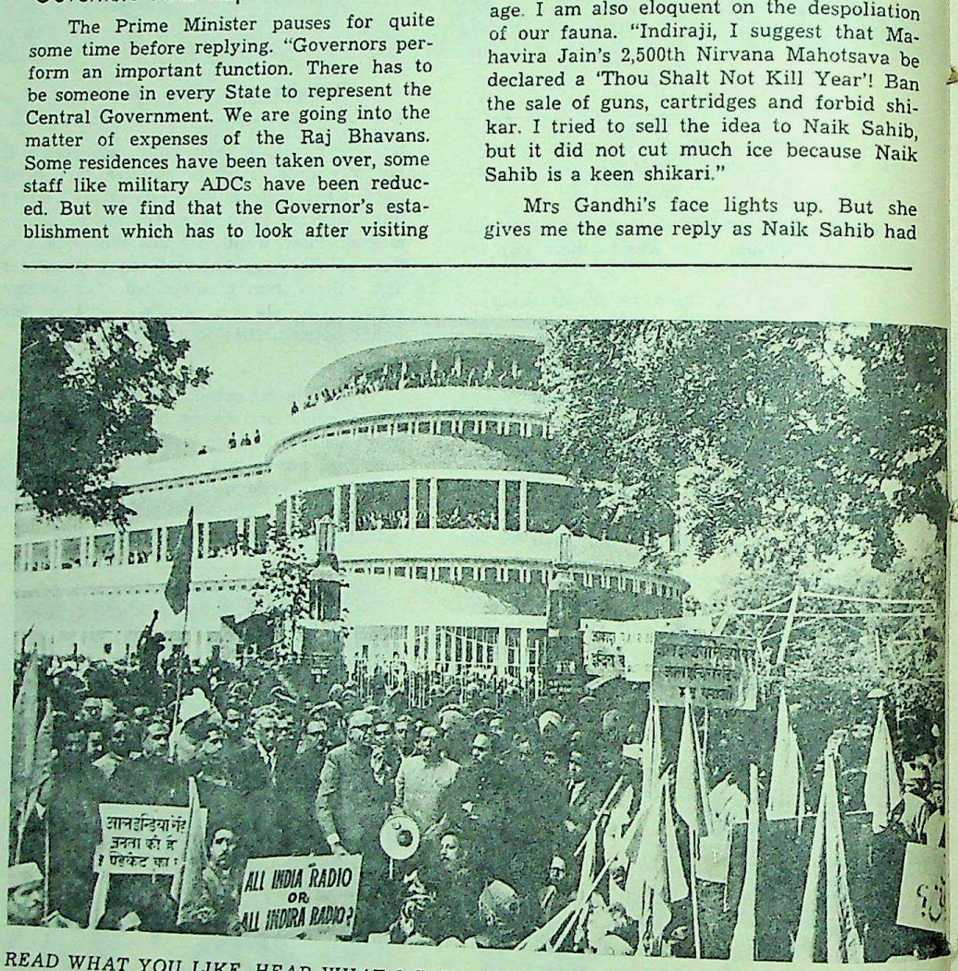
"Yes, yes," I agree enthusiastically and slip in my pet obsession: preservation of wild life as a part of gubernatorial patronage. I am also eloquent on the despoliation of our fauna. "Indiraji, I suggest that Mahavira Jain's 2,500th Nirvana Mahotsava be declared a 'Thou Shalt Not Kill Year'! Ban the sale of guns, cartridges and forbid shikar. I tried to sell the idea to Naik Sahib, but it did not cut much ice because Naik Sahib is a keen shikari."

Mrs Gandhi's face lights up. But she gives me the same reply as Naik Sahib had given. "It is not shikar but poaching that is depleting our wild life."

"I've heard that said far too often and I don't believe it. But, as you said, some things are worth doing merely to generate a kind of ethos. If you dedicate the Jain Mahavira anniversary to preserving wild animals and birds, people will realise how grave the situation is. I am sure it will be a very popular move."

The Prime Minister looks wistfully at her desk before replying. "You have a point. I'll give it serious thought."





READ WHAT YOU LIKE, HEAR WHAT I SAY. The Government will not relinquish its hold on AIR but means to deprive industrialists of their ownership of newspapers. "We will not interfere with editorial freedom," assures the Prime Minister. Many people are unhappy with the Government's control of news agencies, newsprint allocations, import licences for printing machinery and its being the largest single advertiser in the country.

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I feel very happy I've made at least one point. I try to score a second. "These Upper Houses in the States, they do not serve any useful purpose. Punjab has abolished it. Why not the other States? The money could be put to better use."

"I don't agree; the Upper Houses have their uses. They act as a cushion against hasty action. They help us to provide representation for minority groups which do not get an equal chance in the elections. But this is really a matter for the States to decide for themselves."

I change the subject. "May I turn to the creative arts? Don't you think we in India have gone a bit too far in according official patronage to the creative arts? In so doing we have diverted the artist's attention from his real job of getting on with his work to seeking rewards."

Mrs Gandhi turns to Sharada Prasad for elucidation of the point. He looks at me to be more explicit. "In no democratic country does the state spoon-feed the writers as we do in India. The Sahitya Akademi gives them awards; you nominate them to legislatures; give them Padma Shris and Padma Bhushans; send them out as Ambassadors. It creates an unhealthy atmosphere of rivalry—not to excel in creativity but to hang round people in power."

Our Artists And Writers

Mrs Gandhi does not think my point valid or important. **"I don't know about other countries, but I believe in Sweden the Government does as much for its writers and artists as our Government. We only nominate an odd writer or painter to the legislatures, more to recognise what he or she has done in the past. I am not aware of encouraging sycophants as you describe them."**

I could labour the point further, but feel that it might involve naming people—which would be unfair. So I pass on to the next question.

"Many of us are seriously perturbed by some Government measures like the compulsory limitation of the size of papers and the proposed legislation to diffuse ownership of some of the national dailies. These will spell the death of a free press in the country."

Mrs Gandhi gets quite animated. "I don't see that at all! We are short of newsprint. We cannot deprive small newspapers and let the big ones use all of it. The small papers ventilate local and regional grievances. If we stop them, that would be muzzling the Press.

"I won't pursue this point further as it is *sub judice*, but surely, when you plan to break the monopoly of a few families who own some papers, you overlook the Government monopoly on All India Radio. Why don't you apply the same criteria to All India Radio as you propose to apply to the newspapers?"

"In no country in the free world are newspapers owned by business houses except in India. We cannot allow..."

"Newspapers are big business in England and the United States and..."

"Big Business in themselves, not tied to any other industry."

—Continued

If Not PM, What Would She Be?

"I would have liked to be a writer" (Mrs Gandhi said in an interview to Mr K. A. Abbas). Then added:

"I would have liked to do research in History or, perhaps, in Anthropology, for that interests me even more than History.

I have always been greatly interested in the life of the tribal peoples, in their folk art and their folk music —whenever I got a chance I used to go to the tribal areas. I must say that I got on very well with the tribal people."

Then she added, with a twinkle in her eyes: "Maybe there is a touch of the primitive in me. Whatever the reason, I would have liked to be an anthropologist."

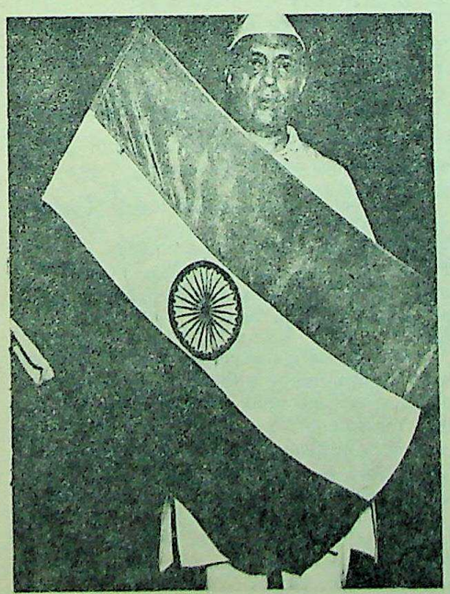
She could not be an anthropologist but her interest in the subject led her to suggest to her father, and later help in organising, the annual pageant of folk dances and the cavalcade of tribal peoples in their distinctive costumes which is such a unique and colourful feature of the Republic Day festivities in the Capital.

But Anthropology did not exhaust the range of possibilities of an alternative to her political career.

"If I wanted to have an easy life, I could have become an interior decorator—I am really interested in the subject." One has only to look round her present house, or recall how she furnished the Teen Murti House for her father, to believe in her good taste and her talent for interior decoration.

Then she gave me the surprise of the evening: "I could even have become a dancer—I learnt Manipuri in Santiniketan, and Gurudev wanted me to join the dance troupe that he was going to take on a tour round the country."

—from "Indira Gandhi" by K. A. Abbas



August 15, 1947

Interviewer: *One of the unforgettable moments in your life, I am sure, must have been at midnight when August 14, 1947, came to an end and August 15 came in. This was the occasion when your father made his first speech to the new and free Parliament of India.*

Mrs Gandhi: *Well, I was so excited and proud, you know, I really thought I would burst!*

Interviewer: *As an Indian or as a daughter?*

Mrs Gandhi: *Well, I think it was all mixed up. I can't really separate the two persons. But more as an Indian, I think, because of having taken part in the struggle and to feel it was worth it...*

—Arnold Michaelis: Interview with Mrs Gandhi

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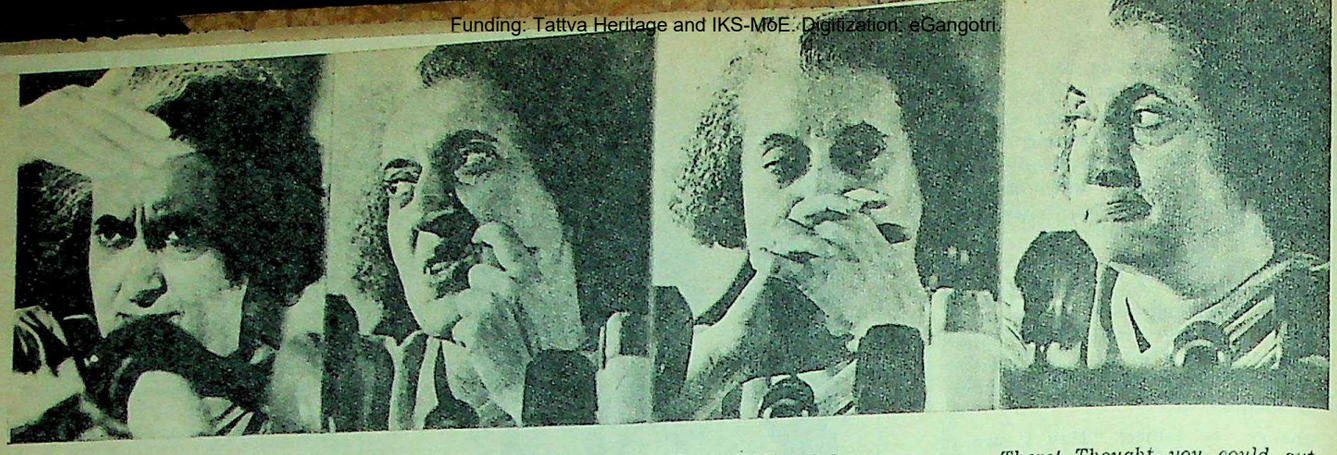


Whose is that dissenting voice? *How shall I tackle him?* *Hmm! I'll be subtle...* *There! Thought you could outsmart me, did you?*

Photographs by R. B. Bedi

"Okay! Can you give instances where editorial freedom of our papers has been abused by the owners?"

"Yes, I can—innumerable instances. It is obvious that all the news is slanted. We will not allow this to continue. But there will be no governmental interference in editorial freedom. You can take that from me."

I don't give in on this. "Mrs Gandhi, I can only quote from my personal experience. For the three years I have been Editor, I have expressed myself with absolute freedom on all kinds of topics. Not once have my proprietors ever tried to dictate policy or object to what I have written. On the other hand I have been visited by your police on two occasions. They wanted to find out about an article I had received."

Mrs Gandhi is visibly taken aback. "It couldn't have been the Central Police..."

"I am not casting reflections. It is always an overenthusiastic subordinate who commits such indiscretions. But once an atmosphere is created that you can tamper with the Press, there will be people who will arrogate that right to themselves."

I can see Mrs Gandhi does not agree with me. So I take the offensive: "What about All India Radio? Why should it remain a Government monopoly? What about the Chanda Committee's recommendation that it be made into an autonomous corporation on the BBC model?"

Mrs Gandhi does not mince her words. "All India Radio is a Government monopoly. It will remain a Government monopoly. It is the only means by which we can reach the people of our country, explain our plans and policies to them. Within limits the opposition point of view is and will continue to be presented. What do you think would have happened if the Jana Sangh was allowed to say on All India Radio all it is saying about the Simla Agreement?"

I don't know what would happen. I believe that if all points of view are presented, people make more valid judgments—as at election time. However, the Prime Minister knows her people better than I. So I switch on to lighter subjects. "I don't suppose you get much time to read books?"

"You'll be surprised! I do spend a lot of time reading."

"What kind of books? Who are your favourite authors?"

"I don't have favourite topics or favourite authors; I read whatever takes my fancy." She forestalls my next question. "I haven't read much by Indian authors."

God And Astrology

"Two more questions and I have finished. In an interview with the BBC, you said you did not need religion as a prop. Could you spell that out a little more?"

She pauses. I prod her further: "Do you believe in God?"

"Yes, I do. But not God as some kind of bearded gentleman sitting ..."

"In front of you?"

She laughs. "I wasn't being personal. I suppose I believe in Vedanta."

"All of it? Karma—transmigration of souls and the rest that goes with Vedanta?"

"I don't know much about it. I believe everyone has the right to choose his own religion—his own path."

"There is more to Vedanta than that."

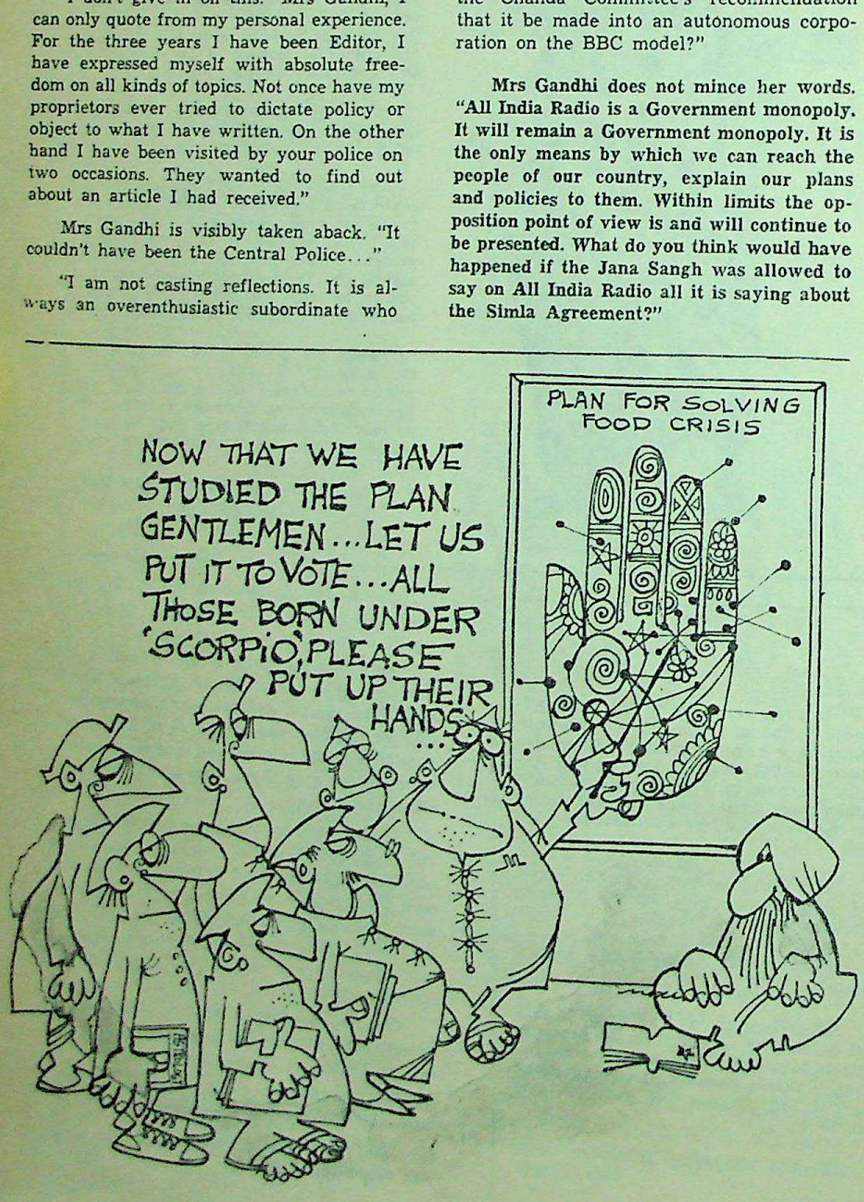
"I said I haven't read very much on the subject."

"Do you believe in astrology?" I ask.

"No," she says quite firmly. "I do not. I don't think anyone should base his actions upon it. But if it amuses people, I would not come in their way."

My questionnaire comes to an end. I still have 15 minutes to go. I had restricted the number of questions on the presumption that there would be a lot of interruptions: comings and goings of Ministers, officials, politicians, buzzing of telephones. There wasn't any. I have a blank look on my face.

She smiles—she never stops smiling—cocks her head sideways and asks: "Is that all?"



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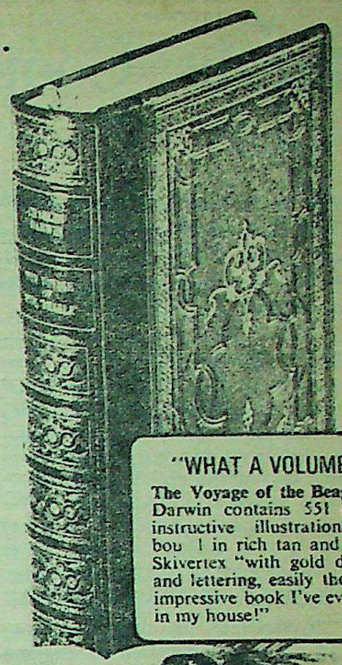

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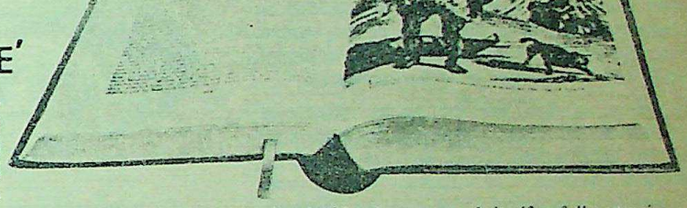

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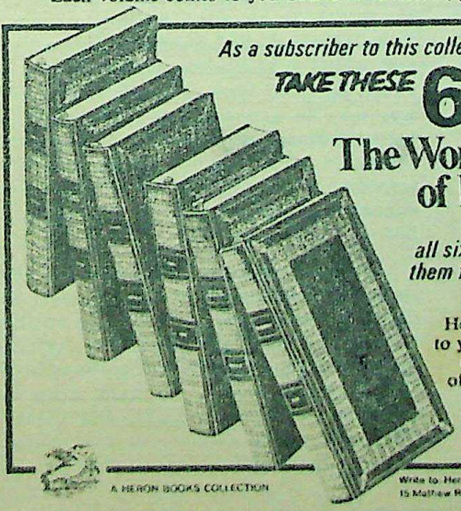

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Ananda Coomaraswamy

by G. N. DAS

A tribute to the savant who dedicated his life for Indian art and thought. The 24th death anniversary of Coomaraswamy falls on September 10.

"NATIONALISM is not enough... Patriotism is parochial, and even banal, and there are finer parts great souls may play... The chosen people of the future cannot be any nation or race, but an aristocracy of the earth uniting the virility of European youth to the serenity of Asiatic age." This observation of Ananda Kentish Coomaraswamy has gained added relevance after his successful pioneering efforts to awaken the West to the art and philosophy of India.

Born in Colombo in 1877, Coomaraswamy had his early education in England and returned to Ceylon at the age of 25. After serving as Director of the Mineralogical Survey for three years, he decided to dedicate himself to the study of art, realising the need to safeguard the traditional arts from the impact of industrialisation.

One of his earliest books, *Medieval Sinhalese Art* (1908), bears ample testimony to his scholarship. Then, in 1916, appeared *Rajput Painting*. The following year he was appointed a research fellow at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.A., which also purchased his large art collection. Subsequently, he became the Keeper of its Department of Indian, Persian and Mohammedan Art and made it the home of some of the masterpieces of Asian painting, sculpture, ceramics and jewellery.

Coomaraswamy published a large number of books and papers which were models of precision and documentation. Among his books mention may be made of *The Indian Craftsman, Essays in National Idealism, Domestic Handicraft and Culture, Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists, Bronzes from Ceylon, The Dance of Siva, History of Indian and Indonesian Art* and *Hinduism and Buddhism.*

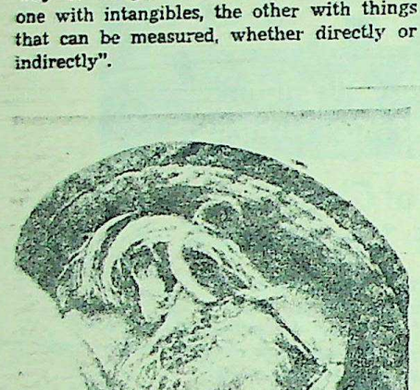
Indian Cultural Centre

In addition to his specialised researches, he set up an Indian Cultural Centre in New York, in 1924, and served as the President of the National Committee of India's Freedom, Washington, in 1938. Accepting a felicitation volume presented to him in 1947 on the occasion of his 70th birthday, he referred to his intention "to retire and return to India next year". Thinking of this as an *astam gamana* (going home), he added: "We mean to remain in India, now a free country, for the rest of our lives." But before he could do so he passed away on September 10, 1947.

At a time when the superiority of Western culture and the Grecian concepts of beauty and aesthetics held the field, it was Coomaraswamy who, following in the footsteps of E. B. Havell, espoused the cause of Indian art and asserted its importance in the realm of world art with greater vigour and success than his distinguished predecessor.

Although his main work lay in the study and interpretation of Indian and Oriental art, Ananda Coomaraswamy also illumined the "all-comprehensive art of life" and has been aptly styled "the most distinguished exponent of the *Philosophia Perennis* in the English-speaking world".

With regard to the respective roles of science and religion, Coomaraswamy found "no necessary conflicts" between the two, "but only the possibility of a confusion of their respective fields... one deals with the why of things, the other with their how; one with intangibles, the other with things that can be measured, whether directly or indirectly".



ANANDA KENTISH COOMARASWAMY (1877-1947) followed in the footsteps of E. B. Havell and popularised Indian culture —"not so much because it is Indian as because it is culture".

Coomaraswamy pleaded for the elimination of a purely quantitative civilisation, of the profit motive which actuated both capital and labour, and of the blind imitation of Western institutions. A high standard of living should be measured not in terms of comfort but of the dignity and satisfaction which it ensured to all concerned. We should restore "the concept of vocation, not as a matter of arbitrary choice or of passive determination by monetary needs or social ambition, but of occupations to which one is imperiously summoned by one's own nature and in which, accordingly, every man can be working out at the same time the perfection of his product and his own entelechy".

The distinction between the use and abuse of machines, Coomaraswamy observed, "is that of the tool (however complicated) that helps the man to make the thing he wants to make, from the machine (however simple) that must be served by the man whom it, in fact, controls. This is a problem that must be solved if the world is to be made 'safe for democracy' and safe from exploitation, and that can be solved by agreement only when the *intentions* of the traditional 'caste' systems have been understood, and it has been fully realised that those intentions can never be fulfilled within the framework of a capitalist industrialism, however 'democratic', and can only be fulfilled where production is primarily for 'good use'." He added: "How many of our 'communists', I wonder, "realize" that the reference to 'the common man', *communis homo*, was originally not to the man in the street as such, but to the immanent deity, the very Man in every man!"

This was the philosophy of work as enunciated by St Augustine, Plato and the Bhagavad Gita and, according to Coomaraswamy, there was "no form of society in which such a condition has been more nearly realised than the Indian". Therefore, we should attempt "the regeneration of Indian taste and the re-establishment of some standard of quality", probably "by artists and poets, not by traders and politicians".

On Education

Coomaraswamy felt that all educational systems should be in vital relationship to the cultural milieu of the pupils and that no attempt should be made to impose alien ways of life and thinking on them. He did not believe that literacy was the sole or even the chief criterion by which a community was to be judged. The world's great literature like the Bible, the Vedas, the Edda and the epics "existed long before they were written down, many have never been written down, and others have been or will be lost". The peasant, although innocent of the modern newspaper or magazine, was nevertheless "thoroughly familiar with an epic literature of profound spiritual significance and a body of poetry and music of incalculable value". As to the respect for true learning among the layman, Coomaraswamy felt that "the whole East is still far in advance of the West, and hence the learning of the elite exerts a far profounder influence upon society as a whole than the Western specialist 'thinker' can ever hope to wield".

Coomaraswamy agreed with the German theologian Alfred Jeremiah that "human culture (*Menschheitsbildung*) is a unitary whole, and its separate cultures are the dialects of one and the same language of the spirit". To his mind, it was not common forms of government or of economic activity that would ensure better understanding between East and West. The need of the hour was for "an agreement on principles". He believed that it was "another Socrates that the world needs". He wanted all missionary activities to be replaced by interdenominational conferences and a fellowship of faiths.

No doubt Ananda Coomaraswamy often spoke the language of controversy and debate in his efforts to resolve the conflicts between tradition and modernism, between the past and the present. But perhaps it was well that this was so, for quite often has mankind treated its prophets and pioneers with passive acquiescence and then consigned them and their message to oblivion.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

The Little Box

by VASKO POPA

The Little Box

The little box gets its first teeth
Its small length grows
And grows its small width small emptiness
Grows every thing of which it consists of

The little box grows on
And it has the cupboard in it
In which it was

The little box grows on and on
And now in it is the room
The house the city the earth
And the world in which it was

The little box recalls its childhood
And out of a great yearning
It becomes a little box again

Now in the little box
Is a teeny-weeny world
Easily you can keep it in your pocket
Easily steal it and easily lose it

Take care of the little box.

Master Of The Little Box

Don't open the little box
Drops of nectar will fall from it

Don't ever close it
Small legs of greatness will cut and fall

Don't throw it down
The egg of sun in it will break

Don't move it round so fast in the wind
Bones of earth in it will break

Don't hold it in hand
The dough of stars in it will get sour

If in the name of God you know what you are doing
Don't at all remove it from your eyes.

Lease-Holders Of The Little Box

Put in the little box
Stone
You can take out a bird

Put in it your own seed
You will take out a lucky shirt

Put pupil of your eye
You will take out the axle of the world

The little box is at your service

Put in the little box
Rat
You will take out a trembling golden mountain

Put your own mother's shell
You will take out immortal goblet

Put your own head in it
You will take out two

The little box is at your service.

The Enemies Of The Little Box

Don't bow down before the little box
Which holds almost every thing in it
And your stars and all the other stars

Empty yourself
In its emptiness

Take out all the nails from it
Give them to its owners
So that they eat them away

Make a hole in its center
And fix it in your pendulum

Fill it with sketches
And with skin of its masters
Then trample it under feet

Bind it on a cat's tail
And chase the cat

Don't bow down before the little box
Because you won't be able to
Stand upright again.

Victims Of The Little Box

Take care that even in dreams
You have nothing to do
With the little box

If you have seen it full of stars
You will wake up
With an empty chest devoid of heart and soul

If you have put tongue
Inside its lock
You will wake up with a hole in your forehead

If you crushed it
With your teeth
You will wake up with a square head

If you have seen it empty
You will wake up
With a stomach full of nails and rats

If you had anything to do
With the little box in your dreams
It is better that you don't wake up at all

Critics Of The Little Box

Why did you stand agape before the little box

Which in its emptiness
Holds the complete world

If the little box holds
The world in its emptiness
Then the space holds the little box
In its non-existent hands

Who will cut the non-existent hands of space

And along with them
Five hundred non-existent fingers

Do you really believe
That you will crush them
With your thirty-two teeth

Or are you waiting
For the little box
To fly in your mouth
Did you open your mouth so wide for that reason?

Prisoners Of The Little Box

Open up little box

We kiss your bottom and cover
Also the lock and the key

The whole world is crumpled inside you
And now it resembles everyone
Except its own self

Even its careful mother
Won't recognize it anymore

Rust shall eat away your key
Our world and ourselves in you
And finally yourself also

We kiss all your four sides
And all the four corners
And all the twenty-four nails
And in all, every thing you have

Open up little box

Final News About The Little Box

The little box in which is the whole world
Has fallen in love with its own self
And carries in itself
Still another little box

The little box of the little box
Has also fallen in love with its own self
And carries in itself
Still another box

And like that it has been going on endlessly

The whole world in the little box
Should be
In the last box of the little box

But not a single one of all the little boxes
In love with themselves
Present in the little box
Is the last one

Now find the world.

(Translated by Jayanti Mukherjee and Om Prakash Arora)

VASKO POPA, b. 1922 in Serbia, was educated at Vienna, Bucharest and Belgrade. Won the Lenau Prize for Literature in 1968. Books: Kora (1953), Nepocin Polje (1963), Sporendo Nebo (1968); also, (in English translation) Vasko Popa: Selected Poems (1969). His poems have been translated in all the major languages of the world. Most of his poems are cyclicals, or sequences and at once hopeful and ironic.

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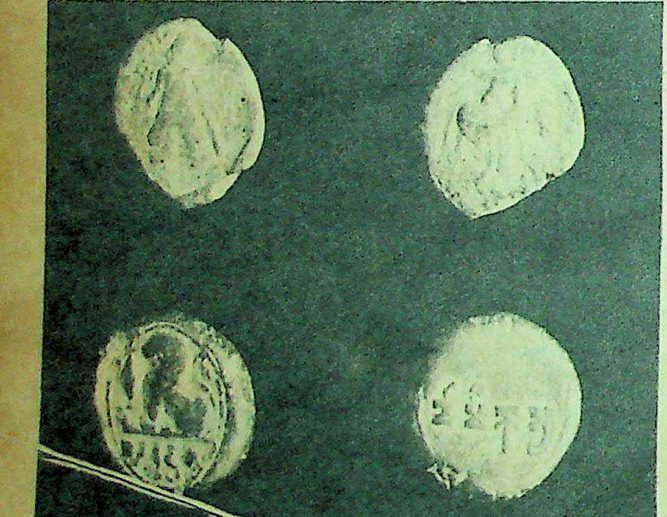
Unearthing Civilisations

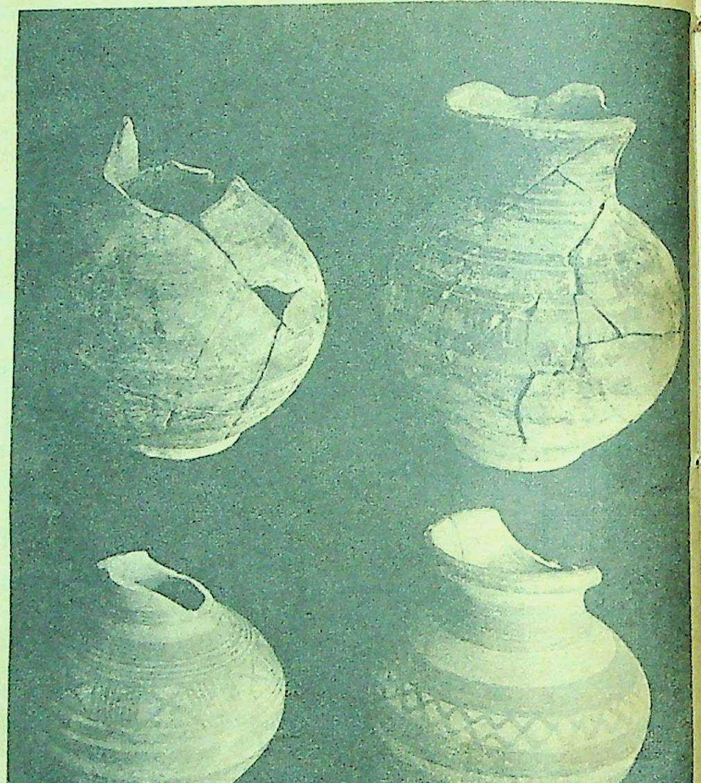
by BHUSAN SIRHINDI

The 24-metre high ancient mound at Sanghol, 70 kilometres from Patiala, has yielded the remains of as many as eight rich civilisations that flourished in this part of the country, right from the late Harappan period to the Muslim culture, including the Gupta, Kushan and Mauryan periods. The name Sanghol, according to the archaeologists, was derived from "Sanghpur", meaning the "town of monasteries". Hsuan Tsang wrote about the existence of ten monasteries in the area.

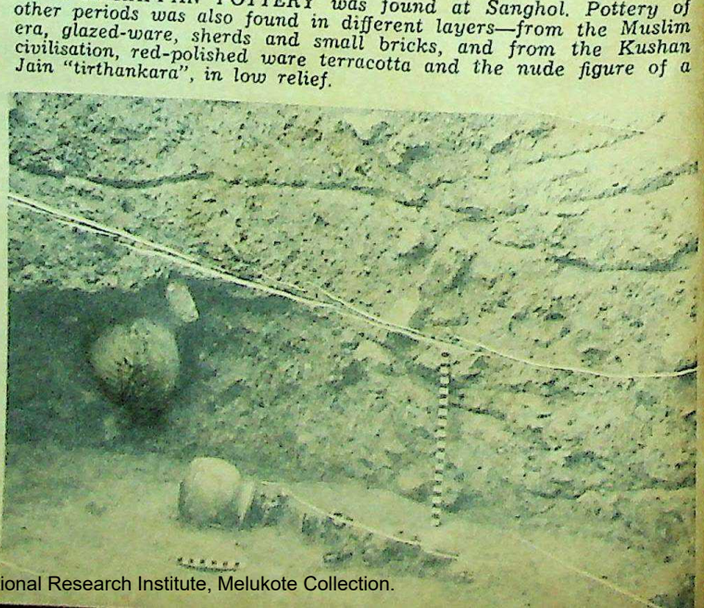
THE DEFENCE SYSTEM. Archaeologists excavated the massive wall of a fort which was constructed during the first half of the 1st century A.D., and remained occupied till the 5th century. The 28-metre-wide wall is reinforced by three moats, in keeping with prevalent practice.



SEALS FROM DIFFERENT PERIODS. Some seals from the Gupta period have inscriptions in the Brahmi script. Right: "Havan Kund" (sacrificial pit), most probably from the Gupta period. It is 0.91 metre deep and 1.52 metres in diameter. Charred wood and vessels were found nearby.



LATE HARAPPAN POTTERY was found at Sanghol. Pottery of other periods was also found in different layers—from the Muslim era, glazed-ware, sherds and small bricks, and from the Kushan civilisation, red-polished ware terracotta and the nude figure of a Jain "tirthankara", in low relief.



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Neither the the writings on sites are known, it is only that a an unknown lan read without th tion, and that is

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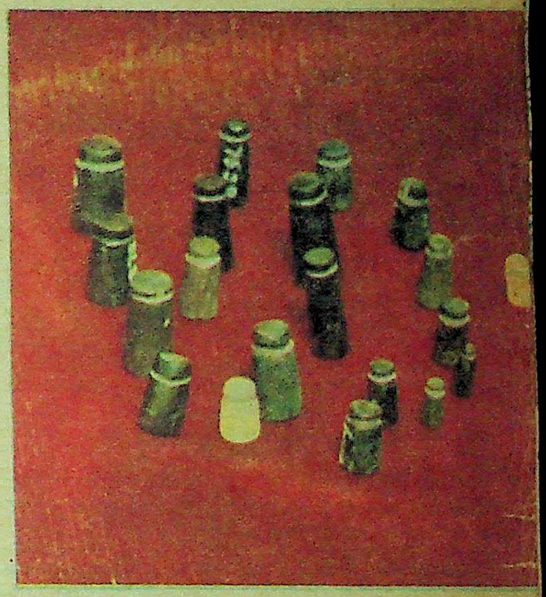


LOTHAL, AN ANCIENT CITY IN GUJARAT (left). General view of the acropolis with the main underground drain. The cities of the Indus Valley Civilisation were remarkable for their planning and public sanitation. Below: Stone weights probably used by goldsmiths. A clay tablet refers to a "person who refines (gold) by heat".

Indus Script Deciphered

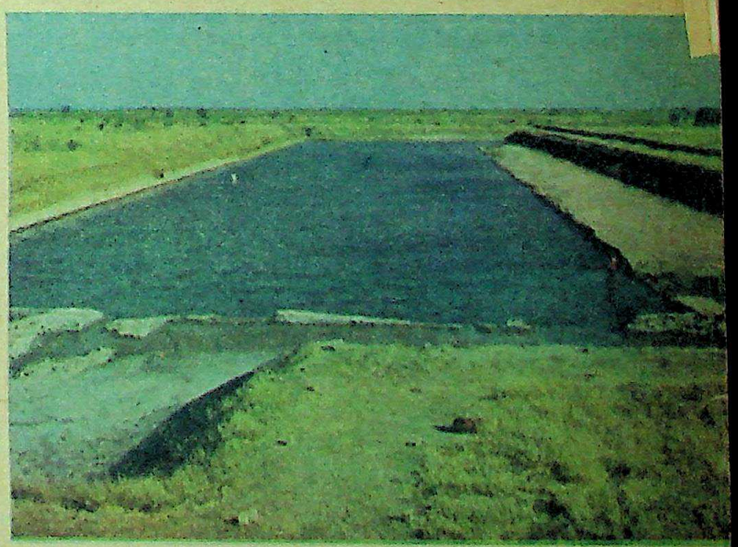
by S. R. RAO

Harappa was discovered in 1925. Since then many attempts have been made to decipher the seals unearthed from the buried cities. The author, a leading archaeologist, now offers his own reading of the Indus Script.

THE Harappa and Mohenjo-daro civilisation extended from Baluchistan to South Gujarat. A dozen sites are located in Rajasthan. The Harappa Culture survived in Guajrat for nearly three hundred years after it ended in Harappa and Mohenjo-daro. This phase of survival is designated as the Late Harappa Culture (1900-1600 B.C.) —to distinguish it from the mature Harappa Culture (2500-1900 B.C). This date is based on C-14 dates and evidences of contact with Sumer (ancient Iraq) in 2350 B.C.

The Indus Script too survived in Gujarat. The sealings (clay labels bearing positive impressions of Indus seals) found in Lothal provided a clue that these labels were affixed on packages of goods which were stacked or examined in the warehouse of that port city. Hence, it is now certain that the main use to which seals were put was a commercial one.

Neither the language nor the script of the writings on the 2,000 seals from Indus sites are known. Barring the present efforts, it is only that an unknown script written in an unknown language has been satisfactorily read without the aid of a bilingual inscription, and that is the "Linear B" Script read by Michael Ventris. Since 1925, when Harappa was discovered, most of the scholars have proceeded with the idea that the Harappans were Dravidians. A few others have assumed them to be Aryans. Thus one is likely to interpret the script to suit one's own theory.



MINIATURE JAR painted in "provincial style" found at Lothal. Right: Dockyard at Lothal Port through which ships were sluiced before high tide. Lothal traded with ancient Middle East. Most of the seals were also used for commercial purposes.

Most of the scriptologists, as well as linguists, have not thought of a possible evolution in the sophisticated Indus writing over a period of five hundred years. They think that the Indus writing has far too many signs to be an alphabetic system and far too few to be ideographic. The earlier scholars have gone on the assumption that each Indus sign stands for an idea or a word, or at most for a part of the word, but not for a consonant or vowel with a definite phonetic value—and that is why some of the readings are fantastic.

It is Waddel (*Indo-Sumerian Seals Deciphered*) who first tried, in 1925, to read

—Continued

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the seals on the basis of Sumerian analogy. But his reading of names of Vedic and epic heroes was not convincing. Langdon and Gadd hold the view that the Indus people spoke an Aryan language. Hunter was the first to say that the script was written in syllabic form. Father Heras considered the language to be proto-Dravidian. S. K. Ray believed that the script was phonetic but unfortunately, in his eagerness to connect the Indus Script with Brahmi and modern scripts, he arrived at certain elements from the sophisticated forms which cannot be seen in the original.

The Russian scholars (Knorozov, Volcok and Gurov) have made use of the computer to tabulate the signs and ascertain their frequency and arrangement. They have assigned word value to the signs but, in doing so, they have taken Dravidian language as the criterion.

When I began a study of the Indus Script in 1955-56, I found that the Indus signs on the seals of the mature Harappa period appeared so numerous and so complicated that even the analytical process of reducing each sign to its skeletal form was fraught with danger. But by 1960 I had handled a vast quantity of excavated finds —including inscribed potsherds from Lothal and Rangpur—and felt that, even as the Harappa Culture as a whole underwent a change, the script too had been modified. There was little doubt as to the survival of the Indus Script in the post-Harappan days up to 1300 B.C. in Rangpur, Rojdi, Prabhas and Machiala Mota. Hence the work of comparing the graffiti marks on pottery from Lothal B. Rangpur IIC-III and Machiala Mota with the Indus signs on seals of mature Harappa period was resumed. Gradually the basic forms of signs were decided upon after removing the outer garb of the sophisticated Indus signs.

Another point that was noted in this analytical process is that pictures, such as the bird, ant, mushroom and *pipal* leaf, were completely dropped in the late Harappa period and the instances of combination of two or more basic signs were fewer, though not totally absent.

The drastic reduction from 390 (out of which about 40 are basic) Indus signs of the mature Harappa period to 20 basic signs in the late Harappa period was itself a great achievement of the Harappans in their last days. In North Syria and Palestine, this process of simplification led to an alphabetic system of writing. The Harappans too might have disciplined their script into an alphabetic system. If so, the best course was to compare the 20 basic signs of the Late Harappa Script with the contemporary North Semitic writing. On comparison it was found that 14 out of 20 signs of the Late Harappan Script were almost identical with the basic alphabetic signs of Early Cannaanite (including Phoenician) Inscriptions. A few signs of the South-Semitic for *p* and *m* (especially the one closer to Brahmi *ma*) were also found occurring in the Late Harappa Script.

The Phoenicians are usually identified with the Phanis, mentioned as a trading community in the Rigveda. Western India had trade contacts with Bahrain, Sumer and North Syria in Harappan times and later too.

S.NO	INDIAN PROTO-HISTORIC ALPHABETS: LATE & POST HARAPPAN	NORTH SEMITIC ALPHABETS: PHONETIC VALUE	ABDO 17TH C B.C.	SHAFAT BAAL 17TH & 16TH C.	EARLY PHOENICIAN	AKHIRAM 13TH C. B.C.	INDIAN EARLY HISTORIC BRAHMI SCRIPT: SIGN	PHONETIC VALUE
1		ɔ	K	K		K		a
2	□ ▯	b	9	9	9	9 9	▯	ba
3	^ ^	g		^	^ 1	1	∩	ga
4	▷ ◁ ▯ ▯	d	4	4	4 ⌓	0		
5	∃ ∃ E	h	4		∃	∃ ∃		
6	Y Y Y	w		Y Y	Y 4	Y		
7		z		I	I	I		
8	H ⊟ H	ḥ		⊟	⊟ H	⊟ ⊟		
9	⊙ ⊙	th		⊖	⊕	⊕	⊙	tha
10		y	ɔ	ɔ	ɔ ɔ	ɔ	↓ ↓	ya
11	ψ ψ ψ	k	ψ	ψ ψ	4 4	ψ		
12		l	l	l	l l	l		
13		m		ξ ξ	7 W	ξ ξ		
14	4 5 ~ 5	n		5	5 5 5	5		
15	‡ ‡	s			‡ 9	‡		
16	o	c	o	o	o o	o		
17	0 ◇))	P		7 7	7 7 7	7)		
18		ts			⊬ ⊬			
19		q		9	P 9			
20	q)	r		9 9	4 4	9		
21	w	sh		w w	w w	w		
22	+ X ʌ	t		+ X	+ / X	+ x	ʌ ʌ	ta
23	U	a						
24	M ∞	m					X 8	ma
25	⅄	r						
26	♣	l						
27	♠	ś					♠	śa

LATE HARAPPAN AND NORTH SEMITIC ALPHABETS. The drastic reduction of Indus signs to 20 basic signs in the late Harappa period from 390 in the mature Harappa period (about 40 of them basic) was itself a great achievement of the Harappans in their last days. In North Syria and Palestine, this process of simplification led to an alphabetic system of writing. The Harappans too might have disciplined their script into an alphabetic system. Right: The Late Harappan Script.

REF. NO	SCRIPT	READING
L 46		= g-a-p
L 43		= g-pa
L G		= ga-bba-ḫa-ta(tta)-da
L G		= ba-ka
RJ		= ptā(tā)-pa-ba-rhai (rhi)
L		= th-ā-pa
L 400		= t-ā-p-a-ka
L 4346		= ha-pp-at (happta)
L 1938		= ma-nā
RGP		= da-sa
L		= ay-ay
RGP		= ṣ-k-a-gga-kā
LG		= pa-ā-dā(da)-pa
L 5094		= a-ma(ama)

PHONETIC VALUE OF SIGNS COMMON IN LHS & N. SEMETIC SCRIPTS = g.p.d.b.ḫ.k.th. t.h.n.s.ṣ.w.r.ay

L=LOTHAL SEAL, LG=LOTHAL GRAFFITI, RGP=RANGPUR, RJ=ROJDI

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On what basis should the late Harappan Script signs be assigned phonetic values? Analogy of signs may not mean analogy in phonetic values but to assign any other value, it was thought, would mean committing the same error as others did—namely, having a preconceived notion about the language spoken by the late Harappans. **It was found safer to proceed from the known (Semitic) to the unknown (late Harappan Script). Hence the same phonetic values as are given to Semitic alphabets were given to identical late Harappan signs. The direction of writing is from right to left.**

Lothal Seal = *M-n (ma-na); Th-?-p th-a-pa)*

Rangpur Sherd = *b-k (ba-ka); Sh-k-?-gg-k (sh-k-a-ggaka) (G-?-P) (ga-p)*

Lothal Tablets = *T-?-p-?-k (t-a-p-a-ka P-?-d-p (pa-a-da-pa)*

Lothal Potsherd = *g-bb-h-t (t?)-d (ga-bba-kha-tta-da)*)

Lothal Seal = *d-s- (da-sa)*

The words *baka, mama, dasa tapaka, Shakaggaka, thapa* and *ga-pa* sounded like Sanskrit words, although the late Harappan Script signs resembled Semitic signs and the values assigned were Semitic. With this clue, some Indus seals from Harappa were read, but it was found necessary to assign value to the oft-occuring cuplike sign in the seal. As Weddell (*Indo-Sumerian Seals Deciphered*) had assigned the value to it (from AMA in Sumerian), the same value has been given here. This sign is not a determinative (as Hunter thought), because it is accented with the addition of strokes ranging from 2 to 6 to modify its vowel value into *a, ae,* and *ao*. There is a separate sign for *ay* (as in *rhai*). The principle of adding a stroke for vowel value became clear from the Accadian and Ugaritic cuneiform writings.

Indo-European Language

With 14 or 15 (including *m*) consonants and five vowels (*a, a, ae, ay* and *ao*), it was possible to read nearly 25 seals and the words derived were found to belong to the Indo-European family of languages as suggested by the following words:

happt, mana, ama, oma, apa, apah, va, baka, bakaa, ba-ka-a-ha, p-a-a-baka-a (pabaka), pabahwa, maha, malaha, ma-a-t-a, dasa, pa, pta, pata, paka, ta, tapa, tapaka, tapta, at, a-t-hwa (at-hwa), pa-a-t-hwa (pa-ta-hwa), pada, padah, sadapt (=satapta)

These words provide a definite clue that the Harappans spoke an Indo-European language. The use of two different signs—one for h and the other for *kh*—suggested some affinity with Indo-Iranian. Furthermore, it appeared *h* was substituted for *s* [as in *happta* for *sapta* and *bakah* (*a*) for *bakas*(?)]. Thus it can be seen that a firm basis for proceeding backward from a known mid-second millennium B.C. (Semitic) script to the Late Harappan Script (also early to mid-second millennium B.C.) Script was provided by 14 or 15 (if *m* in Sabaean is also taken as analogous) common basic signs of the two systems of writing.

The signficance of the readings and the structure of the language are broadly discussed below.

INDUS SEALS have been variously interpreted by different scriptologists. According to the author, the writing on the seals is partly alphabetic and partly syllabic and the script of late Harappan period (19th-12th century B.C.) later developed into an alphabetic system.

The language of the Indus Script (including the Late Harappan Script) belongs to the Indo-European family. It is observed that the Early Harappan Phonology has a few features similar to those of the Hittite language.

Also, the Harappan Script had advanced beyond the ideographic stage and, to a large extent, even beyond the syllabic stage. It gradually had vowel symbols to an equality of representation with consonants (unlike in the Semitic language).

The Harappan language has many common features with the Indo-Aryan (Vedic) in deriving nominal stems from roots and adding suffixes such as *a, ah* (instead of *as* in Indo-Aryan), *d, k, t,* etc. The use of *hva* or *hve* in the sense of 'named' is common to Indo-Aryan and Harappan.

In Late Harappan language, the doubling of the unaspirated consonant, instead of using the aspirate, is noticed—*Agga* for *Agha, Gabba* for *Gabha*.

Some of the root nouns in Harappan language appear to have been subject to laws of apophony. This is true of the Indo-Aryan too.

There are, however, about 30 words out of 360 which do not belong to the Indo-European family. It is not unlikely that a small section of Harappan population spoke a non-Indo-European language.

—Continued

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Below is given a list of 46 inscriptions (arranged as they should be read) with their meaning and source of words. It may be noted that many of the seals belong to the king. The terms used for king are *pa, pala, palaka, tra, oma, tha, pta*, etc.—all of which are used in the sense of protect or rule in the Rigveda, Atharvaveda, etc.

LIST OF WORDS, THEIR MEANING AND SOURCE

1. *L=La* (may be a divinity). In later days *La* is identified with Indra.
2. *Lahwa*: (person) called *La* (*hve, hvayati* in RV are used in the sense of call)
3. *La-ma*: *La* and *Ma* (maybe two divinities)
4. *La-ma*: *Ma* is identified in later days with Mother Goddess.
5. *La-maha*: The great (mighty) *La*.
6. *La-maha-p* (*pa*): Ruler, the great *La* or the Great Ruler *La*.
7. *Lala-maha*: The great *Lala*
8. *La-pa*: Ruler *La*
9. *Ba, Ba*: (May be a divinity, as in Egypt)
10. *Bahwa*: (person) called *Ba*
11. *Laba-hwa*: (person) called *Laba*
12. *Pa-labahwa*: King or Ruler called *Laba*
13. *Pa-bahwa*: King or Ruler called *Ba*
14. *Baka* and
15. *Bakaha*: (person named *Ba*) *Baka*, an *asura* conquered by Krishna (M.Bh.) *Baka* refers to country also—for example, *Baka-dvipa, Baka-kachha*.
16. *Pa-baka*: Ruler (named) *Baka*
17. *Paka-baka*: Guard (Ruler?) of *Baka*
18. *Ka*: Name of Prajapati (Ts; S.Br., etc.) *Ka* refers to divinity in Egypt.
19. *Kaka*: (person named) *Ka* (see above)
20. *Trika*: a unit of three or threefold. *Traka*: Ruler (*Tra*, defend)
21. *Patri-ka*: Defender: Protector. See *patri* (RV)
22. *Paratraka*: Protector of Foreigners. *Para*, foreigner, chief (RV). The word may mean "Chief Ruler". See Mackay Seal 10 reading *Paramaha*.
23. *Panca-pa*: Ruler (of) *Panca*
24. *Pancahwa*: (person) called *Panca*
25. *Ta*: = May be name of a divinity
26. *Atahwa*: (person) called *At*
27. *Patahwa*: King called *Ta*
28. *Pa* = to defend (RV). Protector, ruler. Seal (Mackay 60) read *Pa-maha* - Great Ruler.
29. *Paka*: ruling, protecting (as in *hasti-paka*, protector of elephant).
30. *Pal*: defend, govern, rule (AV). *Pala*, ruler
31. *ppala*: ruler
32. *Palakka* = *Palaka*, sub-ruler (*Ka* is used in the sense of diminution or similarity—also, for example: *Asvaka*)
33. *Palaga*: same as above.
34. *Palamaha*: Great ruler. *Maha*, great mighty (RV)
35. *A*: Name of deity (later identified with Siva. The seal depicts a devotee kneeling before a deity riding an animal.)
36. *Oma*: Friend, protector (RV)
37. *Arka*: Sun, Hymn (RV). Also name of a medicinal plant
38. *Gara*: name of a man (Tandya. Br.); a beverage (AV). There is a seal mentioning Gara-loma, the Samans. *Gara*, son of Gara
39. *Sasa*: antelope (RV), a meteor (RV), name of a man (Var. Br. S.), Lodhra tree (L)
40. *Lahhaka*: Scribe. *Lekha*, scratch, line (S. Br.). *Lekha*: writing (Hariv)
41. *Pa-lahhaka*: King's scribe; another seal reads *lehhamaha*, the great scribe
42. *Patri-labahwa*: King called Laba. (See 11 and 12 above)
43. *Taraga(ka) maha* = Great Taraka, name of a person later considered an *asura*
44. *Malalha* = *Malahha*: name of a country mentioned in Sumerian clay tablets and identified with Indus Valley.
45. *Malalha-pa-ha* = *Malahha-pa(ha)*: Ruler of Malahha. See above.
46. *Ritarha*: *Rita*, honest (RV); also means eternal; name of Rudra (M. Bh.) *Ritarha* may mean "the worthy Rudra" or simply "honest and deserving"—or a name of a person.

Names of Daityas, Asuras, Demigods, etc.

1. *Apa*, one of the eight demigods called Vasus
2. *Mana*
3. *Palasa*
4. *Palala*
5. *Dasa*, a demon
6. *Pralamba*
7. *Apta* (Name of a Naga)

READING OF INDUS SEALS

L=LOTHAL, MK=MACKAY, M=MARSHALL, V=VATS, CH=CHANHUDARO

SL. NO.	SEAL NO.	LEGEND ←	→ READING
1	M. 316		= lao (;la;)
2	MK. 315		= l-hw-ā = la-hwā
3	V. 7070		= l-ma = la-ma
4	M. 44 M. 199		= la-ma-ā = la-ma
5	M. 142 L. 4261 L. 5395		= la-mā-ḫā = la-maḫā
6	M. 153		= la-ma-hā-p = lamahā-pa
7	L. 11395		= la-l-mā-ḫa = lala-mahā
8	M. 208		= la-p-ā = la-pā
9	M. 292		= bo (;ba;)
10			= ba-hwa = bahwa
11	M. 40		= la-bahwa-ā = la-bahwa
12	V. 367a		= pa-la-ba-hw-ā-hae = palabahwahe
13	V. 99		= p-ba-hwa-ā = pa-bahwa
14	V. 4461a		= ba-ka = baka
15	V. 602		= ba-ka-ā-hā = baka-āhā
16			= pta-ā-ba-ka-ā = pta-baka
17	MK. 263		= p-ka-ā-ba-ka-ā = paka-baka
18	V. 417		= ka
19	M. 389		= kak-ā
20	M. 220		= tṛt-ka = tṛika
21	MK. 80		= pa-ā-tṛt-ka = pātṛika
22	L. 980		= pa-rā-ttṛt-ka = parātṛika
23	MK. 436		= pança-p ā = pança-pā
24	M. 422		= pança-hw
25	V. 10818		= t-ā = tā
26			= ā-t-hw = āthwa
27	M. 86 MK. 100		= pa-ā-t-hwa = pā-tahwa
28	V. 4044		= p-ā = pā
29	V. 165		= pa-ka = paka
30	V. 11361		= pa-ā-l = pāl
31	MK. 136		= ppa-ā-la = pāla
32	M. 98		= pa-ā-la-kka-ā = pālaka [kaka?]
33	V. 57		= pa-ā-la-g-ā = pālaga
34	M 96		= pa-ā-lā-maḫā = pālamaḫā
35	MK. 12		= ā
36	M.		= o-ma = oma
37	CH. 22		= ā-rk = arka
38	MK. 337		= ġ-ar-ā = ġara
39	MK 260		= ś-ś-ā = śaśā
40	M. 376		= la-hhak-ā
41	M. 97		= pa-ā-lā-hhakā = pā-lahhaka
42	V. 264		= pa-ā-ṭṛi-l-ba-hw-ā = [pāṭṛi-labahwa
43	L. 9989		= plā-ra-ga-ā-ma-ḫā = [lāragāmahā
44	V. 354		= ma-lā-la-ḫā = malalḫā
45	V. 371		ma-la-l-ḫā-pa-ā-hā = [malalḫā -pāha
46	V. 11436		= ri-t-ar-hā-ā = ritarhā

THE LANGUAGE of the Harappan and the late Harappan period is Indo-European—and not Dravidian—and it is closely related to the Indo-Aryan (Vedic language), says the author. "The names of the Harappan rulers survived in the Vedic period and they came to be regarded as authors of certain hymns of the Rigveda. Some other rulers came to be known as asuras."

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WARNING!

These beautiful, innocent-looking books are packed with dynamite!

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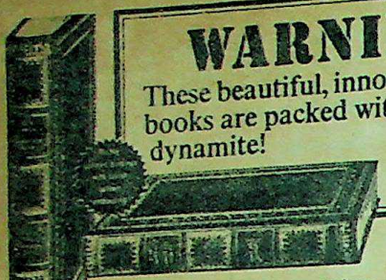

Unless you are willing to feel . . . to love . . . and to live to your full God-given capacity . . . *these books may be dangerous to read!*

". . . every man is a sacred and holy individual never to be violated. I think there is only one thing I hate to the verge of madness and that is bullying." D.H. Lawrence 1885-1930

Perhaps the censors abroad were right when they banned D. H. Lawrence. Perhaps the police, in many countries, were right when they seized his books. Perhaps it was right to ban Lady Chatterley's Lover in India. Reading Lawrence can be dangerous... even today!

Not dangerous because of his use of basic Anglo-Saxon words! Not dangerous for his candid portrayal of relations between men and women. No, Lawrence is dangerous because of the *ideas* he can put in your *mind*. Reading Lawrence may give you inklings of unsuspected heights (or depths) which your feelings can reach... realisations that there can be far more to the husband-wife relationship than most couples settle for... suspicions that broad currents of human experience may be passing you by.

Mind-expanding, and Dangerous

Unless you know how to handle such revelations, they can be dangerous. But if you are mature and open-minded, reading Lawrence will be an illuminating experience.

But the first thing to expect from Lawrence is entertainment. He was a novelist and storyteller before all else. And though his tales are set some 40 to 80 years ago, they couldn't be more contemporary. For Lawrence was always ahead of his time. In 1912, he was writing in a style other writers adopted in the 1920's. By then he was pursuing the travel and action fashionable writers followed in the 30's and 40's. And his most famous novel did not become a best-seller until 1960, *years after it had been written!*

His Greatness Recognised

And now he is recognised as (F.R. Leavis notes): "a great novelist... incomparably the greatest creative writer in English in our time."

Poor Lawrence! In his lifetime he was pilloried by the press, persecuted by the police, banned by censors and ostracised by Establishment writers. He was penniless and and ravaged by disease most of his life. And, he died in exile at 45!

His books however, live—honoured at last by critical acclaim. And now, honoured further by Heron Books' beautiful new Connoisseur Edition.

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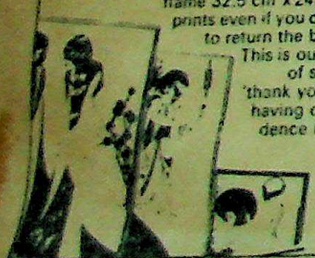

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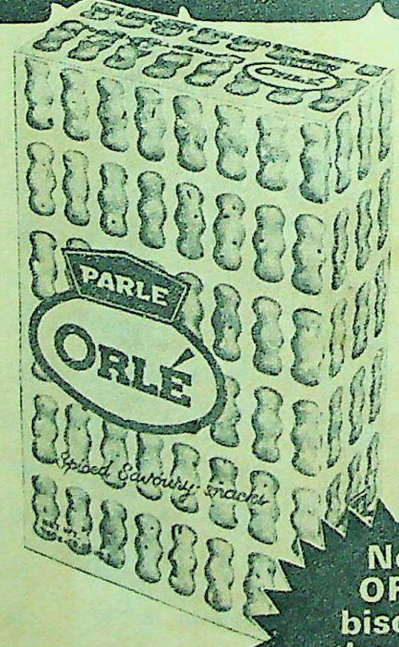

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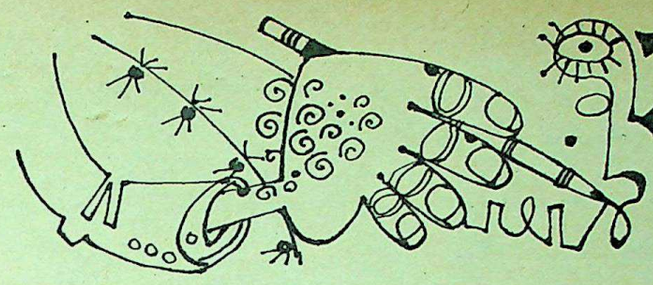


The Doodling V.I.P.s

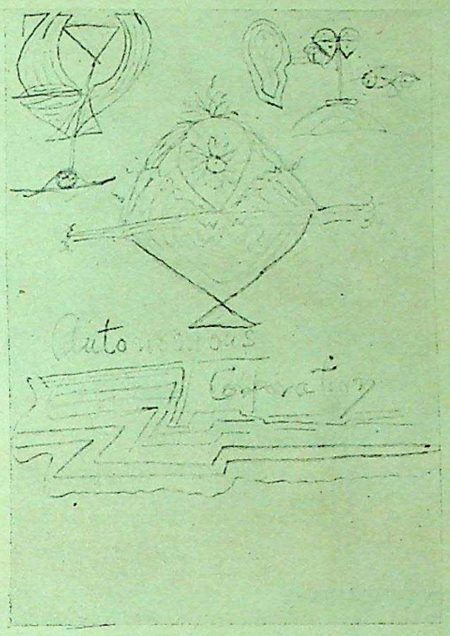
Psychoanalysts—professionals and amateurs—can have a field-day with this page. Here are selected specimens of "Very Important Doodlings" by "Very Important Persons". What do they signify? The wistful musings of a poetic, political, scientific or business mind—Tagore, Nehru, Rajaji, Radhakrishnan, Indira Gandhi, Homi Bhabha, J. R. D. Tata?

The best interpretation of each doodling (in brief), also naming the doodler, will gain a prize of Rs 100. The Second Prize is Rs 50 and the Consolation Prize is Rs 25.

Entries should reach the office before September 5, addressed to

The Editor ("Doodles Competition"),
"The Illustrated Weekly of India",
Dr Dadabhai Naoroji Road,
Bombay 1

The results will be decided by a panel of judges and announced in our issue of October 10.



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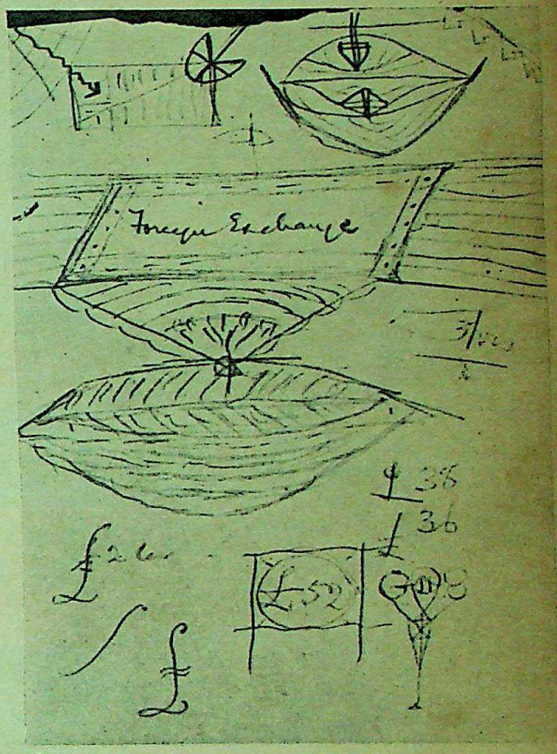

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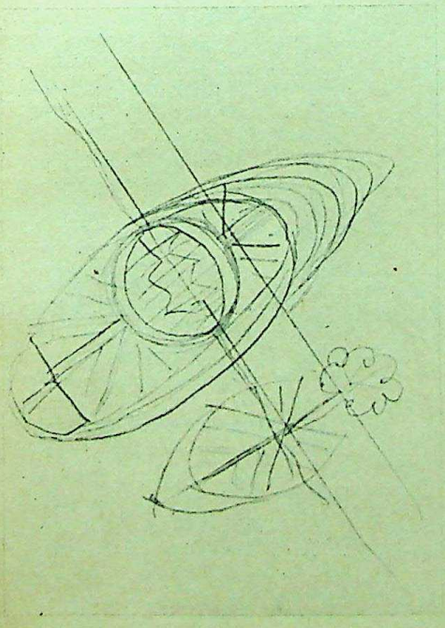

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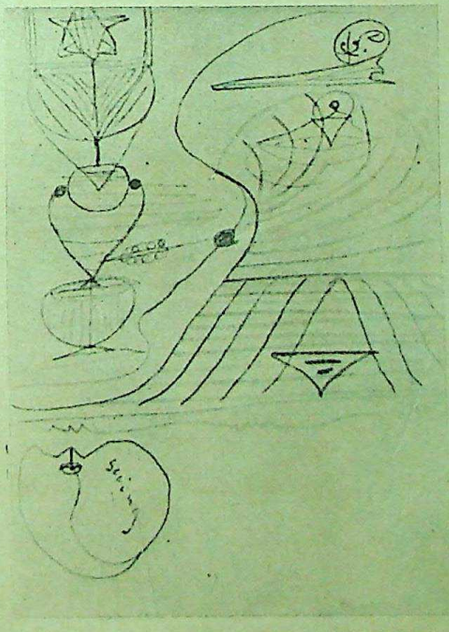

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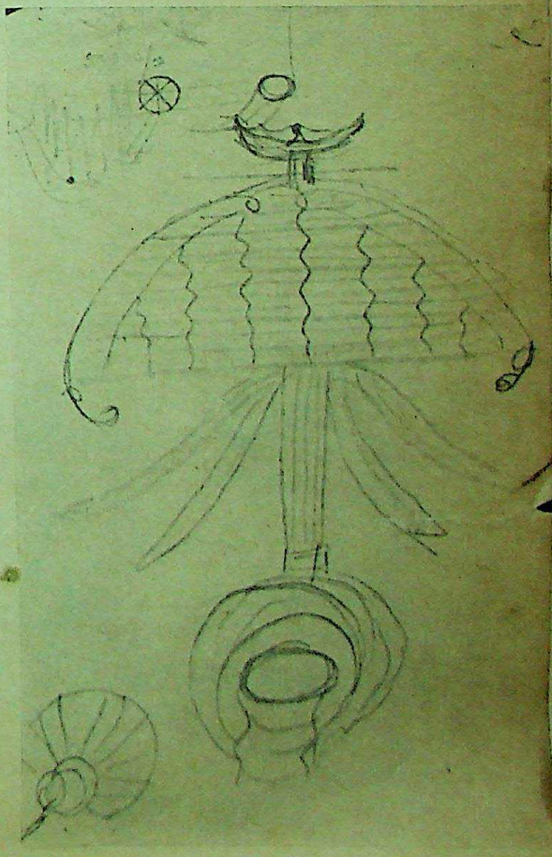

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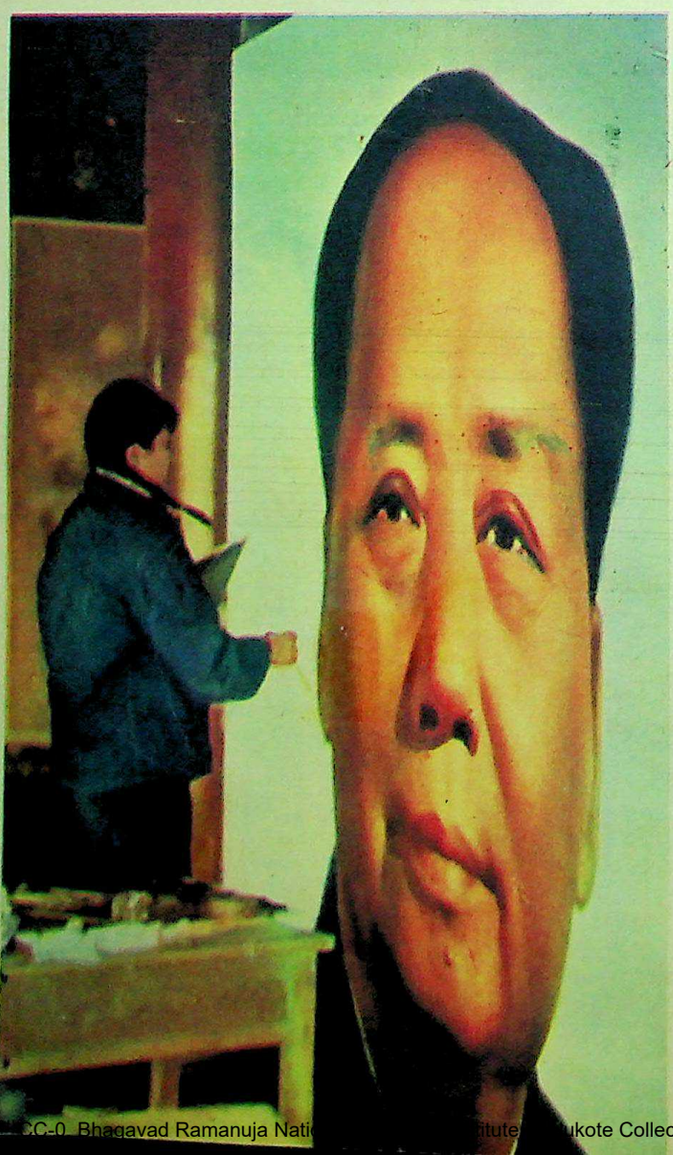
RED CHINA OPENS ITS GATES

THE ALL-PERVADING PRESENCE. Over an entrance to the Forbidden City is a portrait of Chairman Mao. The walls surrounding the ancient "city" in the centre of Peking once kept out invaders as well as common people. Now they house the Imperial Palaces. Extracts from the "Thoughts of Mao" are now displayed on the walls around the Ming Emperors' tombs.



Ian Brodie, from London's "Daily Express", was the only Western journalist allowed, recently, to go inland as far as Peking.

A TWO HOURS' drive north of the capital brought Ian Brodie and a party of other visitors to the historical Great Wall.

The party moved on to see the great reservoir in the Valley of the Tombs. Here a dam was built in a 100 days in 1959. Chairman Mao and Premier Chou En-lai spent a week here, working with the labourers.

The high spot of the tour was a visit to the Forbidden City—Peking. This has been closed to all except a handful of visitors since the Cultural Revolution.

The Shanghai Industrial Exhibition is housed in a rather grandiose building designed by the Russians and built in 1955. The stands display all the items produced in Shanghai. There were more than 5,500 exhibits. A giant statue of Chairman Mao dominated the big entrance hall.

GURU AND CHELA. An artist puts the finishing touches to a huge painting of the Chairman in the Forbidden City in Peking.

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ALL PROBABLY PONDERING OVER THE THOUGHTS OF MAO. In the Tien An Men Square. The great buildings of the ancient walled city serve no apparent purpose. No one lives there. Only a handful of caretakers and restorers frequent the place.

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"MASS COMMUNICATION". The bicycle is most favoured among Shanghai's commuters. Shanghai, with a population of 10 million, is China's largest city, biggest port and most important industrial centre. Left: The Number One Transistor Equipment Factory, Peking. A girl assembles the electronic innards of a radio set.

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My Years With The Sardar

by V. SHANKAR

On Independence Day we pay homage to the Iron Man who helped to make India free and later to unify it. In this series of four articles, the author gives intimate glimpses of the Sardar whose Private Secretary he was during four years of history-making.

IT was past midnight on 14-15 December, 1950. And it was in Bombay, the city which held the Sardar in such esteem and to which he was instinctively drawn to spend the last days of his life. He was in the room he had always occupied in the historic Birla House. He was in deep slumber but the stentorian breathing foretold the coming end. A few more moments of that struggle, and "the maker of history passed into history".

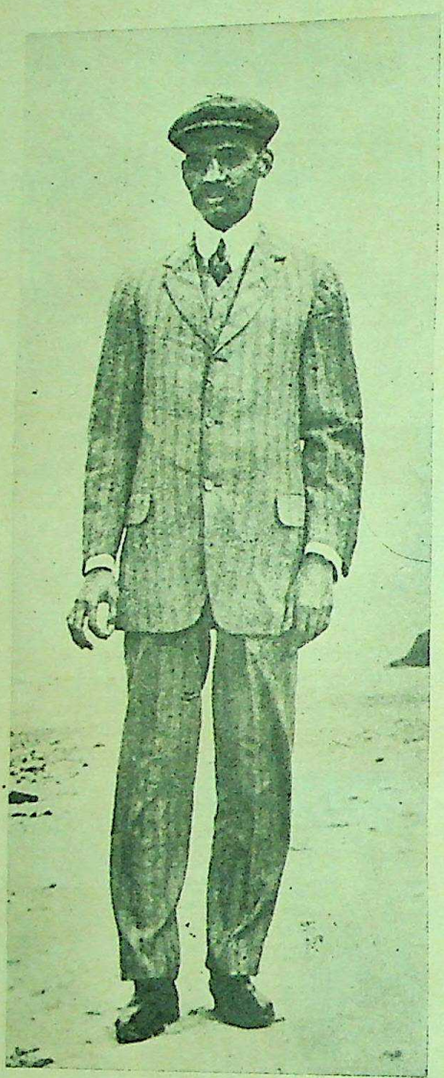
The snapping of the intimate tie of affection made me look back. Before the mind's eye passed vividly the pageant of the four momentous years I had worked with him.

My memory went back to the time of the Sardar's triumph at Bardoli in 1928-29. I was then a student of Allahabad University. Patel was staying as a guest of Pandit Motilal Nehru at Swaraj Bhavan. My friends and I went to Swaraj Bhavan to have a glimpse of him and to hear him speak. We were waiting on the lawn and when he appeared before us we were struck by his bearing (he was of sturdy peasant stock). He scolded us for our indifference to the patriotic struggle. Frankly, I did not like either the scolding or the leader from whom it came. But little did I realise then that this dislike was to be transformed into unstinted loyalty and affection for him in later years.

Supreme Tactician

Even before I formally met him, since my joining the I.C.S. I had been following our national struggle and the Sardar's part in it. I recall the many episodes (the Nariman affair, the Khare Ministry's debacle in the Central Provinces, and the series of crises involving the Bihar and Orissa Ministries) from which he emerged as a supreme tactician. In 1939, when I was in Bombay, it was with a distant admiration that I watched him every morning from my Marine Drive flat as he walked briskly in the company of his followers. Gone was now the moustache which distinguished his features, and there was a noticeable stoop to his shoulders which took away some of the dignity of his bearing but proclaimed his age and the suffering he had borne.

It was during those days that I was serving Morarji Desai as his Under Secretary in the Revenue Department. (Desai roused again my suppressed patriotic urges.) I would not excuse either the Sardar or the Congress then for withdrawing from ministerial responsibilities, thereby playing into the hands of the Muslim League and other reactionaries. Later, I was particularly critical of his role during the Cripps negotiations in 1942 when I was Under Secretary in the Home Department, Government of India.



THE BARRISTER fought for the peasants. Before he met Gandhiji, Vallabhbhai Patel wore Western clothes. He had a "taste for cognac and the habit of chain-smoking". As a criminal lawyer he was reputed for his skilful cross-examination and the magistrates dreaded him.

My inside knowledge of the happenings during the Cripps Mission gave me the impression that the Sardar was inclined to be too sure of himself and too contemptuous of other people's opinions and that he was a fanatic of the Gandhian school. In contrast I was all admiration for Nehru and Maulana Azad whom I regarded as better statesmen.

This feeling was further accentuated when I found the Sardar a strong supporter of the Quit India movement. I thought he should be blamed for the impasse that resulted from it—he probably felt that the British Empire was on its deathbed and that victory was going to rest with the fascist powers. To my mind then, the repression that followed and the gains which accrued both to the League and the Communists as a result of the Congress being in the wilderness, delayed the advent of freedom, paving the way both for partition and the confrontation with the C.P.I. in 1949-50.

But my previous admiration for his qualities of strength, determination and astuteness was restored when I found him in 1946 drifting away from Gandhiji during the Cabinet Mission talks. It led to the assumption of power by the Congress by means of an ingenious solution of the stalemate that had developed between the members of the Cabinet Mission and the Congress. The move saddened Gandhiji, it brought upon the Sardar Jinnah's anger, but made him closer to Nehru and earned him the gratitude of Cripps and Pethick-Lawrence. **It was a mixed bag of assets and liabilities that he secured, but from a long-term point of view he had served the country well at a critical juncture.**

His subsequent handling of the Indian Naval Mutiny and the Postal Strike further brought him nearer to my mind. So much so that, when he joined the Viceroy's Executive Council on September 2, 1946, as Member for Home, Information and Broadcasting, I waited for him in the Home Department with great eagerness.

No Bitterness

I had my first close glimpse of the Sardar when we were all summoned to his presence by the Home Secretary, A. E. Porter. I could immediately discern his sense of humour and the strength and *bonhomie* that he combined. From what he spoke to us he revealed himself a complete master of the situation. I returned to my room happy at the thought that at the head of our Department was a person of eminence who was statesman enough to eschew past regrets and bitterness—one who would not cast any slur on us for our participation in the British Government.

The world of files was a new experience for him and he began to feel a little overwhelmed by their variety and immensity. This, in addition to the burden of political negotiations and the public relations that they entailed, called for the help of a Private Secretary. During a telephonic conversation, Morarjibhai mentioned my name to the Sardar. Patel asked Mr Porter for me but was told that I had already been assigned to Paris on a mission which possibly marked me out for a foreign service career. The Sardar's reaction was characteristic: "In that case I would not like to stand in his way and would look for another."

There the matter seemed to rest, though I knew nothing of it. It was only when one or two other candidates were passed over

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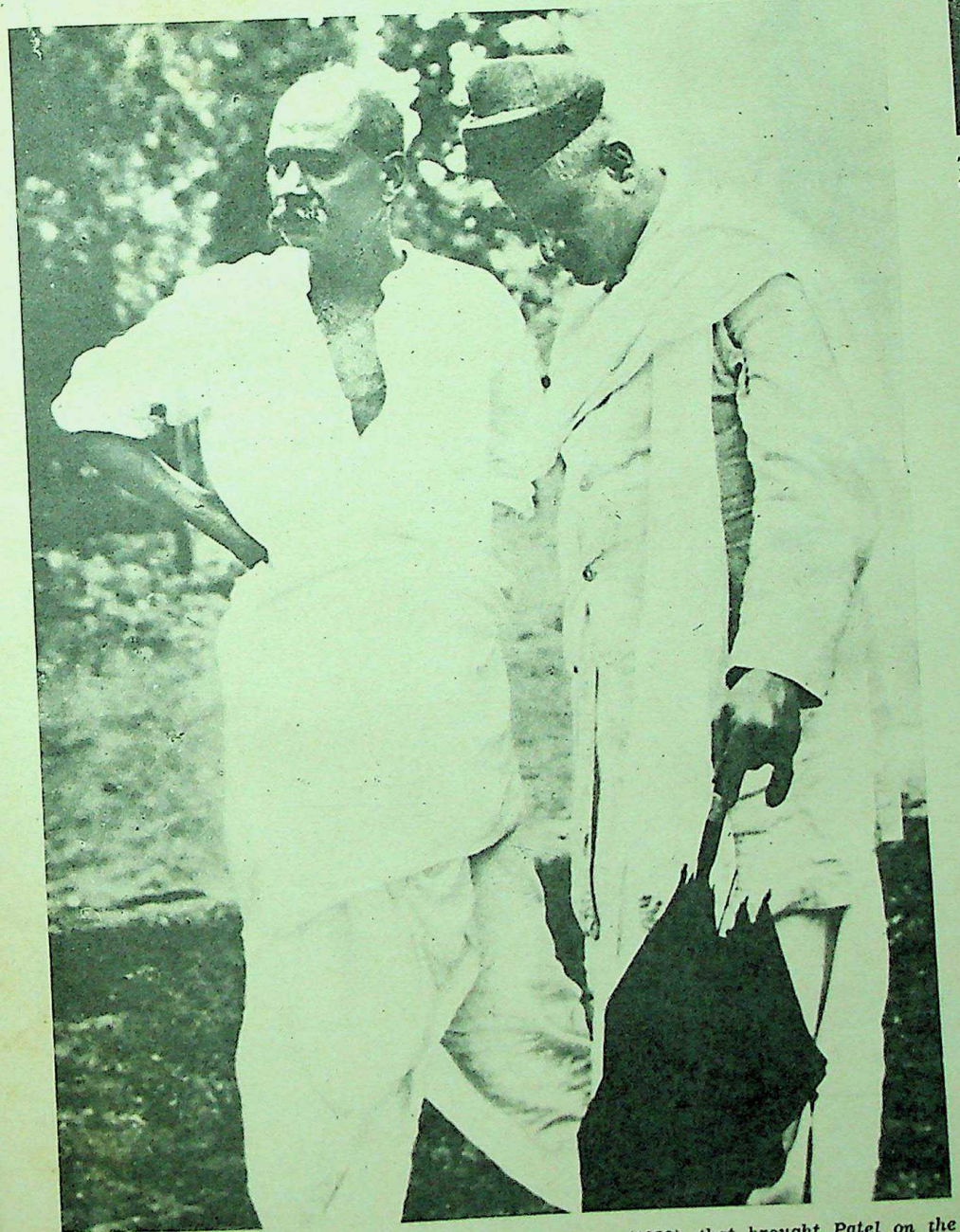
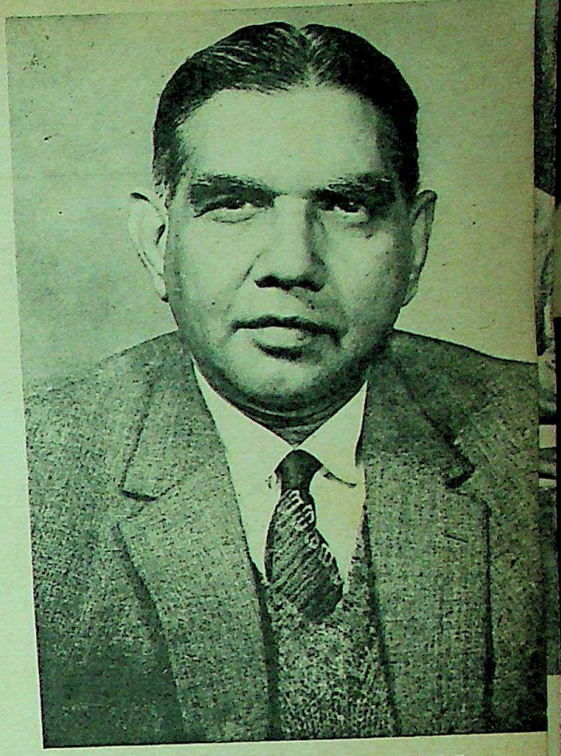
and my visit to Paris was cancelled that Mr Porter broached the subject to him once again. Before deciding to take me, the Sardar wanted to size me up. He told Mr Porter to ask me to contact Maniben. When the Home Secretary conveyed to me the developments, I was taken by surprise. I felt diffident, but Mr Porter encouraged me in facing the challenge and asked me to hope for the best.

I telephoned Maniben the next day at Birla House where the Sardar was staying. I was invited to lunch the same day. I did not change to khadi, but wore my silk suit and tie, and nervously proceeded to Birla House. On arrival I was ushered into the drawing-room where the Sardar, Maniben and Ghanshyam Dasji were sitting. I did my namaskars to all three of them. As three pairs of eyes looked at me searchingly, I felt a bit self-conscious and took my seat on a low divan. A barrage of questions followed, relating to my antecedents, my family, my official career, my current duties, my record during the various Congress movements and my attitude on economic and other problems. (During my earliest conversation with my first Collector, Mr Brown—he was anxious to know about my political sympathies—I had openly confessed my admiration for Jawaharlalji and his great father and told him of my father's association with them. That rather made him like me.) In reply to a question by Maniben, I said that fortunately I never had to send a Congressman to jail during my thirteen years of service. This must have produced a favourable impression, though it must have been the cumulative effect of the way I had stood up to the barrage of questions that made the Sardar decide to appoint me as his Private Secretary.



THE HERO OF BARDOLI. It was the Bardoli satyagraha (1928) that brought Patel on the national scene and earned him the title of "Sardar". The Government had increased the annual land tax of the Bardoli taluqa from Rs 5.14 lakhs to Rs 6.7 lakhs—an increase of 22 per cent. As a result of the satyagraha, the Government was compelled to appoint a committee which brought down the percentage of increase to 5.7.



THE AUTHOR (b. 1909) joined the I.C.S. in 1933. He was Private Secretary to Sardar Patel—1946 to 1950. V. Shankar has held important posts in various Ministries. He is now Chief Adviser to the Concord of Princes.

Would I be able to satisfy the Sardar with his varied interests and great mental prowess? This was the thought that worried me at first. But I submitted myself to my destiny, feeling consoled by the thought that Providence, which had prevented me from taking up a foreign service career, had made me acceptable to such a great man.

Fearless Leader

Vallabhbhai Patel's "public image" to an initiate like me was both forbidding and attractive. He was respected and feared for being a great disciplinarian and organiser. **He reduced complicated situations to simple terms and elaborate arguments to precise thinking. His Roman exterior, his togalike dress, his dignified bearing, his eloquent silence and his self-assurance marked him out unmistakably as a giant among men and a fearless leader.**

Even a brief acquaintance with the way his mind worked filled me with admiration for his intensely practical outlook, his judgement of men and matters and his grasp of both political and administrative problems. At the age of 72 he could put his younger colleagues to shame with his energy, quickness and alertness of mind and determination.

I recall an interesting argument between him and Nehru one of those days. They were discussing the attitude to be adopted on a resolution suggesting the abolition of the death penalty. Panditji asked for the Sardar's views. The Sardar wanted Nehru's views first. Panditji said something like this: "There is no question that we must support it. You will recall that during your presidentship of the Karachi Congress, we

—Continued

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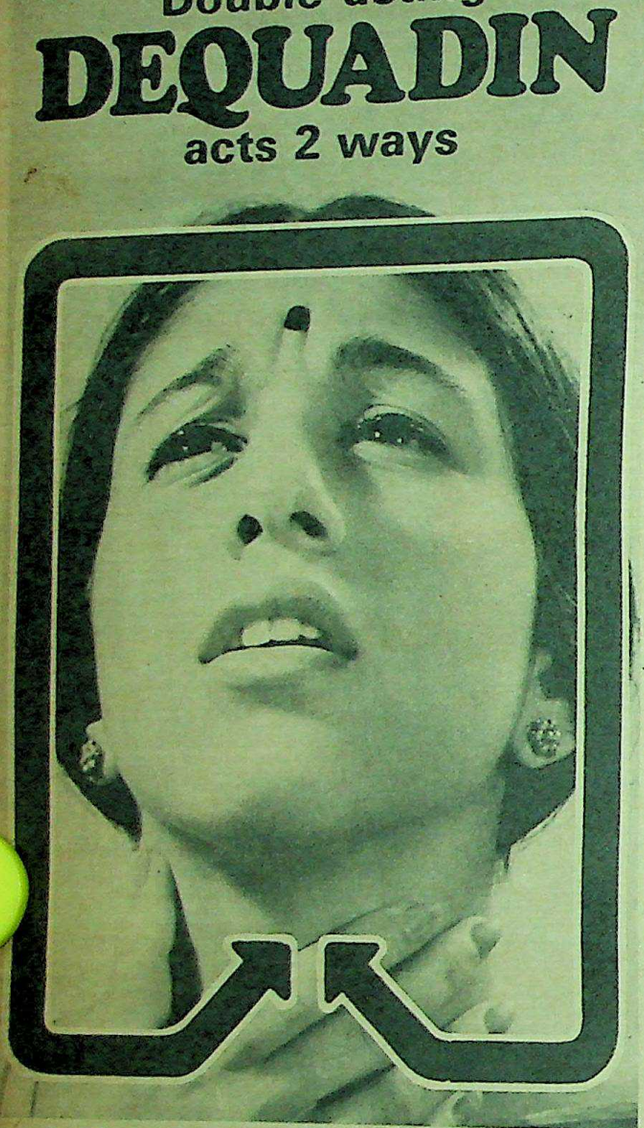

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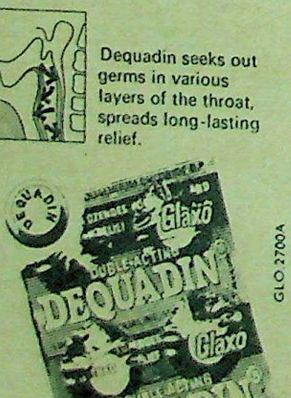

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included the abolition of the death penalty in our programme." The Sardar retorted: "Yes, but how much of that programme has been implemented? Should this be the first item?" Nehru said: "What is the difficulty?" The Sardar, to give the *coup de grace* to the discussion, said: "Only the other day you yourself suggested that we should have the death penalty for looting during the communal riots and we accepted the suggestion of the Government of Bombay to that effect. There are many offences which fully merit the death penalty, particularly in the present conditions, when we have to deal with wanton murders, organised looting and complete disregard for the honour of women..." That settled the question for Nehru.

Vallabhbhai Patel belonged to a farming family of Kaira or Kheda district in Gujarat, a tract noted for the independence and enterprise of its folks. He was born in his maternal grandfather's home in Nadiad, reportedly on October 31, 1875. Even as a schoolboy he showed a rare sense of humour and gave indications of his organising ability. When he was asked to write out a number of arithmetical tables, he did some but left out others. When his teacher took him to task, he said the tables he had not done were the ones that had run away—the Gujarati word for tables also means he-buffaloes. In a school election he got a teacher elected against another who was strongly entrenched—he enforced the bet that the loser would have his moustache shaved off. On another occasion he successfully organised a strike to protest against a teacher who had excessively punished a boy for a trivial offence.

Criminal Lawyer

Not being well-to-do, Vallabhbhai was denied a college education. He taught himself law by borrowing books from a local library, sat for the district pleader's examination and qualified for the legal profession. **He began his practice in mofussil criminal courts and soon acquired a reputation for his skilful cross-examination and fearless exposure of those in authority. The magistrates dreaded him so much that some of them managed not to be posted to courts in which he practised.**

After he had saved enough money, Patel planned to go to England and study for the Bar. He arranged his passage through Thomas Cook. But his elder brother, Vithalbhai, appropriated the passage to himself. The younger brother let him go without a murmur. A few years later he was able to fulfil his ambition. He passed the Bar examination in England with distinction, and on his return was offered a judicial post which he declined.

He set up practice in Ahmedabad and spent his evenings in an anglicised club—the Gujarat Club. It was in this club that he met Gandhiji. Patel's disdain for the Mahatma at this first meeting was later to be transformed into complete acceptance of Gandhiji as his teacher, guide and philosopher.

In Ahmedabad, Vallabhbhai was occupied with his professional work and club life. He was a "bridge fiend". I found for myself how skilfully he played this game during my work with him.

His family life was very happy. But affection was more felt than expressed, and his son and daughter, Dahyabhai and Maniben, looked upon him with some dread. The death of his wife, when the two children were still young, made him even more remote from his children, for he left them to the care of his sister-in-law. He did not allow family responsibilities to interfere either with his professional work or with his club and social life. Subsequently, when he began to take an interest in municipal affairs and became President of the Ahmedabad Municipality, he had even less time for the family.

Gandhiji and Vallabhbhai were over the years so drawn to each other that they became inseparable companions in the fight for freedom. Patel however displayed his own initiative, originality of thinking and approach. Added to all this were his uncanny gift of organisation and judgement of men, sense of iron discipline and amazing capacity for constructive work. In his municipal work, he brought to bear these virtues and showed that masterly grasp of the principles and details of administration and that love of discomfiting his adversaries which were to prove an asset when he had to tackle much bigger problems and engage in much more controversial conflicts.

The wider field of Congress activities now claimed all his attention and energies. The hardy peasant-pilgrim never looked back until he saw his country to the gates of Independence and gave it a glimpse of the promise beyond from the high pedestal of its unity and integration, notwithstanding the tragic blow of partition.

Seldom in life does one become so cut off from one's original moorings as was the Sardar in obeying the stern call of patriotic duty. He left his life in Ahmedabad far behind and took to activities far beyond—plague-stricken Borsad, the flood-ravaged districts of Gujarat, the controversial Congress sessions at Gaya and elsewhere, the Flag satyagraha of Nagpur—and the peasant revolt in Bardoli. **At Bardoli he demonstrated how bureaucracy, in the key field of revenue administration, could be humbled in a manner that made history.**

Those who were dealing with the Bardoli movement told me, when I was a Bombay Presidency official, that the Sardar had brought the Government machinery to a standstill. Throughout the taluqa it was his writ that ran, not the Government's. In fact, on many occasions, officialdom had to secure his good offices to obtain the necessities of life like transport and supplies. **It was Bardoli that proved the heroic mould in which Vallabhbhai was cast. It was during that hour of triumph that Gandhiji hailed him as the "Sardar"—a triumph unmatched in the history of India under the British.**

Bardoli established the Sardar firmly as a leader in his own right. It lifted him clear out of the shadow of the Mahatma. This is evidenced by a letter which Pandit Motilal Nehru wrote to Gandhiji:

> "Now comes the question of the crown. I am clear that the hero of the hour is Vallabhbhai and the least we can do to appreciate his public services is to offer him the crown. Failing him, I think that, under all the circumstances, Jawahar would be the next best choice."

But the khadi crown eluded Patel for two years more due to an aging father's understandable wish to see his beloved son installed on the Congress gaddi in his own lifetime; it was Jawaharlal Nehru, not the Sardar, who presided at the famous Lahore session of the Congress in 1929.

—To Be Continued

DEATH COMES TO THE INDOMITABLE SARDAR: December 15, 1950. He died in Birla House, Bombay. Nehru said: "Sardar Patel was the builder and consolidator of India... He was a tower of strength on whom we turned for advice always."

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The Air-India Maharajah

Sir—It was nice of you to do a feature on such a refreshingly off-beat subject as "Kooka and His Maharajah" (July 25). But in the list of memorable gags from Bobby Kooka, Bachi J. Karkaria has missed out this one. It was during the time nearly two years ago when two *KA*s were holding the world stage (and maybe attracting all the air traffic)—OSAKA with EXPO and LUSAKA with the non-aligned summit—that the third *Ka* (Kooka) came out with this delectable one: OSAKA TO LUSAKA, WE ARE THE MOST NON-MALIGNED AIRLINES.

Haldia — BHANU MUNSHI

Sir—The Maharajah will be considered the most judiciously and successfully used symbol in the history of advertising—a tribute to Indian originality. How the innocent Maharajah has humbled himself to win passengers! Three cheers! Sadly however the Maharajah has fallen on lean days. He is politically harassed. The plane "symbolton" has been "humbletoned". Nevertheless this particular Maharajah has done better public relations and image projection for our country abroad than any other official.

Bhopal — D. M. JOSHI

Coorgs

Sir—In "Eminent Coorgs" (August 1), you say that C. M. Poonacha resigned as Union Railway Minister. Actually it was the portfolio for Steel and Heavy Engineering that Poonacha held when he resigned.

Mangalore — M. S. KARUMBAIAH

Sir—Apropos your article on the Kodavas (August 1), we do not find the groom in any of the wedding pictures—cover or centre-spread! Does this mean there is no groom in Kodava weddings? Or is it that the groom is there but not much importance is attached to him?

Madras — S. VENKATASUBRAMANIAM

Sex: Not Yet Liberated

Sir—I differ with Dr Sharma in "Sex: Inhibited and Liberated" (June 27) when he says that aversion to his own marriage by *A* was "born of an inherent inhibition rooted in childhood". Rather it was a simple case of anxiety developed out of genuine fear. *A* was afraid of his failure in discharging the financial, social and personal commitments of marriage. This is not "rationalisation". These are hard facts of married life which many a manly man is afraid to face! The trouble begins only when a more sensitive person (such as *A*) lets the fear smother his confidence. The simple remedy was to tell *A* that he believed himself to be incompetent for marriage. This pinprick to his "educated, sophisticated" self would have cleared the air. The search for "deep-rooted emotional fixation to the mother" was really bending the facts too much to prove a theory.

Jhansi — RAMESH CHAND

The Illustrated Weekly of India

Vol. XCII. 34. Regd. No. MH9
Sunday, August 22, 1971

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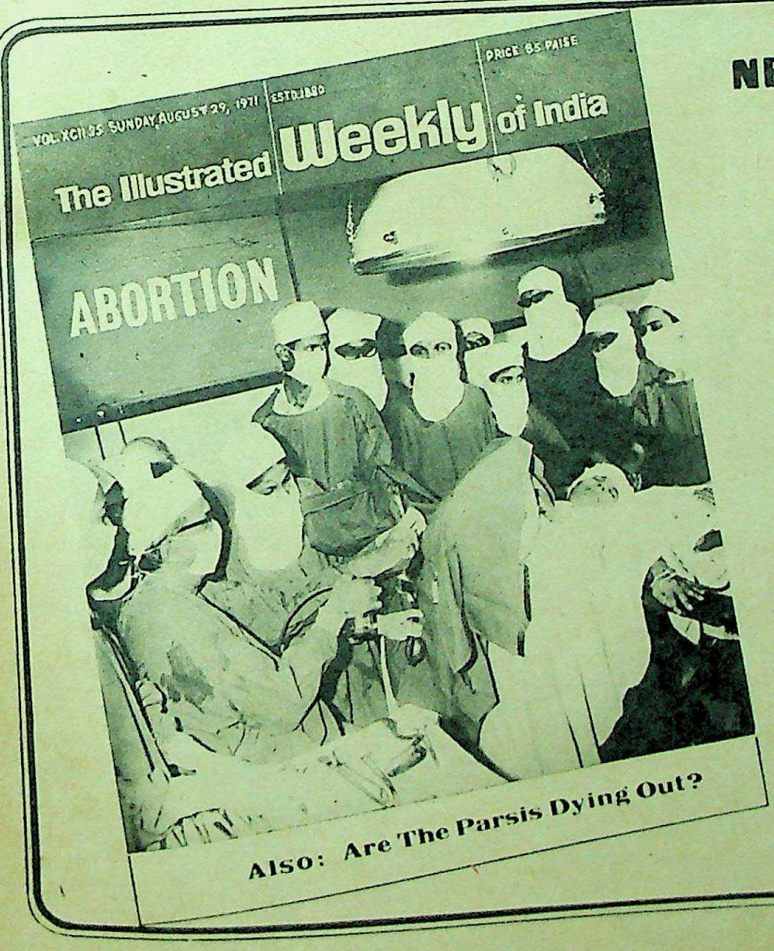

NEXT WEEK

ABORTION IS SAFE! ABORTION IS LEGAL! Three expert opinions. Dr B. N. Purandare explains how—and when—an abortion is performed; Dr R. P. Soonawalla discusses the merits of the Act; Dr D. N. Pai delves into the history of abortion and the laws permitting it in various countries. Plus fascinating case-histories. Dramatic photographs by Balkrishan.

ARE THE PARSIS DYING OUT? No converts, increasing intermarriage, a death-rate higher than the birth-rate... Is this once dynamic community facing extinction? Gloomy thoughts for Navroz from K. D. Umrigar.

GANAPATI: American scholar Paul Courtright goes into its legends and discovers the special place the festival has in the hearts of Maharashtrians. Profusely illustrated.

THE MAN WHO SWAM WITH RAM JOSTI: Story by S. I. Francis

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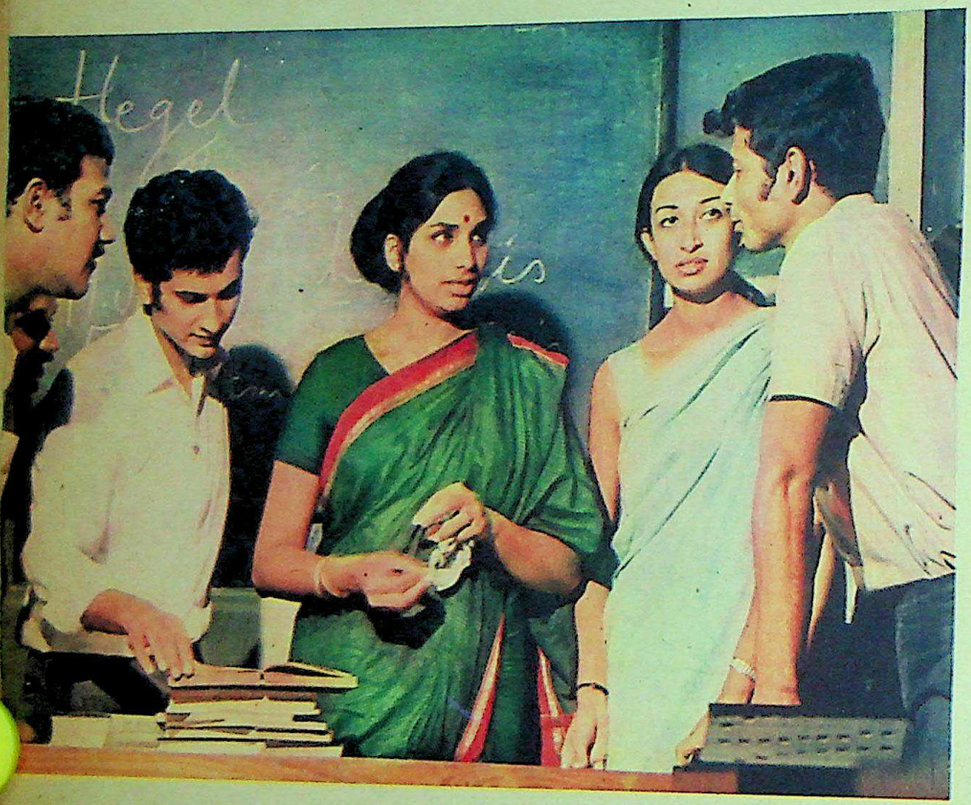
College Professors

by TULSI VATSAL

What is it about the teaching profession in India that makes over 70,000 men and women take up jobs in colleges?



— Jitendra Arya

WOMEN PROFESSORS. In 1966 they numbered 8,512—that is, 17 to every 100 men in the profession. Shorter working hours and long vacations induce women to take up a teaching job in preference to any other. By 1975 there will be 1,350,000 undergraduates in the country.

IT can hardly be the lure of money. The average college teacher in India earns Rs 333 a month. Although the University Grants Commission revised the pay scales of teachers (not all universities have adopted them), the pay cannot be attractive. Colleges are swamped by applications for admissions whatever their quality of teaching and they are looking for teachers who are prepared to work for low salaries.

There is, in fact, an air of unreality about the whole question. In Bombay, teachers earning less than Rs 500 are entitled to a housing allowance of Rs 35. This certainly does not go very far towards paying for accommodation in the city. Teachers are forced to move into more and more distant suburbs in search of cheap housing and waste a lot of time and energy in commuting.

Professors in India—meaning the entire teaching staff—are thus obliged to supplement a meagre income by giving tuitions, running coaching classes or writing examination guides.

Working conditions, too, are nothing to be happy about. Promotion is decided by seniority on the basis of the three grades laid down by the U.G.C.—Lecturer Junior, Lecturer Senior and Senior Lecturer. Twenty-five per cent of the teachers in a college are to be placed on each of the two lower grades and only those who have done a year's post-graduate teaching are eligible for the top grade.

This latter criterion is not only unfair (English teachers in Commerce colleges, for example, are not allowed to teach post-graduate students), it is also meaningless, for it fails to recognise the fact that college teachers are primarily concerned with undergraduate teaching. In any case, it is increasingly difficult to find opportunities for post-graduate teaching, as University Departments have been created for that purpose.

Thus it is not uncommon to find good teachers with 25 years of service still debarred from the top grade (starting salary Rs 700).

Approximately a quarter of the colleges in the country are established and run by Government, State and Central. Once confirmed in a Government college (as in any other Government organisation), the teacher is unlikely to lose his job. But to enjoy this security of tenure, he must be prepared to face Government procedures.

The principal of a Government college is only entitled to make a temporary or "local' appointment. This may be of a year's, two years' or even five years' duration, until such time as the Public Service Commission officially declares the post vacant. (During this period the teacher may be dismissed at any time.) Then come the inevitable Forms. These are comprehensive and include—in Maharashtra, for instance—searching questions like, "Does your wife have any previous husband living?"

Approximately six months later the Public Service Commission conducts interviews. Another six months elapse before the results are declared. Selection, however, is not the end of the road. The new recruit has to undergo a further two-year probation period—even if he has put in years of "temporary" service before his selection.

In the private colleges, teachers are treated like employees in any commercial organisation. The probationary period is generally two years, but this can easily be extended by engaging teachers for one year, dismissing and then reappointing them. Even confirmed teachers may be, and are, arbitrarily dismissed without the reasons being stated.

Dismissed and Reappointed

After last year's agitations by teachers, Bombay University has framed new rules which ensure that the probationary period cannot be misused and that a teacher's services cannot be terminated without a thorough enquiry.

But in several other universities the teachers' position continues to be very insecure, and as a result they are obliged to toe the line laid down by the administration.

The salary and the service conditions of college teachers are but two aspects of the larger problem of effective higher education in our country. **What, for instance, are the functions we expect our universities to serve? One assumes that these are education, scholarship and inculcating technical skills. Education is the widening of intellectual horizons and making the student think for himself. Scholarship is advancing knowledge in given disciplines. And technical skills such as engineering engender the ability to run a modern society.**

If these are the goals of our universities, the environment in which our teachers work appears even more alarming than their salary or service conditions. Classes are large. How is the teacher to arouse the intellectual curiosity of 150 adolescents, many of whom either do not understand or are not interested in what he is saying? Not all our students join college because they are dedicated to the pursuit of knowledge. They come also because they have nothing better to do, or because they feel that a degree is a passport to a better job or a better spouse. Many are quite unprepared for genuine study.

The college teacher is expected to take an average of 15 to 20 lectures a week. He

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THE AUTHOR TULSI VATSAL, 27, was educated at Bombay's Elphinstone College and Oxford, from where she obtained a Master's degree in Politics, Philosophy and Economics. She has been teaching Economics at the Elphinstone College for four years.

Photographs by Gurmeet Singh

may be asked to repeat the same lecture three times a day to different divisions. He has no say in the syllabus, and hardly any in the setting and the correction of papers at the final examination. He has almost no contact with the hundreds of students he teaches—not only is he ignorant of most of their names, they very often do not know his.

No Room for Research

The prospects for scholarship are no better. Except for a few colleges, research facilities are non-existent. Teachers, including Departmental Heads, often have no place where they may work. They make do with the common Staff Room which serves many other purposes as well. Libraries are inadequate and there is simply not enough finance for research. This is especially so in the scientific field where the scientist requires at least Rs 6,000 a year if he is to carry on meaningful work. **As the Kothari Report says, "... the bureaucratic structure within which research has to be done, the dependence on the approval of indifferent superiors, the elaborate procedures through which equipment made abroad has to be obtained... have all had a depressing effect on the morale of teachers".**

Finally, the teacher's role in the country's economic life is insignificant. There are about 1.5 million unemployed graduates in the country. Many who do have jobs are either underemployed or are doing work to which their qualifications bear no relevance. What students learn in our colleges often contributes little or nothing to their future careers.

Recently, a new dimension was added to the problems of the professors. This is the fear of violence. There have been numerous cases of teachers being physically assaulted and even murdered by students.

Many of the grievances of our students are justified. Examinations, for example, have become tests of memory and handwriting speed rather than of intellectual capacity. But this does not give our students a right to 'pass' examinations by unfair means, nor does it entitle them to attack teachers who try and stop them from doing so. In such circumstances, one might expect the majority of our college professors to be depressed and unhappy in their jobs.

But contrary to the general belief, the majority of our teachers are quite happy and satisfied with their jobs. In a recent survey conducted by the National Council of Educational Research and Training, teachers from eight States were asked whether they would be willing to change their jobs if offered alternative ones with the same emoluments. The overwhelming majority—both men and women—said "No".

It would seem, therefore, that even teaching in Indian colleges has some compensations. There is first the factor of convenience. For women, especially, teaching is an occupation that can be most easily combined with domestic duties. Despite a heavy work load, there is plenty of free time, because unchanging syllabi and routine examination papers enable teachers to cut down on lecture preparation. There are long vacations and relatively short working days.

Then there is the factor of status. In a society like ours, which is steeped in traditional values, teaching is still one of the most respected occupations.

Finally, even the most cynical teacher will admit that teaching has its exciting and interesting moments. Delivering a lecture that arouses the interest and response of the class, seeing deserving students do well, meeting a variety of young men and women and watching them grow and change—these are some of the reasons why teachers are willing to continue in what would otherwise be a most frustrating job.

Shortage of Teachers

One of the problems of college education in this country is that we simply do not have enough good teachers, and one of the reasons for this is the rapid growth of higher education. **The figures are staggering: between 1960-1969, enrolment in colleges increased by a fantastic 30%—from 74 to 169 lakhs—and there are 2,899 colleges in India today as compared to the 735 in 1951.**

The rapid growth of higher education in India is generally justified on the grounds that what was once a preserve of the elite should, in a democratic country, be made available to as many people as possible. But such 'socialistic' arguments seem to ignore the fact that higher education is heavily subsidised by the state (the fees a student pays being only a small proportion of the

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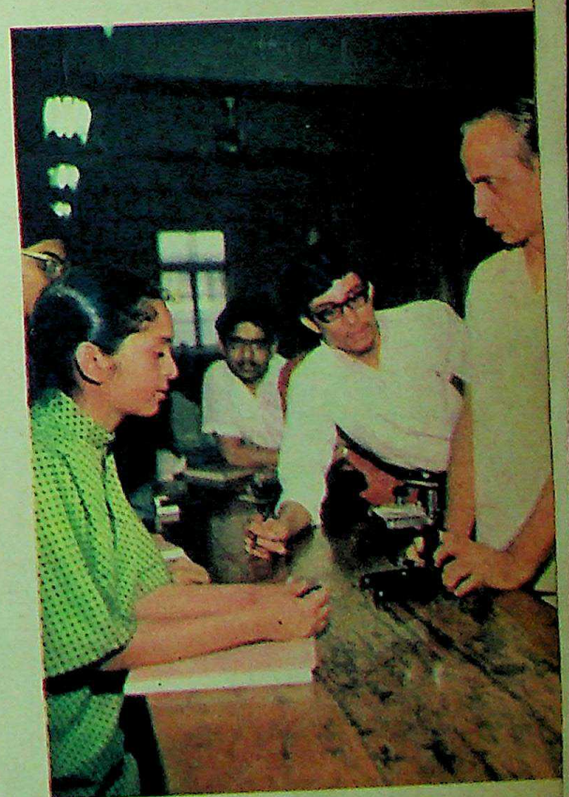

A BOTANY LABORATORY. Despite Government aid and money from fees, many colleges are poorly equipped. The annual cost per student in Bombay University colleges was Rs 431 in 1966. In Nagpur's Hislop College, it was Rs 497. In Secunderabad's Arts and Science colleges, it was Rs 564. And in Poona's Fergusson College, it rose to Rs 611. The average annual fee paid by a student was only Rs 172.

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THE NUMBER OF STUDENTS has steadily increased. The State and the Central Governments bear the brunt of the expenditure: 92.5%. Science colleges, because of lab equipment, are expensive to run. Many mofussil colleges teach only Arts.

THE AVERAGE ANNUAL SALARY of college professors is about Rs 5,000. This is not enough to support a family in a big city. Many professors are forced to live in distant suburbs in one-room flats, with the kitchen often serving as a bedroom at night.

COLLEGE ECONOMICS

FEES

Total amount collected (1960-61): *Rs* 1,01,384,000

Percentage of students paying fees: 84.9

Average annual fee collected per student: *Rs* 172.7

Average annual cost per student: *Rs* 570

FUNDS AVAILABLE FROM

Central Government:	44.2%
State Government:	48.2%
Local Bodies:	0.3%
Other sources:	7.3%

total cost of educating him); that 70% of our people are still illiterate; and that the cost of educating one undergraduate for a year equals the cost of educating 22 primary school-children.

The Kothari Commission's recommendations for controlling admissions to institutions of higher studies were rejected by the Parliamentary Committee on education, which said: "...every effort should be made to provide admissions to institutions of higher education to all eligible students who desire to study further."

The result is that while 385 million of our population still cannot read and write, we not only have colleges in practically every district town in the country but morning college sections and COIN (correspondence institution leading to the B.A. and B.Com. degrees) as well. And as if this isn't enough there are proposals for setting up a Radio University. **Meanwhile, the mere quantitative expansion of higher education without adequate resources has had its inevitable results. The quality of education offered by our institutions of higher learning continues to deteriorate rapidly, so that our standards are among the lowest in the world.**

What we need is good teachers, smaller classes, adequate libraries and better laboratories. And all these things cost money. Since obviously we do not have the money, it would be more sensible to restrict higher education to a manageable size and to use available resources to improve the quality of what exists rather than to mass produce graduates with paper qualifications and dismal prospects of employment.

Professors Speak

by GAURI DESHPANDE

A questionnaire was sent by the "Weekly" to 50 colleges carefully chosen to represent urban, rural, arts, science, small and large institutions. The answers reveal the thinking of many of our professors on vital issues connected with higher learning.

NOT many professors had given serious thought to their profession. Teaching, which was once regarded as an honoured *vocation* like healing, has become a profession like any other. Hardly any teacher seemed aware of this. An analysis of the answers makes this clear.

The first question was: "What made you choose this profession?"

"Love of teaching," answered most of them. "Keeping in touch with the country's youth" came in a poor second. Only two professors, one a physicist, the other teaching English literature, replied that it was the love of the subject. The most bizarre reason was given by a young lady who "was persuaded by friends". Only one had the honesty to admit that the major reason for choosing a career as a college professor was the leisure that it provided and the long vacations.

"Do you believe what you are doing is worth while?"

The answer was an emphatic "Yes" in all cases.

Year of Establishment	University	Number of Colleges
1857	*Calcutta*	168
	Bombay	58
	Madras	157
1887	*Allahabad*	6
1916	*Banaras Hindu (Varanasi)*	18
	Mysore	63
1917	*Patna*	10
1918	*Osmania*	61
1921	*Aligarh Muslim*	4
	Lucknow	18
1922	*Delhi*	41
1923	*Nagpur*	84
1926	*Andhra (Waltair)*	61
1927	*Agra*	143
1937	*Kerala (Trivandrum)*	140
1943	*Utkal*	72
1946	*Saugar*	67
1947	*Punjab (Chandigarh)*	149
	Rajasthan	75
1948	*Jammu & Kashmir*	34
	Gauhati	75
1950	*Gujarat (Ahmedabad)*	125
1952	*Bihar (Muzaffarpur)*	44
1954	*Sri Venkateswara (Tirupati)*	28

"Are you satisfied with the calibre of your students?"

Most of them expressed dissatisfaction with the general run of students because they (the students) were not interested in studies, did not have enough basic grounding in the subject and had no particular aim in life. Some blamed the examination system. Some others blamed parents and the social atmosphere for inculcating false values in the minds of the young.

Obvious Contradictions

The examination system came in for unanimous condemnation. Asked what, in their opinion, should be the aim of college education, most replied loftily: "To make better human beings, or better citizens, or more humane people." Some replied: "To equip them for professions or higher academic studies." There are obvious contradictions in the replies sent. **Why, if professors believe in the value of what they do, are they critical of the examination system? Because what they are in fact doing is preparing students for examinations. This system which they all condemn is nevertheless the only means at present to turn out "better human beings".**

To add to this general vagueness about ends and means, no one had cared to define "better human beings", or to say in what

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area was a B.A. or a B.Sc. a better citizen than a matriculate.

All of them wanted better pay, "commensurate with current standards of living". Especially, in the urban areas, it was pointed out that if the parents of the majority of students earned more than the professor, the professor felt unsure of himself and socially inferior.

The vast majority voted in favour of English as a medium of instruction. Only two wanted optional classes in the regional language. This is surprising since the average college teacher's grasp of English is so poor that he spends most of the class hours reading from textbooks. He dare not participate in discussions, or initiate them, if they are to be in English. In the mofussil all teachers use the regional language for explaining difficult texts and for discussions. One teacher of English from a rural college in Maharashtra confessed to teaching English through Marathi!

In almost all universities, affiliated colleges teach humanities through the regional language (as well as English). In some colleges, sciences are also taught through the regional language. This is understandable as English fades out from school curricula. The succession of students know less and less of English every year. They want knowledge and the language best suited for transmitting it is the language they understand most easily, which in most cases is the regional language. The professors said that they preferred to use English as the medium of instruction because better and more books were available in English.

Enrolment	*Percentage of colleges in the country*
Less than 100	15.6
100 *to* 299	29.2
300 *to* 499	14.4
500 *to* 999	22.2
1,000 *to* 9,999	16.0
Above 2,000	2.6

Year of Foundation	*Percentage of colleges founded in that year*
Before 1947	5.4
1948 *to* 1957	6.5
1958	2.4
1959	7.7
1960	6.0
1961	12.5
1962	7.1
1963	16.7
1964	35.7

More professors were in favour of giving recognition and importance to teaching and to developing more efficient teaching methods. A few said that research should be encouraged, especially in the sciences, but no one said that research and publication of papers were necessary (as they are in the U.S.). Surprisingly, not a single answer mentioned that research, or independent study, helped them keep in touch with the latest developments in their subject.

There was general agreement on the importance of the professors' role in national life. Most were also in favour of encouraging extra-curricular activity with their students, thereby making for closer teacher-pupil relationship.

"How many of your students would you want to become college teachers?" Most answered: "One or two." This seemed to take into account individual aptitude as also jobs available.

Everyone was satisfied with the present minimum qualifications for the post demanded by most universities: a II Class Master's degree. Some added "teaching ability", "publications" or "research experience".

All had a lot of practical suggestions for improvement in the situation. Here are some recurrent ones:

1) Selection and separation of students on the basis of quality.

2) Less "lecturing" and more discussion|tutorials|seminars.

3) Teaching of research methods.

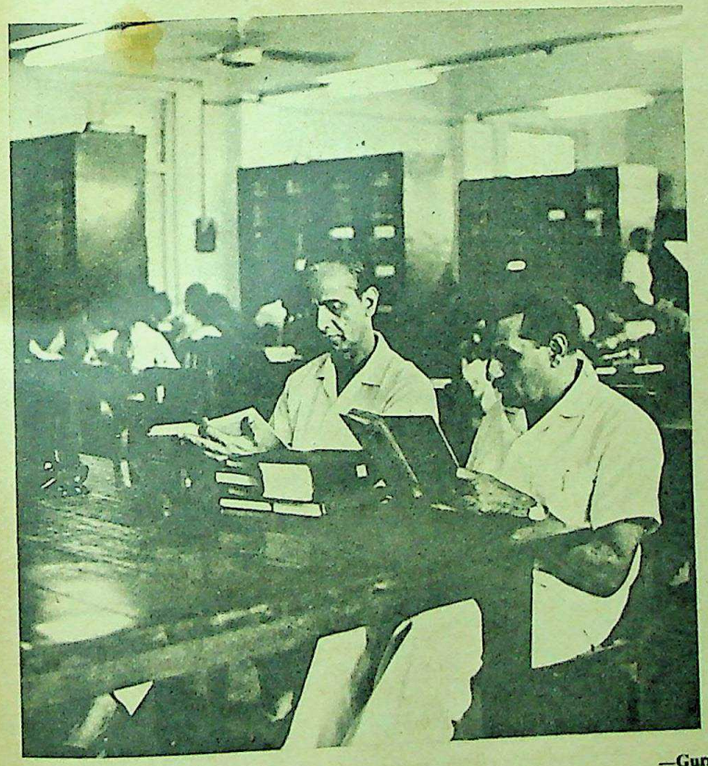
4) Internal, more frequent tests and round-the-year judging rather than the bugbogey final examination every year.

5) Smaller classes.

6) Syllabi to be changed oftener to suit the times.

7) Curricula based on job orientation.

As long as the majority of the youth in our country continue to think that a Bachelor's degree is a panacea for all their ills, these suggestions are not likely to be implemented. The professors want to treat higher education as a special prerogative of the gifted, the intelligent, the studious, whereas our policies stress "equal opportunity for all" and continue to jampack colleges, which are open to anyone passing the Secondary School Certificate Examination.



—Gurmeet Singh—

LIBRARY. In spite of a good amount of money given by the University Grants Commission to increase library facilities, most colleges in the country are ill equipped in this direction. Many have old, outdated collections and hardly any professor earns enough to invest in books himself. Many use their college libraries in between lectures, sharing the table space and the books with the students.

THE SCIENCE STUDENT is perhaps a shade more earnest and serious, because he looks forward to joining professional colleges later. It is suggested by many professors that even the syllabi for Arts subjects should be more profession-oriented. Those students not especially motivated by love of the subject may thus be prompted into more serious study.

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MY YEARS WITH THE SARDAR — 2

The Differences That Did Not Divide

by V. SHANKAR

There were differences between the Sardar and Gandhiji, on the one hand, and between the Sardar and Nehru on the other. But respect for each other's views prevented these developing into a crisis.

A SIGNIFICANT feature of Bardoli was that the Sardar handled the struggle on his own, without any guidance from Gandhiji. I had several opportunities of hearing him speak about it when his biographer, Narhari Bhai Parekh, visited him with his manuscript. The Sardar's eyes would glow when he dealt with Bardoli—and in that glow was a sense of pride and achievement.

Patel had already acquired the stature of a national leader when Gandhiji decided to launch the salt satyagraha in 1930. The Government's hand fell heavily on the Sardar when he defied the ban on addressing public meetings in the village of Ras in Borsad taluqa. During my first visit to Gujarat with him in December 1946, he proudly showed me the tree under which his arrest was made.

When Nehru Sobbed

There is an interesting sidelight to the Gandhi-Irwin Pact, following this satyagraha. At night, after the agreement had been signed, both the Sardar and Jawaharlalji repaired to Dr Ansari's house in Delhi. The two shared the same room and retired to bed. Soon Patel heard Nehru sobbing like a child. He woke up Gandhiji, who too at first could not find out the cause of Jawaharlal's distress. Eventually, Nehru came out with words questioning Gandhiji's wisdom in entering into the pact with Irwin without including in it a clause to inquire into police excesses. The Mahatma said he would tell the Viceroy to scrap the agreement if Panditji felt so deeply dissatisfied about it. Even then Nehru's sobbing would not stop. So they took him out for some fresh air. His cheer restored, Panditji accepted what was a *fait accompli*.

In 1933-34, Gandhiji and the Sardar were together in Yeravda Jail. They found each other's company stimulating. Mahadev Desai's diary shows that, though in gaol, their life was enlivened by the display of affection and laughter. After their release, the Congress accepted the parliamentary programme in which the Sardar had to shoulder the main burden of electioneering and later of supervising the functioning of Congress Ministries in the various Provinces.

His role in the elections brought out forcefully the Sardar's strong sense of discipline. The episode in which Nariman, the undisputed leader of the Congress in Bombay, came in for disciplinary action troubled the party, and led to an acute public controversy. Nearly 13 years after the incident, Nariman realised that he had been in the wrong and the Sardar and he became friends again.

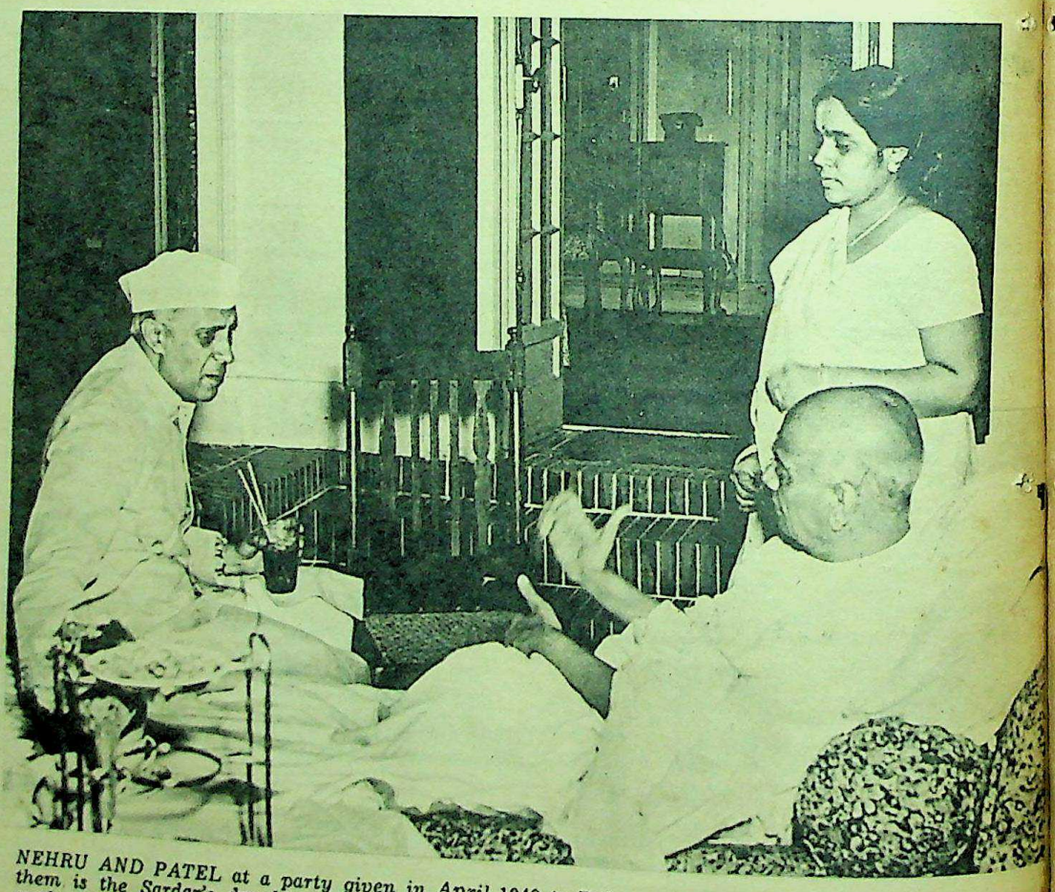
Patel faced a more difficult situation in the Central Provinces where Sir Francis Wylie was Governor and Dr Khare Chief Minister. The intrigues which culminated in Dr Khare resigning and then forming another Ministry are well known. The Sardar acted quickly to thwart the Chief Minister's and Governor's attempts to suborn the loyalty of the Congress legislators and to restore both Congress position and prestige in that faction-torn Province. **These two instances in particular established the Sardar's reputation as the Iron Man of India.**

Then came the famous dispute between Gandhiji and Subhas Babu after the latter had won the election against Gandhiji's nominee, Pattabhi Sitaramayya, in 1939. Subhas later was forced to resign and faded out of Congress politics. He ascribed his discomfiture mainly to the Sardar. (Nearly 10 years later, when Patel came to know through Nathalal Parekh, Subhas Babu's devoted follower, that Netaji's widow and young daughter in Austria were in difficulties, he transferred out of the I.N.A. funds a considerable amount to provide for them. He also spearheaded the drive for funds for financial and legal assistance to I.N.A. men.)

World War II intervened to disturb the promising course of Congress-British accord in India achieved through the experiment of provincial autonomy. The demand for freedom, in the context of the British Government's war effort, became more pressing. It led first to the Individual Satyagraha and then the great "Quit India" movement. The Sardar was throughout on the side of action, but Nehru—it must be said to his credit—saw the dangers that lay ahead and seemed to favour a moderate line.

But the die had been cast by the decision of the British to arrest the leaders. Gandhiji, Kasturba and Mahadev Desai were imprisoned in the Aga Khan Palace, near Poona, and other leaders in the Ahmednagar Fort. Life in Ahmednagar, according to the account the Sardar gave me, was not altogether happy. He and his colleagues appeared to be divided in their loyalty to Gandhiji. Nehru and Maulana Azad were both critical of his leadership, while the rest, who had implicit faith in Gandhiji, remained unshaken by the events of August 1942.

Meanwhile, the British in India, who had begun to draw up plans for keeping



NEHRU AND PATEL at a party given in April 1948 to Rulers of Central India States. With them is the Sardar's daughter-in-law, Bhanumati (wife of Dahyabhai Patel). Once Patel made a remark to Nehru: "I thought we had a foreign policy and that we had some friends amongst foreign powers."

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the country under subjection for another 25 years, suffered a rude shock by the return of the Labour Government to power in Britain following the 1945 elections. Partly under its enlightened policy and partly under the compulsion of post-war developments, a new approach to the Indo-British problem was decided upon. A Cabinet Mission was sent to India to discuss matters with the Viceroy and leaders of political parties and to recommend solutions for the ending of the constitutional deadlock.

The Muslim League and British officialdom were coming even closer to each other than before. Developments in Bengal, Sind and the Punjab (three vital areas in the scheme of partition) were to establish it beyond doubt. The North-West Frontier Province proved a great stumbling-block, but the attitude of the British officials, headed by the Governor in that Province, made it clear where their sympathies lay. These developments made it imperative for the Congress to capture power in the Provinces wherever possible. (There was nothing to do in the Provinces where it was in a clear majority.) In Sind, however, the position was fluid: if the Sardar had his way and could have offered the Chief Ministership to one who had virtually the decisive numbers behind him, that Province would probably have been out of the run for Pakistan. But fate ruled otherwise.

At the Centre, the struggle began with the election for the Speakership. The contest lay between Dadasaheb Mavlankar, who had already made his mark as the Speaker of the Bombay Legislature, and Sir Cowasji Jehangir, who had at his disposal the official and League votes. It was a close contest and the voting was by secret ballot. The Sardar personally guided the tactics. The crucial and deciding votes were reported to be those of a distinguished Civilian and a scion of the Princely Order which went to Dadasaheb. What an irony of fate that the members of these two classes should now be chosen for special attention as victims of the winds of change.

Gandhiji's Declining Influence

The Sardar now did not merely reflect Gandhiji's glory, but established a glory of his own. I could see evidence of it during the initial period of my service with him. Whether it was in the Congress organisation or in the Government, he showed independence of outlook and assertiveness. With the assumption of office, Gandhi's influence in the actual working of the Congress became far too remote to be of any decisive character.

Another change is also worth recording. Between 1926 and 1946 there were differences between Nehru and Patel which at times broke into open controversy. The gulf between them was not so much on the practical plane as on the ideological. But Panditji had a remarkable gift of adjusting his ideology to suit practical considerations or to the demands of the hour.

It would be wrong to say that the Sardar was a conservative or reactionary. Contrary to the general idea, he was not pro-Capitalist in the sense of being in favour of the institution of Capitalism. He felt that in the conditions obtaining in India it was necessary that the available wealth should be used for productive purposes. One of his oft-repeated utterances was that even if the wealth of all capitalists were taken over by the Government and distributed, it would not work out to even Rs 2 per head.

HE WAS NO BLIND FOLLOWER. Patel differed with the Mahatma on the question of ahimsa as a state policy. Differences arose between them over the payment of Rs 55 crores to Pakistan in the months following partition. Eventually the Sardar submitted to the Mahatma's wish.

It was his unshakable conviction that India had a long way to go before it caught up with economically advanced nations and that in that journey the whole country must pull together to raise itself. He fully supported Gandhiji's idea of trusteeship, felt that the public sector and the private sector must march together, and that the Government should encourage them to give of their best to the country. In other words, he was for regulation, not for confiscation and expropriation. He believed in peaceful, harmonious and organised progress, ensuring the smooth turning of the wheels of economy. He did not want any "isms" to put spokes in the wheels.

Panditji's brand of Socialism was different from the fashionable variety:

> What I seek is an elimination of profit in society and its replacement by a spirit of social service, cooperation taking the place of competition, production for consumption and not for profit. Because I hate violence and consider it an abomination, I cannot tolerate willingly our present system which is based on violence. I seek therefore a bold, enduring and a willing system from which the roots of violence have been removed and where hatred shrivels up and yields place to nobler feelings—all this I call Socialism.

The Sardar's attitude was expressed in the following words:

The Socialists are not agreed even regarding the definition of Socialism. Different people put forward different meanings. There are 84 castes among the Brahmans whereas it would seem there are 85 different types of Socialists! That makes it somewhat difficult to express an opinion about Socialism.

I am prepared to work with a Socialist or a Capitalist or with the follower of any "ism" but only on one condition that no attempt is made to deceive me. The moment I find that to be the case, I break away. I do not yet know who are the members of the Socialist Party in Gujarat. Some merely talk; with such persons I shall never be able to get on. Among the Socialists outside Gujarat, there are some who have made great sacrifices and are imbued with a real spirit of service. For them I have great respect. I say this in order to show that I have no particular hostility towards Socialists as such.

Attitude to Muslims

As regards Patel's attitude towards Muslims, he has often been misunderstood. His was a national approach to secularism which could not be branded as communalism. **In the light of the adherence of the majority of Muslims in the subcontinent to the League's two-nation theory and its demand for Pakistan, he wanted the Muslim community to convince the country, after independence, of its loyalty. Consequently he made no secret of his view that those who could not live in India as Indian citizens should have the courage to go to the country to which they felt loyalty.**

—Continued

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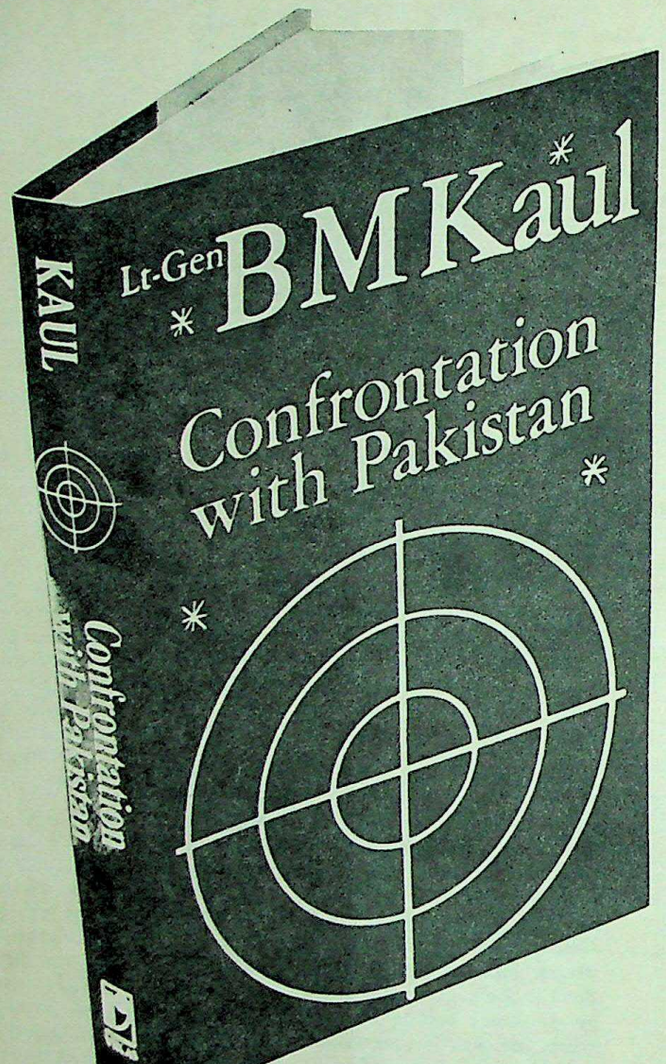
Lt Gen B M Kaul makes history again



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Whenever any question came up of giving fair treatment to individual Muslims or Muslims as a community, he was always sympathetic. This applied not only to such matters as nominations and appointments but even to the question of safeguards for minorities. Indeed, he was the Chairman of the Committee of the Constituent Assembly to advise on these safeguards. While presenting its report to the House and winding up the debate on it, he made such an impression among the minority representatives that he was loudly applauded and even chaired.

On the Hindu-Muslim question, Nehru felt, on the other hand, that Hindus being the majority community had to create in the minority community trust in its secularism. The Central and State Governments' policies and measures during this period reflect by and large the synthesis of both these points of view.

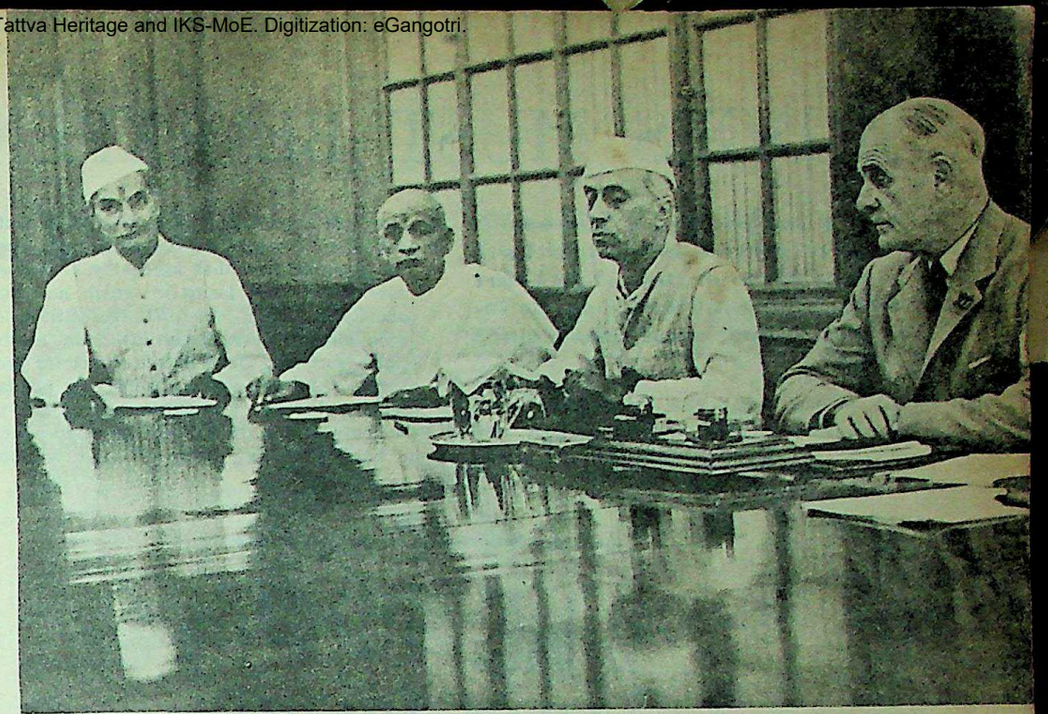
There were also differences between the two on the question of foreign relations. The Sardar was no less a votary of non-alignment than Nehru, but he wanted non-alignment to subserve national interests. National interests dictated non-involvement in the controversies that divided East and West and silence on matters on which it was not incumbent on us to speak. But Nehru wanted to play an active role in foreign affairs and he became involved in controversies which could have been discreetly avoided.

Where Are Our Friends ?

When we were on the lookout for a representative on the United Nations Commission, Nehru and the Sardar went through the list of foreign countries to find out a reliable supporter of our case; they came to the conclusion that there was none. At the end of it, the Sardar remarked to Panditji: "I thought we had a foreign policy and that we had some friends amongst foreign powers." The Prime Minister appreciated the force of his colleague's remark, but said: "It is true. But we have just begun; it takes time to make friends."

However, despite these differences, the fact remains that, in the administrative field, they were on the whole in agreement. While Nehru respected the Sardar's judgement, Patel bowed to the Prime Minister's views—even when he differed—because of the conviction that the direction of affairs rested in Nehru's hands and the future lay with him. In my judgement the only issue that remained unresolved between them was that of the 1950 contest for Presidentship of the Congress. (The controversial candidate for the Presidentship was Purushottamdas Tandon.) It is because they worked together as a team that India was able to survive the upheaval of partition and the tragedy of Gandhiji's assassination.

To illustrate Nehru's great concern for the Sardar. On March 30, 1949, Patel was involved in an air accident: his plane forcelanded on its way to Jaipur for the inauguration of the Rajasthan Union. Until the news of his survival came, Panditji was the picture of consternation. Restlessly, he paced up and down his office, saying to his confidants: "He had so many strings in his hand; how will I do without him?" I telephoned to him from Jaipur to say that we had safely arrived. When the members of the Constituent Assembly celebrated the occasion, one could see the glow of joy on Panditji's face as he presented to the Sardar a memento of the occasion.



INTERIM GOVERNMENT, 1946. Lord Wavell, the Viceroy, with Nehru, Vice-President of the Executive Council, Vallabhbhai Patel, Member for Home, Information and Broadcasting, and Rajendra Prasad, Member for Food and Agriculture.

Now about Vallabhbhai's relations with the Mahatma. While he started as a humble and dedicated follower of Gandhiji, later on he differed from him on many issues. Gandhiji, for his part, encouraged an independent outlook. During the war, the Sardar differed from him on the question of ahimsa as a state policy. As the Sardar became more and more involved in Governmental work he realised the limitations of non-violence as an instrument of public policy. It is a tribute to Gandhiji that he let his faithful disciple follow a different path.

There were occasions when Gandhiji accepted the Sardar's judgement. An instance: Patel successfully dissuaded the Mahatma from shifting his abode from Birla House to Muslim quarters, in Delhi's Turkman Gate area, in December 1947. The Sardar himself went to the extreme in bowing to his master's viewpoint. When Gandhiji insisted on a reconsideration of the decision to withhold the payment of Rs 55 crores to Pakistan, he accepted the Mahatma's wish, despite his own mental conflict over the matter.

He Almost Resigned

Many influences worked between December 1947 and mid-January 1948 to widen the breach between the Sardar and Panditji on the one hand and between the Sardar and Gandhiji on the other. Once Patel went to the extent of sending a letter to Gandhiji in which he expressed his intention to resign his position. But Lord Mountbatten intervened and a few minutes before the Mahatma's tragic end, master and disciple had a meeting. The cloud of differences lifted and there was again mutual trust and cordiality.

The Sardar was an uncompromising opponent of Jinnah and the Muslim League. Jinnah knew it, but he had trust in the Sardar's word. Notwithstanding several confrontations in the Partition Council, he expressed his admiration for Patel in no uncertain terms. Once he said in Gujarati to the Sardar, referring to the prolonged disputes in the Partition Council: "Let these fellows wrangle; you and I can settle all these problems in our own language. We understand each other much better." The same sentiment was expressed on a later occasion by the League's representatives in the Government. At that time, Nawabzada Liaqat Ali Khan and his colleagues did not miss an occasion to demonstrate their antipathy to Panditji and refused to attend functions which were even remotely connected with his leadership of the Coalition Government. On the other hand, when the Sardar invited them to a party held (if I remember correctly) in honour of Lady Cripps, all of them came except Liaqat Ali Khan (he later apologised for his absence). When the League members came to take leave of the Sardar, he appealed to them to give up their virtual social boycott of Panditji.

He said to this effect: "Jawahar is a sincere friend of the Muslims. He has a heart of gold. He is full of friendliness and warmth. Even politically he is more inclined towards you than I am. Why should there be this antipathy and distance?"

I think it was Ghazanfar Ali Khan who spoke on behalf of the League. He said: "Sardar Saheb, we understand you. We know that when you say a thing you will do it, and there is no vagueness about what you say and what you mean. On the other hand, we can never understand what Panditji says or what he means. Even if he means anything, he can hardly deliver the goods. Moreover we can never acknowledge him as the Vice-President of the Council leading the Government."

—To Be Continued

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JUDGES MUST BE EXPENSIVE

by SOLI J. SORABJEE

A plea for justice... The conditions of service for judges have greatly deteriorated. High Court Judges have not had a single increase in their salary scale since 1950.

IN 1794, in the United States, in the case of Glass *vs* The Sloop Betsey, it was argued that "To the judicial and not to the executive department, the citizen or subject naturally looks for determinations upon his property; and that agreeably to known rules and settled forms to which no other security is equal." In 1971, the citizen of India almost instinctively looks up to the High Court and the Supreme Court for preserving the basic values underlying parliamentary democracy and the rule of law in the country. It is the one institution in which he has an abiding faith, and not without good reason. It is the one redeeming star, 'the ever-fixed mark', in an otherwise dark and depressing firmament. It is not a coincidence that whenever a Commission of Inquiry or other high-powered body is constituted for the purpose of examining any issue of public or national importance, the unanimous choice is invariably a sitting or a retired Supreme Court or a High Court Judge.

Cartoons by R. K. LAXMAN

Over the years the conditions of service of the higher judiciary have gradually deteriorated and at present they are not compatible with the dignity and function of the high judicial office. Consequently the recent decision of the Government not to raise salaries of High Court Judges must cause deep concern and distress. **The citizen is entitled to know which political parties were consulted and which of them have opposed the move. The shroud of anonymity is apparently a cloak for the Government's unwillingness to move in the matter despite its overwhelming majority in Parliament.** The framers of the Constitution embodied the provision regarding the salaries of High Court* and Supreme Court Judges in the Constitution itself—because they prized the independence of the judiciary and did not relish the prospect of the current majority in Parliament passing any legislation which might operate *disadvantageously* in the matter of judicial salaries. The Founding Fathers must be turning rather uncomfortably at the metamorphosis of a safeguard into a half-nelson.

Historical Digression

From whatever angle one may consider the matter the case for increasing judicial salaries is unanswerable. A slight historical digression may not be out of place. In 1861 the British Parliament passed an Act known as the Indian High Courts Act (24 and 25 Victoria Ch. 104). By this Act the Crown was empowered to establish High Courts of Judicature at Calcutta, Madras and Bombay; it was further enacted that upon the establishment of these courts, the Supreme Courts and the Sudder Adawluts which formerly functioned should be abolished. Under the said Act of 1861 the High Courts were established at Calcutta, Madras and Bombay by Royal Letters Patent.

The Judges were appointed by the Sovereign under his or her Sign Manual; and they were to hold office during his or her pleasure, thus making them independent of the Government of India, as well as of the local Government. At least one-third of the judges, including the Chief Justice, were to be barristers of the United Kingdom; another one-third to be recruited from the judicial branch of the Indian Civil Service;

* *I have dealt with the question of the salaries of High Court Judges alone in view of the recent decision of the Government not to increase the same. I need hardly add that the considerations for an increase in the judicial salaries of Supreme Court Judges and revision in terms and conditions of service of the subordinate judiciary are equally compelling.*

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MY YEARS WITH THE SARDAR — 3

The Consolidator of Freedom

by V. SHANKAR

Vallabhbhai Patel played a crucial role in the transfer of power and in keeping India together after it.

THE years 1946 and 1947 were decisive in India's history. The Sardar's part during this period was so outstanding that I doubt if any other figure in our history played so effective a role over such a short period. Add to it the further three years of the consolidation of our freedom and his achievements would stand unrivalled.

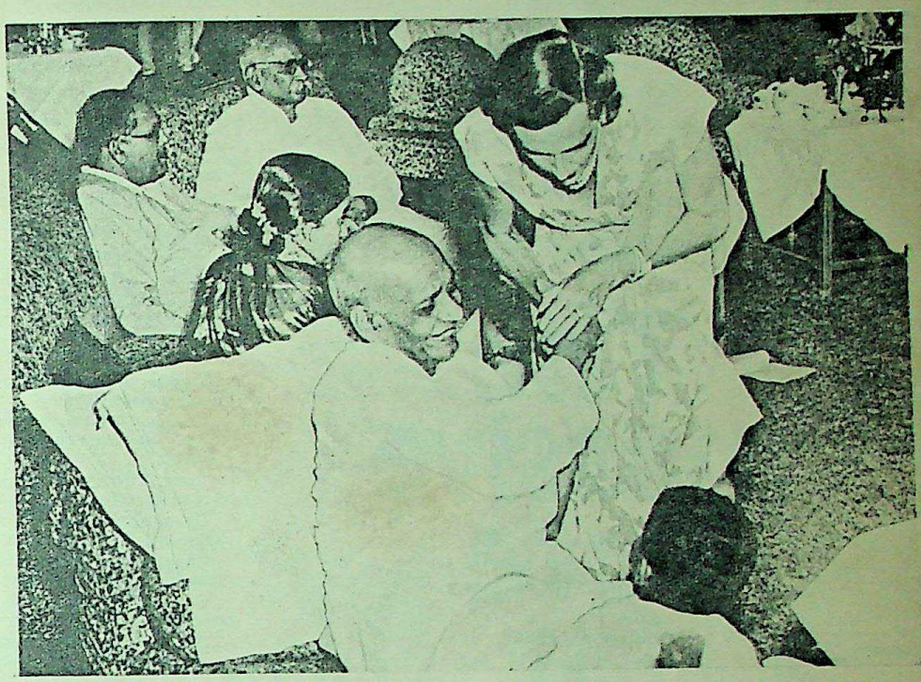
To go back to the British Cabinet Mission to India in 1946. The Mission was winding up in a mood of frustration when a chance meeting took place between the Sardar and Lord Pethick-Lawrence and his colleagues. It was here that final touches were given to an arrangement which appeared acceptable to the Congress and which qualified it for exclusive participation in the Interim Government.

However, Lord Wavell and his advisers, most of whom were known to be sympathetic to the Muslim League, would not tolerate an all-Congress Government. The Nawab of Bhopal's arrangement, under which the Congress and the League could come together, failed because of the timely detection on the Sardar's part of an offensive formula which allegedly had Gandhiji's approval. However, where the Nawab failed, the Viceroy succeeded. The eventual League entry was preceded by some drama. The League desperately wanted the Home portfolio which was held by the Sardar. Vallabhbhai, sensing that the security of the country was a vital factor in the coming months, stoutly opposed any attempt to place it in the blood-smeared hands of the League. After prolonged negotiations it was agreed that the Sardar would retain Home and Liaquat Ali Khan would take over Finance.

Parallel Governments

The League's entry into the Government converted the Viceroy's Executive Council and the Secretariat into an arena of conflict. The British made it clear that they were not prepared to oust Jinnah by accepting the Congress plea that, unless the League subscribed to the Cabinet Mission Plan and its representatives participated in the Constituent Assembly, they had no claim to share in the authority of Government. Administration became impossible and virtually there were two parallel governments functioning. The Congress representatives decided that it was impossible to carry on the Government with League participation.

To break the deadlock, Prime Minister Attlee announced on February 20, 1947, a change in the Viceroyalty and the British Government's determination to quit India by June 1948. The Congress Working Committee decided in March that even Dominion Status would be acceptable if the British quit India soon. Then came Lord Mountbatten on the scene, with a new set of Advisers, charged with the mission of bringing about a peaceful transfer of power in accordance with Attlee's declaration. He soon came to the conclusion that, so long as the League and the Congress were at loggerheads, it was impossible to evolve a Central authority to which the transfer of power could be made. Consequently, the transfer would have to be made to any existing authority which was capable of accepting it—a single authority or several provincial authorities as the case may be.



WITH THE LAST LADY SAHEB. Greeting Lady Mountbatten at a garden party. Looking on is Pattabhi Sitaramayya.

They Decide on Partition

The Sardar instinctively saw the chaotic possibilities of this approach and decided that the country must be saved from anarchy. With the consent of responsible Hindu and Sikh elements in the Punjab and Bengal, he and Panditji decided to accept the plan of partition. Panditji was then at Simla with Mountbatten. V. P. Menon, then the Viceroy's confidant in constitutional matters, was also with them. In a moment of inspiration, Mountbatten revealed to Panditji a constitutional plan which, however, was met with an outburst of opposition. The Viceroy felt that his mission was on the brink of a precipice.

But V.P., resourceful as ever, brought in an alternative plan previously discussed with and accepted by the Sardar as a lifesaver. Mountbatten asked him to sound Panditji about it. This kindled confidence in Nehru, but he wanted to make sure of Patel's views. A call was put through to Delhi. Communications then were in the charge of a League representative. The reception was bad and Nehru and the Sardar could not talk to each other. Now the two civil servants came to the rescue, V.P. and myself. It was a relay of conversation—Panditji telling me to convey his message to the Sardar, myself doing so, and then the resumption of the talk in the reverse order. While both instantly agreed on the proposal—partition-cum-Dominion Status—Nehru was worried about the attitude of Gandhiji and the Working Committee.

Much to his relief, the Sardar undertook the responsibility in the matter. The die was thus cast. Mountbatten went to London, won the acceptance of the British Cabinet for his proposals, returned to India and announced his plan on June 3. Prior to his departure, the Sardar had made a dextrous diplomatic move: with Nehru's concurrence he requested Mountbatten to accept the Governor-Generalship of the Indian Dominion-to-be.

The Viceroy's plan was, however, easier formulated than implemented. Barely two months and twelve days remained for the gigantic operation to be completed. During this brief period, the creation of two separate Dominions out of one entity had to be accomplished. Questions of far-reaching importance had to be settled in precise terms: the division of assets and liabilities, the future of the princely States, the establishment of two Secretariats, the division of the armed forces, the partition of Punjab and Bengal and the delimitation of boundaries, the maintenance of communal peace, and the creation of machinery for settlement of disputes between the two Dominions and for dealing with matters of common concern.

—Continued

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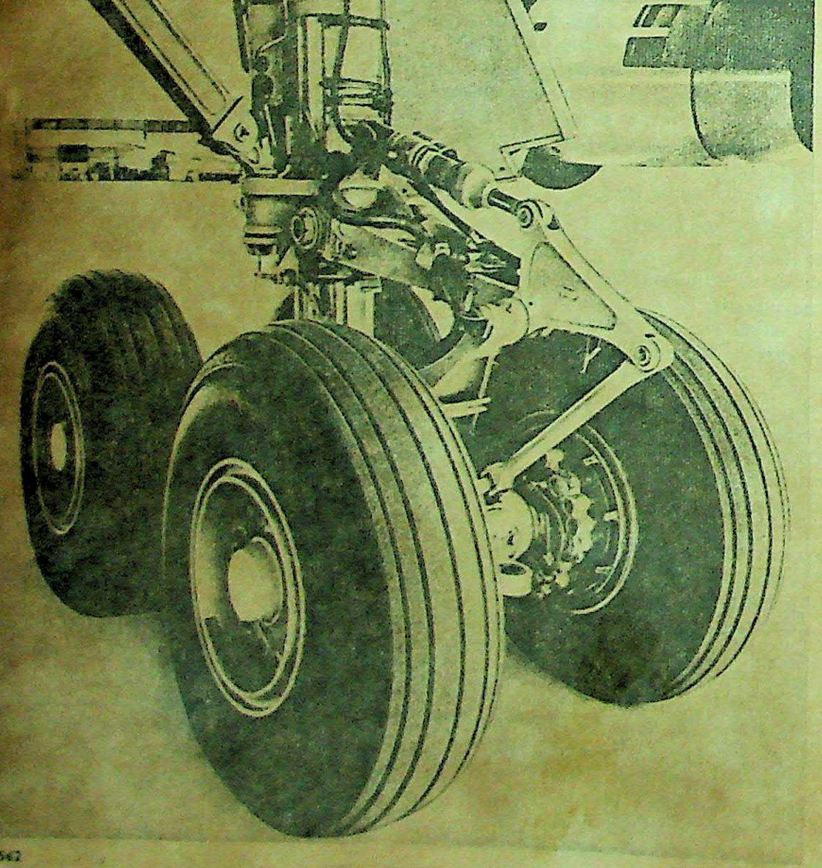

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Fortunately, the Partition Council, under Mountbatten's chairmanship, rose to the occasion. Moreover, on the Indian side, matters were handled by two realists, the Sardar and H. M. Patel.

The problem of Indian States proved particularly difficult. It meant hammering out a constitutional relationship between the new Dominions and the States within their respective geographical ambits. By his personal influence, gifts of persuasion and statesmanship, the Sardar won over Patiala, Baroda and Bikaner.

The late Jamsaheb of Nawanagar wielded a decisive influence. Patel and he had been adversaries at one time. It was well known that the Maharani had a great influence on the Jamsaheb. Helped by his brother, Himmatsinhji, who was in charge of the Indian States Force in Delhi, the Sardar invited them both to lunch. Here old animosities were forgotten and new bonds of affection were forged. And the Jamsaheb, inspired by the Maharani, pledged his support.

When Lord Mountbatten, with the consent of Panditji and the Sardar, called the Princes to a conference in Delhi to decide their attitude to the new Dominion, leaders of the Princely Order like the Jamsaheb showed their brother rulers the path of patriotism. Even such diehard States as Travancore and Bhopal joined the other Princely pilgrims on that path and by August 15, 1947, almost all the States had agreed to accede to the new Indian Dominion on three subjects: External Affairs, Defence and Communications.

Communal Killings

On the midnight of August 14-15, the Constituent Assembly met to usher in Independent India. But the nation's euphoria was short-lived because of the communal killings across the new borders. On September 4, the Sardar made a dash to Amritsar, and in a memorable address to the Sikh Jathedars and to the public, appealed to them to eschew violence. He asked them to ensure safe passage to millions of Muslims trudging along on the Indian side towards Pakistan and the millions of Hindus and Sikhs making their way with difficulty to India from Pakistan. He also called a halt to the arson, loot, carnage and rape being perpetrated on both sides. He asked the people of India to set an example, and promised that, in that event, he would see to it that Pakistan played its part. He created such an electric effect that East Punjab settled down to a peaceful life.

Now the process of integration proceeded quickly. The problem of Junagadh was solved by its people themselves, inspired by the Sardar, making it impossible for Sir Shah Nawaz Bhutto, the Diwan of the State, to function. He surrendered the State authority to India and left for Pakistan.

After his visit to Junagadh, the Sardar announced, with the enthusiastic support of the Jamsaheb, the restoration of the Somnath temple. The announcement met with Panditji's strong disapproval, but the Sardar was not a man to change his mind. The pledge was honoured as a result of the great public response for funds under the initiative of the Jamsaheb and K. M. Munshi. There was an aftermath to this incident. Differences developed between Rajen Babu and Panditji at the time of the opening of the rebuilt temple. Rajendra Prasad had accepted the invitation to inaugurate the temple, but Panditji objected. But Rajen Babu stuck to his decision and performed the opening ceremony. I think Panditji understood the context in which the Sardar had taken the pledge. It was not merely the restoration of a temple but the redress of a historic wrong done by an act of vandalism on the part of a fanatic Muslim invader, Mahmud of Ghazni—he sacked Somnath in 1025.

In December 1947, Patel went to Cuttack to deal with the problem of unrest in the Orissa States. He set aside the plan put forward by V. P. Menon, in consultation with Dr Hare Krushna Mahtab, and insisted on the complete merger of the States in Orissa and the Eastern States Agency with the province of Orissa. In a midnight meeting with the rulers of these States, he brought about a general agreement on merger.

On the following day, visiting Nagpur, he repeated his success in the case of the Chhatisgarh States. When he returned to Delhi, he was congratulated by both

SWEARING IN the Jamsaheb of Nawanagar as the Rajpramukh of Saurashtra in February 1948.

Lord Mountbatten and Nehru. The Cabinet meeting convened shortly afterwards agreed to the scheme of merger, which included the rulers' privy purses, assurance of protection and continuance of privileges. Then followed similar merger arrangements with the Deccan States.

Saurashtra Is Unified

By this time differences between the Sardar and Panditji, on the one hand, and between the Sardar and Gandhiji on the other had come to the fore, resulting in the despatch by Patel of his letter of resignation to which I have referred in the previous instalment. The Sardar had, however, promised Gandhiji to present him with the integration of Kathiawar States and, with this in view, he visited Bombay and Ahmedabad. In the case of these States he assumed a new strategy. Instead of dealing with the problem himself, he sent V. P. Menon and the Regional Commissioner, Mr Buch, to tackle it, keeping himself available at Ahmedabad to intervene if necessary. This strategy, backed by his force of personality, worked: Kathiawar with its more than 200 jigsaw-puzzle pieces became one State—Saurashtra.

Let us remember that all this was achieved at a time of upheaval affecting the lives of millions of people. But in the midst of all the trials and tribulations, the Sardar stood as a rock, a bulwark of strength to the nation, acquiring an indispensable position in guiding its affairs.

But there were influences at work to create a divergence between him, Panditji and Gandhiji. I, who was a silent and helpless witness to these developments, doing my bit to soften matters here and there, felt somehow that the threatened storm would blow over before it swept the country. But after the decisive step taken by the Sardar in writing to Gandhiji, I reconciled myself to the inevitable.

But when we returned to Delhi a few days before the assassination of Gandhiji, we saw the clouds of gloom disappear like the mist before the sun. Mountbatten, in a secret talk with Gandhiji, had convinced him that the Sardar could not be allowed to leave the Government, and that he and Nehru should stand together and pull the country out of the mess in which it found itself.

Patel later met Gandhiji to persaude him to agree to certain stringent security arrangements at his prayer meetings subsequent to the bomb incident at Birla House. But he failed in his efforts. However it was a happier Gandhiji that he saw. They parted with a promise to meet again after the Sardar's return from his tour of Bihar.

A Statesmanlike Act

As arranged, Patel met the Mahatma again, but for the last time, on January 30, at about 4 p.m. He was closeted with him. (Maniben was the only other person present) for nearly an hour. The two, who were on different paths since the time of the Cabinet Mission, were restored to their old bond of preceptor and disciple. Gandhiji asked him not to mention his resignation any more; he urged that the Sardar and Nehru must work together as an indispensable team, and said that he would send for Panditji the same evening and talk things over with him.

On this note the meeting ended and Gandhiji prepared to go to that fateful prayer meeting at which he was assassinated. The Sardar had hardly returned from his meeting with his master when he was given the tragic news by Brijkishan Chandiwala.

So it was on the eve of Gandhiji's passing that, with a commander's instinct for the right moment, Mountbatten brought together the two great personalities (Nehru and the Sardar), who were receding from each other, and secured a pledge from them to work together for the country. For this statesmanlike act we must be grateful to the last representative of the British Crown in India.

—To Be Concluded

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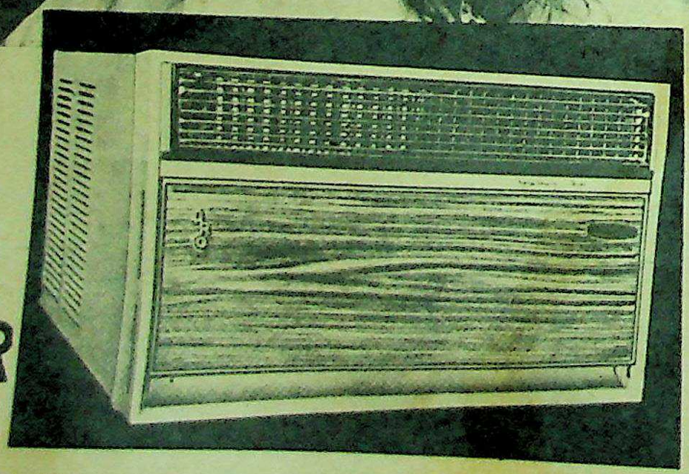

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Ashok was trying to remember Sheila's number. He could not think of Sheila these days without some bitterness. She always had to do the *in* thing—and it was *in* to be a Naxalite. Her father was big enough to get her out of any police station if the need arose. The dog on the other footpath was still licking the blood of the bandages with singular care.

ASHOK'S mother was finally ready to get moving and she prodded her husband to get busy. That did not take long. The old man was used to such prodding. Only the political sermons she gave bothered him. He wondered whether it was because she had come from a poor family that anything that endangered her security became the subject of such a constant tirade by her. He decided not to be an amateur psychologist and concentrated on the road. He thought of the General Elections. Indira Gandhi was smarter than her father ever was, he concluded. All his upper middle-class pseudo-intellectual sympathies for left-wing parties had evaporated since 1968. He wanted peace; *status quo*, as the trouble-makers called it. They passed the Victoria Memorial, the Birla Planetarium and he wondered how stable and peaceful and age-old everything looked. Who would believe that they were sitting on a volcano all ready to blow? His wife was silent for a change. No back-seat driving! Surprising, he thought. She usually kept her eyes on the road more than he did.

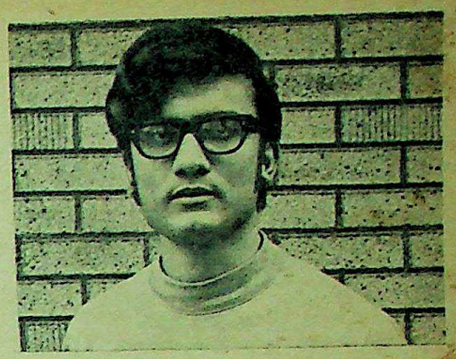
That is what Ramu should have done too but didn't. Some idiot of a passenger was having a fight with the conductor. Ramu glanced back and cursed under his breath.

Ashok saw the double decker approaching but started crossing behind to witness a fight involving the conductor. He wished he could overturn the bus. That would teach them. Suddenly, Ashok recalled that Sheila's number was in his hip pocket. He involuntarily reached for it.

Ramu turned around to look forward and caught a glimpse of a chequered shirt and then felt the crunching bones under the bus—same as he had felt long ago when he had run over a stray dog. It did not take him long to react. He stepped on the gas.

There was a sudden uproar and people came running over. For a moment the dog got scared and ran away from the bandages. The shopkeepers' yells took on a new turn. And soon there was a cluster of men in the middle of the road, hollering over what remained of Ashok. A few tried to run after the bus. But Ramu was too smart.

Ashok's mother was disgusted, seeing the crowd in front. There was always something or other at the College Street-Harrison Road crossing. If there had been an accident, why couldn't the people at least remove the body to the footpath. "Lack of civic sense!" she grunted.



THE AUTHOR SUBRATA SENGUPTA (b. 1948) was educated at the Loreto Convent, Calcutta, and at the Indian Institute of Technology, Kharagpur. He is now working for his Ph.D. in Engineering at the Case Institute of Technology, Cleveland, Ohio, USA.

A couple of onlookers tried to stop the car, apparently to put Ashok's body in. But Ashok's father was too smart to have any of that. He never got involved—on principle! He slowed down and then suddenly sped away. He was relieved to have got away. He could barely hear some curses behind him. Why bother private citizens? Wasn't the ambulance there to be used? He was curiously pleased with his clever manoeuvre. A piece of advice to give to his colleagues in the office tomorrow, he thought. For once his wife admired his agility! Most probably the Almighty looked on and smiled.

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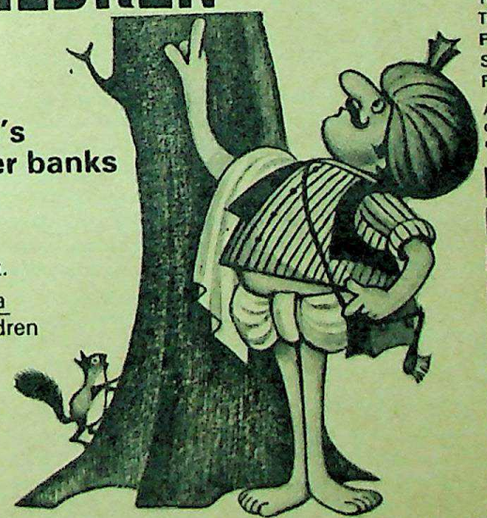

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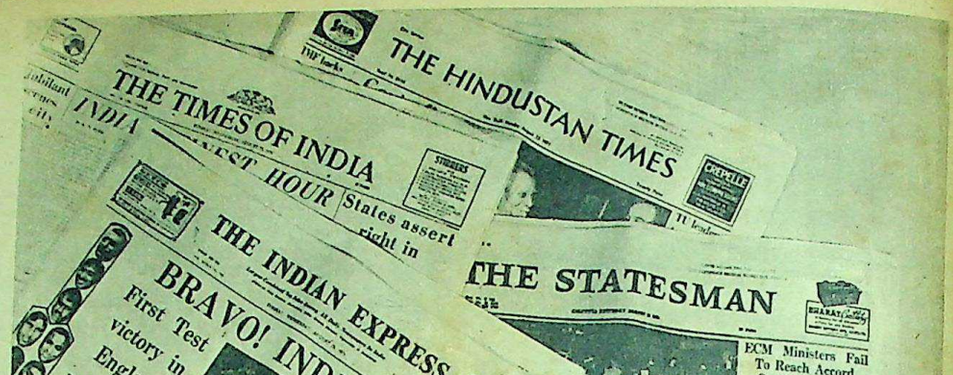
Our Major English Dailies

by Raj Kaul



***The Times of India, The Indian Express, The Statesman, The Hindustan Times*—where do they stand in comparison with top international newspapers in terms of content and layout?**

McLUHANISM emphasises that, while television is a "cold" medium, a newspaper is a "hot" medium, notwithstanding the conventional belief that newspaper readers are fast disappearing in the face of the attack by the more visual media. In India itself, newspapers during the last ten years have recorded an increase of about 60% in circulation.

During the year 1969, the total circulation stood at about 270 lakh copies as compared to 169 lakh copies in 1959. **And this has given us the fact that India remained the second largest publisher of daily newspapers among all the countries of the world, publishing 650 dailies in 1969.** Of course it has to be admitted that the "big" daily in India, according to circulation trends, was noticed to be losing in circulation during 1968 and 1969, the 1967 average per paper of 1,00,700 copies falling to 99,300 copies in 1968 and to 98,700 copies in 1969. The English dailies themselves totalled 69 and the average circulation per English language daily was 36,700 copies in 1969.

The four major English dailies include *The Times of India* (three editions from Bombay, Delhi and Ahmedabad giving it a combined circulation of 2,28,968); *The Indian Express* (seven editions from Ahmedabad, Bangalore, Bombay, Delhi, Madras, Madurai and Vijaywada giving it the largest combined net circulation of 4,16,205); *The Statesman* (two editions from Calcutta and Delhi giving it a combined circulation of 1,78,106); and *The Hindustan Times* (one edition from Delhi giving it a circulation of 1,34,097). Of these "Big Four" national dailies, *The Times of India* is the oldest (having been established in 1850), *The Indian Express* in 1946, *The Statesman* in 1896 and *The Hindustan Times* in 1924. In analysing these newspapers, the observer will dwell on get-up, presentation or style, news analysis, editorial page, feature writing and socio-political orientation.

At first glance, newspapers strike the reader by their get-up, which includes the manner of setting news in terms of print, page and presentation. Distinctive get-up is seen in such newspapers as the *New York Times*, which gives the day's most important national news in the left-hand columns and the day's most important international news in the right-hand columns. Most Indian newspapers do not worry about such methodical get-ups, simply because they tend to de-emphasise international news towards the end of their paper. The conventional rationale seems to be that domestic news is exhaustive enough to keep the reader interested. This is extremely presumptive though understandable if such rationale is talking about non-urban circulation.

Page One

Of the four papers, *The Times of India* has the most sober front page, corresponding somewhat to *The Washington Post* or *Le Monde*. While *The Times of India* and *The Hindustan Times* both carry light-size printing, the other two dailies carry immensely large headings. Of the four, *The Statesman* has the most unattractive headings, because they are all of the same heavy type. However, this newspaper makes it up by having the most interesting front-page photographs supplied by its very professional staff of Raghu Rai and others.

"The Statesman" gives tremendous emphasis to local news and, too often, includes it on the front page and has at times (like on June 8, 1971) shunted Swaran Singh's meeting with Gromyko to the last page. Actually "The Statesman's" last page is more attractive than its first page.

The Indian Express is very jumbled up on its get-up and perhaps that is why it has the most news items but no coherence or attractive presentation. There are far too many "box" stories and, consequently, no priority system on the varying importance of news stories. The common charge against *The Hindustan Times* was that its front page was often set on brown or cheaper variety of newsprint; this has been rectified but *The Indian Express* seems to have taken it up.

Most of the newspapers under discussion have sixteen pages on week-ends—less on other days, with equal division on financial news, political news, features and sports news. Of the four, *The Times of India* and *The Hindustan Times* give more by-lines than the others. Until recently these newspapers didn't give by-lines, which is sad, because by-lines add a distinctive quality to the reporting and, besides establishing an invisible relationship between the reader and the particular correspondent, they also motivate the correspondent into improving himself as an obligation to his readers. Some of the more famous by-lines are of Frank Moraes, Dilip Mukerjee, M. V. Kamath, C. S. Pandit, S. C. Kala, Ajit Bhattacharjea and Inder Malhotra. Others slightly less known, like Sudarshan Bhatia (*The Times of India*), Chand Joshi (*The Hindustan Times*) and Dileep Padgoankar (*The Times of India*), are establishing themselves as sound journalists. *The Statesman* seems to discourage by-lines for reasons best known to it. There seems to be a misunderstanding by these papers in accepting group journalism's format of keeping by-lines a secret. Of course it is contended that at times a correspondent would deliberately like to keep his identity a secret because of the nature of the report he is dealing with, but this should be the exception.

The very presence of by-lines results in a distinctive style, both for the collective newspaper and the individual correspondent. One would think that the journalistic hierarchy of reporter, special representative and correspondent would mean something in Indian journalism as it does in the West, but then the label game in the Indian context remains nothing but labels. Hence distinctive style or presentation seems more of a myth than a reality in Indian newspapers.

Of the four papers under scrutiny, *The Statesman* had for long taken pride for itself in that its English was of a superior variety and therefore it catered more often for the better educated and the academic circles. In fact it was the *babus* of yesteryear who insisted on reading *The Statesman*. But today the reality has been dimmed into legend where *The Statesman* has nothing but the editorial page which is somewhat noted for its distinctive style.

Those who insist incorrectly that *The Statesman* writes better language than other papers still subscribe to it, though over the years the circulation has been eroded, especially as regards the Delhi Edition of the paper. Nowadays only the Calcutta Edition and James Cowley's Notebook give any semblance to the persisting myth. Most Indian papers do not know at all what style of language is and the best example is *The Hindustan Times*, which must remain the

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classic mockery of poor presentation, still poorer grammar and even worse sentence structure.

Just read the third page of *The Hindustan Times* and you will find total departure from any substance. Their Film Critic reads all the American journals on cinematic art and tries invariably to reproduce the same for the very gullible Indian reader. The only journalists, who as individuals have formed any distinctive style, are Dileep Padgaonkar of *The Times of India*, who must remain one of the most original discoveries in Indian journalism for a long time. Dilip Mukerjee of *The Times of India* is the most efficient journalist who does his homework thoroughly and must remain one of the rare Indian journalists with a solid background in economics. No wonder he is also the India Correspondent of *The Economist*. For purely presentation in its lyrical sense, Sham Lal, Editor of *The Times of India*, must steal the show. One observer called him the most lyrical leftist writer in Indian journalism today.

News And Views

What ultimately matters for a newspaper is news analysis, for here the substance of things gets tested. Many foreign journalists claim that Indian newspapers have too much interpretation and too little news itself. But the real issue at stake is whether Indian journalism is really objective as it should be, both in news presentation and news analysis.

The recent East Bengal crisis showed Indian journalism at its worst, for there was no doubt that all the reports were exaggerated, with the reporter's own emotions and nationality getting the better of him. The banner headline that Tikka Khan is dead was later to be embarrassingly denied and, about Mujibur Rehman's whereabouts, it was said that he was conducting the movement when in fact he was arrested and in jail in Karachi. At one time, the papers reported that Mujib's forces had taken Dacca, while AIR that very night reported that Mujib's forces were in fact on the outskirts of Dacca. The serious listener was bewildered.

It can be safely added that, on the whole, Indian press agencies are more accurate than Indian newspapers. Newspapers like *The Statesman* have no correspondents of distinction, except for M. L. Kotru, and therefore must rely almost wholly on news agency reports. That is why it has disappeared as a newspaper of any great independent standing. Indian news agencies, like PTI and UNI, have rendered yeoman service in the realm of news reporting.

Of the four newspapers under discussion, *The Times of India* has perhaps the most in-depth news analysis, for the simple reason that it has the most journalists on the spot, seconded by a host of established correspondents who can sift through the bare facts and present a coherent picture of what is happening. And this involves a correct priority system where news reports of major events find themselves at the right place, unlike *The Statesman* of June 8, 1971, which, without any rationale, has on its first column on the front page nothing but various reports on who was drowned or killed. Surely this is journalism of the most amateur kind.

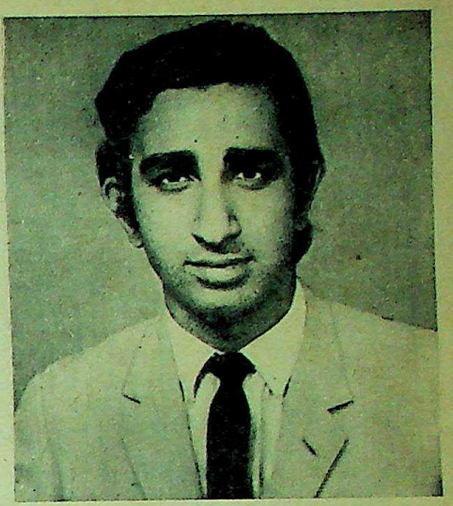
News analysis is directly related to the editorial page of each paper. Controversy abounds as to who has the best editorial page, for this is the page which ultimately controls the reputation of the individual paper. The most common names are *The Statesman* and *The Times of India*. *The Statesman's* reputation rests on its centre-page editorials and Letters to the Editor. While the former can be analysed, the latter cannot be, unless one accepts the fundamental premise that *The Statesman* readers are more educated and hence better aware of events and arguments.

A better explanation is that *The Statesman* readers tend to be more possessive about their paper. This was clearly shown when the readers objected to the printing of matrimonial advertisements some three years ago. It can be, however, stated rather categorically that *The Statesman* editorials are the best written simply because they are not complicated in presentation and are not lengthy. Moreover, it has been discovered that an editorial of two-column style is more "catching" than the conventional one-column style still followed by *The Times of India*. A good example of a good editorial is the recent *Statesman* editorial on the nationalisation of insurance companies, which carried all the relevant facts and explained in the end why the paper did not feel enthusiastic about the change in Government policy. It all seemed so convincing.

The Edit Page

However, on the other side, *The Times of India* has a better editorial page as regards news analysis by its galaxy of journalists like Ajit Bhattacharjea, Inder Malhotra, Dilip Mukerjee, Sham Lal, Girilal Jain and foreign correspondents like Dileep Padgoankar, M. V. Kamath and J. D. Singh. All of them, more than one expects, explain at regular intervals the background to their usual news reporting. Then *The Times of India* has arrangements with the *New York Times*, the English weekly edition of *Le Monde*, *Far Eastern Economic Review* and other very distinguished journals, though one hopes it extends to journals like *Saturday Review*, *Foreign Affairs* and *Times Literary Supplement*. Best of all, *The Times of India* has a feature on the editorial page called CURRENT TOPICS, which must remain one of the best brief analyses of major happenings in science and the humanities. It is this that makes the editorial page of *The Times of India* a very reputed one and to write on this page remains an achievement of every ambitious journalist. If handled properly, it can in time come to the level of the *New York Times*.

It is a recent phenomenon amongst all newspapers in the world that feature writing has become as essential as the fundamental function of mere news reporting. It has been a common complaint against Indian dailies that they take politicians too seriously, and those who agree with this (like George Verghese of *The Hindustan Times*) do nothing about it, especially when



THE AUTHOR RAJ KAUL is widely travelled and has published many articles, here and abroad, most notably on foreign and literary affairs. He has specialised in East Asian studies (Japan, Korea, China) with special emphasis on contemporary Japan and contemporary China.

they are at the helm of affairs. The official reply is that there is no newsprint but even the published articles are of such poor quality that it must remain one of the standing jokes that *The Hindustan Times* has any features at all. The only two newspapers that can lay claim to any distinctive feature writing are *The Times of India* and *The Indian Express*—something visibly seen in their Sunday editions.

While *The Times of India* has taken pride in publishing a regular Sunday magazine which must be noted for its vast resources and some sense of good writing, it must be said that its daily paper does not include much of interviews, human interest stories and other such items. It can be safely added that most Indian newspapers are very dull on this point.

"The Indian Express", which carries "The Sunday Standard" on its Sunday line-up, believes in giving in it mostly borrowed stories from foreign journals. It can be added, rather sadly, that feature writing has not developed much in this country and even large dailies do not take it seriously even when talent is discovered. And the most comic part is that dailies have the cheek to state their feature stories are by actual film critics, music critics, art critics, military correspondents and drama critics. One actually wonders whether there are really such critics at all or whether it is written by the local news reporters whose knowledge of the subject must perennially be in doubt. The pitfall lies as regards drama critics, for this is a serious business and few can handle it properly.

Indian journalism takes great pride in the fact that it has the freest press in the world, even more so than in the US, where libel suits are as common as columnists. This might be due to the fact that the Indian Press is still very confined to the elite, who face little counterweight and get away more often than necessary. Recently Delhi was witness to a seminar where the

—Continued

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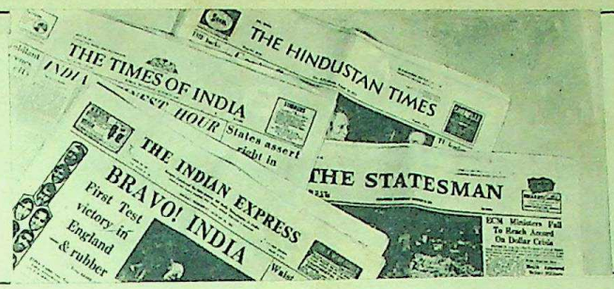

theme was centred around the questionable phrase that, while the Indian Press might be free, it is not independent. In essence the discussion centred on how much power the proprietors excercised on editorial policy. C. S. Pandit, Chief of the Delhi Bureau of *The Indian Express*, stated categorically, in some other discussion, that one of the reasons for his miscalculation on the landslide victory of the Congress(N) in the recent elections arose from the fact that they were discouraged from printing the more possible estimate, because both the Editor and the proprietors of the paper were in direct disagreement with the Government for one reason or another.

In Britain, press magnate Lord Thomson has given considerable freedom to his individual newspapers to follow their own editorial policy, though in India this has not worked properly, especially in the case of the big four dailies. It is common knowledge that these dailies are owned by big industrial houses and businessmen. The Express Newspapers have as their principal shareholders the Goenka family emanating from Shrimati Goenka and R. N. Goenka. *The Times of India* has as its principal shareholders Bharat Nidhi Ltd (24.47%), M|s Sone Valley Portland Cement Co. (19.12%), M|s Sahu Jain Ltd (11.73%) and A. K. Jain (3.33%). *The Hindustan Times* has as its principal shareholders the Birla Brothers with a hold of 26.2%. *The Statesman* has as its principal shareholders the Calcutta Discount Co. Ltd, Tata Sons Private Ltd, Martin Burn Ltd, Mafatlal Gagalbhai & Co. Ltd and Binny & Co. Ltd.

Editorial policy is naturally to some extent controlled by this background. *The Indian Express* and *The Statesman* are violently anti-Government, particularly anti-Mrs Gandhi. Nandan Kagal of *The Indian Express* calls Mrs Gandhi the representative of the politics of irrelevance, while Frank Moraes of the same paper has made some very bitter remarks in his very expressive series of articles entitled "Myth and Reality". How far Moraes and Kagal represent their own views and the views of the proprietors is not known, but, if Pandit's statement is kept in mind, then perhaps it is clear that the Indian Press is free but not independent.

The Hindustan Times is mildly critical of Mrs Gandhi—in a very unsubtle manner that brings forth the essential mediocrity of editorial vagueness.

The Times of India is the most independent of the four big dailies, though in the pre-election forecasts it was heavily pro-Government in its analysis. Perhaps this paper feels a realistic approval of socialism might not only give it popularity but prevent any Government attempts to swamp it down at a time when the very freedom of the press is in danger of being lost.

What seems to be the overriding picture in this brief analysis of four major dailies of the country is that the Indian Press will have to modify itself drastically in terms of presentation and policy, even though the two are not necessarily connected. Perhaps as regards presentation they will have to include more free-lance journalists, more columnists of stature, more photographs and definitely better and higher standard of standard usage.

If the pun is taken more seriously, it shall be discovered that papers like *The Hindustan Times* and *The Statesman* will have to accommodate more changes which dull editors have not been allowed to make. The change as regards policy will mean greater independence of individual analysis and not clear dismissal in the manner in which Pran Chopra was dismissed from *The Statesman* as Editor for his pro-United Front editorials. If anything, it makes Indian journalism a sham in its presumptive acceptance of being a "free" press.

Perhaps the answer lies in the fact that Indian journalism is not all that professional as we like to believe it is, and therefore what is needed is rejuvenation as regards training of potential journalists. Here the Press Institute of India, under the able guidance of Chanchal Sarkar, can provide a more assertive initiative.

Tailpiece: Persistent demands to rate the big dailies have been received, even though all such exercises must remain subjective and are given with this view in mind. In order of quality and all-round excellence, the rating stands thus presently: *The Times of India, The Indian Express, The Statesman, The Hindustan Times.*

OUR FORTHCOMING ISSUES

September 19

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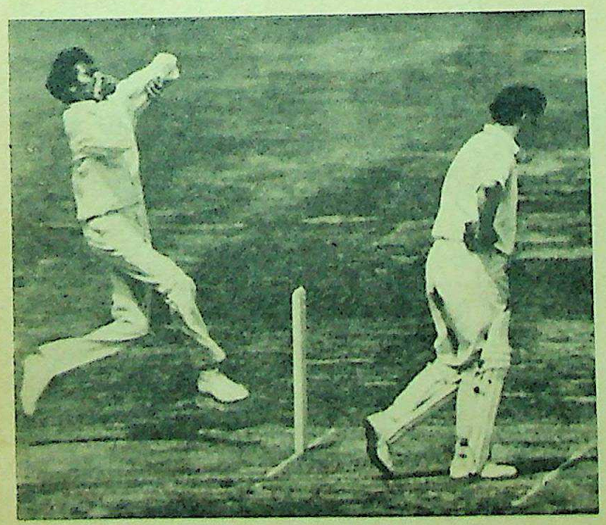

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September 26

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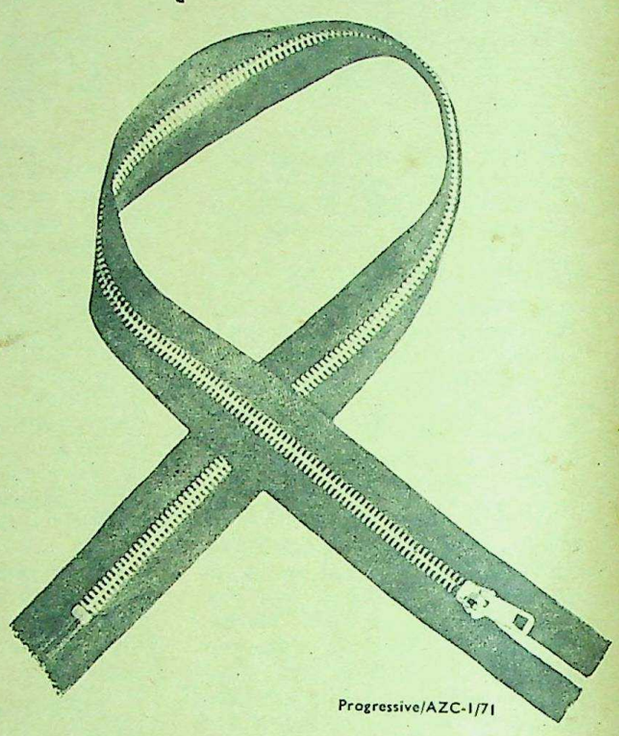

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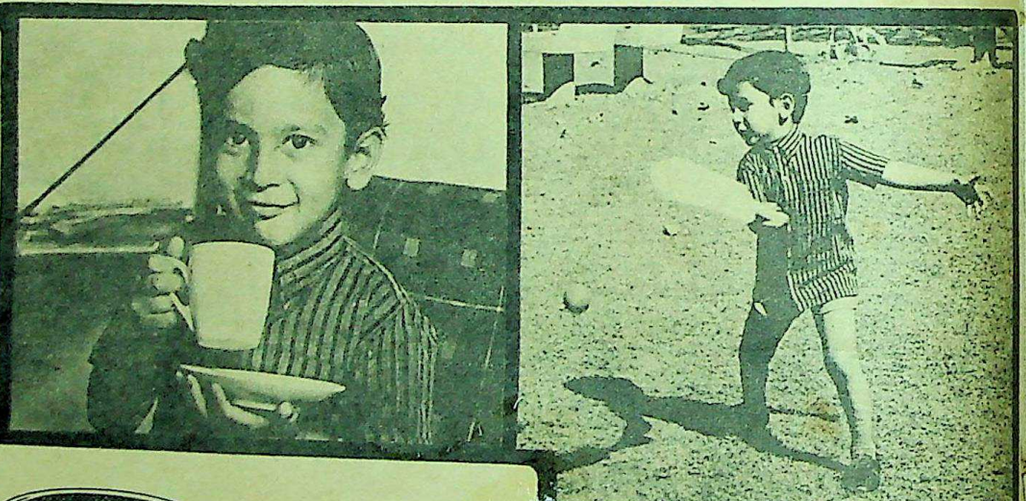

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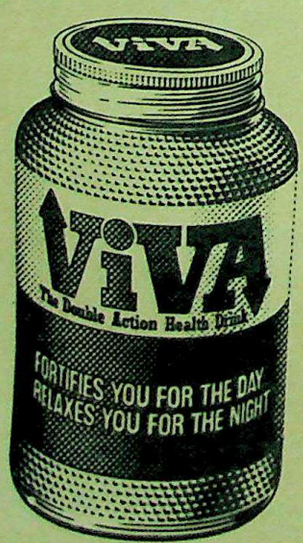

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Two Transistors—One Wife

by VINOD MEHTA

An innocent Indian goes abroad. Is it mandatory for him to bring back a white wife together with other status symbols, such as tape-recorders and French chiffons?

AS is his wont, my father gathers me in his arms and introduces me to his friends as his long-lost son who has returned after a longish stay abroad. He then conveniently leaves me at the mercy of four or five middle-aged Punjabi women who, after a few perfunctory observations about my shirt or why I wear my hair so long, warm up and pursue with that quite irresistible mixture of well-intentioned malice, serious enquiry and Punjabi mischief.

"So you didn't get married?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I did not want to." But doubts in the minds of my interlocutors linger.

DOUBT No. 1

That I am a neurotic, nail-biting, pot-smoking, woman-beating, homosexual.

DOUBT No. 2

That my physical appearance has appalled the females in the West and consequently left me single.

Let me, purely for the record, refute both the implied doubts. I am a healthy normal heterosexual with a distinct penchant for feminine company. Viewed from a safe distance and a certain angle, I am told, I resemble a film star currently out of favour. I can therefore state unequivocally that I remain single by choice.

My personal single status is naturally unimportant and trivial. The larger question is not. Why do most Indians who go overseas always return with two transistors, one tape-recorder, five French chiffon saris and one wife (tax-free)?

The Indian Abroad

I think it would be useful at this stage to consider the emotional maturity of the Indian who goes abroad. Chances are he is young, moderately intelligent and totally inexperienced with women. In his own country, he has been brought up on a diet of second-rate English films, titillating love novels and glimpses of nubile women in provocative "do-not-touch" hipster saris.

The Indian is therefore pretty raw when he sets foot on alien soil. All the "forbidden fruits" denied to him are visibly and generously present. Drinking is considered to be sociable and sex at once healthy and necessary. If he happens to be naturally gregarious, he immediately enters the mainstream of life. Week-end parties, dancing (something he learns but never quite masters), drinking and dining become part of a weekly routine and, before he knows where he is, he has a girl-friend—usually a plain, simple, kind girl with an obsequious nature and a thin nasal voice. The Indian is quite understandably thrilled at having a girl-friend "all his own" and revels at the prospect of a "meaningful relationship". And here is his first big hurdle.

The Indian, I remain convinced, is the original lover. Not for nothing does his folklore, culture and poetry extol the virtues of piercing glances, full-moon nights, starlit skies and hand-in-hand walks (quite sensibly leaving the squalid and more painful problems of incompatability, promiscuity and loneliness to the West). Consequently he falls for his first girl-friend in a big way. He smothers her with affection, loyalty and presents. The girl too is quite overwhelmed and falls passionately in love.

A year passes in this state of euphoria —and then it's too late. "Any fool can start a love-affair, it takes a wise man to end it."

MORAL: Watch out with your first girl-friend.

The First Girl-Friend

"Accidents will happen," proclaims an innocuous little song and Indians are about the most accident-prone people in the world. I remember with frightening clarity how one Indian fell. He had arrived recently with bags of enthusiasm and irrepressible energy. "I've met a great girl, Yaar," he told me one evening, and I congratulated him on his good fortune. Each night he would plague me with lurid accounts of his assignations. I feigned a friendly interest in the affairs of a brother Indian. One night he told me in a hushed, quivering, expectant voice: "We are going away for the week-end." I said something asinine like "Be good!" and went to sleep.

The affair grew in intensity and frequency and I was unfortunately kept informed. The inevitable, of course, happened. He came into my room, looking distressed and distraught. "I am in trouble, Yaar." He chain-smoked and drank half a bottle of my best wine. "There are only two alternatives," I suggested: either he married the girl or got her out of the trouble he'd put her in. Marriage, he said, was impossible: family, studies, money—and he was petrified at the thought of an abortion.

We kept rambling on inconclusively until I suddenly discovered he was enjoying the whole thing. After all, the incipient birth was a reflection on his virility and, for once, he found himself in a situation he'd only read in books and seen in films. I remember him even now, sitting in my room, unshaven, cigarette in one hand and glass in the other, blowing smoke rings in the air and looking every inch an Indian film hero. I would not have been surprised had he broken into song.

Needless to say, he did nothing positive. When I met him last, he had two funny-looking sons—his wife wore gaudy saris and cooked sweet curries. As for himself, he listened to Ravi Shankar and made hopeless plans to return home.

Indians abroad get married not because of love but loneliness. There is a kind of Indian, quiet, reflective, shy, sensitive, intelligent, who does not easily adjust in a new social situation. He buries himself in some cold, impersonal room, immersed in library books, obscure newspapers and recondite philosophies. His case is perhaps the most tragic of all.

The feeling of loneliness (unknown in India because of our garrulous family system) is always exacerbated in Western urban cities. Film stars and assorted celebrities will confirm that being lonely in a crowd is infinitely worse than being lonely in a jungle. There are lonely girls too, with peculiar personality problems of their own, and marriage, if the two lonely hearts meet, is as inevitable as it is disastrous ("I only got married because I wanted someone to talk to!" is a painful and perceptive quip).

A white wife is still considered by some Indians to be a great acquisition, and our old friend, the "status symbol" marriage, is alive, well and prospering. I am happy to report that, in all the cases I encountered, the man was inordinately stupid. At a party of nearly 400, I remember an Indian doctor dragging his poor Swiss wife assiduously round the room, introducing her to each person: "This is my wife." There was an expression of achievement on his face—something like that of an African head-hunter proudly displaying his wares.

There is one very popular misconception in India: that young Indians are somehow trapped by unscrupulous "Western" women. Frankly, I have never seen or heard of a single case, and parents who spend sleepless nights about their innocent babes would do well to sleep in peace. If their sons are all that innocent, I assure them they will come back single.

Let me finally add that I know of a few mixed marriages that work wonderfully—in fact they work so well that one's faith in the institution is restored. Generally, the picture is pretty grim and I shall never forget the telegram I received from a friend married to a German girl and living in Sweden: DYING TO SPEAK PUNJABI. BLOODY WIFE DRIVING ME MAD. COME IMMEDIATELY.

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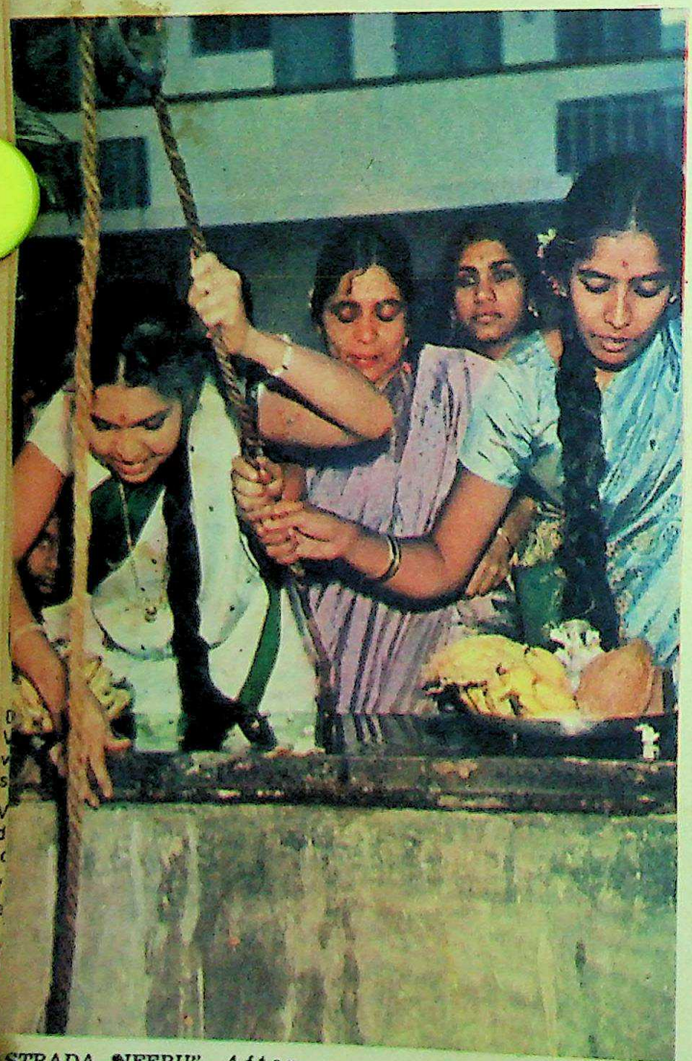
Vokkaliga Wedding

Photographs by G. S. Narayanaswamy

A Vokkaliga wedding, if no longer spread over three to five days, is still a colourful affair with much feasting and rejoicing. Most of the marriages are arranged by parents. The marriage expenses are met by the parents of the bride. The betrothal is in the form a sacred contract; the wedding card mentions the precise time at which the marriage is to be solemnised and gives details of the parentage of the bride and the groom.

THE SUMANGALI LOOK. Decked with gold and flowers, the bride (H. N. Indra) is helped with green bangles—to give the final touch to her new sumangali *(married) status.*



ASTRADA NEERU". After ctifying the well, the relatives the bride draw water for the edding requirements. The ter is regarded as "Ganga ". To the Vokkaligas, well er is purer than tap water.

THE FUTURE IN THEIR HANDS. As the bride is given away, the groom (B. L. Balakrishna) clasps her hands. A coconut is placed in their cupped hands and milk and water poured over it.

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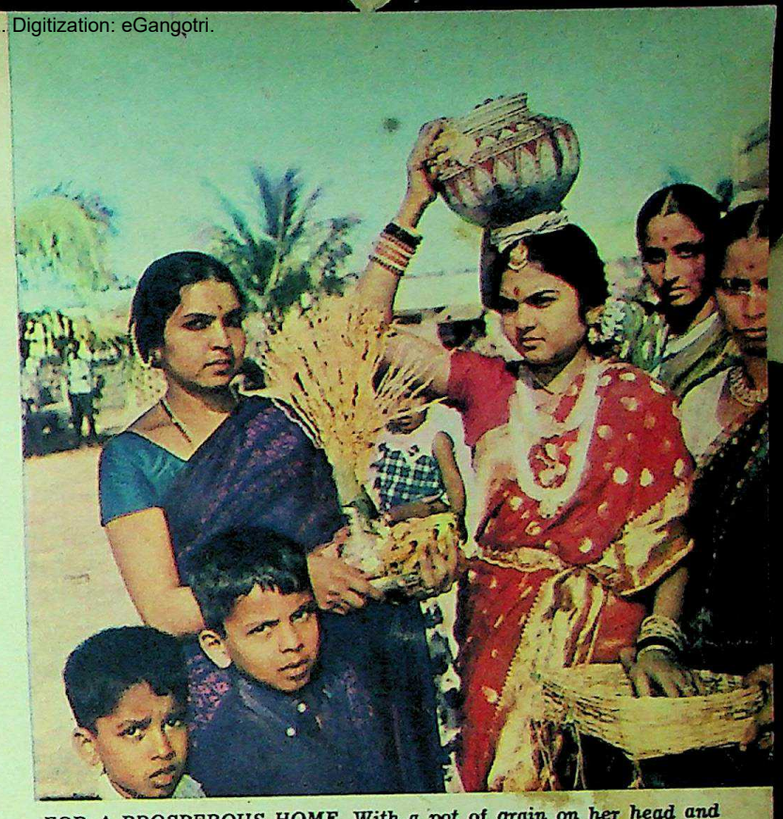
...s, the bride
... final touch

FARM TRADITION. To the Vokkaliga (who is essentially an agri-...ulturist), pounding the grain is symbolic of good fortune and is part ...f the wedding rite. The wooden pounder is known as onake.



FOR A PROSPEROUS HOME. With a pot of grain on her head and other agricultural produce, the bride walks to the marriage pandal. In olden days a Vokkaliga wedding used to last three, even five days.

"SURYA DARSANA". Looking at the sun is one of the ancient rites. The Green Revolution has had its impact on the Vokkaligas, but a marriage ceremony still follows the orthodox pattern.

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MY YEARS WITH THE SARDAR — 4

The Last Phase

by V. SHANKAR

He managed affairs of state from his sickbed. Until the very end he never lost his grip.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the
first was made...

—Robert Browning

THE last two years of the Sardar's life (1948 to 1950) saw his crowning achievements. They opened with the grim tragedy of the passing of Gandhiji, casting the entire burden of a struggling nation on the shoulders of Nehru and Patel.

I found in the Sardar a marked change after Gandhiji's death. The talk about his alleged failure to safeguard Gandhiji's life greatly upset him. Jayaprakash Narayan, who was then staying with the Prime Minister, figured in these rumours against Patel. This, together with Panditji's public statement, hailing J. P. as the future Prime Minister of India, proved too much for him. In a mood of depression he wrote a letter of resignation and asked Maniben to give it to me for despatch to Nehru. After I read it, I could not contain my reactions. I burst out saying that the letter represented the outpourings of a weakling, not of the Sardar I had known.

Maniben rushed back to her father and told him what I had said. By now Patel had become more composed and he thought that my reactions were not unjustified. He sent for me and asked me to tear up the letter of resignation. With the help of Durga Das, then Special Representative of *The Hindustan Times*, we launched a counter press campaign. The Sardar's reply to a short-notice question in Parliament on the Gandhi murder issue was widely applauded and put an end to the controversy. The incident, however, did not affect the cordial relations between the Sardar and Jayaprakash.

It Happened at Lunch

In the mean time, the tempo of integration did not receive any setback and we worked out one agreement after another. But the strain of work and the oppressive sense of loneliness from which the Sardar suffered after Gandhiji's death told on his health. One day, early in March, we were having lunch with Sushila Nayyar. While the Sardar was having his vegetable soup, he suddenly went pale and covered his heart with his hand—he appeared to be in pain. Sushila knew what it was and we immediately put him to bed. The doctors were called and a morphia injection was given. The Sardar now seemed to be at peace with himself. But we, who stood by his bedside, were in a state of consternation; so was Panditji, who on hearing the news, came to his colleague's residence. It was found that there was a serious lesion, but the doctors thought that the patient's iron constitution would stand the strain. An eight-week rest in bed was ordered.

During these weeks it fell to me to work under Panditji, and I found it a pleasure. He would ask me for the Sardar's views on questions on hand, and even when he differed he would not press his views. He would also ask me to keep Vallabhbhai posted with developments without giving him any cause for worry.

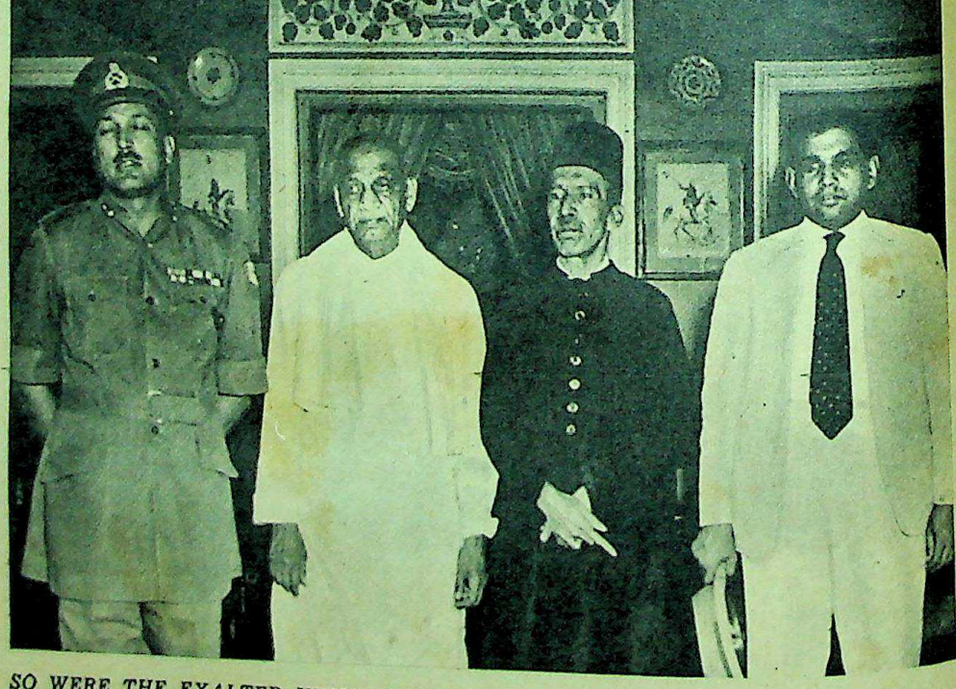
I scrupulously observed Nehru's instructions. But the Sardar's sense of public duty was so strong that even from his sickbed he had a decisive say on matters of importance. It was through his intervention that the decision to form two Unions for the Madhya Bharat area was given up—one centred in Gwalior and the other in Indore. V. P. Menon had negotiated for the two Unions on finding that the Princes concerned, backed by their respective Chief Ministers, stubbornly refused to have one Union. On learning of it, I reported the matter to the Sardar who sent for the two Chief Ministers and severely rebuked them. He asked them to hurry up and sign the agreement for one Union, leaving the question of capital to be decided by him. They did as told. In the evening I found that V.P. was angry with me for having upset his plan. I quietly asked him to vent his anger on the Sardar...

It was while Patel was convalescing at Dehra Dun that Mountbatten made his last attempt to sell his own solution to the problem of Hyderabad. This he did during a farewell visit to the Sardar. He had already settled the matter with Monckton, the Nizam's Adviser, at Hyderabad, and with Panditji in New Delhi. But he knew that his solution would not be to the Sardar's liking, V.P. was also opposed to it. After a whole day's discussion the Sardar did not press his point but looked grave. Mountbatten was optimistic and was preparing to leave for Hyderabad hoping to receive Monckton's confirmation of the Nizam's acceptance of his plan.

The Sardar went to bed, but sleep eluded him for most part of the night. In the morning, he sent for me and asked me if I had heard anything from Delhi. I told him that V.P. had rung up to say that the Nizam had turned down the Mountbatten solution and that the Governor-General was leaving Delhi a disappointed man. Patel's face lit up and when I reminded him of his acquiescence in the Mountbatten plan on the previous day, he said: "I took a gamble on the Nizam's refusal to accept it. I did not wish to say 'No' to Mountbatten during my last meeting with him. Thank God the gamble has come off. Now I am free to take my own line."

This he did and eventually succeeded, on his return to Delhi, in winning the majority support of the Defence Committee to his proposal to march into Hyderabad on September 13, 1948. The Governor-General and Panditji were not reconciled to it on conscientious grounds. And the then British Commander-in-Chief was hesitant—he expected a two-month ordeal as against the Sardar's claim that the operation would take only a week. When the Police Action was successfully concluded in five days, Patel said he was sorry he was wrong by two days.

Patel's handling of the Nizam during his very first visit in February 1949 after the Police Action was masterly. He treated the Nizam with courtesy, but gave



SO WERE THE EXALTED HUMBLED. The Sardar made his first visit, after the Police Action, to Hyderabad in February 1949. He met the Nizam at the King Kothi Palace. With Patel and His Exalted Highness are General J. N. Chaudhuri, the Military Governor, and V. Shankar.

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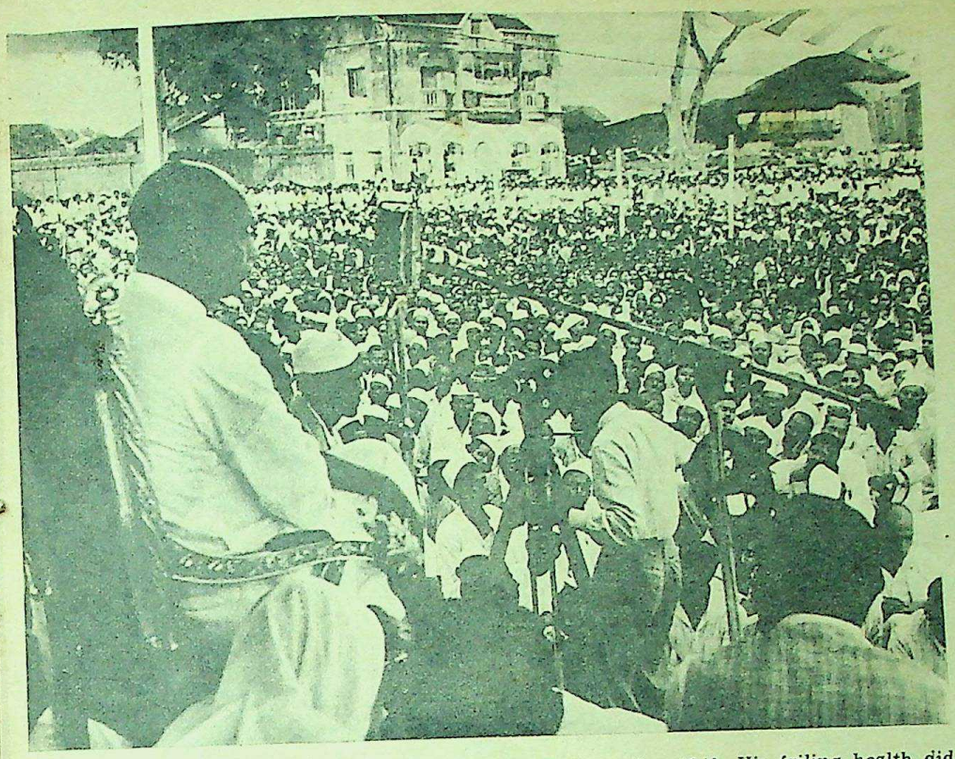

ADDRESSING A PUBLIC MEETING in Nagpur in November 1948. His failing health did not deter Vallabhbhai from going on tours which he had often to undertake as India's No. 1 Troubleshooter.

him a strong hint that if His Exalted Highness was truly repentant of the past he would not even mention it any more. But the Nizam who, we heard, had taken a double dose of opium to keep himself steady would not take the hint and began to defend himself and praised his own secular outlook. The Sardar now reminded him of some of his past compositions. The Nizam still protested his innocence. The Sardar then turned to me and asked me to recite the verse which I had recited to him some months earlier. With some reluctance I reproduced the verse. The Nizam had got an Urdu poem published in 1939 in a local daily during the days of the Arya Samaj agitation and that verse had stuck in my memory. It ran thus:

> *The conch was silenced by the sound of the sacred text of the Kalema and even the "circle" of the sacred thread was subjected to the shaking of an earthquake.*

During the rest of the meeting the Nizam was submissive. Thereafter he remained an admirer of the Sardar up to the end.

During all these months, the Constituent Assembly was in session. From his sickbed the Sardar had often to give a helping hand to the august body. He intervened successfully on the language formula. The Sardar wanted Panditji to put through the clauses relating to the services which Nehru felt would not be acceptable to the party. Patel reminded him about his own agreement with Mountbatten to the effect that these would be incorporated in a treaty which was then contemplated between the Government of India and His Majesty's Government. But Nehru expressed his helplessness in the face of party opposition. The Sardar told him to keep the matter back till his return from recuperation.

Rajaji or Rajen Babu ?

In October 1949 Panditji was preparing to leave for America. Informal consultations were held on many matters; of these two were of primary importance. One was the question of the first President of the Republic; the other was the special provision relating to Jammu and Kashmir. On the first question the Sardar found party opinion against Rajaji's candidature, but Panditji's friends advised him to put the proposal before the party and that it would be passed. Patel who knew the party position better advised him against this course. But Panditji persisted in his course and put his proposal before the party. A number of speakers spoke against it, and the Prime Minister realised that the odds were against him and asked the Sardar to speak. Patel at first declined on the ground that feelings had already been worked up against the proposal. But later, finding that the party was staging a revolt against Panditji, took the mike and appealed to the members not to precipitate matters but to allow it to be settled in due course with the dignity and unanimity such a matter of high importance deserved. It was a very moving appeal to which there was enthusiastic response from the audience.

Panditji was greatly affected by these developments. The Sardar asked Pantji to accompany him to the Prime Minister's House and comfort him—it was on the eve of Nehru's departure for America. But that was of little avail, for the Sardar received a letter from him commenting on the incident in very sad terms and telling him that after his return from America he would resign his office and ask the Governor-General to request the Sardar to shoulder the burden. With a touch of affection he added that he was sorry to be doing so in his then state of health but the Sardar had one great asset which he (Panditji) did not have—the unstinted support of the party. Next morning Patel went to the airport to see Panditji off and feelings were somewhat soothed. The trip to the U.S. gave Nehru time to think things over again. On his return he accepted the party view that Rajen Babu and *not* Rajaji should be the first President.

As regards the special provision regarding Jammu and Kashmir, Gopalaswami Ayyangar put forward Nehru's proposal before the party in the absence of the Prime Minister. There was such opposition to it that Ayyangar could not even get a patient hearing. He wrote a letter to the Sardar about his sad experience and appealed to him to come to his rescue.

Patel's views differed from Nehru's, but he stood by his colleagues. He had a meeting of the Congress executive called the next morning. The members were still in an angry mood and even Maulana who pleaded for accommodating Sheikh Abdullah's demand that any change in the constitutional relationship must have the consent of his Ministry was virtually refused a hearing. The Sardar now put forward a *via media* proposal to which they consented: enlarging the scope of relationship by consultation for defining the extent of accession on three subjects and by consent in other respects. This was finally put through, despite the Sheikh's boycott of the Constituent Assembly deliberations on the subject.

Foreign Policy

The Sardar seldom intervened in matters of foreign policy. This does not mean, however, that he passively accepted any policy that appeared to him wrong. The handling of the U.N. Commission on India and Pakistan (UNCIP), India's continuance in the Commonwealth, recognition of China, securing U.S. aid to meet food shortage, our attitude towards Burma, Ceylon and Indonesia, our relations with Afghanistan and Nepal, and Chinese incursions into Tibet—on each of these the Sardar had his own contribution to make but did so with only some success here and there. On UNCIP, the leading participants in the discussions were Panditji and Sir Girja Shankar Bajpai. The Sardar was firm that no further talks should be held with the Commission unless Pakistan accepted its resolution of August 13, 1948, which we had accepted. But talks continued until December and we were faced with a dilution of that resolution and certain unfavourable elaborations of it incorporated in the resolution of January 5, 1949, which Pakistan readily accepted and we were forced to follow suit.

As regards India's continuance in the Commonwealth, I am convinced that it was the Sardar's firm support which influenced Panditji in deciding in favour of it, though his heart pointed in the other direction. (It was the bugbear of association with Imperialism which seemed to rule Nehru's emotions.) When India and Britain decided on the special relationship, Nehru insisted on

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the Sardar announcing it at a Press Conference before his return to New Delhi. Patel agreed and absorbed the shock of the criticism it aroused, so that on return Panditji had plain sailing.

The problem of Tibet and Nepal came up when the Sardar's life was drawing towards its close. His attitude towards Tibet was governed by its history, its separate identity, the Dalai Lama and his dependence on us for the survival of his country, the extension of communist influence up to our borders, the threat to India's security that it would pose and complete distrust of Chinese professions and intentions.

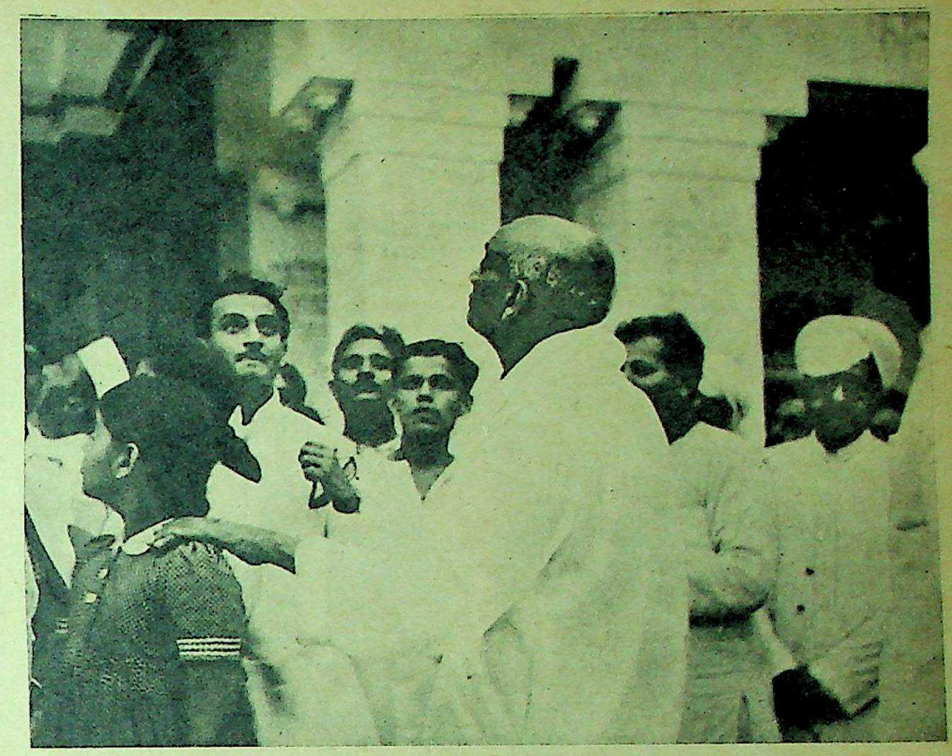
The Ministry of External Affairs was divided in its counsels. While Sardar Panikkar, our Ambassador to China, was in favour of China and K. P. S. Menon supported him, Girja Shankar Bajpai held the opposite view. Finding the External Affairs Committee of the Cabinet divided almost equally on this issue, Panditji reinforced himself with the induction of Maulana Azad as a member. The Sardar's letter of November 7, 1950—which has received much publicity for its masterly analysis of the situation and the prescience it exhibits—was written in a last bid to persuade Nehru to see logic and reason from the national point of view. **But Sardar Panikkar's stand, subsequently proved to be a distorted view of Chinese policies and intentions, prevailed with Panditji.**

As regards the law-and-order problem, almost the first act of Patel was to tell the Congress Premiers of Provinces to raise an armed constabulary so as to be self-sufficient in case the Army could not come to their assistance in the event of an emergency. They complied with this suggestion and the position was reviewed when he met them again in October 1946. The constabularies were further strengthened under promise of Central financial assistance. The result was that, when trouble swept Punjab, parts of U.P., Delhi and Rajasthan after freedom, the last three could manage without leaning much on Army support.

Narrow Escape

I would like to recall an incident which took place at the time. The Sardar and myself were touring the riot-affected areas of Delhi—from Pahargani to Tis Hazari and beyond, and back to Daryaganj. We got down from our jeep at Faiz Bazar Police Station to take stock of the situation there. Daryaganj was a danger spot; there were militant Muslim elements, in the *Dawn* building opposite, who were firing intermittently from their safe hideout. They seemed to have got scent of our arrival, for as soon as we had alighted from our vehicle, two bullets whizzed past us about a feet away. We hurriedly rushed to the safety of the police station, when two more bullets whizzed past the very spot where we had been before. Members of the police and military force were now set for revenge. But the Sardar counselled patience and calmly went through the inquiries and left, properly protected, from a corner. Next morning we heard that the infested nest had been cleared and a substantial amount of arms and ammunition had been recovered.

There is little appreciation in the country of the weak and broken structure we inherited from the British at the time of independence. The British depended on the Indian Civil Service and the Indian Police. The higher echelons of the Provincial Services were also of high quality and supplied some officers for the all-India services and acted as efficient supports. Owing to the almost total withdrawal of the British element and the transfer of an overwhelming number of Muslims among them to Pakistan, we were left with not more than two-fifths of the required number. To add to our difficulties, the Provincial Services had to be divided in the Punjab and Bengal and, to a small extent, in Assam.



AT PORBANDAR, Gandhiji's birthplace. The charges made against him for his alleged failure to safeguard the Mahatma's life caused the Sardar great mental anguish.

Builder of Our Services

Thus, in the key Provinces affected, even the Provincial Services were in a disorganised state. Fortunately, the Sardar had forestalled the problem by about ten months and it had been decided to form the Indian Administrative Service and the Indian Police Service. **It is a tribute to the thoroughness with which the question was tackled in such a short time that the services reorganisation schemes have practically remained untouched during the last two decades and more. The services have served the country reasonably well, not only in keeping the administration going (as in the days of the British), but also in meeting the many demands on their talents by a developing economy and the new concepts of a welfare state.**

The contemporary generation looking for faults and shortcomings, some apparent, some real and some imaginary, may not give them full credit for having seen the country through stresses and strains during a period of shifts of responsibility on the part of politicians and others who were the final decision-making authorities. But history will recognise the important part they played in keeping the country on the path of stability, unity and progress. And it was Sardar Patel whose faith, foresight and genius for organisation brought them into being, gave them sustenance and strength and prevented them from becoming the playthings of politics and politicians.

The Sardar had no ambitions to supersede Panditji and Panditji knew it. Both had grown together in the Congress and both were contenders for Gandhiji's affection. The Mahatma loved both—Nehru for his charm, idealism and the popular touch, the Sardar for his pragmatism, sense of discipline and organising ability. The Sardar spoke seldom but, when he spoke, he was precise and purposeful. To quote Liaquat Ali Khan at his death: "He meant what he said and said what he meant." Panditji thought aloud and his "mind was as full of ideas as a warren was full of rabbits". However, some of Nehru's ideas were tempered by pragmatism. He was a master of analysis on paper and in discussion, but he was not unoften at a loose end when it came to conclusions. The result was that the Sardar commanded the minds of Congressmen while Panditji ruled their hearts. Panditji was democratic to a fault. On one occasion he told the Sardar that he could not push through an eminently reasonable proposal as the party was opposed to it. The Sardar retorted: "What are we? Leaders or followers? Do we have to wait till we can follow or do we have to give the lead?"

I recall another occasion when Vallabhbhai expressed his appreciation of the judgement of Indira Gandhi. Conditions in the Kashmir Valley were causing him and Panditji some anxiety. Pakistani underground workers were busy. Indiraji went to Kashmir for a holiday with her children. She was, as far as my recollection goes, camping at

—Continued On Page 57

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DASARA in MYSORE... more spectacular this year!

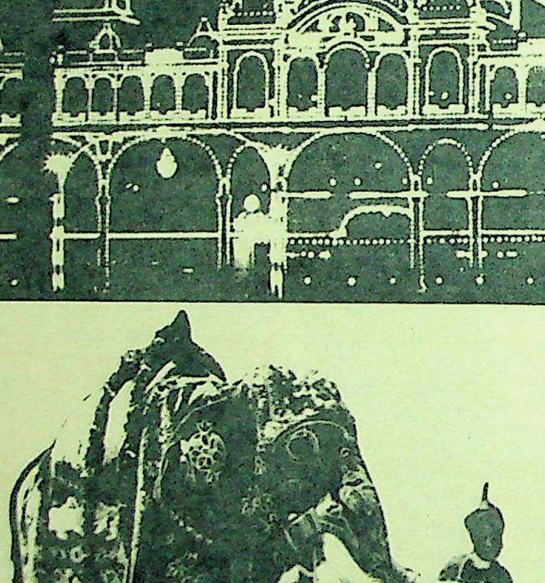
The Dasara Festival in Mysore is one of the most lavish displays of pomp, pageantry and the glory, that was once India.

More so this year.

The ten-day festival, from 20th to 29th September will be more spectacular than ever before. The peaceful and quiet city of Mysore, will be transformed into a fairyland...splendour incarnate, loveliness indescribable.

Music, Dance and Films—National, International and award winning Kannada films will constitute the rich cultural fare from the 21st to 28th September.

'THEPPOTSAVA'—the worship of deities on a barge in a lake—has been arranged at the Karanji Tank in Mysore. Deities will be carried around the flood-lit lake, in barges decorated with flowers and lights. Traditional instrumental music will follow in another barge.



Fire-works, as never seen before, will light up the skies on the nights, 28th to 30th September adding to the sparkle and gaiety of the festival.

The Exhibition and Industrial Fair, on a much grander scale this year, will start a few days earlier to the commencement of the Dasara festival, and will be on for 45 days.

On the last and tenth day of the festival, 29th Sept., a magnificent procession of soldiers in ceremonial dress, Cavalry, Infantry and Camel corps, caparisoned elephants, prancing horses, a colourful tableau protraying the glorious chapters of Mysore's history, will commence from the Palace gates and wind its way to Banni Mantap, where the finale will be a torch-light parade and a magnificent display of horsemanship. Here again, fire works, on a grand scale, will greet the return procession.

Dasara, the festival of show, the festival of pomp, the festival of grandeur has always been a grand affair. With the added attractions, it will be a more spectacular event this year. Adequate measures—hotels, transport, etc. are being made to welcome the visitor and make his stay, a happy and memorable one.

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JOHN UPDIKE

by DINA VAKIL

Best known in Indian circles for his "intellectual Peyton Place", *Couples*, American author John Updike has always generated a controversy through his work. Now regarded as one of America's leading writers, he muses upon his past and his dilemma as a fiction writer in a changing America.

WHILE the rest of the savvy authors are congregating in all the right neighbourhoods and trying desperately to be *au courant*, why is the 39-year-old author of *Couples* so oblivious of the charms of the city? Why live in quiet, cold New England country when Central Park is full of delectable *shiksas*, and the Sunday *Times* can be delivered at your door, and Pierre the Headwaiter can bring you steaming *escargots* to start off a seven-course dinner?

John Updike thinks otherwise. "I think there's a lot of distraction in the city," he says. "I didn't think I could learn anything more from living in New York. I'm a small-town boy... Here you get to know people who are not other writers."

He prefers the quiet of his North shore community with its pallid houses and buff-coloured sand-dunes. The smell of salt and frying clams rises from its wooden shanties. People are friendly and leave their doors open in the daytime. And the creeping commercialism of the neighbouring artists' colonies of Rockport and Gloucester is far removed from Ipswich.

John Updike has always been a small-town child. He was born in quiet Pennsylvania Dutch country in 1932, when nine-year-old Norman Mailer was probably nurturing his ego, when 33-year-old Vladimir Nabokov had not yet created the pubescent brilliance of his *Lolita* and when an ex-reporter named Ernest Hemingway was just coming into his own.

His Earliest Compositions

And there, in a simple white house of stone and clapboard, surrounded by fields of bramble, with cattle nodding into their heavy dewlaps on a neighbouring farm, Updike wrote some of his earliest compositions. When he was eight, it went something like this: *The tribe of Bum-Bums looked very solemn as they sat around their cosy cave fire.*

It was a slow, protracted haul to *Couples*. In between came four years of mingling with soft-spoken aristocrats on hallowed ground, a year at the Ruskin School of Drawing and Fine Art, a spell with *The New Yorker* before moving to Ipswich and falling in love with Mary.

John and Mary met in the Fogg Art Museum on the Harvard campus. She was a senior then at Radcliffe, majoring in Art History. Rumour has it that he fell down the museum stairs to attract her attention. Whether true or otherwise, somewhere between that affectionate roll from the Daumiers on the first floor to the Renaissance friezes below, John managed to catch Mary's interest. They were married two years later.

On December 26, 1969, I met them for the first time in their not so pallid house in Ipswich, which dates back to 1683, and which (Updike likes to say with a glint in his eye) was probably a brothel in the early nineteenth century.

It was some time after *Couples* had finally slid off the *New York Times* best-seller list (it had stayed on for a tenacious nine months) that the book had made an impressive amount of money (the only one that had, he said quickly), and now his "somewhat established" status had taught him to finesse things a bit more skilfully, to take off from this "overcrowded world" and spend long hours on the golf-course in the summer and on Caribbean beaches in the winter.

"I've written enough now," he said, "to be almost a little tired of writing. I've sort of written a best seller, and a book of the modern library, and I really need to dip deep into my bag of prayer and character, and somehow re-dedicate myself to the business."

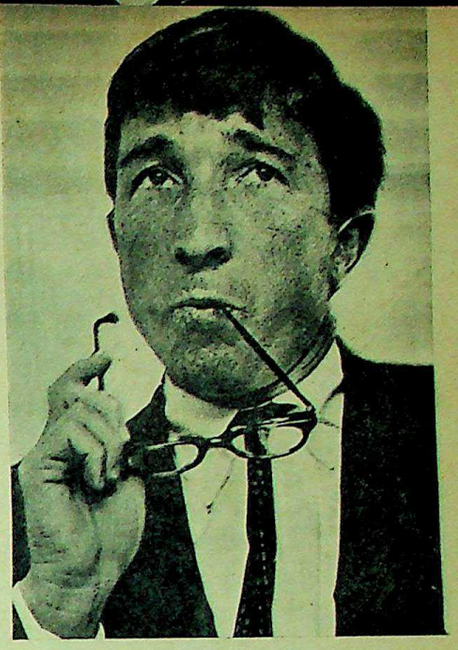
Is It Worth Doing ?

"It's such a comparatively confusing world now, because the question really arises: Is it worth doing? How much longer is humanity going to be able to read, to care about fiction at all?

"Take any writer—you sort of begin with the endowment of your initial twenty years when you weren't a writer and when you were very open to reality. Somehow a child is more open than an adult. Without being conscious of it, everything gets in there deeper and seems bigger. So that you spend an initial burst just getting all that out. I feel that I've pretty well said it about Pennsylvania now."

For years Pennsylvania had been the setting for many of his novels and short stories. And then came Tarbox, Connecticut, a sort of intellectual Peyton Place, as one critic suavely put it, where assorted couples loved and made love, and fell from grace. "The germinal idea of *Couples*," Updike said, "which first took the form of a short story, was that, in the absence of other institutions and in the vacuum left by a defection from the work ethic which has demolished the way Americans have organised their lives, togetherness, friendship, a kind of group therapy in which sex is a part but not really all of it—all these things help create kinds of organisms of people. Communes of a sort.

"And, as when any collection of cells gets together to make another organism, the totality demands a kind of sacrifice from each, and the divorce of the Hanemas, as they came to be called, can be seen as such a sacrifice. In the writing of the book as a novel, it took other forms, and it said other things, but I viewed it, with the other novels, as a kind of moral investigation of the way Americans try to live the good life."



JOHN UPDIKE, born in 1932 in Pennsylvania, has just completed his seventh novel, Rabbit Redux *("Rabbit Brought Back"), a sequel to his earlier* Rabbit, Run. *The novel is to be published by Knopf in November.*

After years of writing about the old America, the America of his youth, when he and his family struggled through life on his father's salary of $1,200 a year, Updike had finally begun to live the good life himself.

Perhaps this change in life style, though not ostentatious, had made Updike feel a certain indebtedness to the country that had made it all possible. His wasn't the simplistic look-what-the-stars-and-stripes-have-done attitude, though; it was more complex than that. It was the inability to side with a Julius Hoffman, as also the inability to understand the rise of a culture hero named Abbie Hoffman.

"I care," Updike said, a little light creeping into his eyes. "I'm distressed by things in the news. I think about it all the time—the decline of the America that we've all been brought up to cherish...God-fearing, land-loving, work-loving America which is gone."

In its place, he sees "an America of gesture, riot and anger, a new America which is puzzling and even slightly threatening" to him. He characterises himself as an averagely politics-conscious person, not more. "My generation," he stated, "was not the one to restructure things or to march on the Pentagon."

He was fonder of Saul Bellow, he said, than of Mailer. Mailer was "more exciting to would-be journalists and to social-minded people in general, people wanting to change the world, or at least to having it described... But in the end," Updike said, "there does seem to be a real limitation in his imagination in that dramatising himself is what he does best."

While we talked at five o'clock on a wintry afternoon, darkness had already blotted out the view from his window. His blue Ford convertible was a misshapen mass. The trees looked gaunt and spindly. And Ipswich was even quieter than it was two hours ago.

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A VISITING rabbi was asked to give a guest sermon at a synagogue and became entirely taken with his own powers of oration. He had gone on for about an hour, and the congregation seemed to be listening attentively. But as he was about to conclude, a short, squat gentleman rose from his seat in the front pew and left the temple. His feelings hurt, the rabbi later told the president of the congregation that the man who had exited during his sermon had done him a very serious injury.

"Oh, don't feel badly about him," said the president soothingly. "He has a habit of walking in his sleep."

"WHAT would you like to speak to the doctor about?" asked the nurse.

"I want to get two tickets to a ball game. What would I call a doctor for? I'm sick."

"Oh, you want an appointment. How about a week from Wednesday?"

"Fine. I'll have the hearse drop me off."

"I THANK the good Lord for my fine sons," sighed the old man. "My first-born is a lawyer, the second is a doctor, the third is a professor, the fourth an artist, and the last a writer."

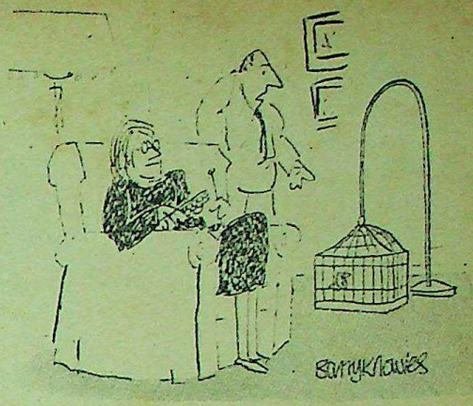
"And you," he was asked, "what do you do?"

"Myself," replied the old man, "I own a little drygoods store; it's not very big, but I manage to support them all."

Heard in Peking

A CHINESE worker was very distressed to find that he had overslept and was late for work. In order to save time, he did not dress completely but carried his pants in his hands and ran off to the factory. He came home in the evening somewhat crestfallen. His wife asked: "How did it go?"

"Terrible," replied her husband. "I was later than ever. Everyone stopped me in the street to ask me where I got the pants and if I could help them get a pair too."



—from *Punch*

"You're overfeeding that thing."

Gandhi and Lenin

—*Continued From Page* 11

suffering in its highest form was self-suffering. He believed that the spectacle of a virtuous man suffering for a righteous cause, without causing suffering to others, would strike a chord in the heart of the oppressor and that eventually he would relent and virtue would triumph. The snag in this theory was brought out by Bernard Shaw who said that he did not know that the vegetarianism of the cow would appeal to the tiger. Gandhi retorted that he did not think that the Englishman was all tiger and no man. During the martial law regime in the Punjab in 1919, whch culminated in the gruesome massacre of Jalianwala Bagh, some Britons did indeed behave as if they were all tiger and no man, but even then the British people as a whole showed that they had something of the man in them by repudiating the tigers and condemning them. And now, the British Government has issued a stamp in honour of the centenary of the birth of that redoubtable opponent of British imperialism—a unique gesture because this is the first time that a foreign face will be appearing on a British stamp.

The British had good reason to understand Gandhi and to be grateful to him. "My goal," said Gandhi once, "is to transfer ill-will from persons to objects." The result was that the struggle for freedom was conducted with the utmost fervour, but with little fury against the British people or even British officials. And Great Britain was able to withdraw from India with far less ignominy and bloodshed than the Dutch from Indonesia and the French from Indo-China and Algeria.

To sum up, Gandhi and Lenin had many qualities in common: simplicity, austerity, compassion, courage and self-sacrifice. Above all, they had a gift for identifying themselves completely with the people and of moving masses of men into action. Such men, as Chernyshevsky said of Rakhmatoev, one of the finest of his heroes, are "the best, among the best, the movers of the movers, the salt of the salt of the earth".

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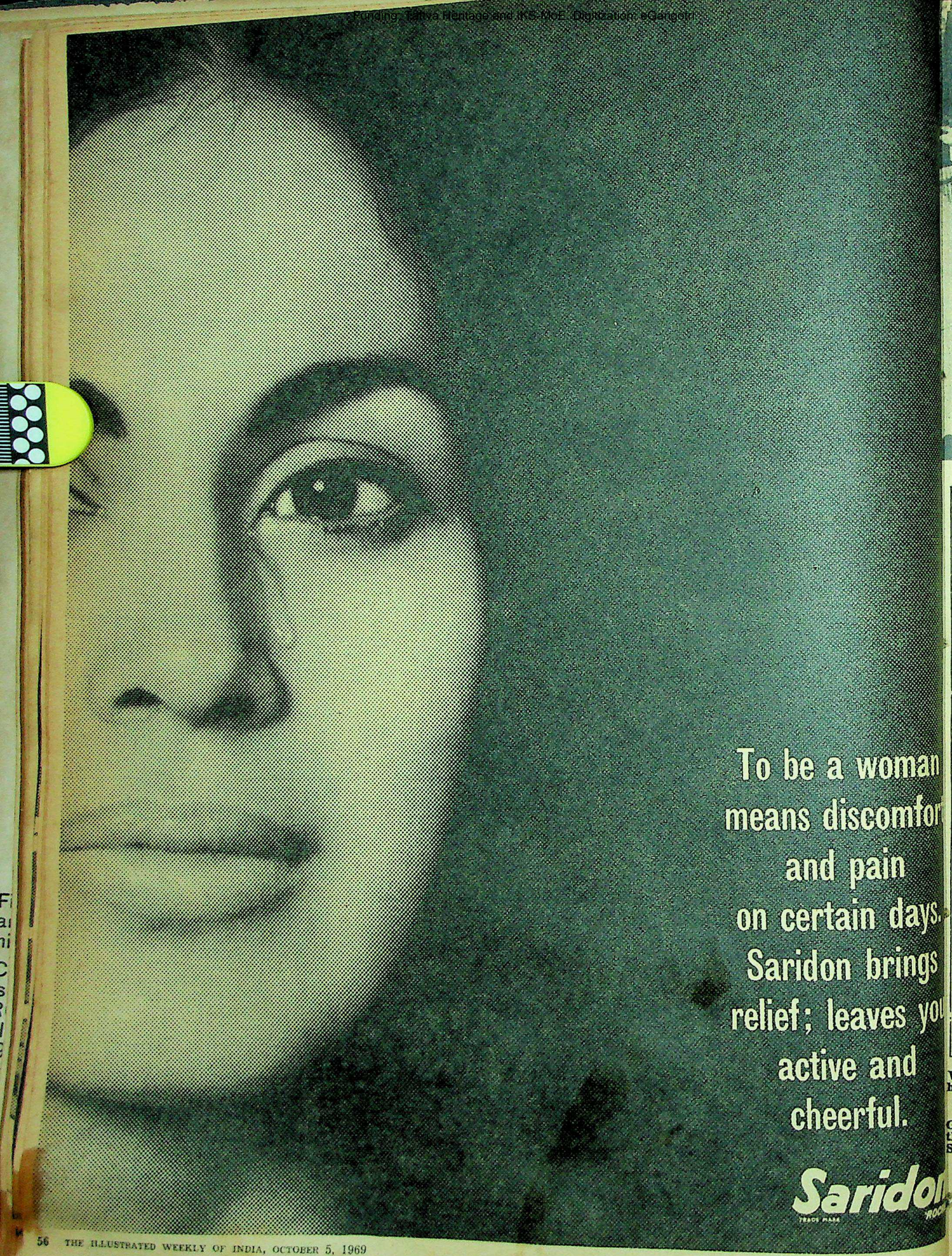

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BOYCOTT OF THE SIMON COMMISSION, 1928. The agitation against the commission led to disturbances all over India.

"I hate privilege and monopoly. Whatever cannot be shared with the masses is taboo to me."

"To a people famishing and idle, the only acceptable form in which God can dare appear is work and promise of food as wages."

AN EFFIGY of a British soldier is carried in procession through the streets of Bombay during a civil disobedience movement.

(Bombay Students' Non-Co-operation Board)

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INDIA CALLS UPON

Every Student To do his duty.

Come out of Your Colleges.

Serve Your Motherland

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WIN *Swarajya* IN *Eight Months.*

N. B:-N.C. O. Student will please register their names at the " Bombay Students' Non-Co-operation Board Office " at the Indian Home Rule League Office, Girgaum.

Empty Your Colleges AT ONCE.

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WHO BOTHERED ABOUT SPELLING MISTAKES? The call was heard by hundreds of students and they obeyed it.

—Narayanrao Kulkarni

GANDHI presided over the Belgaum session of the Congress, 1924. In the presidential procession are Maulana Shaukat Ali, Sarojini Naidu, S. Srinivasa Iyengar and Vithalbhai Patel.

—Continued

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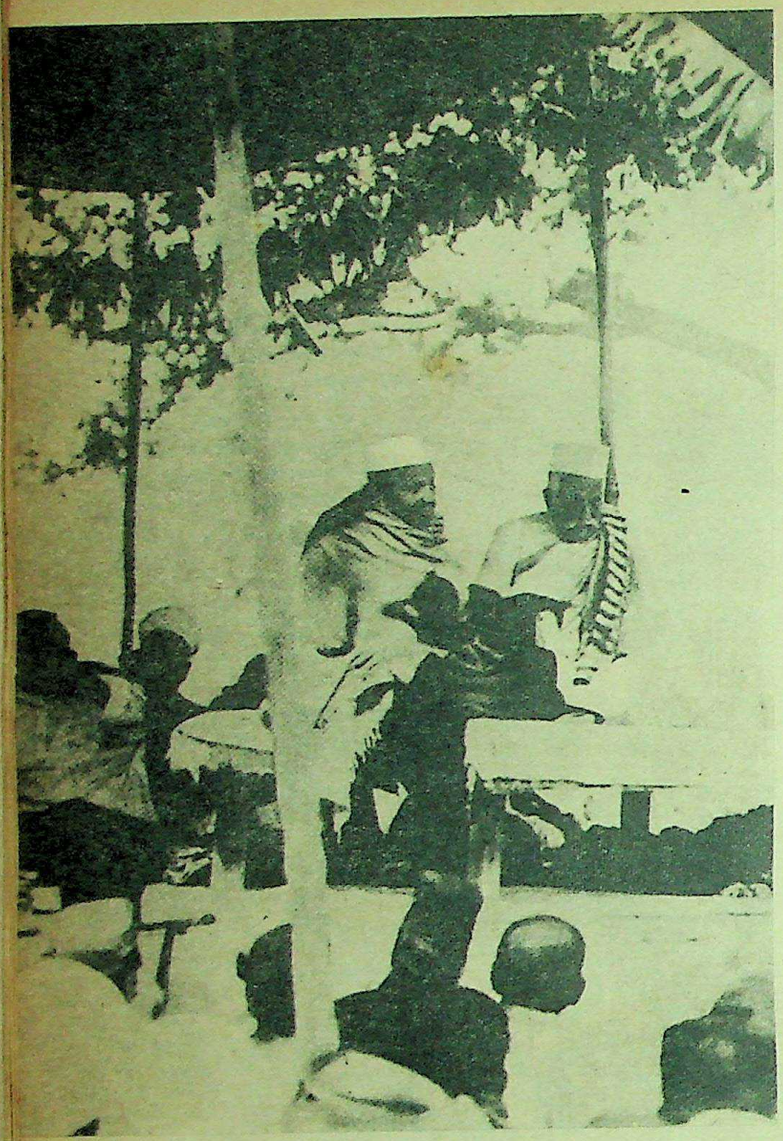

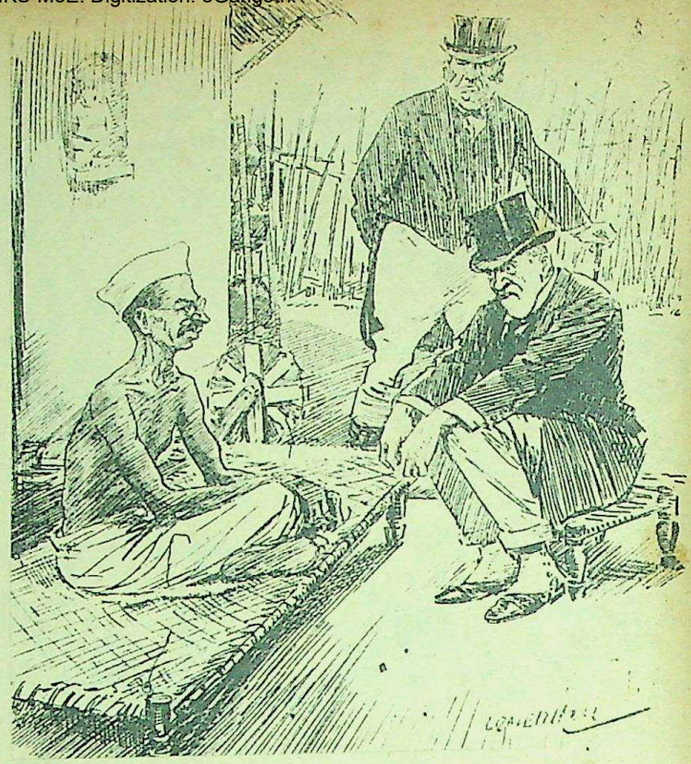

A "PUNCH" CARTOON which appeared on February 22, 1922. Gandhi was one of the most widely caricatured leaders in his lifetime—and we still caricature him in India.

WITH ANNIE BESANT in Madras, September, 1921. Besant had sarcastically said about the time-limit set for swaraj: "Swaraj was to arrive on September 30 or October 1, 1921; on October 31. . .it is as far off as ever." Left: With Motilal Nehru at the inauguration ceremony of the Kashi Vidyapith, February 10, 1921.

"I have been known as a crank, faddist, madman. Evidently the reputation is well deserved. For wherever I go, I draw to myself cranks, faddists, and madmen."

"I deny being a visionary. I do not accept the claim of saintliness. I am of the earth, earthy . . . I am prone to as many weaknesses as you are. But I have seen the world. I have lived in the world with my eyes open. I have gone through the most fiery ordeals that have fallen to the lot of man. I have gone through this discipline."

"Ours will only then be a truly spiritual nation when we shall show more truth than gold, greater fearlessness than pomp of power and wealth, greater charity than love of self."

"If we are to make progress, we must not repeat history, but make new history. We must add to the inheritance left by our ancestors. If we may make new discoveries and inventions in the phenomenal world, must we declare our bankruptcy in the spiritual domain?"

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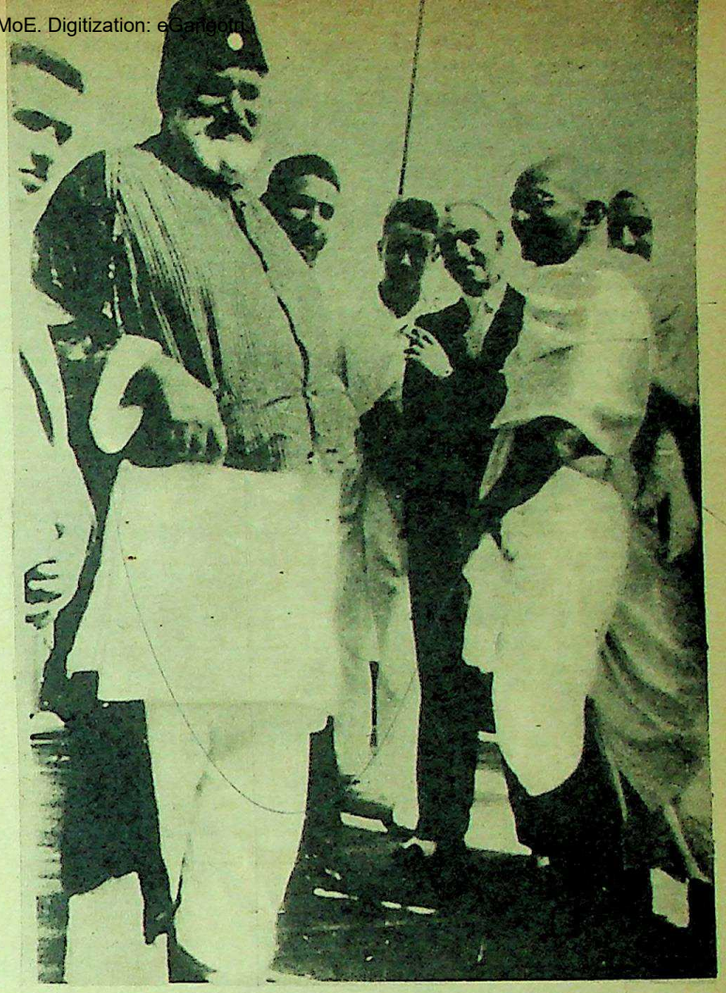
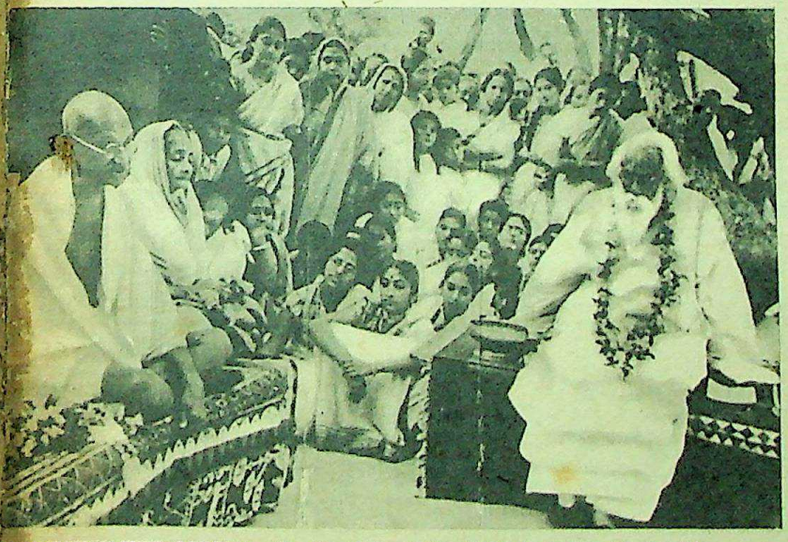
SALT OF THE SEA. Breaking the salt law at Dandi, April 6, 1930. Of the Dandi march, Nehru wrote: "It is a long journey, for the goal is the independence of India and the ending of the exploitation of her millions."



ABOUT TO SET SAIL FOR ENGLAND to attend the Round Table Conference, 1931. With him is Maulana Shaukat Ali. "I would love to go away from the shores of the British Isles with the conviction that there was to be an honourable and equal partnership between Great Britain and India."



GURUDEV'S WELCOME to the Gandhis at Santiniketan. The Poet said of the Mahatma: "We know that, in the Upanishads, the God who ever dwells in the hearts of all men has been mentioned as Mahatma. The epithet [illegible] rightly given to the man of God whom we are honouring today (Gandhi's 63rd birthday) for his dwelling is not within a narrow enclosure of individual consciousness."

AT MARSEILLES, on his way to London to attend the RTC. With him are C. F. Andrews, Muriel Lester, Mahadev Desai, Miraben and Pyarelal. "I have learnt something of your country (France), and of the teachings of Rousseau and Victor Hugo, and on my entering upon my mission—very difficult mission in London—it heartens me to find a warm welcome from you fellow students."

—Continued

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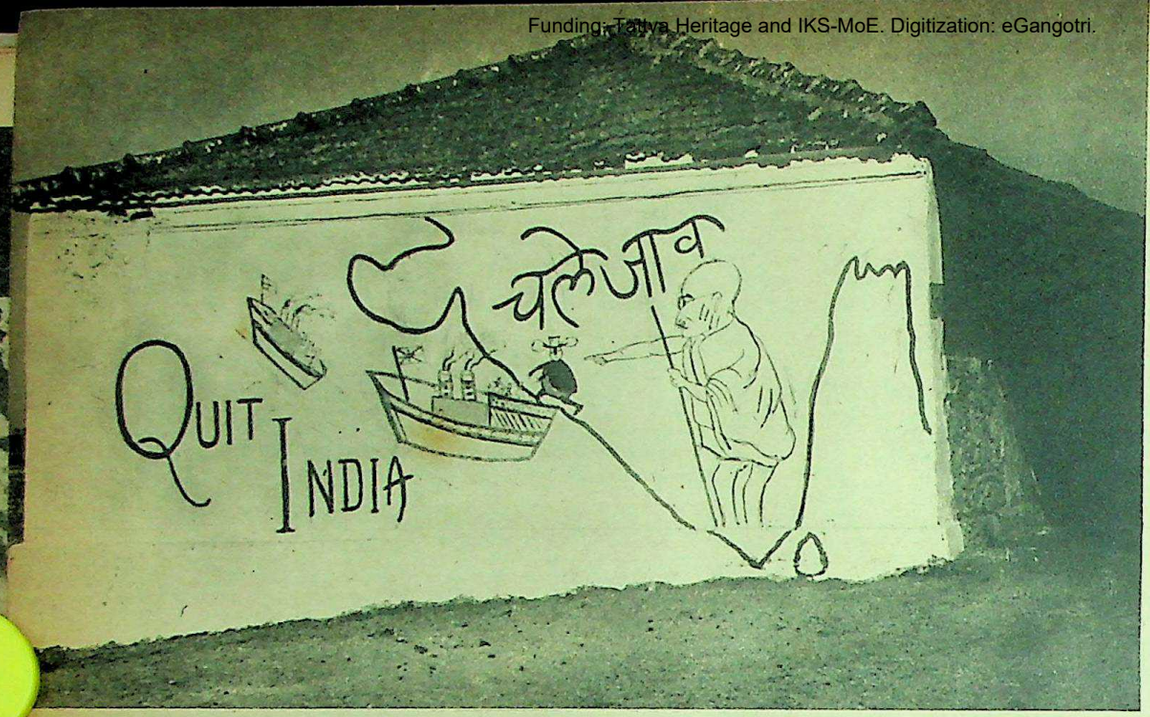
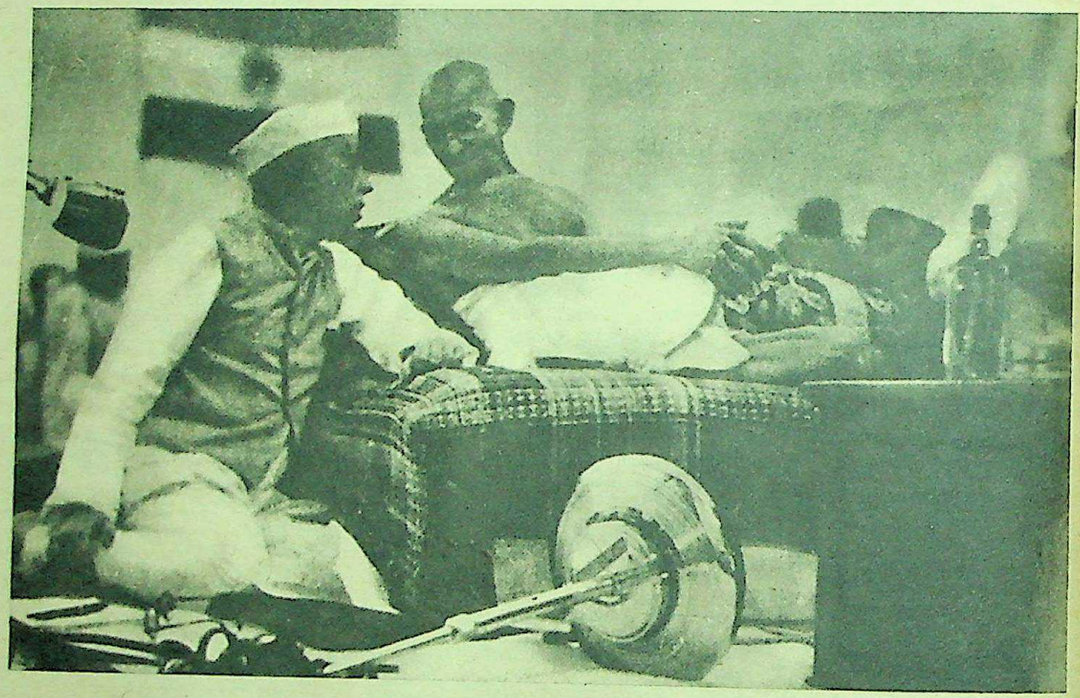


—Homi Kharas

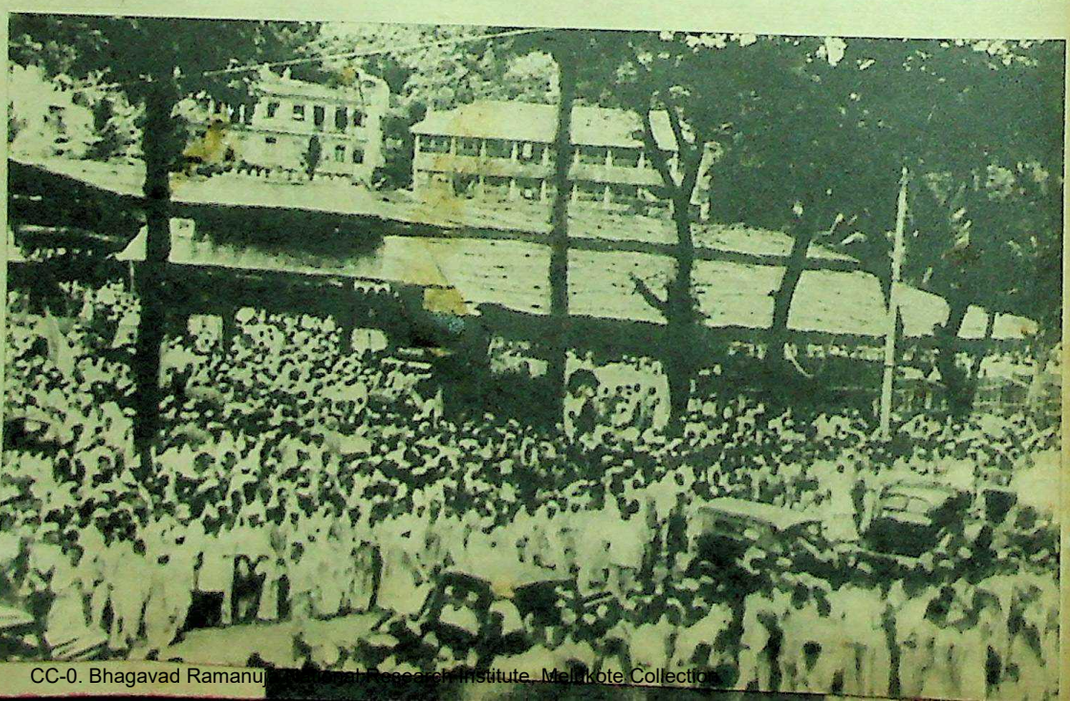
WHEN THE CRY WAS "DO OR DIE!" A fisherman's hut at Versova, Bombay, during the Quit India movement, August, 1942. The AICC resolution stated: "The AICC... repeats with all emphasis the demand for the withdrawal of the British power from India. On the declaration of independence, a provisional government will be formed..."

WITH HIS "LEGAL HEIR", on August 8, when the Quit India resolution was adopted. Nehru said: "This resolution is not a threat. It is an invitation... It is an offer of cooperation of a free India."



"I have made the frankest admission of my many sins. But I do not carry their burden on my shoulders. If I am journeying Godward, as I feel I am, it is safe with me. For I feel the warmth of the sunshine of His presence. My austerities, fastings and prayers are, I know, of no value if I rely upon them for reforming me. But they have an inestimable value, if they represent, as I hope they do, the yearnings of a soul striving to lay his weary head in the lap of his Maker."

"I am not aching for martyrdom, but if it comes in my way in the prosecution of what I consider to be the supreme duty in the defence of the faith I hold... I shall have earned it."



***HISTORIC DAY**—August 9, 1942, when all India rose demanding freedom. Gandhiji's instructions conveyed to the nation through Pyarelal: "Let every non-violent soldier of freedom write out the slogan 'Do or Die' on a piece of paper or cloth, and stick it on his clothes..."*

...ITH LORD P...
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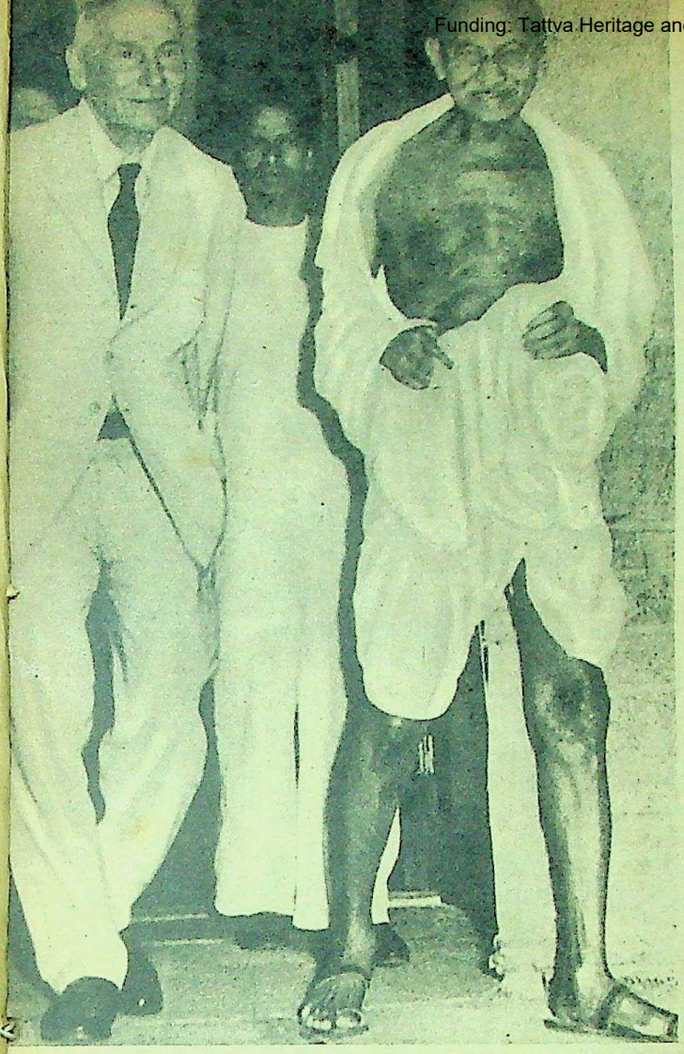
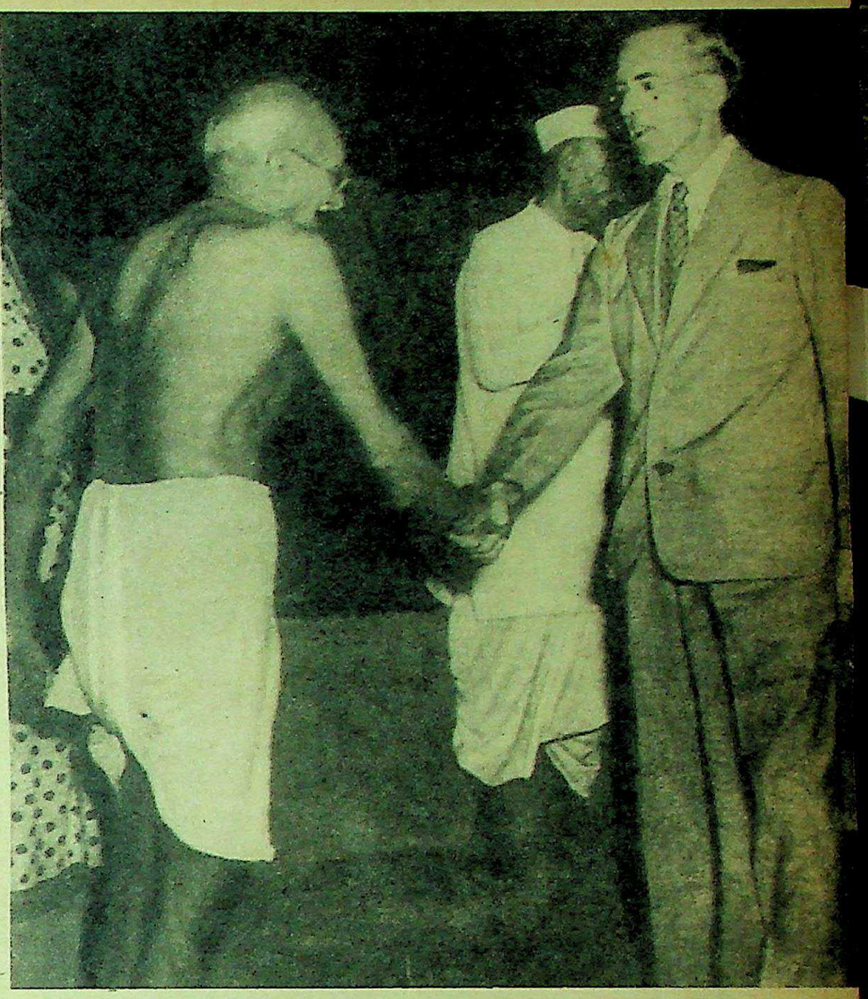
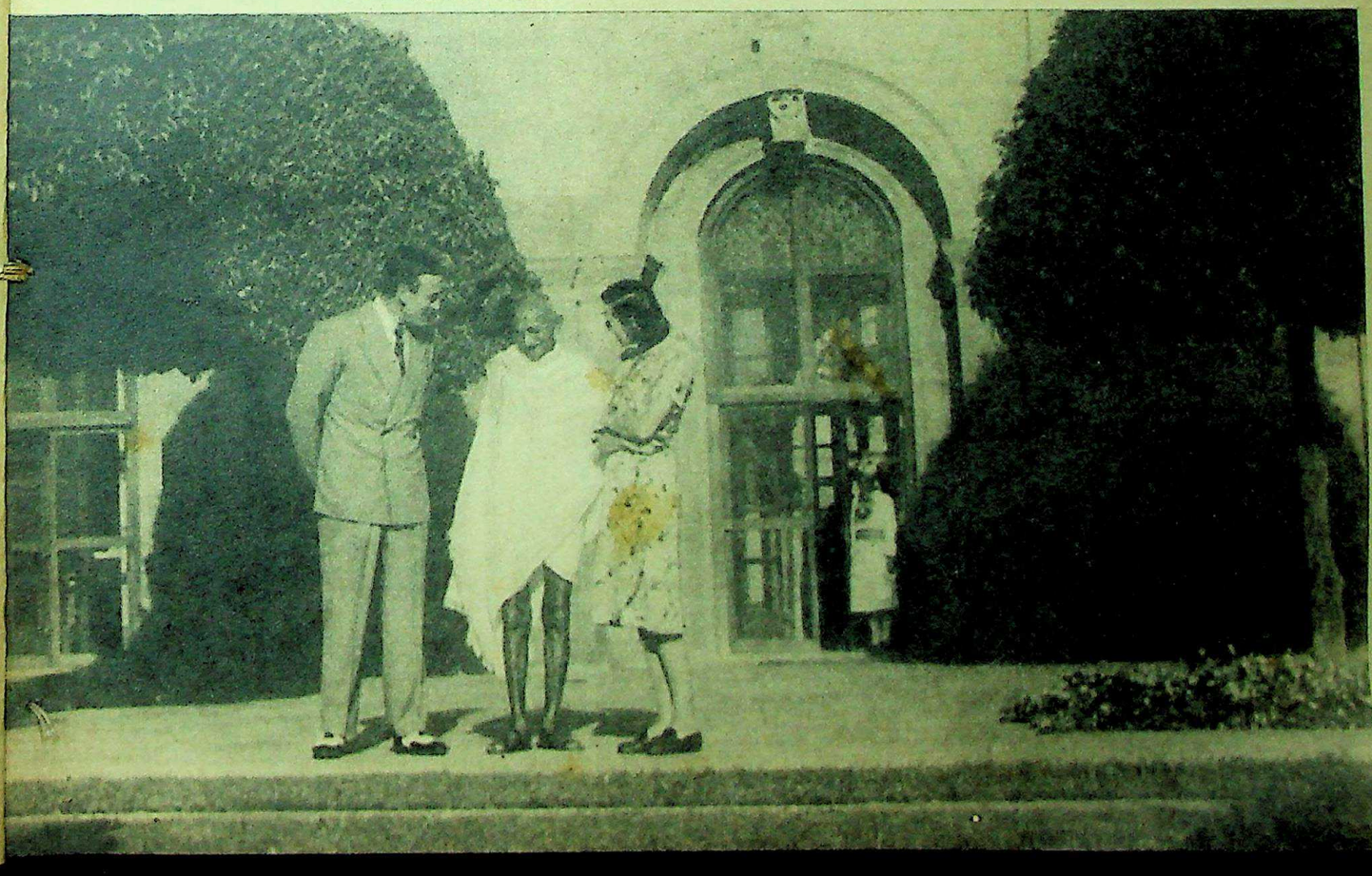


ITH LORD PETHICK-LAWRENCE, leader of the British Cabinet
ssion, 1946.



WELCOMING SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS at the Bhangi Colony, in New Delhi, where Gandhi was staying in 1946.

FLANKED BY LORD AND LADY MOUNTBATTEN at Viceroy's House (now Rashtrapati Bhavan), on March 31, 1947. This was their first meeting. —*photographs* (10), *courtesy, Nehru Memorial Museum and Library, New Delhi*



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India as a nation can live and die only for the spinning wheel. Every woman will tell the curious that with the disappearance of the spinning wheel vanished India's happiness and prosperity.

We stint ourselves in the matter of food in order to be able to spend on clothing, and sink to greater misery day by day. We are bound to perish if the twin industries of agriculture and spinning as well as weaving disappear from our villages or our homes.

I would make the spinning wheel the foundation on which to build a sound village life; I would make the wheel the centre round which all other activities will revolve.

If the Hindus believe that India should be peopled only by Hindus, they are living in dream-land. The Hindus, the Mussalmans, the Parsis and the Christians who have made India their country are fellow countrymen, and they will have to live in unity, if only for their own interest. In no part of the world are one nationality and one religion synonymous terms; nor has it ever been so in India.

I see no way of achieving anything in this afflicted country without a lasting heart unity between Hindus and Mussalmans of India. I believe in the immediate possibility of achieving it because it is so natural, so necessary for both and because I believe in human nature.

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I claim no infallibility. I am conscious of having made Himalayan blunders, but I am not conscious of having made them intentionally or having ever harboured enmity towards any person or nation, or any life, human or subhuman.

I claim to be no more than an average man with less than average ability... I have not the shadow of a doubt that any man or woman can achieve what I have, if he or she would make the same effort and cultivate the same hope and faith.

The Message Of The Mahatma

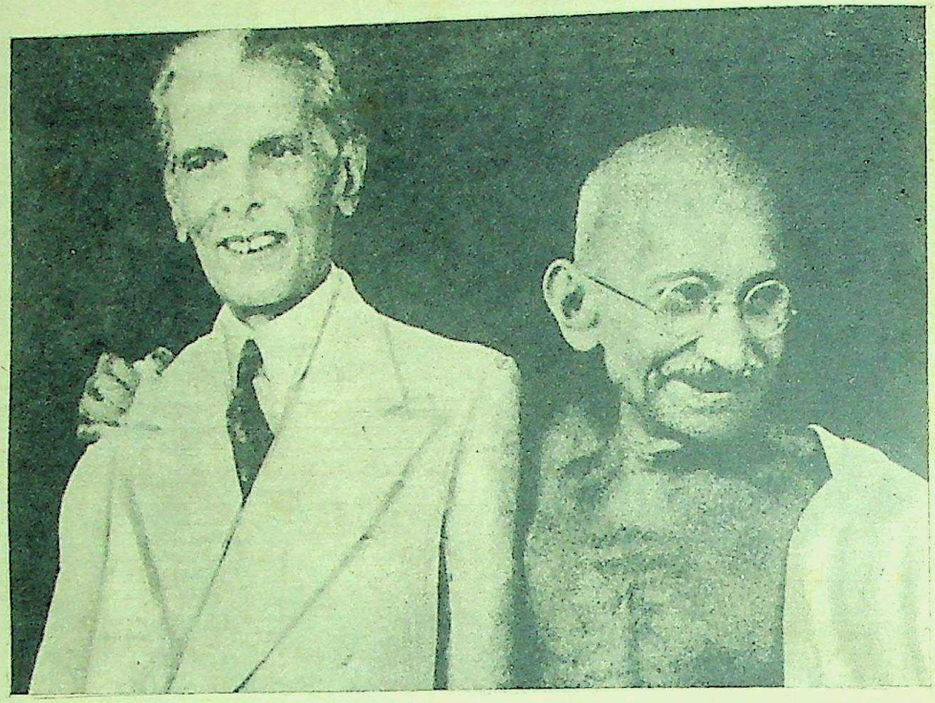
Never take anything for gospel truth even if it comes from a Mahatma unless it appeals to both... head and heart.

If Gandhism is another name for sectarianism, it deserves to be destroyed. If I were to know, after my death, that what I stood for had degenerated into sectarianism, I should be deeply pained... Let no one say that he is a follower of Gandhi... You are no followers but fellow students, fellow pilgrims, fellow seekers, fellow workers.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

—Narayanrao Kulkarni

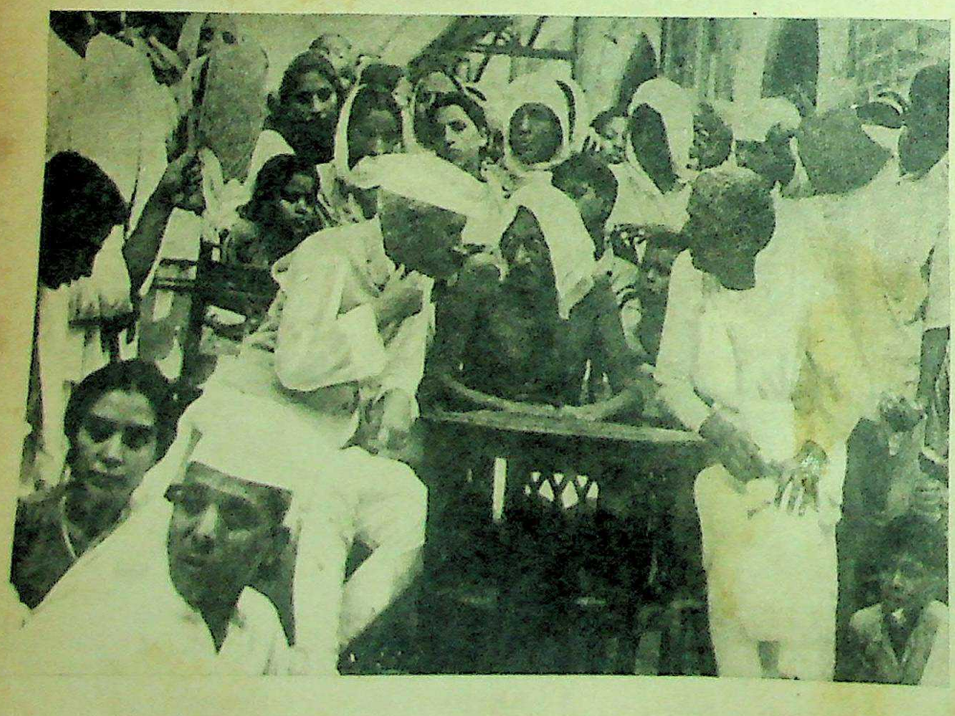
"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of..."

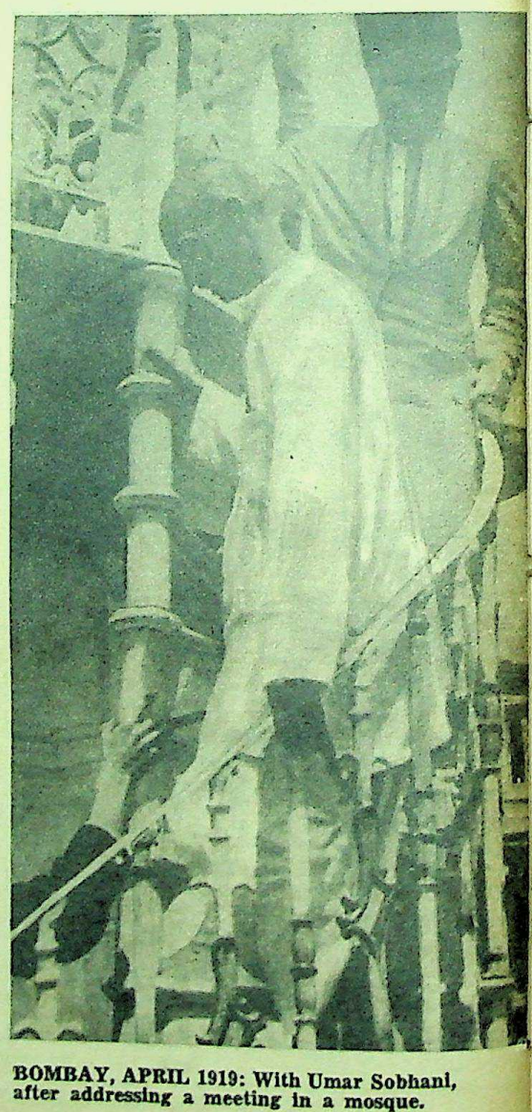


WITH QAID-I-AZAM JINNAH, during the momentous talks with the Muslim League leader in Bombay, in September 1944.

The true beauty of Hindu-Muslim unity lies in each remaining true to his own religion and yet being true to each other... Hindu-Muslim unity... consists in our having a common purpose, a common goal, and common sorrows. It is best promoted by cooperating in order to reach the common goal, by sharing one another's sorrows and by mutual toleration.

HAVING a word with Jawaharlal Nehru, at the Hardwar refugee camp in June 1947.





BOMBAY, APRIL 1919: With Umar Sobhani, after addressing a meeting in a mosque.

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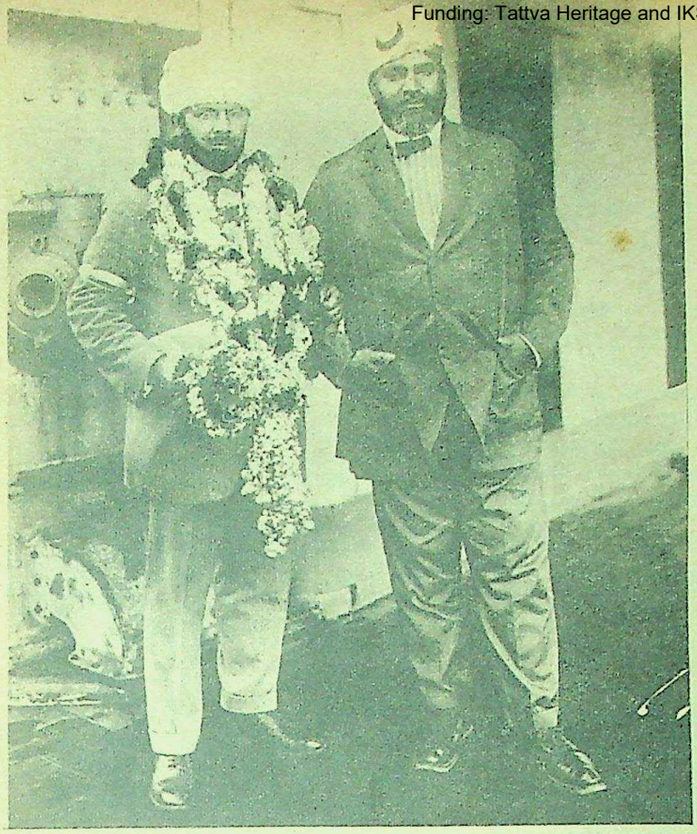
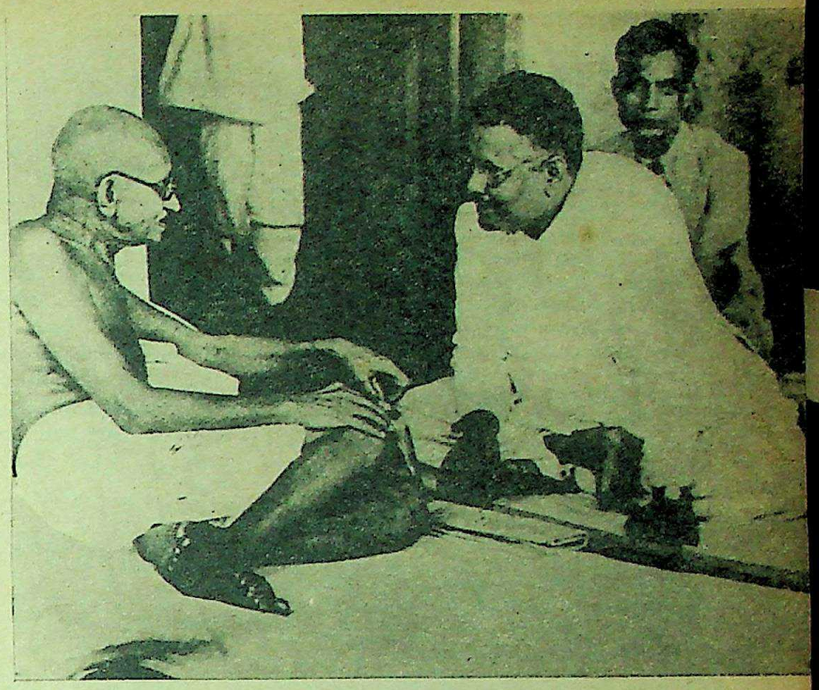
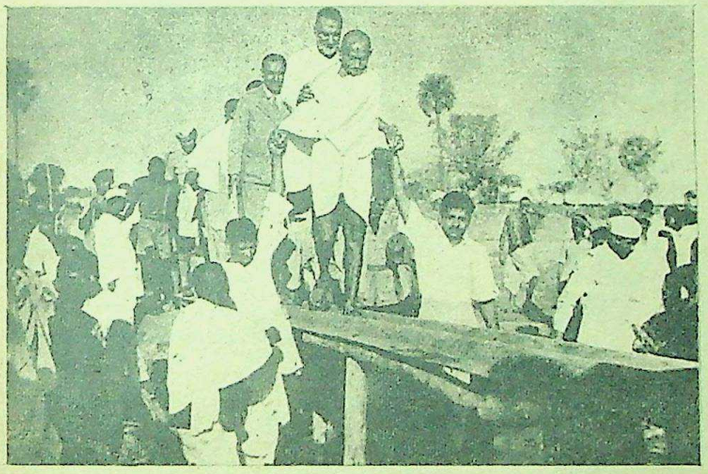


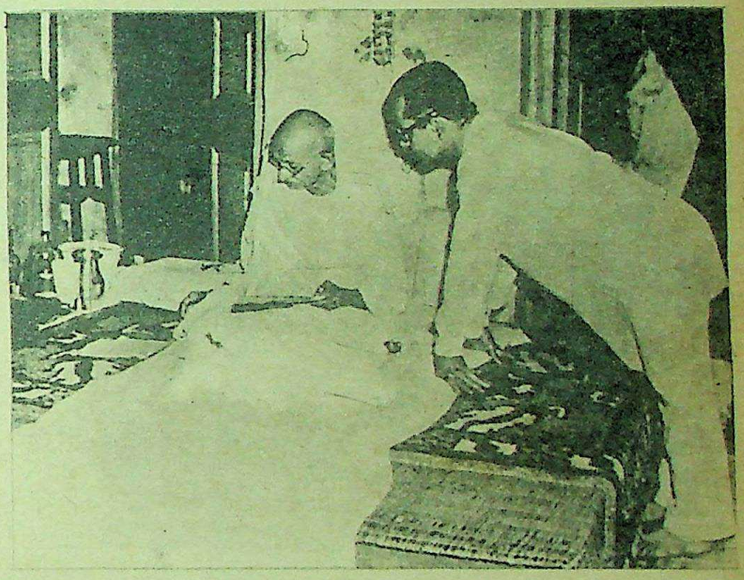
THE ALI BROTHERS. Maulana Mohamed Ali (left) and Maulana Shaukat Ali with whom Gandhi worked closely during the Khilafat movement.



TALKING TO THE Muslim League leaders in Calcutta, to restore communal harmony after the disturbances in 1947.



ON A TOUR of Bihar after the 1947 communal unrest.



IN CALCUTTA. Recuperating from a fast undertaken in 1947 in the cause of Hindu-Muslim unity. Below: With Maulana Anwarullah of Noakhali during the padayatra undertaken for communal harmony.

To revile one another's religion, to make reckless statements, to utter untruth, to break the head of innocent men, to desecrate temples or mosques, is a denial of God... It is true penance for a Mussalman to harbour no ill for his Hindu brother, and an equally true penance for a Hindu to harbour none for his Mussalman brother. I ask of no Hindu or Mussalman to surrender an iota of his religious principle. Only let him be sure that it is religion.

Photographs: courtesy, Gandhi Smarak Sangrahalaya, New Delhi: 5; Nehru Memorial Museum and Library, New Delhi: 2.

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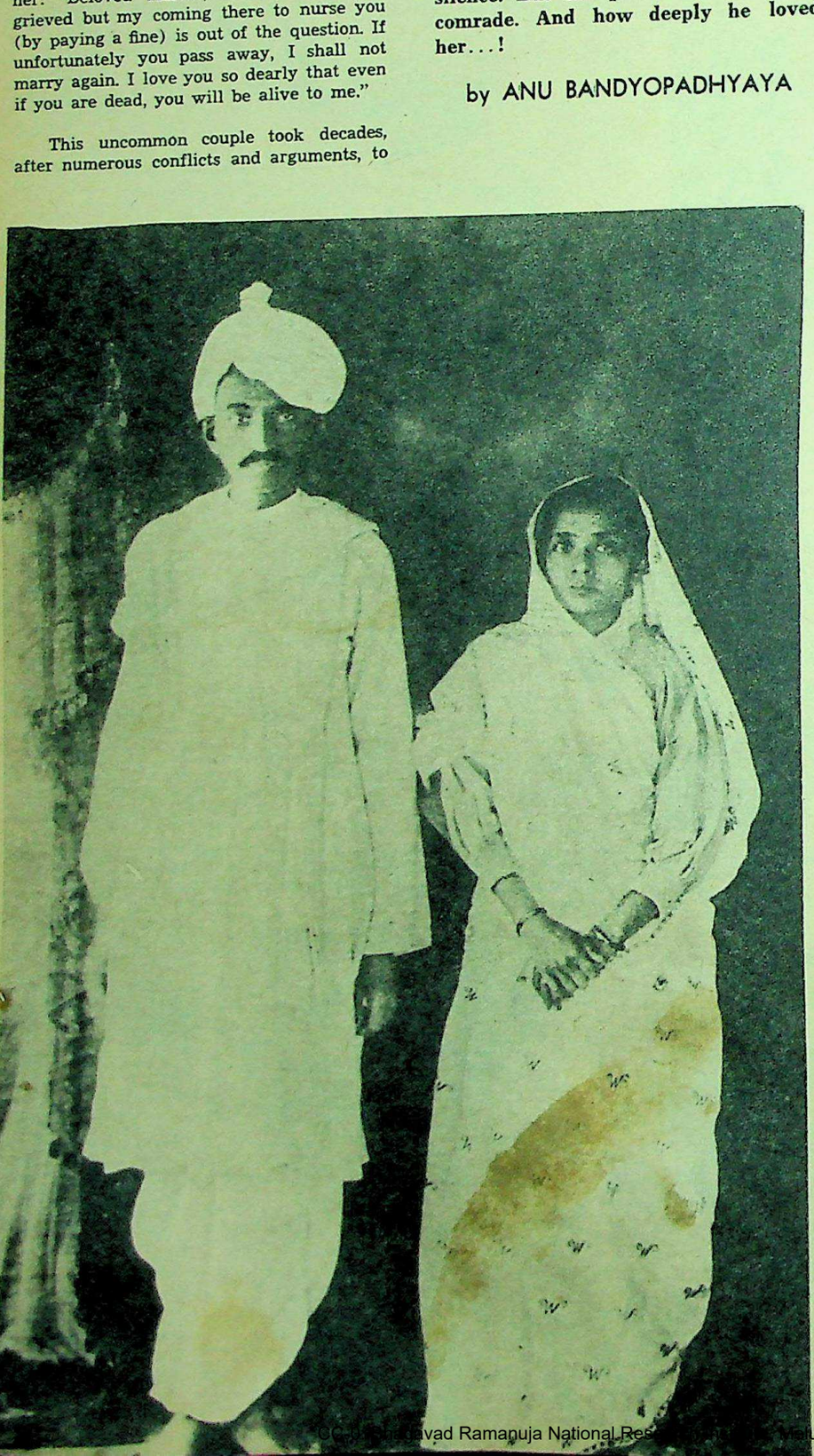
BA AND BAPU

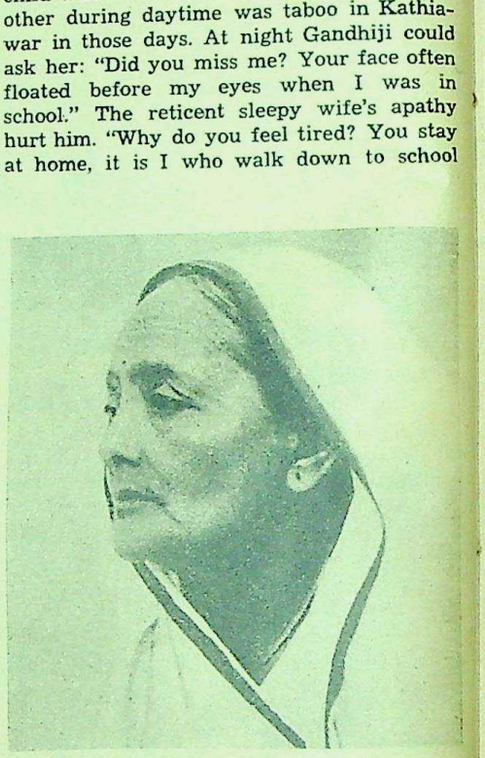
Married at the age of twelve, this extraordinary couple took years to understand each other. Both were strong-willed. She disapproved of many things he did. An idealist and a hard task master, he made her suffer in silence. But she proved a dependable comrade. And how deeply he loved her...!

by ANU BANDYOPADHYAYA

KASTURBA suffered from frequent haemorrhage and thrice narrowly escaped death. At 40, on Tolstoy Farm, she had a sudden and serious attack and writhed in pain. Gandhiji as usual was too busy and was late in coming to her bedside. When he came, tears streamed down her cheeks. Life seemed to ebb out from her. He felt awkward and guilty but told her bravely smiling: "Nothing to worry about if you die. There is plenty of wood, we shall cremate you here." Kasturba's face lit up with a smile and half the pain disappeared. Three years before this incident a telegram conveying Kasturba's grave condition reached Gandhiji in Volkrust Jail. He wrote to her: "Beloved Kastur, I am very much grieved but my coming there to nurse you (by paying a fine) is out of the question. If unfortunately you pass away, I shall not marry again. I love you so dearly that even if you are dead, you will be alive to me."

This uncommon couple took decades, after numerous conflicts and arguments, to reach a stage of peaceful identification with each other. They both were twelve when they got married. Gandhiji eagerly grasped the hand of the bride when it was placed on his during the kanyadan ceremony. To her last days Gandhiji never allowed that hold to slip off from her. His love was not protective but possessive and exacting. From pie-worth pamphlets the teen-age husband imbibed the idea that he must remain faithful to his wife till death. His passion was entirely centred on Kasturba and he wanted it to be reciprocated. He wished to make her an ideal wife and that led to frequent bickerings happily ending in truce. Refusal to speak to one another became the order of the day with schoolboy husband and child-wife. To meet or speak with each other during daytime was taboo in Kathiawar in those days. At night Gandhiji could ask her: "Did you miss me? Your face often floated before my eyes when I was in school." The reticent sleepy wife's apathy hurt him. "Why do you feel tired? You stay at home, it is I who walk down to school





and race back home, who attend to lessons for hours."

"I too go out to play with the neighbours or to worship in the temples with mother-in-law."

"You should not move about like that without my consent."

The proud and spirited girl felt miserable. There was absolutely no reason to question her fidelity, yet canker of suspicion wore him out and drove her to desperation. The more restraint Gandhiji tried to put on her, made her the more rebellious. At the same time, in keeping with the Hindu tradition, she tried her utmost to accept his views, to submit to his rulings. Gandhiji avowed she was his teacher in the practice of ahimsa and never acted as a temptress. So long Gandhiji wanted children she bore them. When he intended to observe brahmacharya, she readily acquiesced.

Twice, for three years, the young wife with a child was left in the care of Gandhiji's eldest brother. Being illiterate, Kasturba could not then correspond with Gandhiji who was thousands of miles away from her.

Gandhiji had every liberty to visit brothels (more than twice, misguided by bad company), to court an English girl, to

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take his landlady's daughters to restaurants, to race down a hill with a *memsahib*, to play bridge with an English lady who made indecent jokes. He could employ young accomplished lady secretaries. He could waste his precious time in humouring his women devotees, especially the Western ladies, just to make them feel at home. In 1920 he wrote to Kallenbach: "I have come in closest touch with a lady... I want you to see her. I call her my spiritual wife. A friend says it is an intellectual wedding." In addition, on a flimsy pretext he had the right to humiliate Kasturba by making her stay with her parents till she apologised. Gandhiji admitted that till he took to brahmacharya in 1906, he thought that "the wife was the object of her husband's lust, born to do his behests rather than a helpmate, a comrade and a partner of his joys and sorrows."

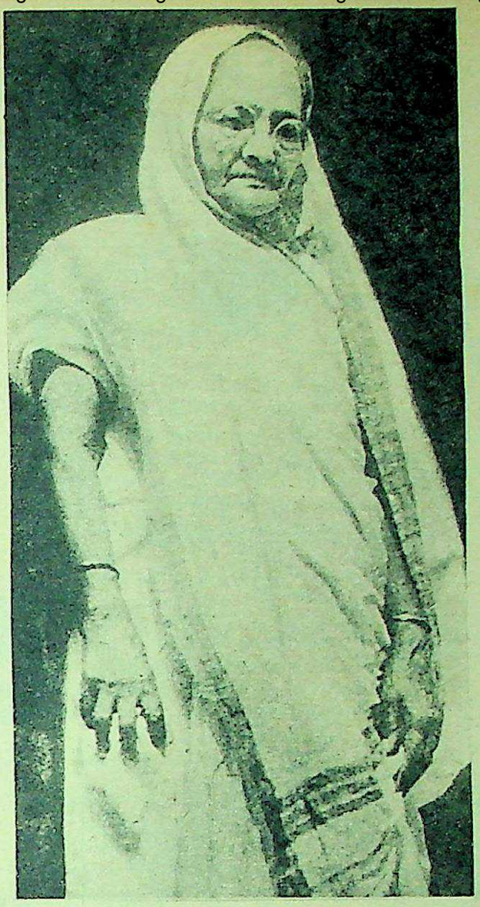
When Gandhiji failed to shine as a barrister in India he went to South Africa. Kasturba felt crestfallen. All her dreams and high hopes of the family were shattered because of Gandhiji's writing such discouraging letters to his nephew as: "Explain the situation here to your aunt. Life here is rather expensive. Try to convince her that it will be best for her to remain in India, but if she insists to come over here I shall not retreat from the promise I made to her on the eve of my departure."

Kasturba was determined to join him in South Africa. She had to don Parsi-style saris, wear socks and shoes and learn the use of forks and spoons. She had to forget caste-rules and entertain Muslim, Parsi and Christian guests in Durban. She had reasons to feel immensely pleased to get the first opportunity to run a house, to live in a fashionable way with her husband who was earning Rs 4,000 a month and employed four clerks to cope with his work. She could happily forget that once he failed to argue a simple case in the Bombay High Court and barely managed to earn Rs 300 a month.

But the spell was short-lived. Gandhiji allowed Lawrence, a Panchama Christian clerk of his, to stay with them and compelled Kasturba to clean the chamber-pot used by him. Her protest enraged the ardent social reformer who did not hesitate to show her the gate, saying: "I will not stand this nonsense in this house." Poor woman, away from her people, who had no education and no money of her own, had to yield to Gandhiji's tyranny.

With apprehension she noticed how a rapid change-over to a life of austerity, manual labour, voluntary poverty and insecure existence was coming in her husband's way of living. She began to cook, wash clothes, do other household chores and occasionally lend a hand to grinding wheat. She did not dare to ask for new dresses for her children but had to entreat a common friend, Mrs Polak, to do so. She was a witness to Gandhiji's indifference in equipping the sons with regular academic education.

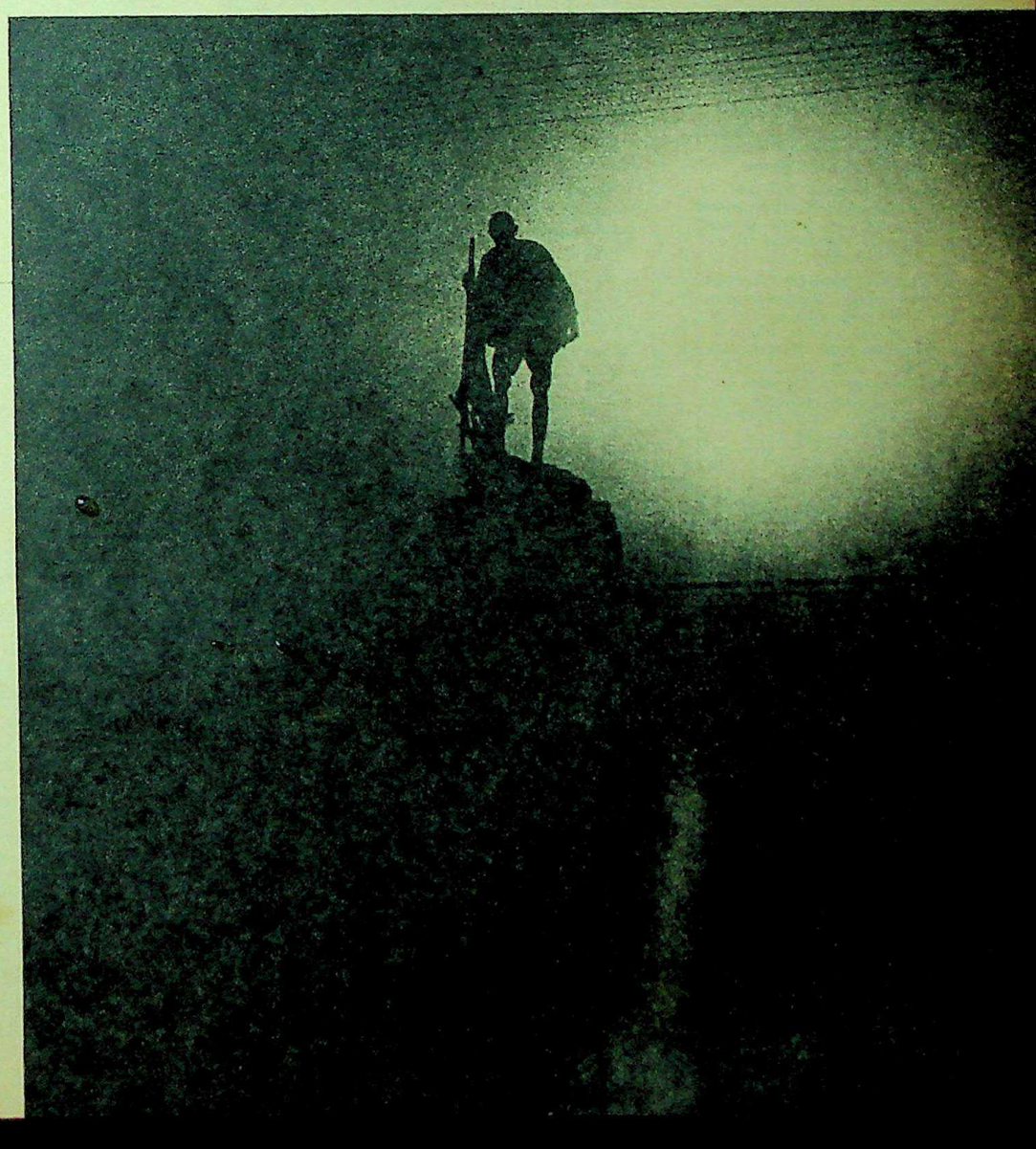
She disliked and misunderstood many things Gandhiji preached and practised but proved a very dependable comrade. She courted jail many times more than him. And yet she never escaped chastisement from him if she gave sweets to her grandchildren, washed her son's dhoti, lit a ghee-lamp on Gandhiji's birthday, fed Brahmin



jail-mates on an auspicious day, possessed a few khadi saris, kept four rupees aside for personal use, visited the Puri temple that was not open to the Harijans. Gandhiji was quick in publicising her drawbacks in the columns of his journal as "My Sorrow and my Shame".

To different persons Gandhiji wrote at different times: "I decided to take a Dher couple in the ashram. Mrs Gandhi rebelled against it. I have told her that she could leave me and we should part as good friends. Ba has not an even temper, she is not always sweet and she can be petty. The evil in Ba must not be resisted. She can no more go against her nature than a leopard can change his spots... So long as she does not consider you all with the same regard as Harilal, her staying in the ashram is in vain..."

As the wife of an arch rebel and reformer, a Mahatma practising the Gita-ideal of non-possession, detachment etc., Kasturba had to pay a heavy price for getting such compliments from Gandhiji: "Ba is brave as ever. She works beyond her capacity and strives to keep pace with her husband in many ways. Her father imposed on her a companion whose weight would have killed any other woman. I treasure her love... She stood by me in all my life's struggles with unwavering fidelity and dedicated herself to my life's mission body, soul and all, in a manner that has few parallels. We were a couple outside the ordinary. I cannot even imagine life without Ba. I feel the loss more than I thought I should."



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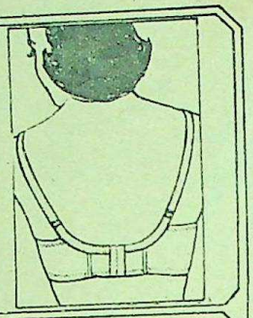

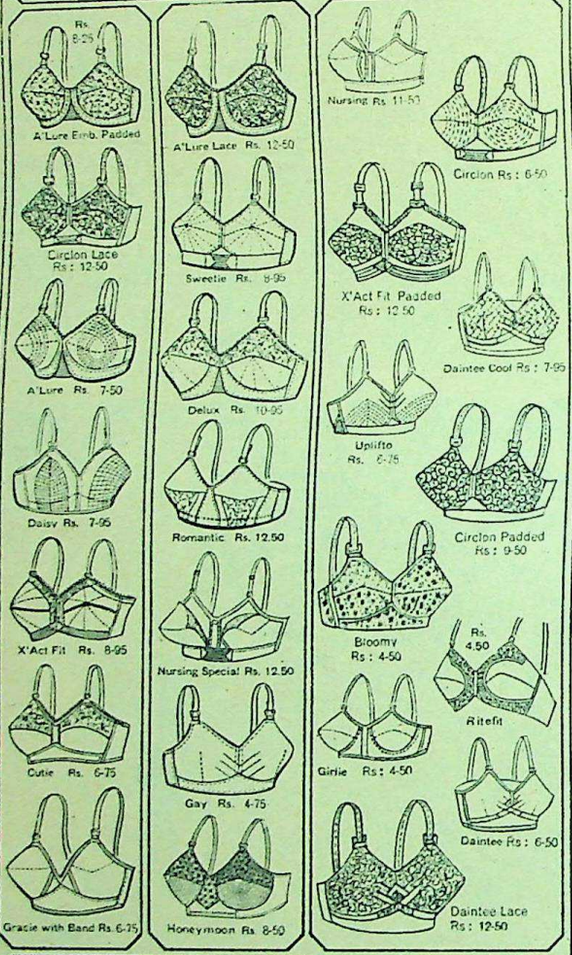

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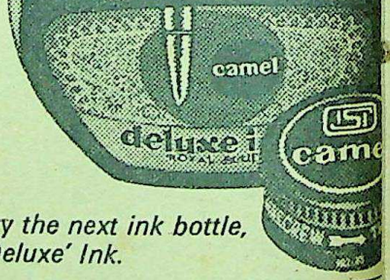

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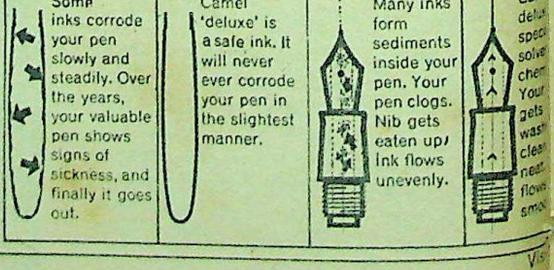

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Gandhiji As A Father

The sons of great men are usually overshadowed by their fathers. Gandhiji's sons had the added problem of living up to his most exacting standards. But was the Father of the Nation a good father to his own children...?

A TRAIN slowed down at a railway platform in the early hours of the day. A sick person, above forty, in dirty tattered clothes and dishevelled hair, raised the cry "Kasturba-mata-ki-jai". It was unusual, contrary to the practice of rending the air with "Mahatma-Gandhi-ki-jai." He moved up to a third-class compartment and handed over an orange to his mother saying: "This is for you, please eat it yourself." Seated at the other end of the berth, Gandhi asked his son: "Haven't you brought anything for me?" Apparently he had not. Why did he not bring anything for the celebrated Mahatma who was always besieged at every railway stop by a mad crowd of darshan-seekers?

In 1940 when the war was on, a correspondent, exasperated with Gandhiji's incessant teaching of ahimsa, wrote to him: "You have failed to take even your son with you, why not rest content with putting your own house in order?"

Gandhiji published his evasive reply to it in the *Harijan*: "The question has occurred to me before it did to anyone else. I am a believer in re-births. I regard the birth of a bad son to me as the result of my evil past, whether of this life or the previous one. My first son was born when I was in a state of infatuation. He grew up while I was growing up. He was the direct victim of my experiments and radical changes in my life. I believe I am the cause of the loss of my son and have therefore learnt patiently to bear it. His grievance against me has always been that I sacrificed him and his (three) brothers at the altar of what I wrongly considered to be public good. My other sons have laid more or less the same blame at my door."

WHY did all the four sons nurture a common complaint against the Father of the Nation for not equipping them with proper education and career that could lead to fame and wealth? Gandhi's third and fourth sons were born in South Africa. He never liked babies to be left in the care of nurses. When they were a couple of months old, he attended to their needs with great care and tenderness. When away from India he instructed a relative to read out to the lads Indian story-poems with a moral so that they would develop a deep love for truth. They were encouraged to take lessons in music. Gandhiji determined what they should eat (no foreign tinned baby food), how they should dress, how they should be taught elementary codes of ethics, what books they should read, what company they should keep and what amusements they should go for. The children did not languish for not getting parental care but for a surfeit of attention and interference from their scrupulous and conscientious father, who predominated their lives and eclipsed them to nonentity.

Whenever the simple, doting mother pleaded for them, wanted them to have new dresses, good shoes, tasty food, regular academic education, the rigid barrister-father, earning Rs 4,000 a month, muffed her voice with his pompous talk relating to the Gita-ideal. His decision was always final and irrevocable. Not that the sons did not want to follow him but they were handicapped by their limited capacities and stunted growth of mind. All their efforts to please their father ended in a dismal caricature of him.

Gandhiji refused to accept the fact that the rare spark of genius and ethical yet remarkably graceful way of life of the Mahatma could not be handed down to others who may practise the ritualistic codes verbally, who may live simply and frugally, who do manual labour, and court jail.

CONTRAVENING the Black Acts, Harilal and Manilal (about 20 years old) more than once underwent a sentence of hard labour in South Africa. Ramdas, too, courted jail. Devdas got imprisoned in India. Gandhiji was thrilled when they resorted to hunger-strike in jail. He wrote to Tolstoy: "My son has happily joined me in the struggle and is now undergoing imprisonment with hard labour for six months." After the separation, when the prodigal son courted jail in Calcutta as a civil resister in 1921, Gandhiji sent him the wire: "Well done, God bless you. Ramdas, Devdas and others will follow you."

When the same son made futile efforts to pass the matriculation examination at a late age (father of two children), Gandhi wrote to him: "Shake off this craze for examination. There is nothing to be ashamed of your being weak in Mathematics and general literary education. You could have learnt them had I given you the opportunity." In different letters his teenage second son expressed his longing for continuing his academic studies and distress for his inability to answer such questions as: "What are you going to do?" "What class are you in?"

Suggesting the answers: "Definitely not going to practise law or medicine. No need to learn something special to earn one's livelihood. He who works with hand and feet gets his livelihood. I am in Bapu's class," Gandhiji administered a big dose of moral preaching to his son: "To live a good life, to serve others without egoism is real education, all else is useless."

In spite of the assurance that they need not stand in awe of him or do anything out of fear of him, he chastised his second son for taking chillies—a *tamasic* ingredient—resorted to 14 days fast for his misbehaviour with girls and opposed him thus when he wanted to marry a Muslim girl: "I want you to get out of your infatuation. If you stick to Hinduism and she to Islam, it will be like two swords in one sheath. What should be the children's faith? (If you marry her) you won't be the right person to run *Indian Opinion* any more and it is impossible to come and settle in India. Ba's life will be embittered for ever."

When any of them dared to criticise him, he wrote back: "You have sinned in charging me with cruelty. It is your duty as a son not to take notice of my faults...a son writing in that manner..."

IN a relenting mood he would write: "Why a note of despondency in your letter? You feel insecure, you are not settled down, you feel your lack of education. You deserve to be loved. Tell me anything you want. I have given you reasons to be angry with me, please forgive the unintended wrongs I have done. There is something lacking in my love. I am so proud a father that I attribute perfection to my children. I grow impatient. It is an error. I ought not to be so much attached to you."

Knowing fully how eagerness to study haunted his sons' minds and how they were naturally somewhat dissatisfied with the experimental-stage education they were getting, he at times tried to put them at ease avowing: "Be sure Bapu will not be cruel to you, he is not indifferent to your interest. I will satisfy your desire for studies. One can get academic education later on. Have patience, have faith in Bapu." Their reluctant surrender to his rulings was nicely rewarded when, in spite of knowing how keen Harilal and Manilal were on going to England for study, Gandhiji one day declared: "Dr. Mehta wanted to educate one Phoenixite (resident of Phoenix Settlement) in England from a desire to train up one of my boys... That scholarship for Manilal should be used for some other boy... there is no reason to believe that England is particularly suited for any type of better education. I do not think it is necessary for Manilal to go to England in a hurry."

Gandhiji claimed that he possessed a special gift for analysis and discriminating right from the wrong: "Whether my judgement was right or wrong time alone will show to us." Time is not always a respector of great minds and it did show how mistaken Gandhiji was in saying: "I do not like your views but I have no suspicion about your character."

In his eagerness to get rich easily, his eldest son embezzled Rs. 30,000 and years later embraced Islam for a high bid. Gandhiji made a clean confession of the incident in *Young India* but wrote to his son: "I may believe that you did not commit the theft but the world will not. Mahadev has taken your place but the wish that it had been you still refuses to die. I would have died broken-hearted if I had no other sons." Kasturba too wrote to him: "Your father says nothing to anyone. I know how the shocks you are giving him are breaking his heart. He can only lament his fate."

ANU BANDYOPADHYAYA

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The Inheritors of Gandhi

—by T. C. JAIN

"Children are innocent, loving and benevolent by nature. Evil comes only when they become older."—Bapu.

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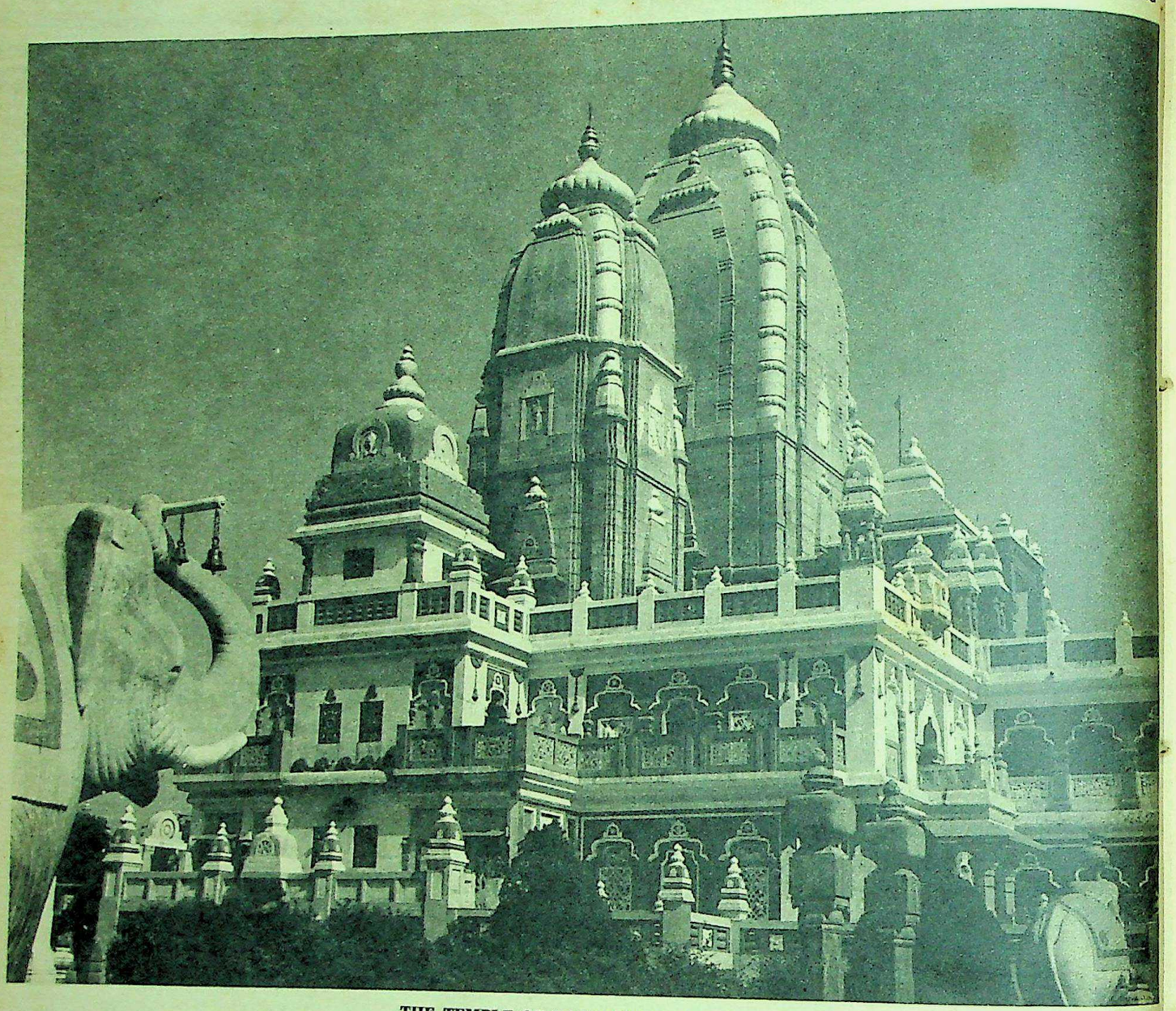
A Temple Of Gandhiji's Dreams

Photographs and Text by B. Krishna



THE TEMPLE OF LAKSHMINARAYAN in New Delhi was declared open on March 18, 1939, by Gandhiji to all, including Harijans. Its construction was inspired by Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, who joined Gandhiji in his crusade for the abolition of untouchability.

"In this temple of Krishna," said Gandhiji of the Lakshminarayan shrine in New Delhi, "untouchability and the idea of high and low are taboo. For me untouchability and the idea of high and low have no place in Hinduism." In the thirty years since it was declared open by him, the Lakshminarayan Temple, more popularly known as Birla Mandir, has in its own way helped promote Gandhiji's mission of eradicating untouchability.

NO single temple in India perhaps so symbolises Gandhiji's dream of Hindu society as the temple of Lakshminarayan in New Delhi, more popularly known as Birla Mandir. For one thing, this temple admitted Harijans into its fold from the moment its doors were thrown open to the public. For another, it has helped foster in Hindus and Harijans the kind of fellow feeling that gives the lie to the views on untouchability expressed by such men as the Sankaracharya of Puri.

That such reactionary views have been condemned by almost every section of the Hindu community is the result of the revolutionary change brought about in our thinking and practice by Gandhiji.

The Lakshminarayan Temple was declared open by Gandhiji on March 18, 1939. Its construction was inspired by the great Sanatanist, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, a Brahmin who willingly surrendered himself to Gandhiji and espoused along with him the abolition of untouchability.

Referring to the four varnas, Gandhiji expressed the view that none of them was superior. "Varna," he said, "does not connote superiority; it connotes different functions and different duties. Whoever has more of the earthly or spiritual goods has to perform more service to the community, has to be more humble. The moment untouchability and a sense of high and low crept in, Hinduism began to decline."

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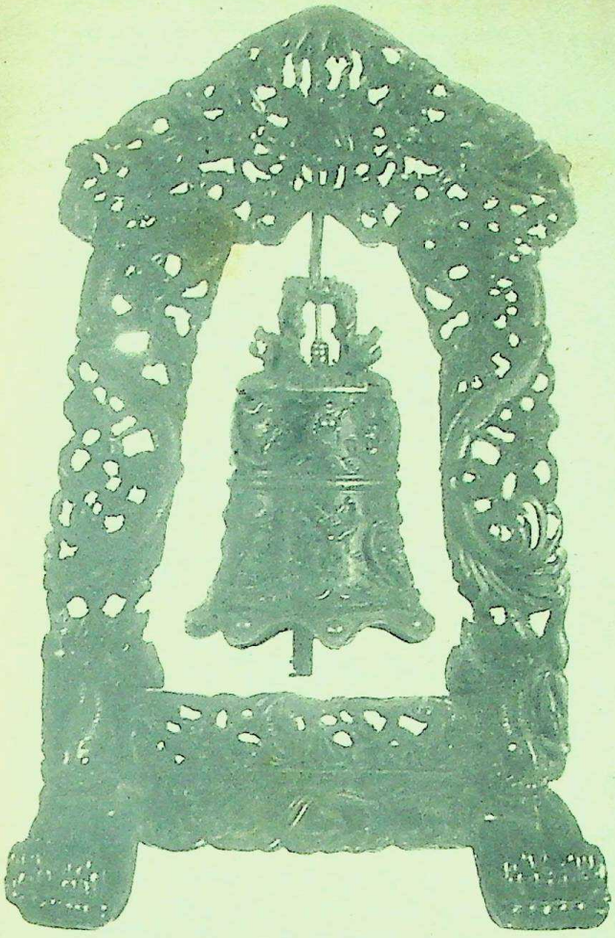

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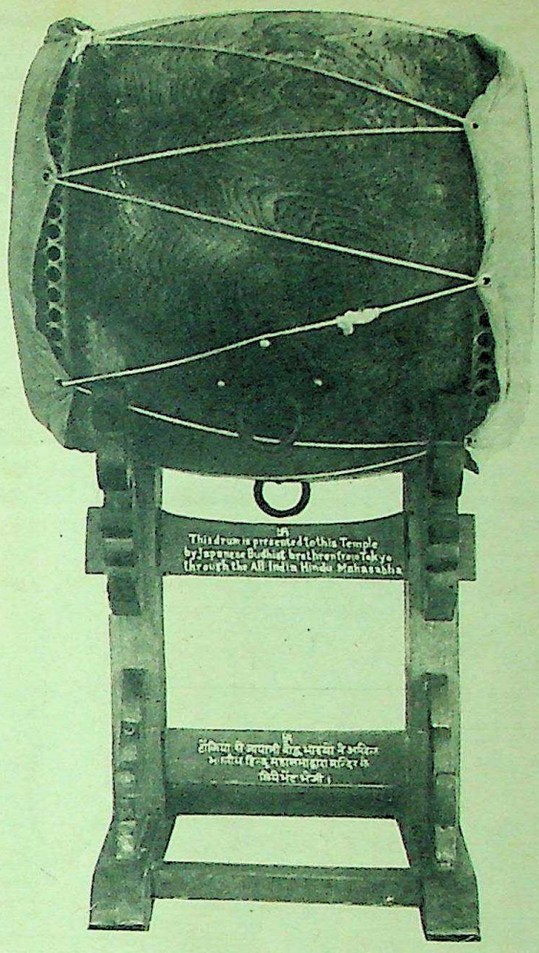


...and this drum from Japan.

REPLICA of an image of Bhairava from a temple in Java.

Birla Mandir is a unique institution. Its uniqueness lies not so much in its architecture as in its catholicity. It projects the entire spectrum of the Arya religion—its "five pillars", namely: the Sanatana Dharma, the Arya Samaj, Buddhism, Jainism and Sikhism; in fact, all the religious faiths born and enriched in India. A rich art-gallery displays them all in beautiful paintings or frescos. The Ramayana and the Mahabharata have been vividly depicted. There are life-size statues of celebrated Hindu kings, like Dharmaraj Yudhishthira, Chandragupta Maurya, Vikramaditya, Asoka and Prithviraj Chauhan. A Victory Column commemorates the glories of great Hindu and Sikh warriors like Rana Pratap, Shivaji, Guru Gobind Singh, Maharaja Ranjit Singh, Guru Tegh Bahadur, Vir Banda Vairagi, Maharani Padmini and Maharani Lakshmibai of Jhansi.

The founder of Sikhism, Guru Nanak, and some other Sikh Gurus, as also hymns from the *Guru Granth Sahib*, find a prominent place on the inner walls of the temple. And a redstone column devoted to Sikhism stands in the temple back-garden. There are also pictures of saints from other parts of the country: for instance, of Swami Ramakrishna Paramahamsa from Bengal, Sant Sankar Dev from Assam, Swami Ramanuja Acharya from Tamil Nadu, Sant Tukaram from Maharashtra and Sants Tulsidas, Kabir and Surdas from Uttar Pradesh, either painted on walls or engraved on white marble.

The temple does not confine itself to India. It gives visitors a glimpse of Hinduism's relationship with countries outside India's frontiers. There are beautiful specimens of Hindu temples in South-East Asia and Far East countries in redstone engravings. The one which particularly attracts notice for its excellent workmanship is a replica of Javanese art—an image of Bhairava, Siva "the Terrible Destroyer", as seen in a temple in Java, on a redstone plate, wearing a necklace of skulls, riding his vahan, the crocodile, and holding in his hands a trisula, a cup of deadly poison and a damaru.

The opening ceremony of the temple was attended by Buddhist monks, and the shrine received messages of goodwill from the Governments of China and Japan through their Consuls-General in India. While the Japanese message described the Buddhists and the Hindus as belonging to "the same original religion—the Arya Dharma—and as such brothers in faith", the Chinese expressed the "hope that the inauguration of the two temples (of Lakshminarayan and the Buddha) will serve to strengthen the bond of brotherhood between the followers of Buddhism and Hinduism—the two great branches of the same Arya Dharma.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

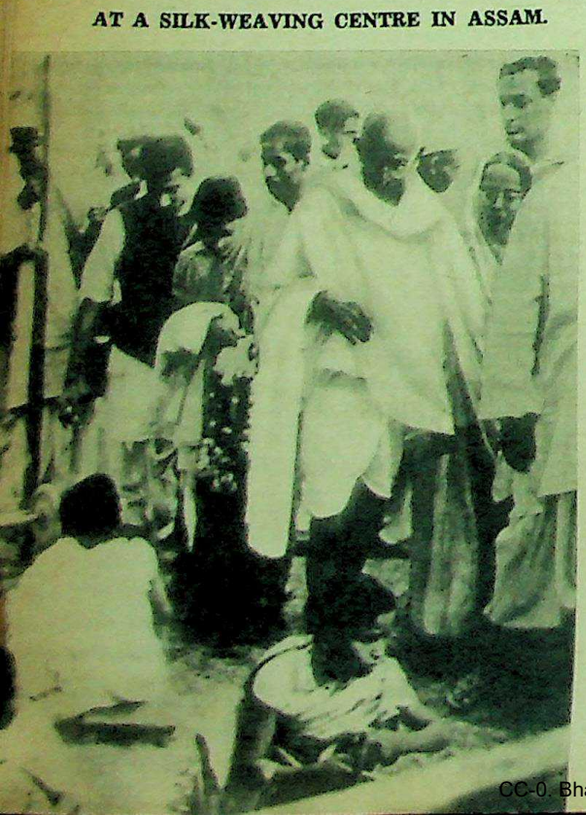
EXAMINING THE CHARKHA before a spinning session. —Kirti Krishna Ladia

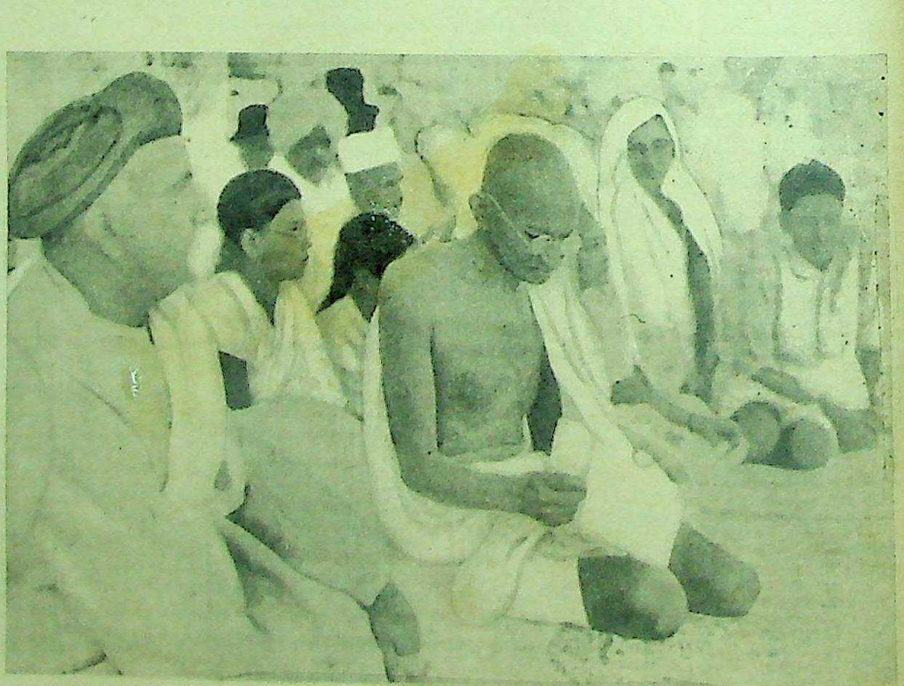
"I consider it [illegible] securing home-spun yarn...The wheel began merrily to hum in my room, and I may say without exaggeration that its hum had no small share in restoring me to health. I am prepared to admit that its effect was more psychological than physical... I now grow impatient for the exclusive adoption of khadi for my dress... My work... is to organise the production of homespun cloth, and to find means for the disposal of the khadi thus produced... I swear by this form of swadeshi because, through it, I can provide work to the semi-starved, semi-employed women of India. My idea is to get these women to spin yarn, and to clothe the people of India with the khadi woven out of it."

The Swadeshi Movement

"I have never been an advocate of prohibition of all things foreign because they are foreign. My economic creed is a complete taboo in respect of all foreign commodities, whose importation is likely to prove harmful to our indigenous interests. This means that we may not, in any circumstances, import a commodity that can be adequately supplied from our own country... I would not countenance the boycott of a single foreign article out of ill-will or a feeling of hatred."

AT A SILK-WEAVING CENTRE IN ASSAM.





INAUGURATING a Swadeshi Exhibition in Indore (1934).

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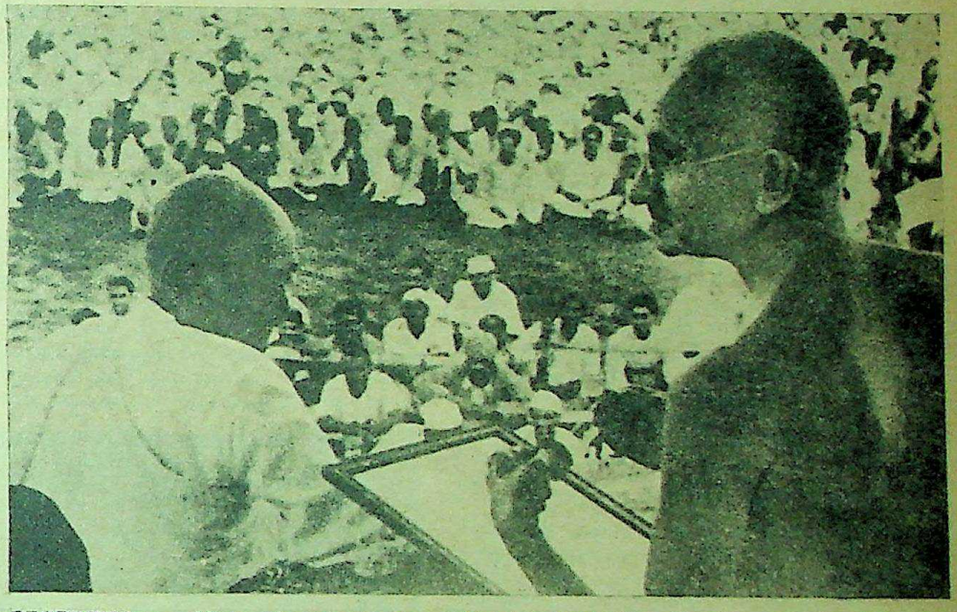
ON A TOUR of the Harijan colonies in Orissa.

COLLECTING FUNDS for Harijan welfare on a visit to Bengal in 1946.

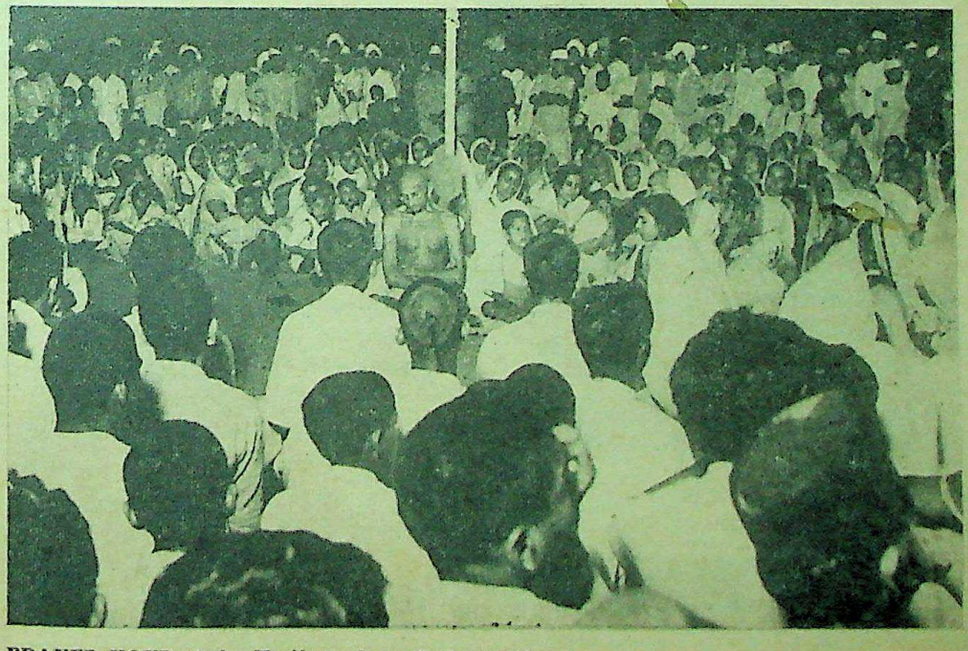
Harijan Welfare

"Varna has nothing to do with caste. Caste is an excrescence, just like untouchability, upon Hinduism... But don't you find similar ugly excrescences in Christianity and Islam also? Fight them as much as you like. Down with the monster of caste that masquerades in the guise of varna... Caste has nothing to do with religion. It is harmful both to spiritual and national growth."

(Photographs by courtesy of the Gandhi Smarak Sangrahalaya Samiti, New Delhi)



RECEIVING an address of welcome at a gathering of Harijans in Varanasi.



PRAYER HOUR at the Harijan colony, Delhi (1947)

AT A TEMPLE-ENTRY meeting, during a tour of South India.

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Interstate Marriages

by NERGIS DALAL

Will marriage between people of different States bring about the national identity we seem to have lost in India? Does society still present a barrier to such a union? The author finds that the couples themselves have a perfect understanding in spite of cultural and linguistic differences. Will some of it rub off on to friends and neighbours?

THE consequences of Independence in India have at times been extremely disagreeable. The division of the country into linguistic States meant that territory after territory separated itself, not only from the Centre, but from other States. Each State became a small island, with its own regional language, its own policies and its own strong regional loyalties. We are beginning to think of ourselves as Maharashtrians, Punjabis, Telenganas and Andhras instead of as Indians. We no longer have any national identity.

There are certain communities to which State boundaries mean nothing. A common culture, a common language hold them together. A Muslim will marry another Muslim from any State, and indeed from any country. Parsis, Sikhs, and Christians—to all of them State boundaries are non-existent.

The most State- and region-conscious community, therefore, are the Hindus, divided as they are into castes and sub-castes, and separated by linguistic barriers. Between Hindi-speaking North and Dravidian South, and in such powerful States as Gujarat, Maharashtra, Andhra and Mysore, the barriers are cultural as well as linguistic. In fact many States have divested themselves of their Indian identity, so that sometimes there seems hardly any sense in speaking of an Indian nation.

Breaking Social Barriers

Dr Bhagat Singh, the Social Welfare Minister of the Punjab, has evolved a scheme to promote interstate marriages, which he feels will be the beginning of a breakthrough in social barriers. Sometimes these interstate marriages cause more complications than intercommunal marriages.

Vimla and Anil Kaul both work as Professors in a college. Vimla is from Madras, Anil from Kashmir. They met in Delhi where they were both doing post-graduate courses. Their only common language is English, and Anil says when he told his family that he was going to marry Vimla, his mother said at once, "Is she black?" And then, "I refuse to have black grandchildren." Vimla is indeed very dark with a beautiful smooth skin, long jet black hair and a lovely smile. Anil has brown hair and light grey eyes. Vimla's family was as opposed to the match as Anil's. There were hundreds of nice boys in Madras, they told her, why did she have to choose a *foreigner*? For some months Anil and Vimla decided not to see each other so that they could think over the whole situation. But they found that if they had to choose between their families and being together, then they would rather have each other, even if it meant never seeing their families again. They have a very beautiful baby, "copper-coloured" Vimla calls her, but neither family has relented. "I hope when she grows up," says Vimla rather bitterly, "that she will never think of another Indian as a *foreigner*."

Difficulties in interstate marriages arise nearly always with the families concerned, and not with the society in which they live. Fifty years ago this was not so, and society as well as the family, were disapproving.

The North has always felt culturally very different from the South and the Southerners consider themselves no less different from Northerners. I have heard enlightened people from the South, say, "We have all the brains. It's all that buffalo milk that they drink in the north which makes them dull." And I have heard people from the North say, "Oh these Southerners. They don't know how to live. I admit their houses are spotlessly clean—but why not? They have nothing in them!" A common fallacy held by idealists is that all people of one country have a common affinity for each other.

The next couple I interviewed had startlingly different backgrounds. Bharati is from a very prosperous family in Ahmedabad—Gujarati industrialists with business connections in Kenya. Her husband is a Sindhi, originally from Karachi, but now from Bombay. Neither Robi Thadani's family nor Bharati's family put up any strong objection to the marriage. If they were not exactly enthusiastic, at least they did not put any obstacles in the way of the two young people getting married. But the families were so different. Bharati's mother and Robi's mother couldn't communicate.

The young couple are living with Robi's family until they can get a flat. Bharati found everything strange—customs, dress and food. She was a vegetarian and had to cook her own meals and eat them rather miserably at one corner of the large dining table. Robi finds he can't stand Gujarati food. They laughed as they talked about it. "Everyone has problems, but honestly ours seem out of all proportion to the situation. Here we are, two Indians, born and brought up in India, and yet there are so many differences in the way we live, that it is almost like marrying a foreigner." Robi has never exchanged a word with his mother-in-law, and Bharati talks to Robi's mother in English. Bharati finds it difficult to make friends with Robi's sisters. "They are so very modern," she said. "Always going out with boys and dancing at discotheques, and wearing tight trousers. And they use so much make-up. I never use anything except kajal and they think I am a square." She grinned at the word. "I learnt it from them!" she said. Was she sorry that she had

WELL-KNOWN POET Gopal Sharman is from the Punjab and his actress wife Jalabala is a Maharashtrian. Their poetry recitals have been very popular abroad.

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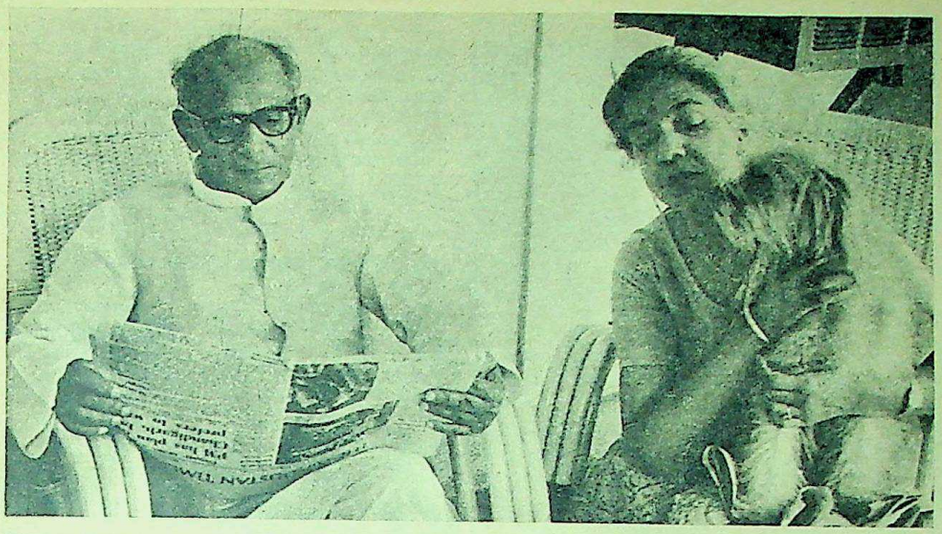

THE SADIQ ALIS have an interstate as well as an intercommunity marriage. He is a Muslim from Rajasthan and she is a U.P. Hindu. Sadiq Ali is the general secretary of the Congress.

married Robi instead of another Gujarati? She shook her head "Oh no. Between Robi and me everything is all right. It's everyone else." She sighed. "I suppose I will get used to it. But if I have a baby, I plan to take him home frequently, so that he grows up, as it were, in two environments. We have to stop separating people in our minds as well as in fact."

At the lower income level there are far less mixed marriages, partly because at this level there is greater conservativeness, and more orthodoxy, and also because of the money. When Leela Rao told her mother she was going to marry a Punjabi boy there was plenty of trouble. Leela is a nurse in a big hospital, Lalit a fitter-mechanic. Lalit's mother's objections were strong. "Marry outside," she said, "and you will get not a penny as dowry." Lalit wasn't bothered, but his mother was angry. That dowry would have helped to get his sister married. Had he no thought for his family? Did he no longer care for all of them? Leela too had her troubles. Why a North Indian? her family asked. They were so snooty and colour-conscious. What if the children were dark? There was so much hostility and anger, that finally Leela and Lalit went off to Tirupati and were married before the Lord of the Seven Hills. No one came to the wedding. They were all alone. They have a two-room apartment, spotlessly clean, meagerly furnished. When I met them, Leela was expecting a child. What language would he speak?

Leela giggled. "I speak Tamil and a bit of English. Lalit speaks English, Hindi and Punjabi. We will make the baby speak all the languages. Our families have cut us off, so he will be neither Punjabi nor South Indian. He will be nothing—just Indian. I'm not worrying about what's to be done and what will come. I am just going to concentrate on bringing up my child the best way possible. For me that is all that matters."

Lalit, very thin and tall, smiled. "You know," he said, "because we come from such different backgrounds, we still talk to each other for hours. We have been married a whole year and still there are things I don't know about Leela."

Toynbee claimed that the only solution to the problem of Black Americans was intermarriage to the point where there was total assimilation. One might also say that intermarriages in India, between different communities and between people of different States, could be the solution to the problems of provincial and regional loyalties

The India we live in now exists as it does because of the way we think about one another and because of our incapacity to learn to think differently. Society is faced with certain difficulties in the application of this essential social technique of assimilation. To give something like historic identity to an amorphous mass of people means a disruptive change—but when that identity is achieved it will have made an important contribution to the national policy of integration.

It seemed fitting and hopeful, that the last couple I interviewed, although belonging to very orthodox families, were getting married without the slightest opposition from either family. Manoj Gupta comes from an extremely orthodox U.P. family. Manoj's mother is an old friend of mine, very conservative and opposed to all modern innovations. Manoj went to college, quite frankly as her mother put it, "to get a degree so that we could arrange a good marriage for her without paying too much dowry". But Manoj found college challenging and exhilarating. and came through with flying colours and a scholarship to Oxford.

This was something her family had not envisaged, but it would have been unthinkable to refuse her this opportunity to study further. Manoj got a first at Oxford too, and returned a very accomplished and confident young woman. She landed an excellent job with a foreign bank, which is where she met Pradip Chatterjee. There was no crisis in the family, although Manoj was probably the very first member of a large family to be marrying outside her caste and State. The families were happy that the young people liked each other. Manoj laughs—"Pradip can't speak any Hindi and I don't know Bengali, so we speak to each other in English. It seems funny when we are both Indians." Problems? "Honestly, there just aren't any," she said.

Integration is essential to the successful achievement of a strong India, undivided by cultural or linguistic divisions. In time the differences between States. between communities and between castes must be ironed out, and the hybrid mixture of cultures and backgrounds must find some point of fusion. When that day comes we will be Indians—not Muslims, Sikhs, Hindus, Parsis or Christians—not Punjabis, Gujaratis, Sindhis, Andhras, or Maharashtrians—just Indians.

MUSICIAN PANDIT JASRAJ'S home state is Haryana while his wife Madhura hails from Maharashtra. Their children speak both Hindi and Marathi.

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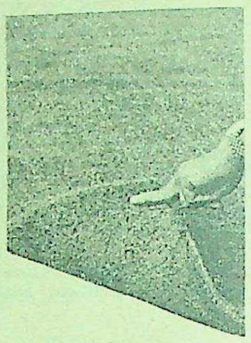

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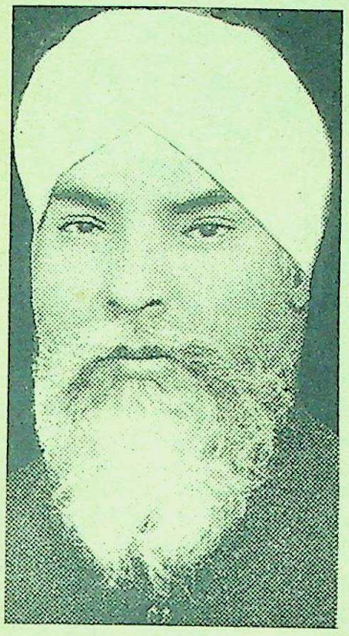
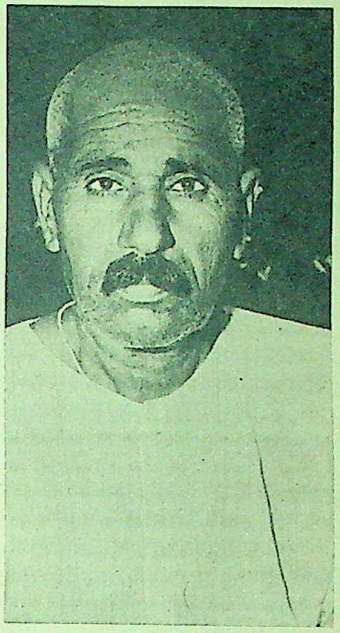
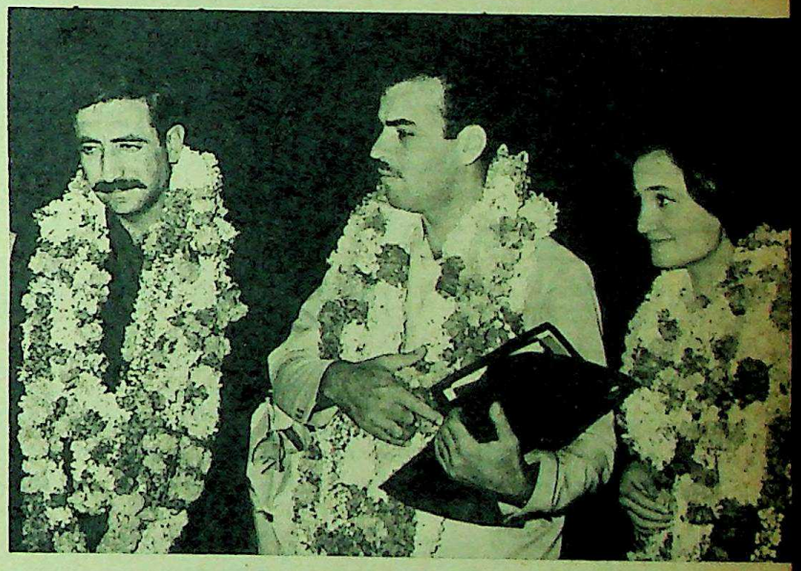
In The News

HARIJAN UPLIFT. This imposing clay model of Bapu reaching out to lift up a Harijan boy is a big attraction in the Maharashtra pavilion of the Gandhi Darshan exhibition which opened this week in New Delhi.

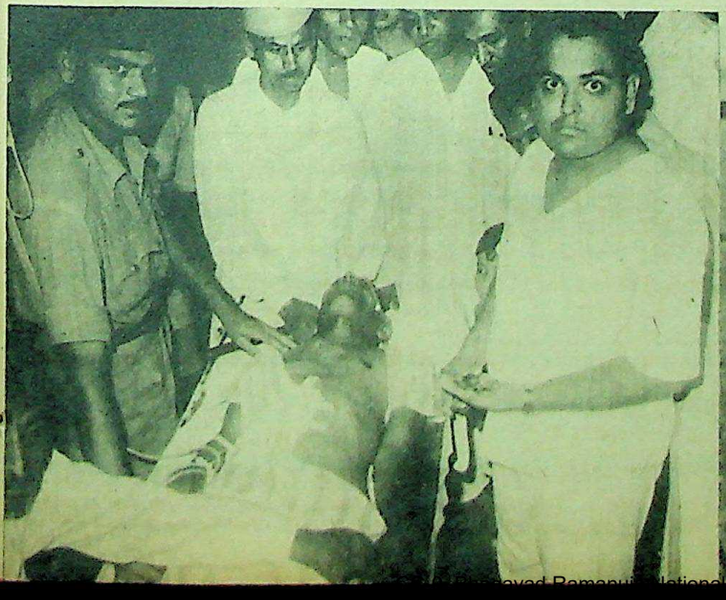


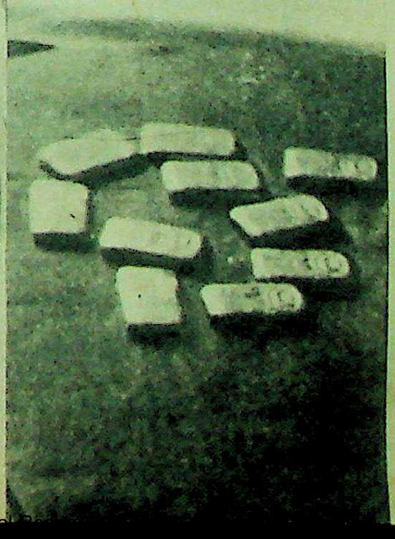


STORM OVER CHANDIGARH. Darshan Singh Pheruman (77) has been on a fast unto death in Amritsar, since August 15, in pursuance of his demand for the inclusion of Chandigarh and the Bhakra complex in the Punjab. President of the Punjab unit of the Swatantra Party until he decided to go on fast, he belongs to the sect of Sikh Jathedars. Right: The counter-fast. Udey Singh Mann, a former MLC, began his fast unto death in Rohtak on September 1—he wants Chandigarh to be included in Haryana. He is under arrest on a charge of "attempted suicide".



MOUNIR ASSAL, Mohamed Abou Mizar and Gihane El Helou, members of the Al Fatah delegation in India to explain the Palestinian problem. Some political parties are not as enthusiastic about their presence as the Government of India which has just received a rebuff at the Islamic summit conference in Rabat.





HE COULDN'T STOMACH THEM. A lunch costing Rs 20,000 proved too much to a middle-aged smuggler of Delhi, Hari Ram. It consisted of ten gold biscuits. Doctors recovered the costly dish after an operation.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

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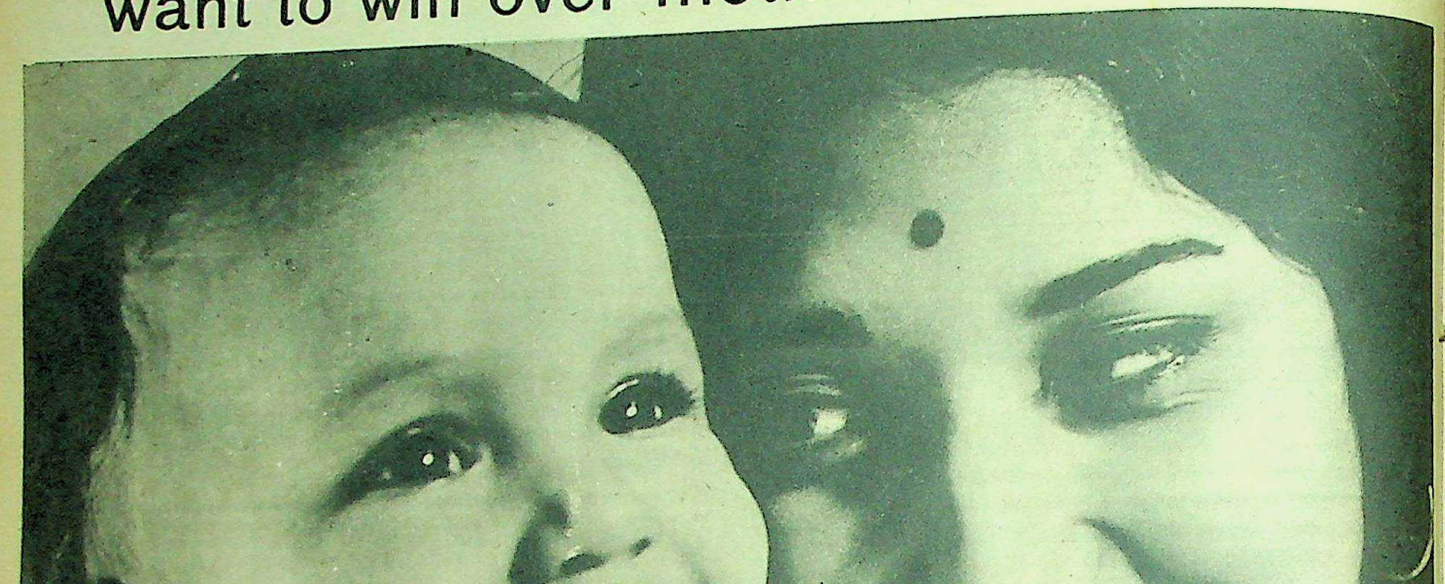

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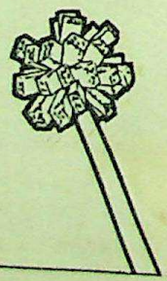
Morisons Feeder Brush— to clean hard-to-reach parts of feeding bottles hygienically.



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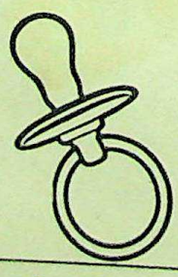
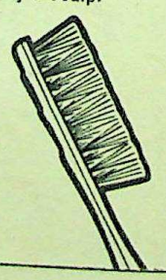


Morisons Baby's First Hair Brush —bristles are firm but soft with rounded tips, so as not to hurt baby's scalp.



Morisons Spillproof Baby Tumbler —Unbreakable. Spillproof. Helps wean baby away from bottle naturally.

Mother and Morisons are baby's best friends

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I Believe...

by Jagadguru Shankaracharya of Sharada Peeth, Dwaraka

The cosmos is subject to a plan, says His Holiness, and a plan must have a planner. Institutionalised Religion promotes harmony in society. Permissive sex will lead to chaos. The fruits of one's actions one reaps in this life itself or in a subsequent birth.

WE do believe in God. Wherever we cast our eyes, we discern and experience evidence of some systematic plan. The cosmos is subject to this plan, some fundamental, eternal rules governing all its functions.

The plan cannot originate by itself, nor can the rules. A plan must have a planner and rules must have for them a maker or some Potential Power. By whatever name we call this planner or maker of rules—or the Potential Power—we understand Him by the word "God".

God is Brahma

The ultimate analysis of things or elements points to a Oneness, and that Oneness is God. The phenomena of the universe cannot be explained adequately without conceiving of their having sprung from an eternal, ever-throbbing element. This element or the Potential Power that guides, governs and plans the whole universe—we call it God. The appropriate word for it is "Brahma": it is derived from the Sanskrit root *brihm* (to grow). The element referred to above grows and manifests itself in a wide variety of forms. The unknown Potential Power that creates, protects and destroys the cosmos is Brahma or God.

Religion, in its true sense, is a means to attain moral elevation and/or to develop devotion to the Divine, the Highest. It is therefore a purely personal matter for every individual, a mode of conduct for one's life. But the word "Religion" is generally used or understood in the context of a common mode of conduct of a group. Many individuals conforming to this mode or to the same religion make it institutionalised.

Any individual is at liberty to deviate from such institutionalism and observe his religion according to his conscience. But Institutionalised Religion should prevail, for it leads to harmony, spells solidity and fosters firmness in the observance of a common conduct.

The Potential Power also rules right and wrong. If It rules in such a way that wrong triumphs over right, there will be disorder in life and nobody will know how to live.

Disciplined Democracy

The political set-up desirable for a country depends on the stage of evolution its people have reached. For India, we should like to see democracy established, but a democracy that is disciplined. The state should help the people to lead a righteous life according to their own religious dispensations. Democracy, however, should not dictate the life of the people *en masse*, by its own casual majority will or convenience or doctrines so as to endanger the solidarity of the nation or mode of conduct of individuals.

Family—the Pivot

The institution of marriage should be preserved inasmuch as marriage enables us to fulfill the fundamental concept of family life. In an organised society marriage is the pivot of the family. We believe in the continuance of family life since it imparts a sense of security. The foundation of a healthy and peaceful family life lies in monogamy.

Permissive sex, despite its gaining popularity in some parts of the world, will not last long, and will be restricted to a few individuals. If it prevails, there will be anarchy and unhappiness in society.

A man can get the best out of life if he has contentment and is resigned to the will of the Almighty. He must exert himself to the best of his ability, with patience, perseverance and honesty, to prosper in the profession of his choice.

Since man belongs to the highest order of creation, he should discipline his mind and senses so as to enhance the godly elements in him.

Resignation to God

Even after a lifetime of sincere toil, if one does not prosper to one's expectations, one must regard it as the will of God and resign oneself to Him. Resignation to God develops a detached view that helps one to remain unaffected by pleasure or pain, happiness or misery.

Frustrations and setbacks in life are as much the dispensation of Providence as success and advancement.

The phenomenon of death is not total annihilation. There is no destruction of the soul, in fact not even the total destruction of the body, because the body, when burnt or buried, dissolves itself into the external elements and mixes with them.

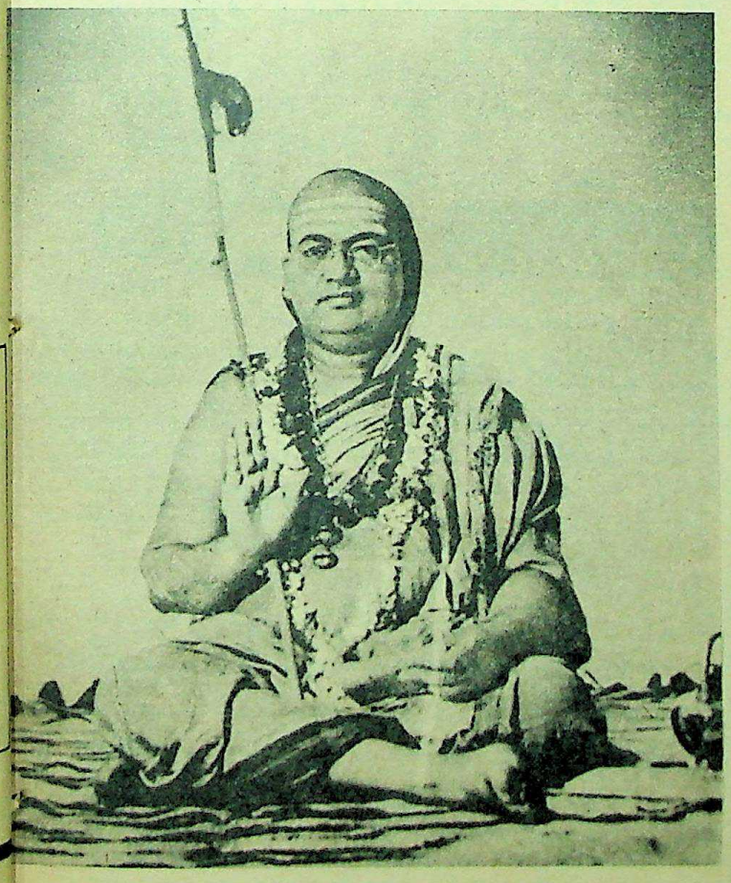
Law of Karma

We believe in the resurrection of life. The life of every human being—of every creature in fact—consists of many activities, good and bad, and these must have their consequences. The *Arya-shastras* accept the theory of Karma, i.e., one reaps the fruits of one's deeds.

The consequences of one's actions do not lose force on one's death. They are enjoyed or endured by the doer in a subsequent birth.

Persons with true knowledge attain *jivanmukti*, freedom from the cycles of births.

Next Week: KAPUR SINGH ("Religion is a flight of the alone to the Alone.")



Shri Abhinava Sachchidanand Teerth Swami Maharaj was installed the Shankaracharya of Sharada Peeth, Dwaraka, in 1945. He is a linguist and a profound exponent of Advaita. He is the author of over sixty books. During his tours in India he propagates religion and philosophy and works for educational, cultural and spiritual uplift.

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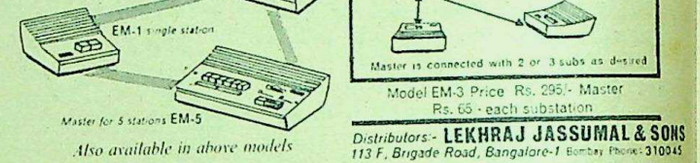

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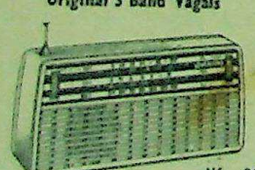

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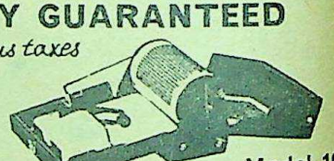

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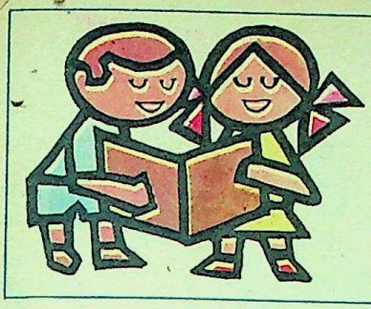


OUR YOUNG FOLKS' LEAGUE

BAPU SHOWED THE WAY

My dear Nieces and Nephews,

I still remember the day when Gandhiji was shot dead. I cried and cried as if my own father had left me. There were so many like me all over the country who wept bitterly at the great loss. It seemed to us as though the world had come to an end.

Why did Gandhiji mean so much to us? What was it that made us feel so close to him? Many of us had never met him. Some of us were too young to understand fully the meaning of his teachings. And yet he had become a part of us. A person whom we respected and loved and in whom we had complete faith. What was it that drew us to this humble man? He was no raja or king with power to rule over people. Nor was he a supernatural being. He was not big, strong or impressive-looking. He was just a small, lean, simple man who led a simple life. And yet millions of people became his followers. Among them were all kinds of people, rich and poor, great and small.

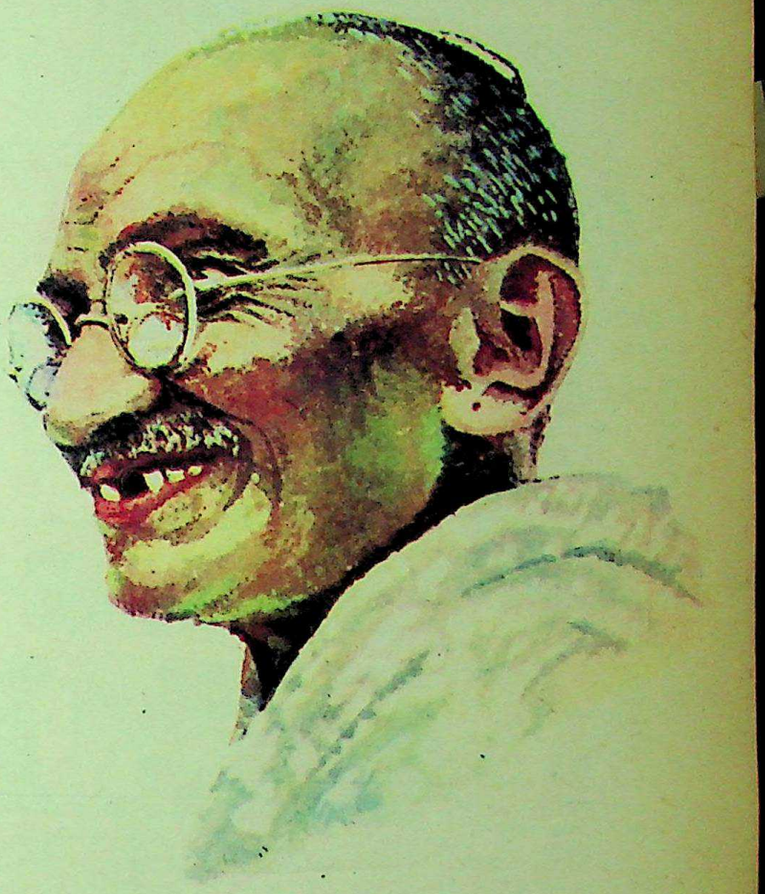
The humblest as well as the greatest came to learn from him. Tagore respected him, Rajaji admired him, Nehru adored him, Maulana Azad looked to him for guidance. So did thousands of others; thinkers, writers, poets, artists, teachers and ordinary men, women and children. To all of them he was not only a leader who guided and showed the way, but also "Bapu", their beloved father.

There were so many things about Gandhiji that brought all these people to him. There were so many things in him that made him dear to those of us, too, who were young in those days.

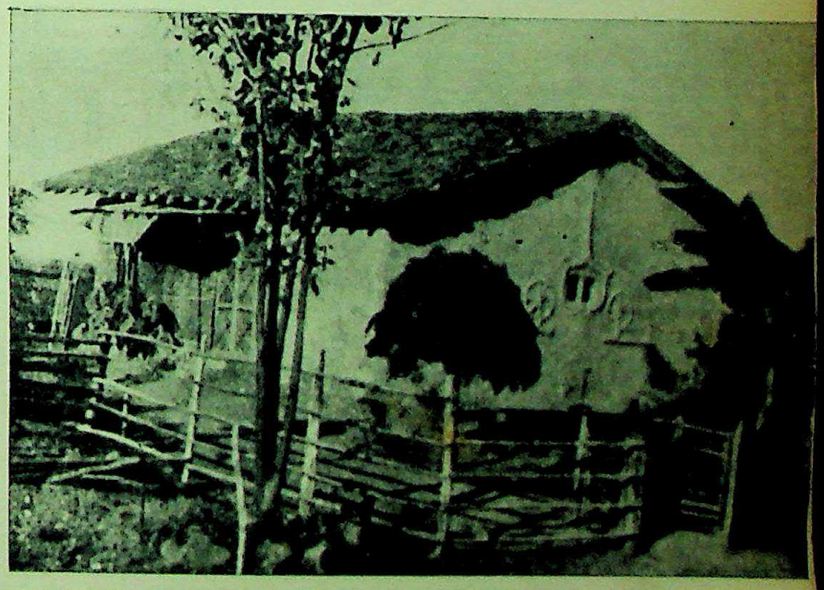
But what attracted us immediately to him were his honest, loving and selfless ways. He lived a very hard life without any comforts. He suffered untold hardships for the sake of his people. He believed in love and won over even his enemies with it. Whatever he taught us to do, he first did it himself.

Gandhiji had no love for position. He only wanted to serve his fellow men. For himself he wanted nothing. For almost fifty years he fought for India's freedom. At last the day came when she became free. On August 15, 1947,

—*Continued*



WHILE INDIA CELEBRTATED HER INDEPENDENCE in August 1947, Gandhiji, who was mainly responsible for this freedom, had no time to join in any celebrations. He went to the cities and villages of Bengal where the Hindus and Muslims were fighting among themselves. He helped the suffering and begged the people to live with love and friendship.



THE HUT in which Gandhiji lived in Sevagram, near Wardha. It had no modern comforts. But he lived with these hardships because thousands of his fellow men had to live in those conditions.

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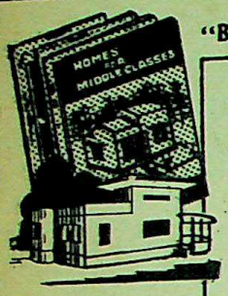

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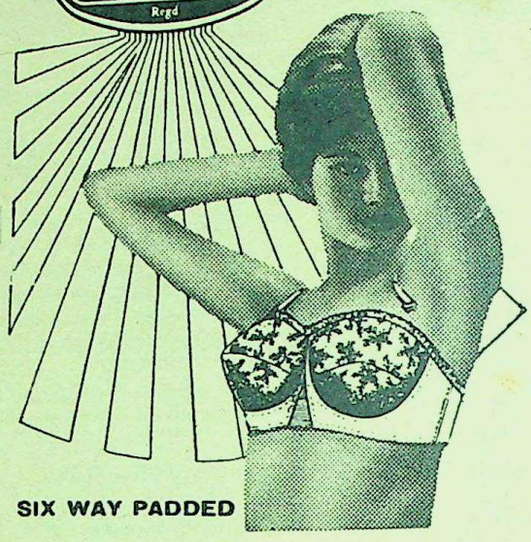

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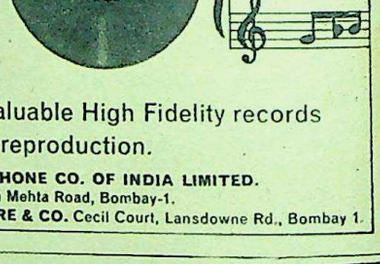

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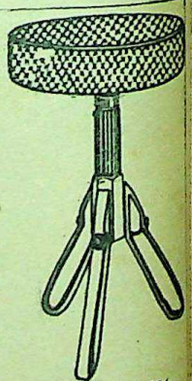

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the whole of India celebrated the coming of Independence with singing, dancing and merry-making. In Delhi, there was much feasting and all the leaders who had fought for freedom joined hands with the people and rejoiced.

But the man who was mainly responsible for winning this independence for the country had no time to join in the celebrations. He was busy in Calcutta, going from home to home looking after the people who had suffered in the Hindu-Muslim riots.

He could have become the President or the Prime Minister of free India but these offices had no attraction for him.

He could have lived in a palace if he had wanted to, but he chose a hut in Sabarmati near Ahmedabad. Later he went to live in Sevagram near Wardha. He lived with the poorest of his people and worked for their welfare. There were no modern comforts in his home, but so long as he could not give these comforts to everyone, he denied them to himself.

He wore just a dhoti because thousands of his people could not afford anything more. He used a stone instead of soap for a bath and ate the most simple food so that he too could suffer along with the many poor people.

Whenever his people committed any mistakes, fought among themselves or hurt or harmed one another, instead of making them suffer for their wrongs, he took all the suffering upon himself. He went on a fast to repent for their mistakes and also to bring them back to the right course of action. And such was the relationshp between him and the people that they could not bear to see him suffer. They agreed to do what he wanted them to do. His battle was won.

Gandhiji never took any credit for what he did. Whenever he succeeded in any of his missions he thanked God for having used him as an instrument for His work. One of his favourite songs at his evening prayers used to be:

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

As you read the story of his life, you will realise how his faith in God led him to do bigger and bigger things, with the result that people began to worship him as the Mahatma, or the Great Soul. He did not like to be so called or worshipped and always stopped people from doing it.

During one of his visits to a small village, the people of the village told Gandhiji that a dry well had suddenly become filled with water that day. They said it was because of Gandhiji's arrival.

"You are wrong," he told them. "It was an accident. I have no more influence with God than you have. Suppose a crow sits on a palm tree at the moment when the tree falls to the ground. Will you say that the weight of the bird brought down the tree?"

But even then his people looked up to him as the Mahatma. All that Gandhiji believed in, all that he worked and suffered for, and everything for which he gave up his life, gave him a greatness which the world has rarely come across. That is why he meant so much to the generation which lived in his time.

CHILDREN PAY THEIR RESPECTS to Gandhiji at Rajghat in Delhi.

Perhaps you see him in a different way. You cannot feel the same about him. You were all born after he was dead. He cannot be real and alive for you as he was for us. You cannot have the same bond that we had. And still I feel that he has so much to give you.

Of course you do not have him in your midst to see him and learn from him. But he has left so much of him all around you. There are so many books on him which you have read from your early childhood. Through them you see the life he led and the work he did. His work was such that it could not die with him. In fact, as time passes, we can understand it more fully. Today, not only India but the world is honouring Gandhiji.

In his teachings people throughout the world see a new light and a new hope for Man. That is why, when Gandhiji died Chacha Nehru said that "a thousand years later, that light will still be seen in this country and the world will see it and it will give solace (comfort) to innumerable (many) hearts".

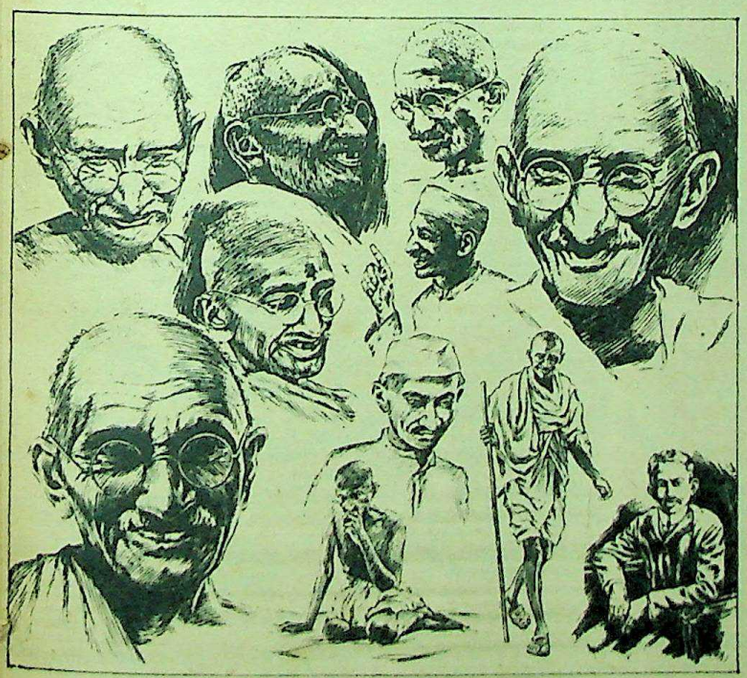
But there is so much that he taught us which we have not yet learnt. The Hindus and Muslims still fight. The poor are still poor. Whenever anything displeases us we still break, hurt, harm and destroy.

This is where you can share in his work. You can fight against these ills. You can help in making his dream come true. Then you too will feel close to him. And he will be as real to you as he is to us.

Your loving

Aunty Wendy

BAPU By F. C. FREITAS



"After I am gone, no single person will be able completely to represent me. But a little bit of me will live in many of you. If each puts the cause first and himself last, the vacuum (emptiness) will to a large extent be filled."

—Concluded

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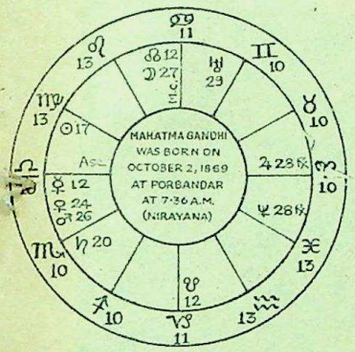
WHAT THE STARS FORETELL

Apostle Of Non-Violence

by S. K. KELKAR

GANDHIJI was born when the 2nd degree of Scorpio (Sayan) or 10th degree of Libra (Nirayan) was in the ascendant. Following is the description given by Sepharial of this particular degree: "It indicates one who is great and magnificent, imbued with a feeling of magnanimity and reposeful strength. His opinions are lofty and elevated, his views wide as the seas and stability of purpose in all respects equal to his strength of mind. It is a degree of magnitude."

Owing to Libra in the ascendant, more appropriately he should be classified as a 'Libran'. His exemplary character,



utmost love for harmony, sheer hatred for injustice, and compassion for the sufferings and pains of the downtrodden, have been inseparable facets of his character. He lived for the masses, for the brotherhood of man throughout the universe, and struggled for humanity as a whole.

As a Libran, he believed in compromise and stuck to the ideal of non-violence as a means for the attainment of his goal. He never tolerated injustice and slavery which testifies to the basic characteristic of a true Libran.

Saturn-Neptune and Moon-Neptune trine on 2 important houses betoken conscientious attention to details, unerring foresight and method, tactical ability and capacity to arrange and marshal things. He never faltered from his goal and rarely allowed anyone to trespass his consciousness of "what is right". In extreme circumstances he resorted to "Satyagraha" and fast unto death. He was aware of how and when to use his pressures to fulfil his dreams. Yet, he was not an idle dreamer or a philosopher, but a staunch ideologist.

Mars-Venus combination in the ascendant created sentiment and indignation in a superficial manner. But he was extremely sympathetic. The benevolent Jupiter, which formed an opposition aspect to his two contradictory elements, caused him to observe utmost celibacy in life.

His is a fine example of "the sublimation of the sex instinct". The blending of the charm of Venus and the energy of Mars is reflected in his writings, speech, behaviour, ideology and manners.

Sunday, October 5

For luck today wear or use: Scarlet, 6, ruby.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: The stellar portents indicate prosperity in all walks of life. If you are connected with modern amenities, research and invention, you will achieve remarkable success.

Financial position will be satisfactory. If you are a writer, you have possibilities of receiving a scholarship or a reward. Domestic life will be peaceful.

The new-born will be a pioneer in the field of ultra-modern equipment.

Monday, October 6

For luck today wear or use: Light blue, 6, turquoise.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Strength of Jupiter-Saturn in the solar horoscope will ensure abundant success in the intellectual field. A benevolent disposition and accommodative nature will pave the way for better success. Vocational activities connected with law, religion, printing and foreign lands will flourish, bringing prosperity and reputation. Promotion in service is not unlikely. Travel to distant countries for business or educational purpose is not improbable. Home

—Continued

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THIS WEEK FOR YOU

(December 21 to Jan. 19)

Capricorn (Makara)

The week will bring about expansion of your activities beyond the normal functions. Fixity of your existing ties will strengthen your position. On Tuesday, money gains can be anticipated. Good news may enliven your activities on Friday.

(January 20 to Feb. 18)

Aquarius (Kumbha)

Health will show signs of improvement. Yet minor worries and anxieties may continue to haunt you for some more time. Week-end may refresh your outlook and you will proceed ahead with confidence.

(Feb. 19 to March 20)

Pisces (Mina)

Although professional activities will show upward trend, health may be delicate and upsetting. Better postpone important decisions and tour programmes till week-end to overcome uncertainty. Tuesday or Thursday is good for interviews.

(March 21 to April 20)

Aries (Mesha)

Marriage proposals or business deals are likely to fructify after a long debate or discussion. So also delayed promotions will be materialised through influential sources. An outing or excursion can be enjoyed, money prospects are good.

(April 21 to May 20)

Taurus (Vrishabha)

Your efforts to establish a new business opening will be partially successful. You will have to wait for some more time for thorough success. Health troubles or labour problems may crop up by the week-end.

(May 21 to June 20)

Gemini (Mithuna)

On the personal side, it is an interesting week. There will be chances to settle old love affairs. Careerwise better period ahead, if you decide to be sporting and adjustable. Good deal of money will come in by the week-end; you must be patient.

(June 21 to July 20)

Cancer (Kataka)

Your own personal matters may be rather trying as there is some trouble around. Do not enter in competitions, even if the opposite number tempts you to. Stick to your guns and await a propitious time. Friday is good for pleasure activities.

(July 21 to August 21)

Leo (Simha)

Financially, socially and on the domestic front, the week will be generally interesting. Till mid-week, attend to social functions and property matters. On Friday, have a short journey with friends.

(August 22 to Sept. 22)

Virgo (Kanya)

Avail of the opportunity to settle some old domestic property problems by the week-end. The litigants will seek reconciliation in the dispute. Love ties will be strengthened. Money by a stroke of luck is not improbable. Go ahead resolutely.

(Sept. 23 to Oct. 23)

Libra (Tula)

Despite unsettled conditions in your surroundings, do not swerve from your determination. Let others comment or criticise. Minor secret worries may obsess you for a week or two. Worthwhile meetings with influential persons are good.

(Oct. 24 to Nov. 22)

Scorpio (Vrischika)

Important proposals will be hatched secretly in your favour. Your own timely judgement and intuition will bring about realisation of your aims and ideals. Move slowly till the third week of October or early December.

(Nov. 23 to Dec. 20)

Sagittarius (Dhanu)

The majority of you will have a favourable period for the attainment of your ideals and fulfilment of your wishes. A week with a good deal of activities. Business will be brisk. Friendships will be strengthened. Good money gains likely.

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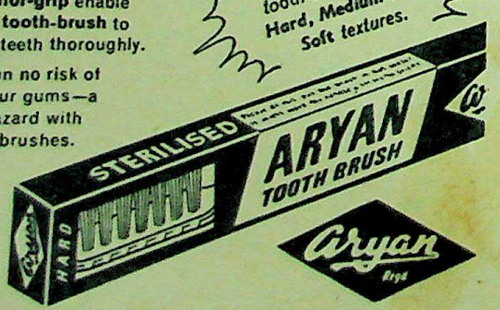

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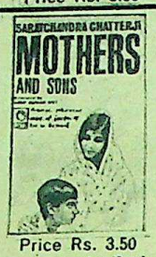

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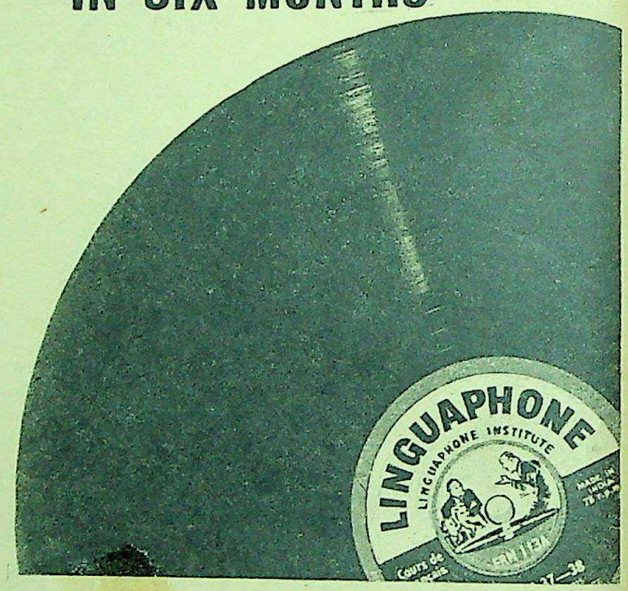

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The Illustrated Weekly of India

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The Illustrated Weekly of India

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NEXT WEEK

Cover by Gurmeet Singh

SPOTLIGHT ON :

THE SINDHIS

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INDO-EUROPEAN MARRIAGES: Mala Singh finds out if they succeed. The third of the series on mixed marriages.

I BELIEVE...by Kapur Singh—he believes in God, but not a "para-physical God".

THE MARRIAGE OF SITA: The weekly short story, by Candace Herring.

And introducing Walt Disney's lively, raucous DONALD DUCK.

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Gandhi and

by K. P. S. MENON

No two men were more unlike each other than Gandhi and Lenin. But . . .

THIS week we are celebrating the centenary of Mahatma Gandhi's birth, and in a few months (April 22) we shall be observing that of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin. The differences between the two men are well known and very well advertised both in India and in the Soviet Union. There are, however, many points of similarity between them as men and as leaders of men. Not that the differences can or should be ignored, but the resemblances are equally interesting.

To begin with externals, neither Gandhi nor Lenin was physically impressive. Lenin was short, so short that H. G. Wells, who had an interview with "this little man in the Kremlin", says that even when Lenin was sitting at the edge of his chair his legs could hardly touch the ground. John Reed who knew Lenin and wrote that remarkable book, *Ten Days that Shook the World*, calls his personality "unimpressive, colourless,

"The method of passive resistance is the clearest and safest, because, if the cause is not true, it is the resisters, and they alone, who suffer."—Gandhi.

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uncompromising and detached, without any picturesque idiosyncrasies"; and yet "he became the idol of the mob and loved and revered as perhaps few leaders in history have been".

Gandhi too was by no means a beauty. He had large jutting ears, which earned him the nickname coined by Sarojini Naidu, "Mickey Mouse". But read what Jawaharlal Nehru says of him: "In spite of his unimpressive features, his loin-cloth and bare body there was a royalty and kingliness about him which compelled a willing obeisance."

Short-statured men are apt to put on airs in order to buttress their dignity. Who does not know the Napoleonic pose, or the poses adopted by that tin-pot Napoleon of the twentieth century, Adolf Hitler, who made Neville Chamberlain feel in his presence "like a curate entering a pub for the first time in his life"?

Gandhi and Lenin put on no such airs. While they paid no attention to physical appearance, they set much store by physical fitness. Gandhiji's autobiography is called *The Story of My Experiments with Truth;* it might also be called "My experiments with diet and other factors contributing to one's health, physical as well as spiritual". Lenin, however busy he was, set apart an hour every day for exercise. While in prison he used to do fifty genuflexions before going to sleep in order to keep himself warm, and the prison guard was amazed to see that this man who refused to attend service in prison should be so pious.

Read Marx at 75

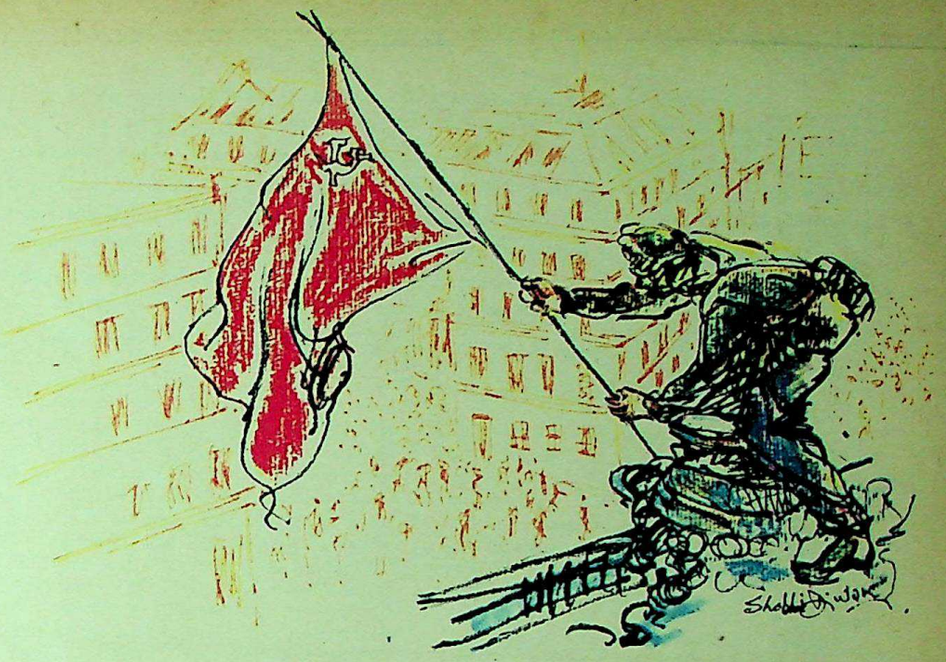
Both Gandhi and Lenin kept not only their bodies but also their minds always burnished. Lenin knew a number of languages and was a voracious reader. Gandhi's reading was not so wide; he read deeply rather than widely. Yet he retained his intellectual curiosity to the end of his life. One has only to remember that during his last imprisonment at the age of 75 he began to read Karl Marx's *Capital* in order to have a better understanding of Communism.

It has been said that there is all the difference between the tired man who wants a book to read and the alert man who wants to read a book. Gandhi and Lenin belonged to the latter category. Gandhi has described how much moved he was by the writings of Tolstoy. "*The Kingdom of God is Within You,*" he said, "overwhelmed me. It left an abiding influence on me. Before the independent thinking, profound morality and the truthfulness of the book, all the books given me by Mr Coates (a Christian missionary) seemed to pale into insignificance."

Another book which produced a profound impression on him was Ruskin's *Unto This Last.* "The book gripped me," he wrote. "I could not get sleep that night. I determined to change my life in accordance with the ideals of the book."

The writings of Marx produced a similar impact on Lenin. Until Lenin appeared

—Continued



'Overthrow the capitalists, crush the resistance of these exploiters with the iron hand of the armed workers, break the bureaucratic machine of the contemporary state . . .' —Lenin

—Sketches: Shabbir Diwan (3); M. S. Talwalkar (1)

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Gandhi said:

Non-violence is the greatest force at the disposal of mankind. It is mightier than the mightiest weapon of destruction devised by the ingenuity of man.

... only truthful, non-violent and pure-hearted socialists will be able to establish a socialistic society in India and the world.

The idea of class war does not appeal to me. In India a class war is not only not inevitable, but it is avoidable if we have understood the message of non-violence.

If there were no greed, there would be no occasion for armaments. The principle of non-violence necessitates complete abstention from exploitation in any form.

I would risk violence a thousand times than the emasculation of a whole race.

---

on the scene, Marx had, as it were, lain buried in his *Capital*. Marx regarded this book as "the most fearsome missile hurled at the head of the bourgeosie"; and yet the bourgeosie went on gaily, unperturbed by the thunder of Marx. When a proposal was made by the Board of Censors in Russia that Marx's book, like the writings of Voltaire, should be placed on the list of banned books, the Czar demurred. He said that *Capital* was written in such a stilted style that it would never appeal to the ordinary man. It was left to Lenin to resurrect Marx to make *Capital* the bible of the ordinary man in Russia—and not in Russia alone.

Love That Shook An Empire

Both Gandhi and Lenin had a singular knack of investing old theories with a new force and applying them in the solution of contemporary problems. The virtue of non-violence or passive resistance had been stressed by a number of prophets from Jesus Christ to Leo Tolstoy, but it was left to Gandhi to turn non-violence into satyagraha and passive resistance into active resistance against oppression. He, like the prophets of old, preached the gospel of universal love. A. Herzen, a well-known Russian writer of the 19th century, said about Christian love that "it may be very strong—it speaks and weeps and wipes its tears, but the trouble is that it does nothing". It cannot be said of Gandhi's doctrine that it did nothing. It undermined the foundations of an empire.

Lenin and Gandhi were animated by a powerful sentiment, compassion for mankind. In their case, compassion did not mean pity. It corresponded to Gilbert Murray's definition of compassion as "a real passion". "It is against the strong, against the organised force of society, conventional sanctions and accepted gods. It is the kingdom of heaven within us fighting the brute power of the world."

The spectacle of man, fighting the brute power of the world, never failed to rouse the sympathy and support of Lenin and Gandhi. When the first general strike took place in Bombay in 1908 in protest against the conviction and imprisonment of Lokamanya Tilak, Lenin observed that it denoted the beginning of the awakening of the Indian masses against tyranny. "Nowhere in the world except in Russia," said Lenin, "is there such poverty of the masses, such chronic starvation of the people." When the abortive Revolution of 1905 took place at St Petersburg, Gandhi, who was then in South Africa, rejoiced. "If the Russian people are victorious," he said, "the Revolution in Russia will be a great victory, the greatest event of the present century." And when a far greater event, the Revolution of 1917, took place, Gandhi, despite his horror of violence, expressed his reactions thus: "There is no doubt that the ideal of the Bolsheviks is backed by the sincerest self-sacrifice of innumerable men and women who have given their all for its realisation. Though I believe that nothing gained by violence can last, the ideal sanctified by the sacrifices of such great souls as Lenin cannot be in vain."

Humanists

Both Gandhi and Lenin were more than mere patriots. Proletarian internationalism lay at the root of Lenin's philosophy. Gandhi was not so close a student of international politics, or any kind of politics, as Lenin, or, for that matter, Nehru was, for his primary interest was in spiritual matters. In any case, he was no narrow nationalist. "I want India to rise," said Gandhi, "so that the whole world may benefit. I do not want India to rise on the ruin of other nations." Again, "my love of nationalism is that my country may become free, that, if need be, the whole country may die so that the human race may live".

How different from the attitude of the present Chinese rulers! I recall a conversation between Mao Tse-tung and Sundstorm, the Finnish Ambassador in Peking. Before he went to Peking, Sundstorm was Ambassador to the USSR. He told me that during his farewell interview with Mao Tse-tung, he asked him whether he was really not afraid of an atomic war. Not at all, replied Mao. If there were to be an atomic war, America, with its heavy concentration of industry, would be destroyed, England would be utterly destroyed, Western Europe would perish, so too Western Russia, but China would survive.

Gandhi loved his country with all his heart and all his soul and all his spirit's strength. "I cling to India as a child to its mother's breast," said Gandhi in 1921, "because I feel she gives me the spiritual nourishment I need." Lenin, too, clung to his country. He was destined to spend many years of his life in exile. Looking at his country from afar, he said; "Today Russia is wretchedly poor and weak, but a day will come when she will be, in the fullest sense of the words, powerful and abundant." World War II showed how powerful Russia had become since the Revolution; and, with every passing year, Russia is becoming more abundant as well.

Country Means People

To both Gandhi and Lenin, the country meant the people. "To serve a cause without serving the people," said Gandhi, "is a dead thing." Nothing is more remarkable than the complete identification of the two leaders with the people. In order to champion the cause of workers, said Lenin, one must think like a workman, act like a workman and look like a workman. Similarly, Gandhi said: "I cannot bring about economic equality if I own a number of motor cars or even 10 bighas of land. For this I have to reduce myself to the level of the poorest of the poorest." That is why Gandhiji took the vow of non-possession. That again is why, in September 1921, he took the decision to wear nothing more than the dress of the average Indian peasant, the loin-cloth. It was a superb gesture of identification with the people. Lenin did not go so far: the climate of Russia does not lend itself to the wearing of the loin-cloth.

"I do not want to die... of a creeping paralysis of my faculties... An assassin's bullet may put an end to my life. I would welcome it."

—Jitendra Mistry

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Lenin said:

History knows that many wars which, despite all the horrors, brutality, calamity and suffering inescapably connected with every war, were progressive, that is, they benefited the evolution of mankind.

Where, except in the imagination of the sentimental reformists, are there any trusts capable of interesting themselves in the conditions of the masses?

. . . striving for socialism, we are convinced that it will develop into communism; that, side by side with this, there will vanish all need for force, for the subjection of one man to another, and of one part of the population to another, since people will grow accustomed to observing the elementary conditions without force and without subjection.

However much Gandhi and Lenin identified themselves with the workers, they realised that the workers needed guidance. By their own efforts, said Lenin, workers could only arrive at a trade union mentality, but for the establishment of a new order they must be led by a small, highly trained group of intellectuals, acting as the vanguard of the Revolution. Gandhi, too, knew that the intelligentsia had a vital part to play in the political life. After all, it was on Jawaharlal Nehru, the leader of young Indian intelligentsia, that Gandhi cast his mantle as his "political heir" and not on any of his other followers, some of whom had a greater reputation as ruthless men of action.

They Insisted on Discipline

With all their affection for the workers, Lenin and Gandhi had no use for their hugger-mugger ways. They insisted on strict discipline. Their meetings were always orderly and businesslike. They were always punctual and would not condone unpunctuality on the part of others. Lenin was not known to be late at a single meeting, and Gandhi, too, unlike the Ministers nowadays, took great care not to keep his audiences waiting. While both men necessarily lived in the public eye, they loved privacy. Lenin insisted on absolute silence when he was at work. Gandhi set apart a day of silence when he could call his soul his own.

In their personal lives, they set an example to their followers. Both lived a life of austerity. Gandhi's abstemiousness is well known. Not so well known is the fact that Lenin too never drank or smoked, though his followers did not exalt non-drinking into the fetish of prohibition which it has become in India. Both led dedicated lives, dedicated to the cause of humanity and in particular —to use an ugly modern euphemism—of the underprivileged sections of society. In their eyes, no sacrifice was too great for this cause. Lenin's heroism, said Gorky, was "that heroism which Russia knows well, the unassuming and austere life of self-sacrifice of the true revolutionary intellectual who, in his unshakable belief in the possibility of social justice on earth, renounces all the pleasures of life in order to toil for the happiness of mankind"—a description of which every word is applicable to Gandhi too.

Unembellished

It is character, more than any other factor, which enabled the two leaders to influence vast masses of people as few had done before or since. Their simplicity and single-mindedness were reflected in their style of speaking. To quote Gorky again about Lenin: "There was no striving after eloquent phrases, but every word was uttered distinctly, and its meaning made marvellously plain. It is very difficult to pass on to the reader the unusual impression he made... His speech was an essay in classic art: everything was there and yet there was nothing superfluous, nothing embellished, and if there were any embellishments they were not noticed as such but were as natural and inevitable as two eyes in a face or five fingers in a hand."

Every word of this description, too, is applicable to Gandhi. I myself heard Gandhi as a boy of 17, when he made his first public appearance in Madras, 53 years ago, and have recorded my impressions thus in my book, *Many Worlds*: "The meeting which Mahatma Gandhi addressed was different from any other I had attended. It was not held in a hall such as the YMCA or the YMIA; it was held in the open, in the courtyard of the Christian College. Every doorway, every window, every branch of a tree, was occupied. There was an air of tense expectation, for the lecturer had already become a legend as a result of his struggle against entrenched racialism in South Africa. He arrived looking small, thin, almost emaciated. He was dressed simply but elegantly; he had not yet adopted the dress—or the undress—of the Indian peasant, the loin-cloth. He spoke for exactly an hour. His speech, too, was unlike any other I had heard. There were no tricks of oratory, no purple patches, no barbs of satire. It was not an eloquent speech; it lacked even emphasis. It simply flowed."

Art And Music

Truth and Beauty! In his pursuit of Truth, Gandhi had little time to worship Beauty. Nehru has said that Gandhi had a greater appreciation of beauty in nature than in art. "I know," said Gandhi, "I have earned notoriety as a philistine in art." But he explained his position thus: "If I had not taken the vow of a satyagrahi for the deliverance of my country, I would have occupied myself with songs. But now there is no help for it; I have taken upon myself this mission. In this life I shall not be able to submit myself to anything else, but that does not mean that I look down on the arts which are an essential part of human culture."

Lenin's appreciation of art and music was perhaps greater than Gandhi's. Yet he too was afraid that this might distract him from his life's work. "I know nothing that is greater than the *appassionata* (of Beethoven)," he said. "I'd like to listen to it every day. It is marvellous, superhuman music... But I can't listen to music too often. It affects your nerves, makes you want to say stupid nice things and stroke the heads of people, while living in this vile hell. Now, you must not stroke anyone's head; you might get your head bitten off. You have to hit them on the head without mercy, although our ideal is not to use force against anyone. Our duty is infinitely hard."

How hard his duty was again empnasised by Lenin in a talk which he had with M. F. Andreyevna. "What else can we do, dear Maria Andreyevna?" said Lenin. "We have no alternative but to fight. Do we find it hard? Of course, we do. You think it is not hard for me? It is, and very hard too. But look at Dzerzhinsky. He is beginning to look like nothing on earth. There is nothing to be done about it. It is better to suffer than to fail."

Gandhi would have agreed it is better to suffer than to fail. But in his view

—*Continued on Page 55*

To the Communists he is immortal.

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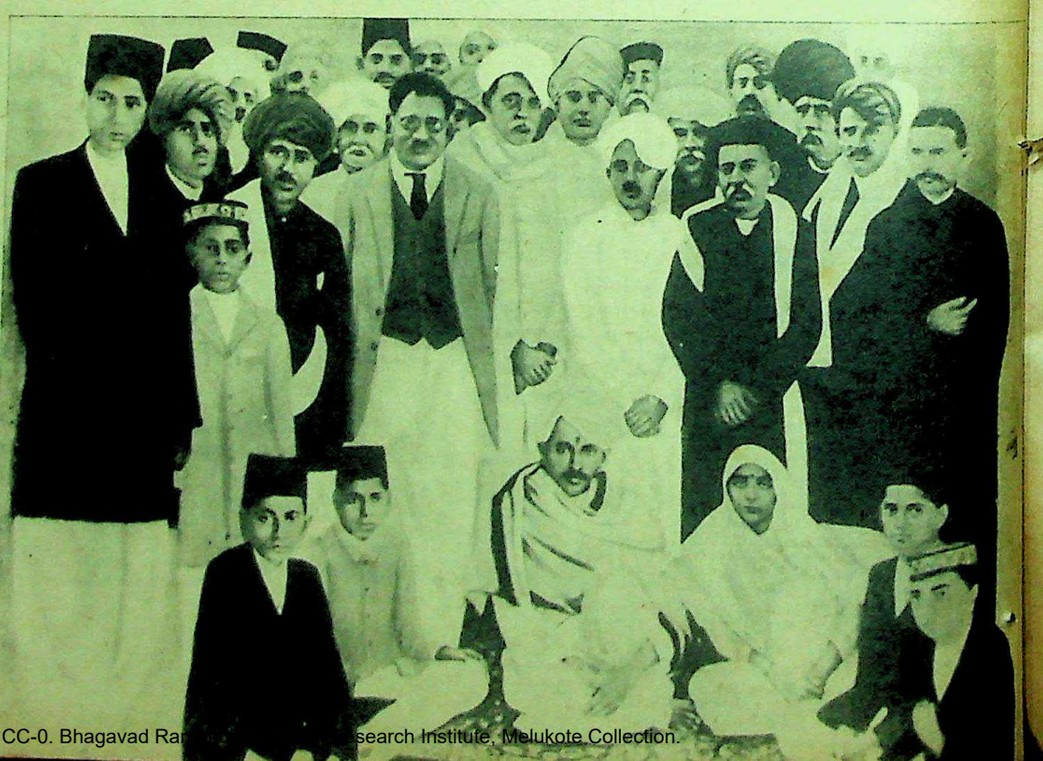
RECEPTION IN KARACHI, 1916. "I visited Karachi, Calcutta and various other places. There were fine meetings everywhere, and there was unbounded enthusiasm. I had not expected anything like it when the agitation was launched." (The agitation was for the abolition of the emigration of indentured labour.)

The Home-Coming

Gandhi returned to India from South Africa in 1915. He arrived in Bombay on January 9 by the steamer "Arabia". Many receptions were given to him in the city. Of one of these he writes: "At the party given in my honour at Mr Jehangir Petit's place, I did not dare to speak in Gujarati. In those palatial surroundings of dazzling splendour I, who had lived my best life among indentured labourers, felt myself a complete rustic. With my Kathiawadi cloak, turban and dhoti, I looked somewhat more civilised than I do today . . . "

THESE PORTRAITS of Gandhi and Kasturba were taken in 1915. Right: Picture taken in January 27, 1915, at Ras-Shele Aushadh-ashram, Gondal, where, according to one report, the title of "Mahatma" was first conferred upon Gandhi.

Of Kasturba, Gandhi says: " . . . willingly or unwillingly, consciously or unconsciously, she has considered herself blessed in following in my footsteps, and has never stood in the way of my endeavour to lead a life of restraint. Though, therefore, there is a wide difference between us intellectually, I have always had the feeling that ours is a life of contentment, happiness and progress."



THE JALLI... moderates in... ford: "The e... Punjab for ... revealed to ... in India."

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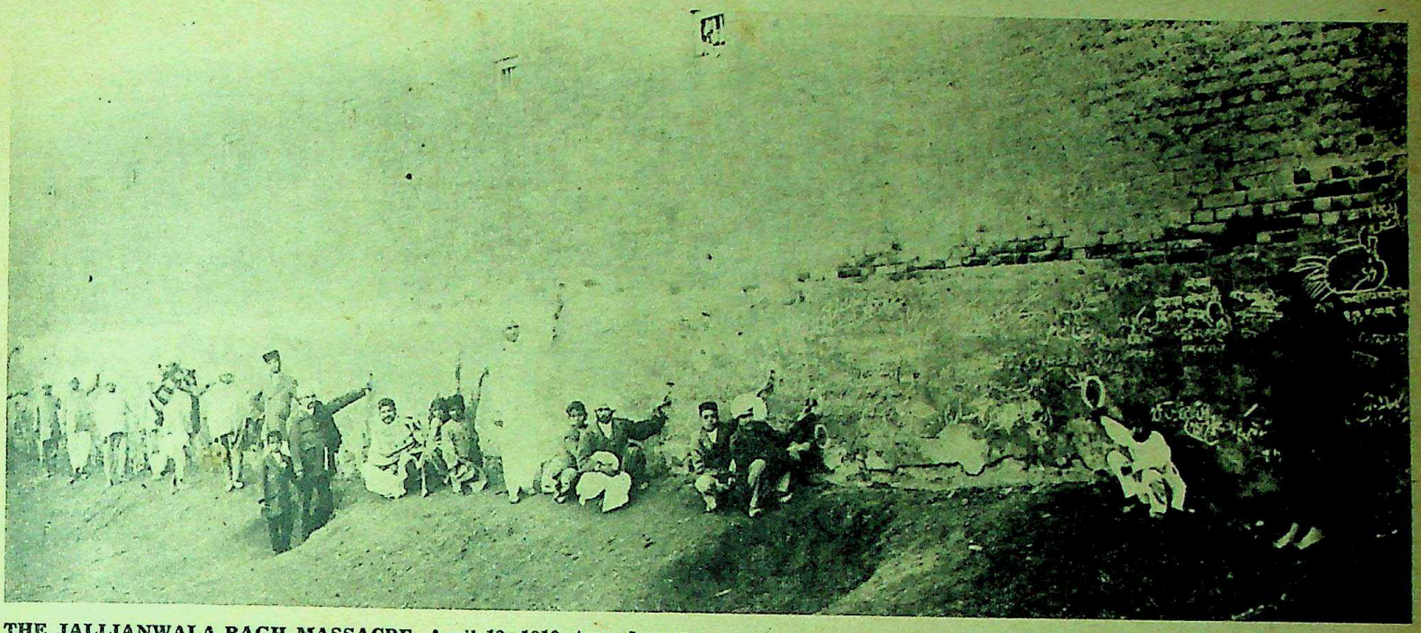
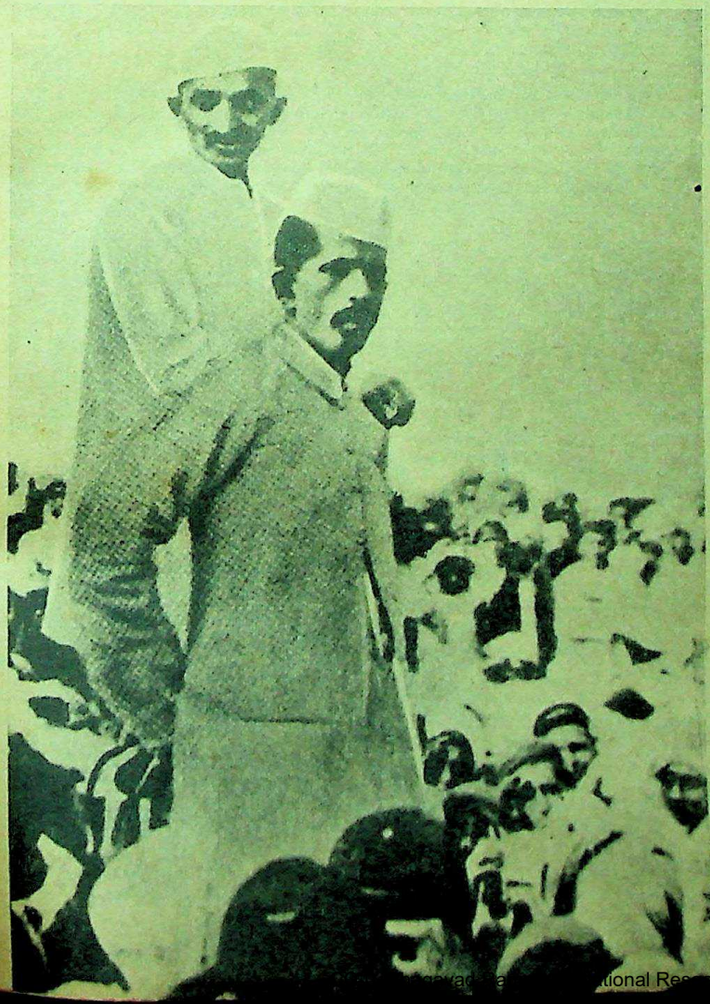
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

In Freedom's Battle



THE JALLIANWALA BAGH MASSACRE, April 12, 1919, turned even moderates into extremists. For example, Tagore wrote to Lord Chelmsford: "The enormity of the measures taken by the Government of the Punjab for quelling some local disturbances has, with a rude shock, revealed to our minds the helplessness of our position as British subjects in India."

"...Government's policy of lawless repression was in full career... and was manifesting itself in the Punjab in all its nakedness. Leaders were put under arrest, martial law, which in other words meant no law, was proclaimed, special tribunals were set up. These tribunals were not courts of justice but instruments for carrying out the arbitrary will of an autocrat. Sentences were passed unwarranted by evidence and in flagrant violation of justice. In Amritsar innocent men and women were made to crawl like worms on their bellies. Before this outrage the Jallianwala Bagh tragedy paled into insignificance in my eyes, though it was this massacre principally that attracted the attention of the people of India and of the world." *(Unless otherwise stated, all quotations in this feature are from Gandhi.)*



IN MADRAS, September, 1921, with S. Srinivasa Iyengar, five years later President of the Gauhati session of the Congress. "If I had no sense of humour, I should long ago have committed suicide." Left: Addressing a meeting at Kalka, May, 1921.

—Continued

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SATYAGRAHIS going in procession through a Calcutta street.

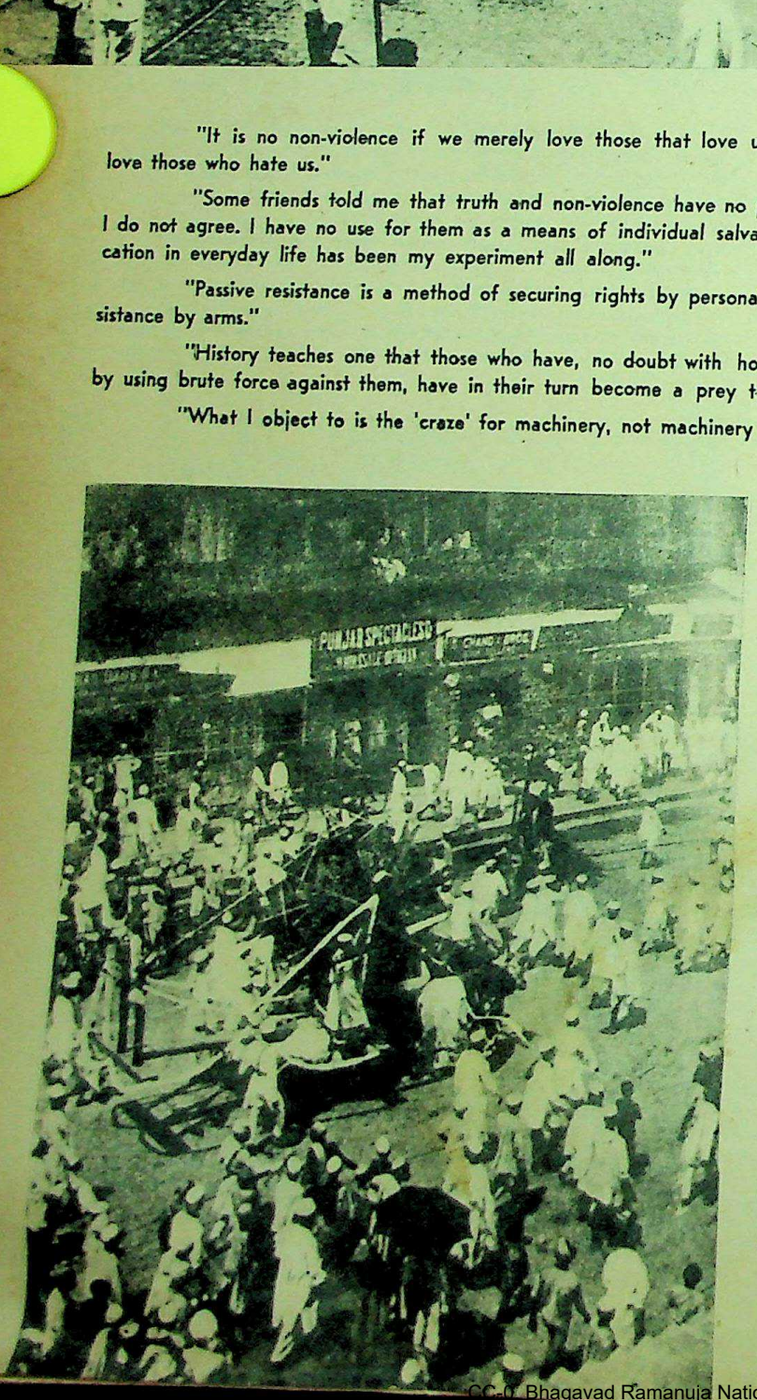
"It is no non-violence if we merely love those that love us. It is non-violence only when we love those who hate us."

"Some friends told me that truth and non-violence have no place in politics and worldly affairs. I do not agree. I have no use for them as a means of individual salvation. Their introduction and application in everyday life has been my experiment all along."

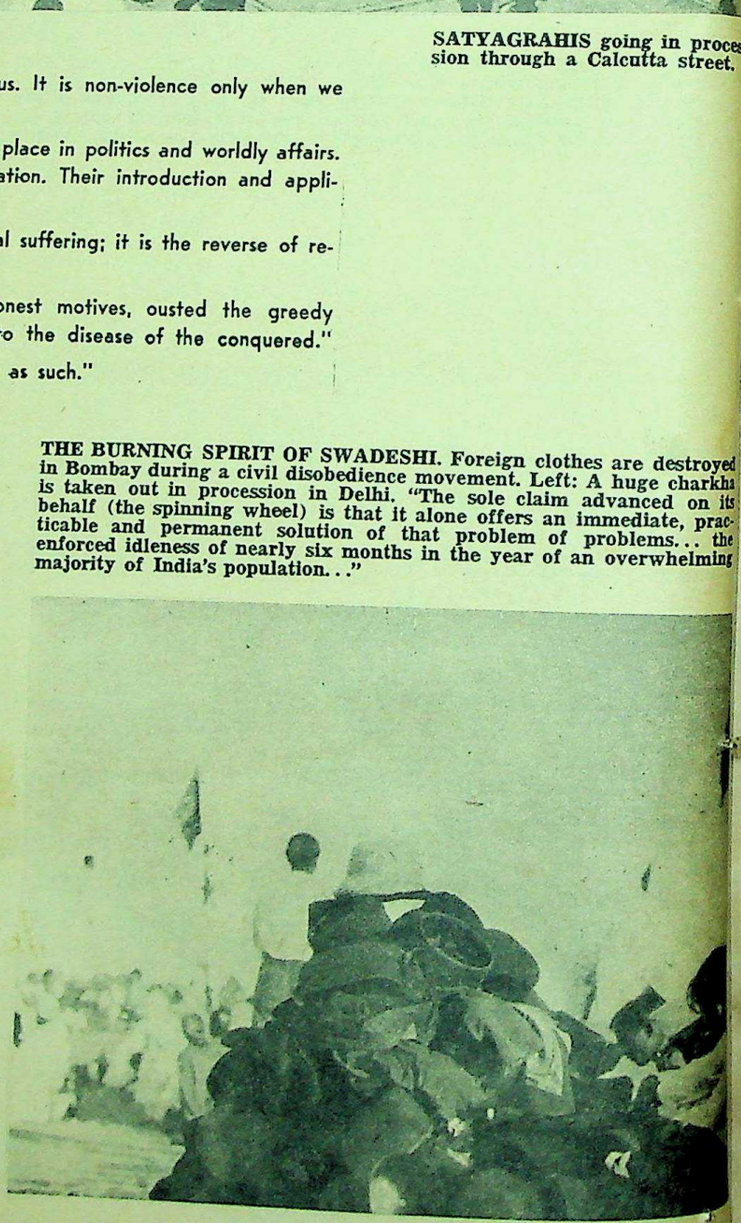
"Passive resistance is a method of securing rights by personal suffering; it is the reverse of resistance by arms."

"History teaches one that those who have, no doubt with honest motives, ousted the greedy by using brute force against them, have in their turn become a prey to the disease of the conquered."

"What I object to is the 'craze' for machinery, not machinery as such."



THE BURNING SPIRIT OF SWADESHI. Foreign clothes are destroyed in Bombay during a civil disobedience movement. Left: A huge charkha is taken out in procession in Delhi. "The sole claim advanced on its behalf (the spinning wheel) is that it alone offers an immediate, practicable and permanent solution of that problem of problems... the enforced idleness of nearly six months in the year of an overwhelming majority of India's population..."



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BREAK-UP OF PAKISTAN

A Prophecy Come True

by KULDIP NAYAR

Mountbatten had warned Jinnah that it would be difficult to hold together the two wings of Pakistan, separated by 1,000 miles of Indian territory. But Jinnah was not apparently bothered about it. A behind-the-scenes account of the Partition is given in the author's forthcoming book: "Distant Neighbours" (Vikas, Rs 20). Here are relevant extracts from the first chapter of the book.

"I TOLD Jinnah that his moth-eaten Pakistan will not last more than 25 years." Thus reminisced Mountbatten, the last British Governor-General in India, on October 1, 1971, when I met him at his sprawling mansion, Broadlands, near London.

It was nine weeks before East Pakistan, now Bangladesh, cut itself asunder from West Pakistan. The two wings had hung like lobes on either ear of India since the partition of the subcontinent in the middle of August 1947.

Seventy-four years old and still with a phenomenal memory, Mountbatten was recapitulating a conversation he had had with Mohammed Ali Jinnah, Pakistan's founder, at Viceroy's House in New Delhi on April 9, 1947, as if it had happened only yesterday.

"You know, Rajaji wrote to me the other day to say that my prophecy had come true, and I replied that I remembered that distinctly," said Mountbatten to emphasise that he should not be accused of hindsight.

But if he did feel the way he says he did, he must have spoken to very few about it. Alan Campbell-Johnson, Mountbatten's Press Attache in India during those days, told me in London on October 7, 1971, that probably "Mountbatten's memory fails him. I should have known if he had made such a remark."

I checked with Cyril Radcliffe, who gave the verdict on the dividing lines between the two Punjabs and the two Bengals —the only two States of India that were split following partition. He said: "You are the first person to have told me so. I never heard it before."

When I went to Pakistan in March 1972, I sought corroboration from H. K. Khurshid, Jinnah's Private Secretary till partition. He said: "Mountbatten was imagining things."

However, the rest of what Mountbatten told me is supported by the records he has maintained of various interviews and personal talks he had—as many as 133 interviews with political leaders between March 24 and May 6, 1947, alone.

Mountbatten recalled how he had warned Jinnah that it would be very difficult to hold together the two wings with no land connection and 1,000 miles of alien territory in between. After all, except for religion, there was nothing common between the two. "The Bengalis' cultural ties are too strong; you know how Curzon tried and failed." (The reference was to the vain effort that Lord Curzon, then Viceroy, made to partition Bengal.)

Apparently the argument was lost on Jinnah. Mountbatten recalled that the main discussion was on Bengal and Punjab. He insisted on partitioning the two provinces on the same principle as had been applied to the subcontinent, and Jinnah on keeping them whole in Pakistan.

"We argued back and forth," the Mountbatten papers record, "Mr Jinnah's main point being that I must make his Pakistan 'viable'. He quoted the example of the partition of Poland as not having been made on the basis of counting of heads or taking into account the will of the people."

Jinnah then argued that the people of Bengal and Punjab were first Bengalis and Punjabis and then Hindus and Muslims. "How could I have accepted that logic? That applied to the whole of India," said Mountbatten. And he had, therefore, to reject the argument.

What else could he have done when Jinnah himself had remained silent on a question posed by Mahatma Gandhi in a letter dated September 14, 1944, asking whether Bengalis, Tamilians or Maharashtrians would "cease to have their special characteristics if all of them became converts to Islam". Earlier, Jawaharlal Nehru had echoed the same thoughts in his book *The Discovery of India*: "Of two brothers, one may be a Hindu, another a Muslim; they would belong to different nations... It seemed a reversion to some medieval theory."

"Nevertheless," Mountbatten says in the recorded account of his talks, "he (Jinnah) gives me the impression of a man who has not thought out one single piece of the mechanics of his own scheme, and he will get the shock of his life when he really has to come down to earth and try and make vague, idealistic proposals work on a concrete basis."

"I tried to argue for a united India," Mountbatten told me. But Jinnah had replied that even though nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to see such unity, it was the behaviour of the Hindus that had made it impossible for the Muslims to share it.

Whether or not the "behaviour of the Hindus" was to blame, one thing was certain: the Muslims were extremely anxious about their future at that time. They had little fear in the areas where they were in a majority but, being in a minority in India as a whole, they were troubled by the fear that their position and status in an independent India would not be secure.

"Do you regret partition?" I asked Mountbatten.

"I do but I had no choice. Had I gone to India when Wavell did, I might have succeeded in keeping the country united," he replied.

I put a similar question to Radcliffe: "Are you satisfied with the way you drew the border lines between India and Pakistan?"

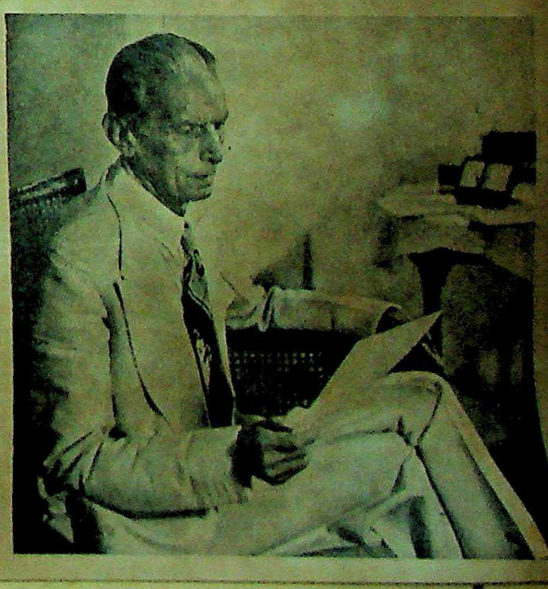
"I had no alternative; the time at my disposal was so short that I could not do a better job. Given the same length of period, I would do the same thing. However, if I had two to three years, I might have improved on what I did," said Radcliffe.

—Continued

LORD MOUNTBATTEN, the last British Governor-General of India (1947-48), reminisced: "I told Jinnah that his moth-eaten Pakistan will not last more than 25 years."

—Jitendra Arya

WAS JINNAH NOT OPPOSED TO AKHAND HINDUSTAN? The Qaid-e-Azam is reported to have told Mountbatten that "the behaviour of the Hindus had made it impossible for the Muslims" to share the idea.



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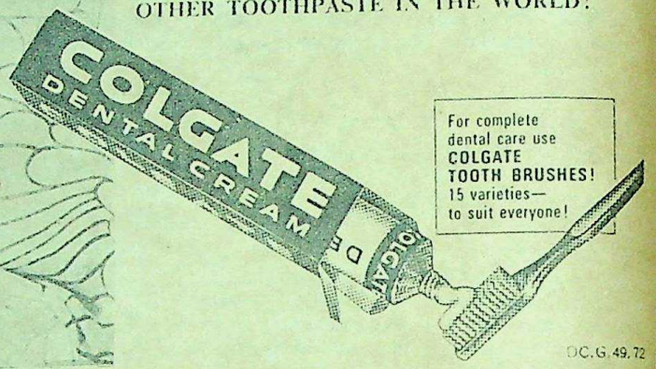

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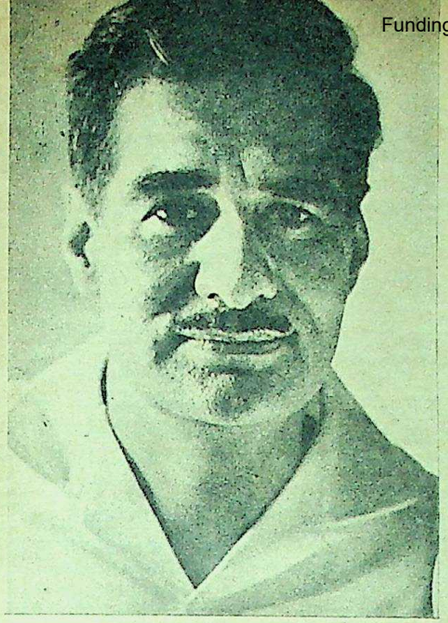


KULDIP NAYAR, the author, is Resident Editor of The Statesman, *New Delhi, and has written two books,* Between The Lines *and* India: The Critical Years. *Mr Nayar was Press Officer to Govind Ballabh Pant and Lal Bahadur Shastri. He was also Editor and General Manager of United News of India.*

To my question whether Jinnah hesitated when Pakistan was conceded—as claimed by some responsible persons—Mountbatten replied: "No." Radcliffe said: "It is very unlikely."

Surprisingly M. C. Chagla, former Indian Foreign Minister who was a close associate of Jinnah when both were in the Congress Party, and Rajagopalachari, who had in 1942 gone to the extent of saying that partition be accepted in principle, were convinced that Jinnah was not keen to get Pakistan.

In an interview with me on November 6, 1971, Chagla said that Jinnah used the idea of partition merely as a bargaining counter. Rajaji, in a letter to me dated October 13, 1971, said:

> *Mr Jinnah was certain in his mind that if India got full independence and British control was altogether eliminated, the Hindu majority could not be relied upon for dealing justly with the Muslim population of India. He, therefore, was clear in his mind that, somehow or the other, overall British control must be retained over the Indian sub-continent and its affairs. He never believed that Britain would withdraw leaving India totally independent. Nor did he wish it. He consequently put up objections and obstructions to which, he calculated, the Congress would not yield. He, therefore, expected that the Congress demand for total independence would not be acceded to by the British and the Muslim population would continue to have overall British protection.*

However, there is nothing on record to suggest that Jinnah was not wanting Pakistan when it looked like coming into being. In fact Khurshid, once his Secretary, told me in Lahore that, after 1942, Pakistan and Pakistan alone could have satisfied Jinnah and there was no question of his even considering something else.

Mountbatten narrated to me his efforts to revive the Cabinet Mission Plan, which gave autonomy to the Muslim majority areas but kept India together through a weak Centre. He said: "Even before I left for India, I was told that there was no go except partition. I said I would try and I did but Jinnah did not agree."

In his "Personal Report No. 4", Mountbatten recorded on April 24, 1947: "I am still doing everything in my power to get the Cabinet Mission Plan. But Jinnah and the Muslim League leaders are convinced that Congress have no intention whatever of complying with the spirit of the Plan."

Campbell-Johnson recalled how, on April 7, 1947, Jinnah, during a dinner at Viceroy's House, was so worried about Pakistan eluding him that he said: "The Congress would accept even Dominion status to deprive me of Pakistan."

It thus seems very unlikely that Jinnah was not really keen on partition, as some persons have sought to argue.

Who Was Responsible For The Partition?

Intriguing, none the less, is Jinnah's remark to Louis Heren, then the New Delhi Correspondent of *The Times*, London, within a few months of the formation of Pakistan that "Nehru was responsible for partition; had he agreed to the Muslim League joining the U.P. Congress Government in 1937, there would have been no Pakistan."

After making this observation during a talk with me in London on October 3, 1971, Heren recapitulated his meeting with Jinnah in a letter to me thus:

> *I recall that we (Jinnah and Heren) had a drink together one evening, when, while acknowledging the creation of Pakistan and the political necessity for it, I regretted the partition of the Indian sub-continent. I can recall referring to the tragedy—for anybody who knew it in the past—of the division of the old Indian Army and the ICS. Strangely he acknowledged all this, and then went on to blame Nehru for partition as I said when we met in London.*

Whether Jinnah was trying to shake off responsibility for the division of the subcontinent or merely trying to blame Nehru with whom he invariably clashed is anybody's guess.

What Jinnah was referring to was Nehru's refusal to give two seats to the Muslim League in the United Provinces' Cabinet. But this was probably an attempt to oversimplify the situation.

In the general elections in 1937, held on the basis of communal electorates—that is, a Muslim voting for a Muslim candidate and a Hindu for a Hindu—the League had been defeated all over India, except in U.P. where it won 29 out of 36 Muslim seats in a house of 144. It was an open secret that the Congress and the League had some prior understanding in the State. Therefore, it was expected that the two would join hands in the government.

The Congress leaders wanted to use the opportunity to absorb in their party the U.P. Muslim League, which was the only unit to show vitality among the Muslims. But the State League leaders, though they accepted the Congress programme in writing, insisted on keeping their party as a separate entity, with two seats in a coalition Cabinet.

Nehru, staunchly opposed to any communal ideology, ridiculed the idea of Muslims having a separate organisation based on religion within the legislature. He did agree to give the League one Cabinet seat but his main demand was that it "shall cease to function as a separate group..."

This was not acceptable to the League leaders and the party sat in the Opposition benches. Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, a Congress Muslim leader, regretted that Nehru's action "gave the Muslim League in U.P. a new lease of life". He alleged later: "Purshottam Das Tandon (a Hindu nationalist known for his extreme views) had taken a leading part in the whole affair and impaired Jawaharlal Nehru's judgment; "even Mahatma Gandhi did not act as he should have done."

There is no doubt that 1937 was a watershed in Hindu-Muslim relationship. From then on the differences between the two communities, which were earlier based on prejudice and social attitudes, began to be institutionalised. And Jinnah took full advantage of the situation and stoked the fires of separation from then onwards.

"A Third Power"

U.P. thus became the cradle of Pakistan. Perhaps, as Azad argued later, if "the U.P. League's offer of cooperation had been accepted, the Muslim League party would for all practical purposes have merged in the Congress".

But what could Nehru do when a U.P. League leader, Khaliquzzaman, added to the draft agreement with the Congress a covenant that "the Muslim League party members in U.P. will be free to vote in accordance with their conscience in communal matters"? What was meant by communal matters? Where did one draw the line?

Nehru explained to Khaliquzzaman a few weeks later (June 27, 1937): "So far as I am concerned I have carried on in the past, and shall carry on in the future, thinking more of the principles I cherish than of the results that may follow from my actions... I have found life often enough a heavy burden to carry, but I have had some consolation from the fact that I have tried to adhere to some fixed principles."

In 1959, when Nehru learnt from Azad's book that the latter had blamed him for giving a new lease of life to the Muslim League, he explained that, as he had been eager to introduce land reforms in U.P., he had been averse to the idea of the League, which represented "some big landlords", joining the State Cabinet.

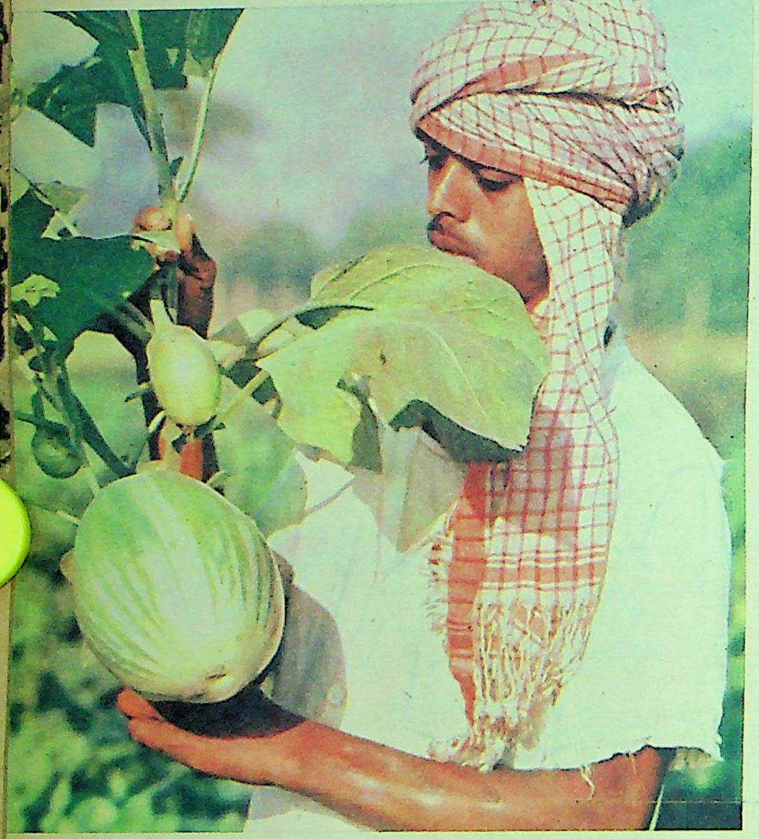
After rejecting the League's offer, Nehru declared that henceforward only two forces counted: the British Raj and the Congress. But Jinnah countered by saying that there was a third power: "The League".

How right he was!

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

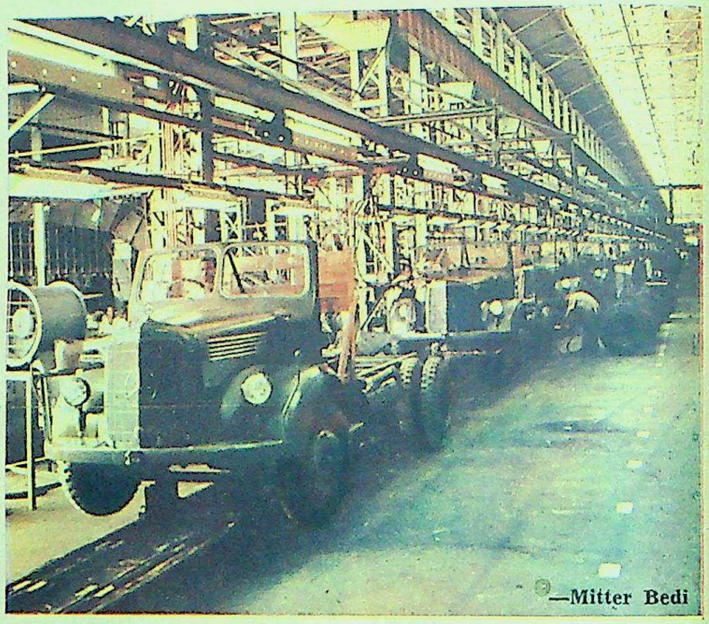
Our Achievements And Failures

In our 25 years as an independent nation, we have achieved much. But much more remains to be done. We are among the poorest nations of the world. Only 30% of us can read and write. We have not produced any great writers or artists. Our giant film industry is a colossal waste of celluloid. In sports, if we have at last made our mark in cricket, we have lost the Olympic hockey title to Pakistan. On the credit side, we have become an industrial nation. Aeroplanes, railway engines, tractors, trucks, telephones, radios, TV sets are spun off assembly-lines at great speed. But lakhs of educated people are unemployed. Black money and corruption are rampant. Yet we *shall* overcome...



A GIANT PROBLEM GETS A GIANT SOLUTION. We are self-sufficient in food—overall agricultural production in the past 20 years has increased by more than 100%. A green revolution has filled our storehouses. But has it filled our bellies? See the photographs below. A million people live in slums in each city; we have five million beggars and 82 million people are homeless.

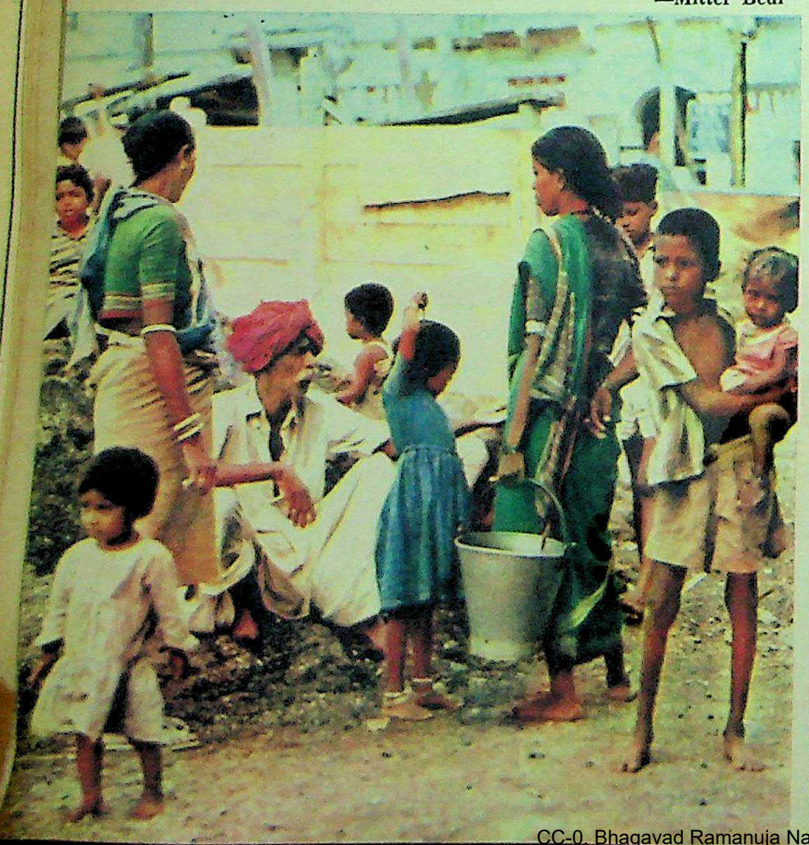
—Mitter Bedi



—Mitter Bedi

ASSEMBLING PROGRESS. In 1971, we exported Rs 3 crores' worth of trucks. The price of cars has limited their ownership to a very small percentage. In 1962, 23,326 cars were made; in 1971: 38,313. The hope of a small family car is yet to materialise. At present several people hold the letter of intent to manufacture it. The Public Sector also hopes to collaborate with a foreign company for its manufacture.

—Balkrishan



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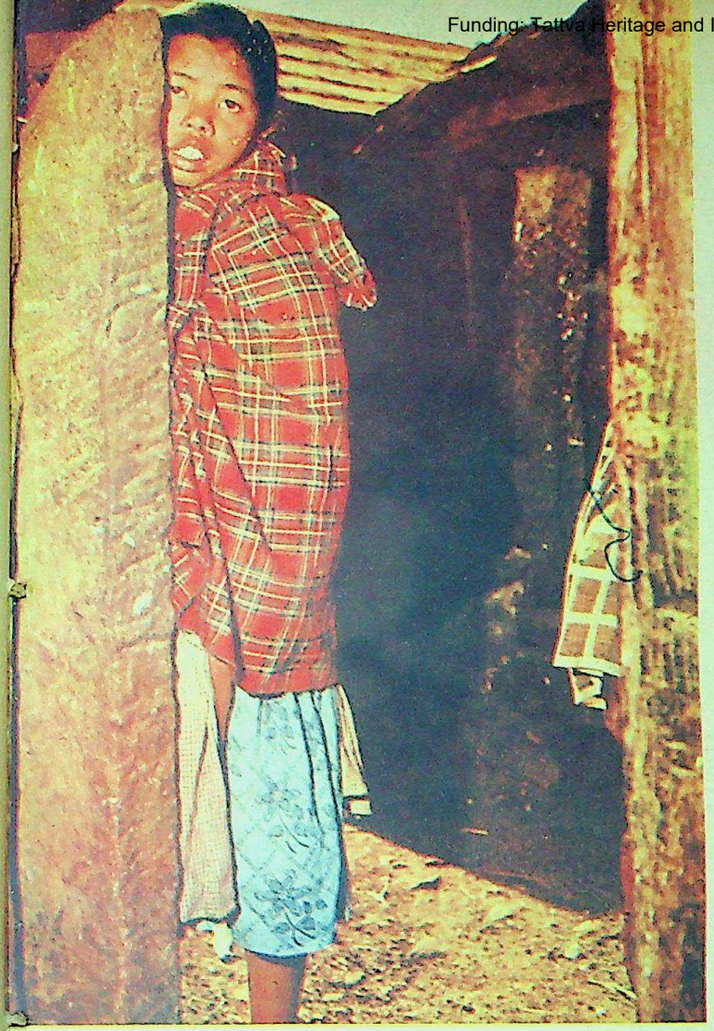
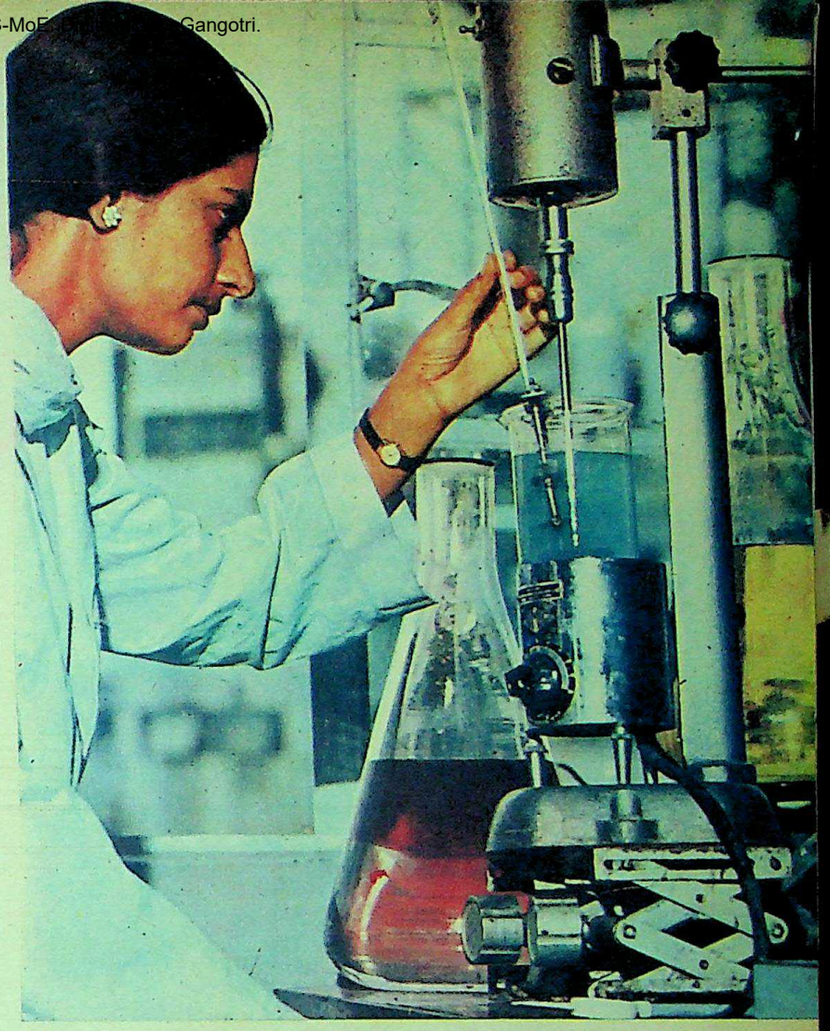


SOCIALISM, PLEASE ENTER: "Garibi Hatao" is our slogan—but the achievement is still far off. The economic war is waged on many fronts. We lose some battles; win some. For instance, we are highly advanced in textile production. Below: *Tourists buy rich silks in an emporium. Our handlooms are admired and used all over the world. Last year we exported cotton textile fabrics worth Rs 11 crores.*

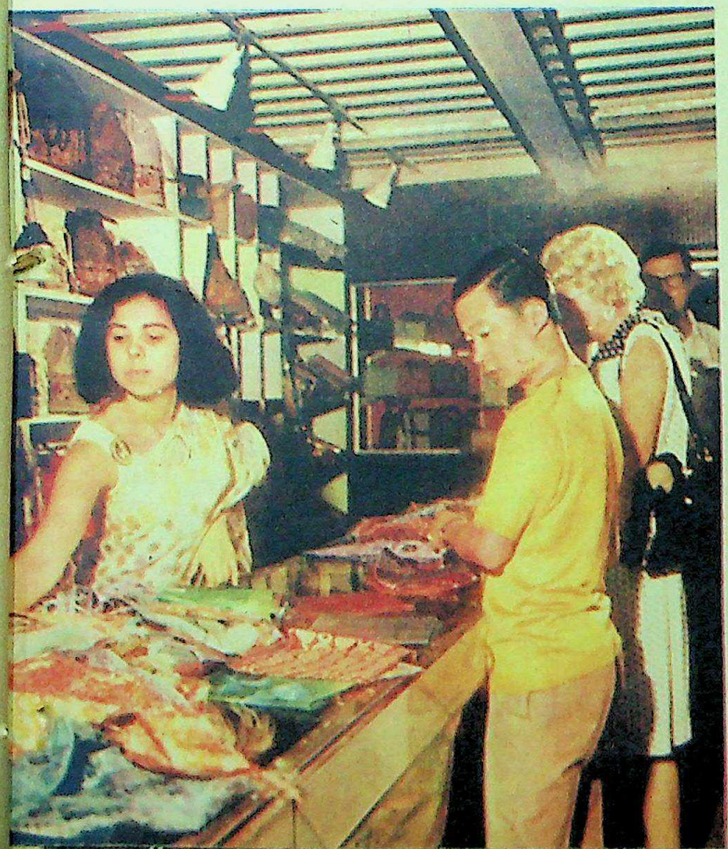
—Balkrishan

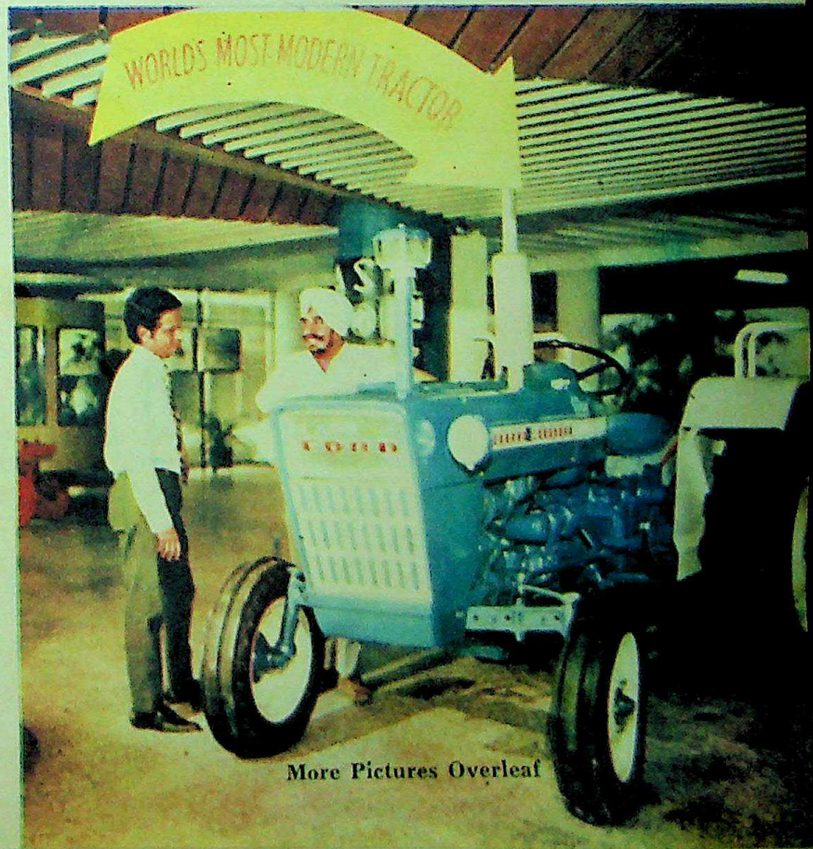


—Jayant Patel

STILL IN THE EXPERIMENTAL STAGE. Scientific research in India is bogged down by bureaucratic red tape. Facilities are inadequate and the brain drain to the West continues. By world standards, our scientific achievements are very poor. Below: *In 1961, we produced 864 tractors; in 1971: 16,448. Mechanisation, fertilisers, irrigation and high-yielding seeds have made possible the green revolution.*

—Balkrishan





More Pictures Overleaf

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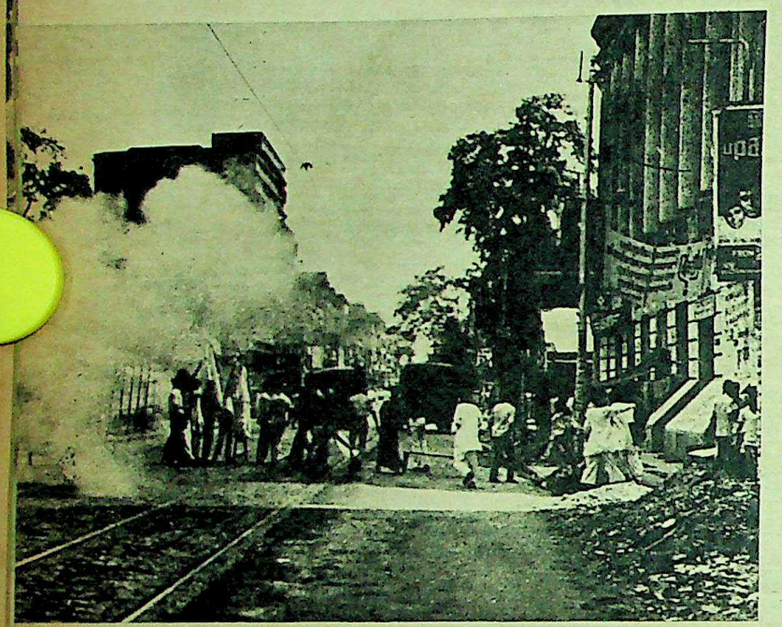
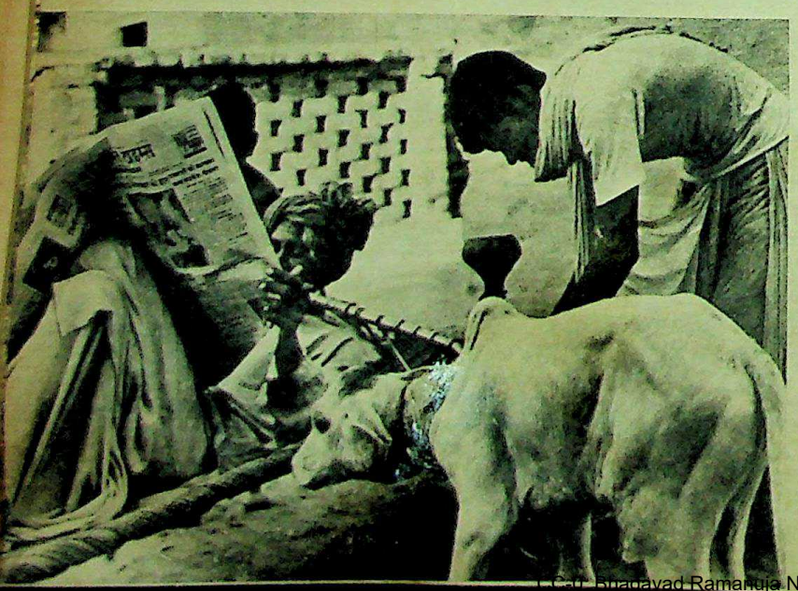


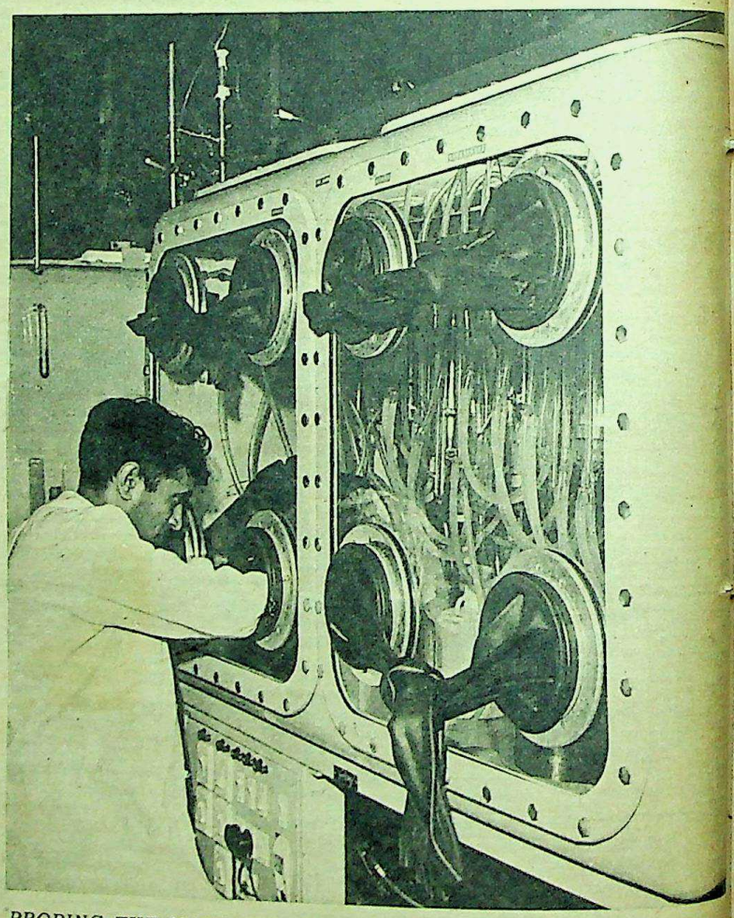
HOPES GO UP IN SMOKE. Although more children and young men and women are going to school and college, the standards of education have dropped noticeably. Examinations are becoming a farce, degrees meaningless. Many of our graduates are unemployed and unemployable. Syllabi are outdated, indiscipline has increased. Top: Primary education has been made free and compulsory. But there are not enough schools. Above: Students clash with police outside Calcutta University. Below: Adult literacy has brought a new awareness in the villages.

	1947-51	1970-71
Literacy	15%	29.4%
Number of Universities	20	88
Number of High Schools	6,682	34,000 (approx)



THE SICK ARE THE NEEDY. The exclusive antiseptic private nursing home is beyond the means of all but an insignificant fraction of the affluent. The rest depend on overcrowded, underequipped, depressing public hospitals. Pilferage of drugs, preferential admissions and discourteous treatment by staff have given our hospitals a bad name.

	1947-51	1970-71
Number of Hospitals	6,669	15,000



PROBING THE MYSTERIES OF THE ATOM. Our work in atomic energy and space research proclaims our capacity to catch up with the 20th century. We have three nuclear reactors—Apsara, Cirus and Zerlina—and are concentrating on the peaceful uses of the atom. Here, a scientist works at a pilot plant for separating Uranium 233 from thorium, set up by the fuel reprocessing division of the Bhabha Atomic Energy Commission. Important work is also conducted at our National Laboratories and other research organisations. We have an equatorial rocket-launching station at Thumba.

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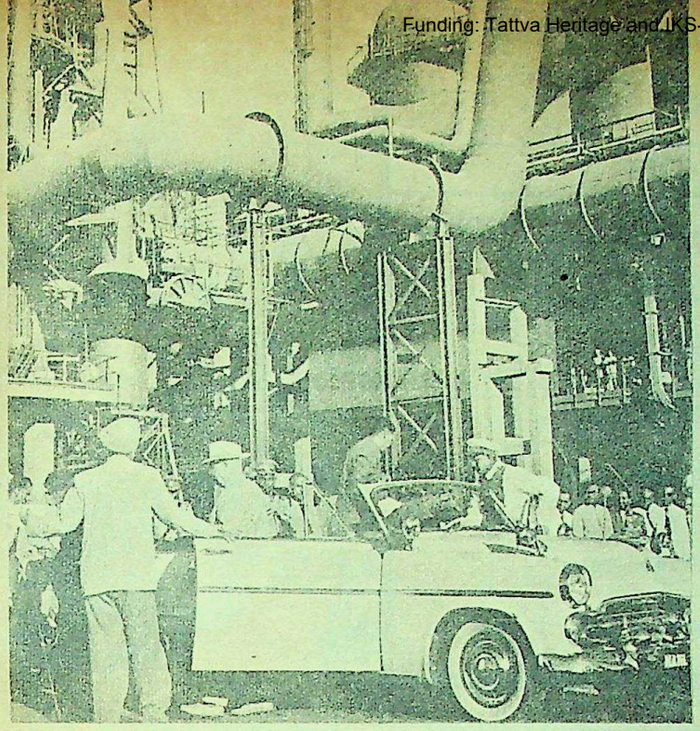
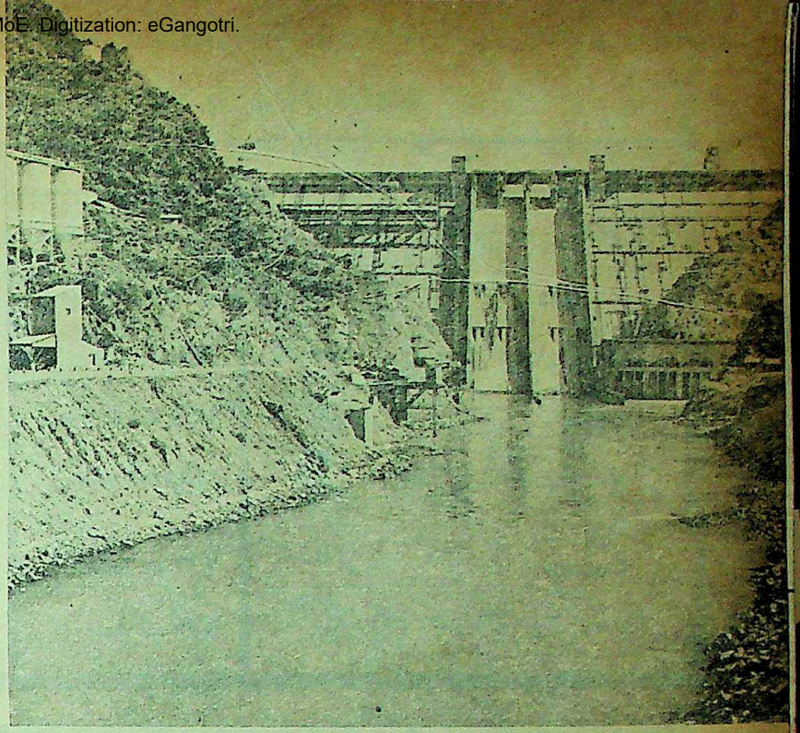
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.



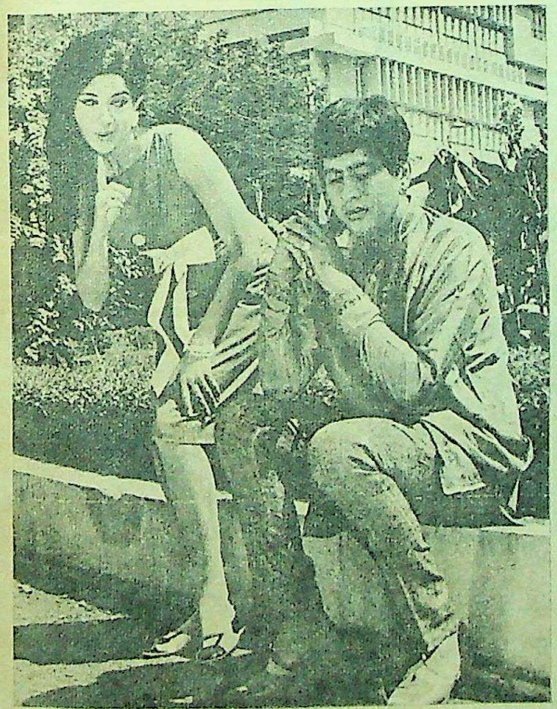
A FRIENDSHIP OF STEEL. Nikita Khrushchev visits the Bhilai plant which was built with Russian collaboration. We have three other plants in the public sector—Durgapur, Rourkela and, recently, Bokaro. In the private sector, there are TISCO and IISCO, the latter being managed by the Government for two years. Government thinks it better to increase the capacity of existing plants rather than setting up new ones. At present, our plants are working below capacity.

	1947-51	1970-71
Steel	1.04 million tonnes	4.48 million tonnes
Iron Ore	3.8m tonnes	22.5m tonnes
Coal	32.8m tonnes	75m tonnes

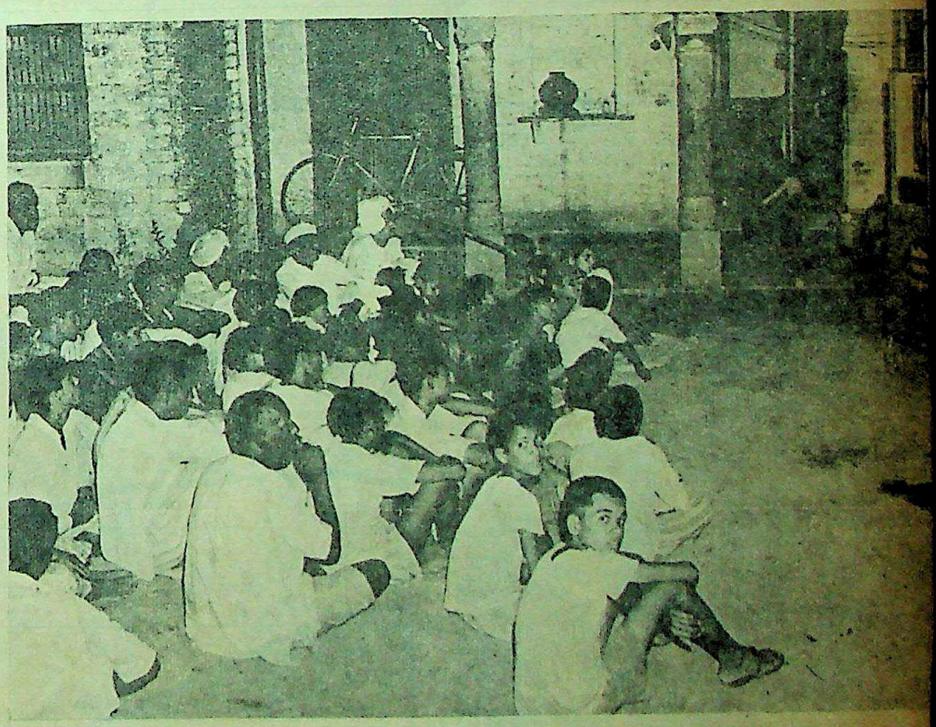


PENT-UP POWER. The massive Bhakra Nangal Dam across the Sutlej is one of our most prestigious achievements. Work on it started in 1948 and it was dedicated to the nation in 1963. It cost Rs 175 crores. It can irrigate 14.60 lakh hectares a year and it has a capacity of 1,204 mW. We have a number of other large-scale power projects, notably the Damodar Valley Project, Tungabhadra, Nagarjunasagar and Sharavathi (which unfortunately is plagued by breakdowns due to poor construction and maintenance).

	1947-51	1970-71
Electricity Generated	5.3 billion kwh	55.8 billion kwh



JUST ONE MORE (INANE) SONG—Babita and Manoj Kumar in Pehchan. *India's film industry is one of the largest in the world—it has an investment of Rs 150 crores and employs over 150,000 people. But it offers neither social comment nor intelligent entertainment. Hindi and Tamil films, especially, are unrealistic, stereotyped and full of song, dance and "action". In marked contrast Satyajit Ray's cinematic art has earned world acclaim.*



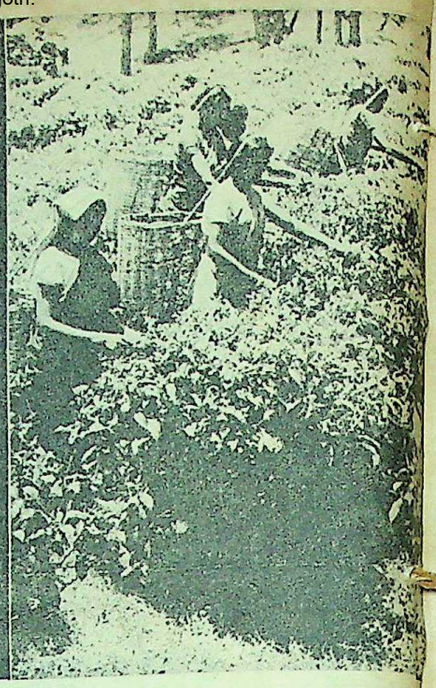
GLUED TO "THE BOX". This cliche of the West will soon be applicable all over India. TV has arrived—even in the villages. At a "teleclub" in a village near Delhi, the farmer learns about new methods on TV. Its educational potential is immense in a country with only 30% literacy. At present the only TV centre is in Delhi. It will shortly reach other parts of the country as well. Several private companies are manufacturing TV sets. However, much more imagination will have to be brought to TV programmes if this mass medium is not to sink into the dull mediocrity of All India Radio.

More Pictures Overleaf

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

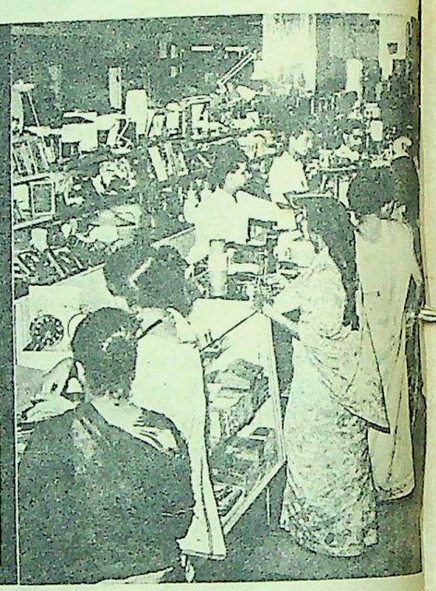
How Much We Produce

	1947-51	1970-71
Rice	22.11 m. tonnes	42.45 m. tonnes
Wheat	6.83 m. tonnes	23.25 m. tonnes
Tea	277 m. kg.	421 m. kg.
Sugar	11,34,000 tonnes	37,40,000 tonnes
Vanaspati	1,70,000 tonnes	5,58,000 tonnes
Cotton	2.37 m. bales	4.56 m. bales
Jute	3.51 m. bales	4.91 m. bales

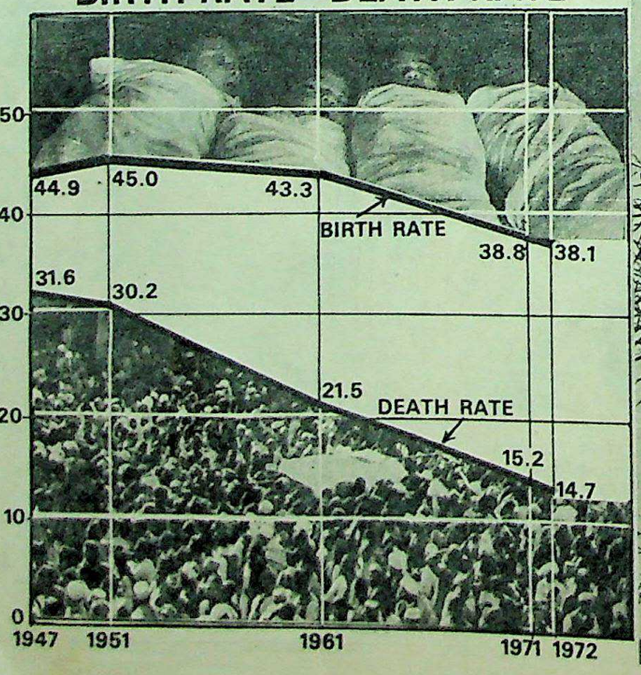


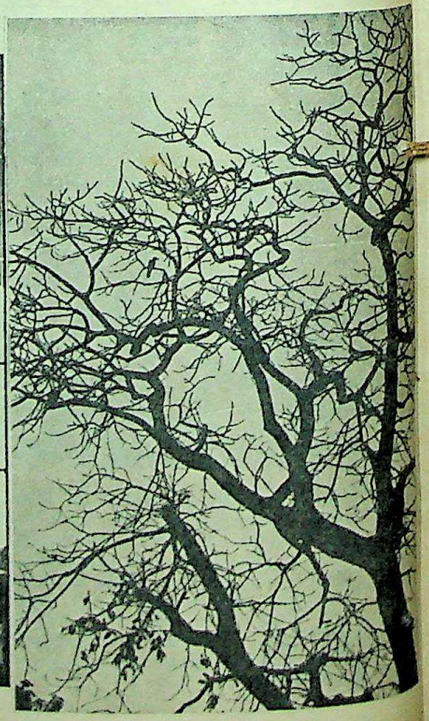
What We Earn And Spend

	1950-51	1970-71
National Income	Rs 9530 crores	Rs 18,755 crores
Per capita income	Rs 249.6	Rs 589.3 (in 1969-70)
National budget		
Revenue	Rs 509.2 crores	Rs 8579 crores
Expenditure	Rs 381.4 crores	Rs 9034 crores



BIRTH RATE – DEATH RATE





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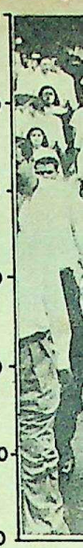

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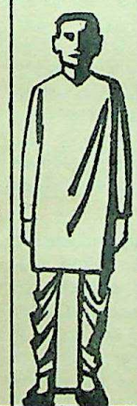

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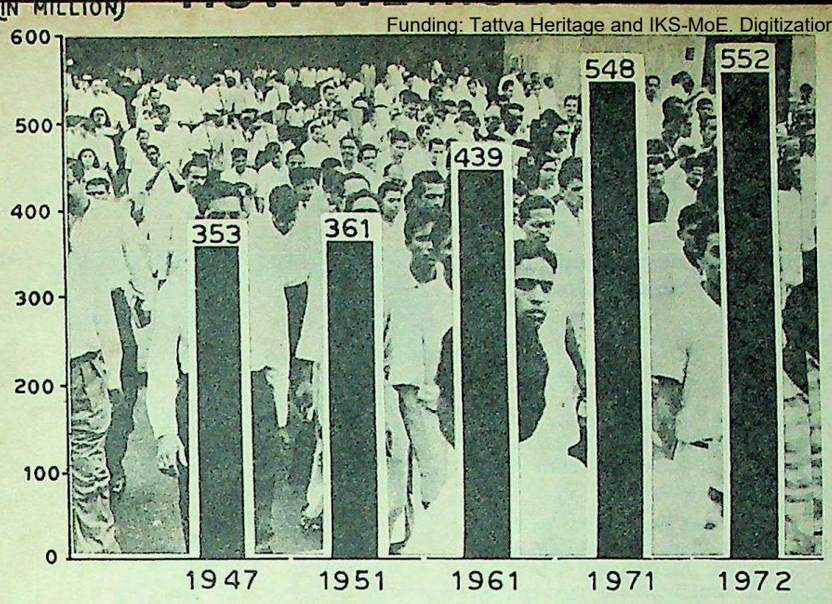
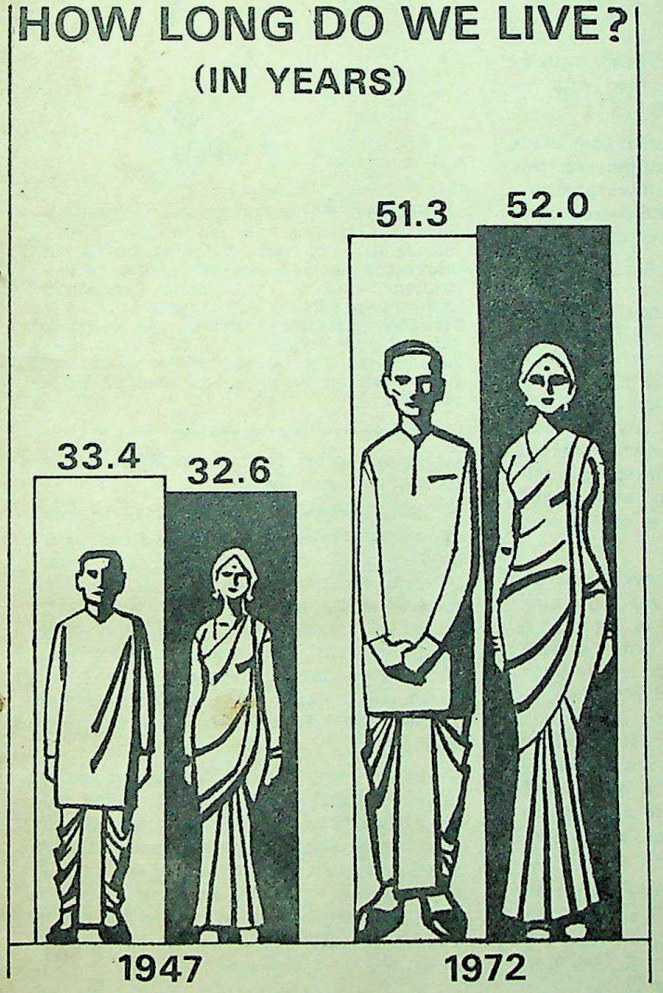
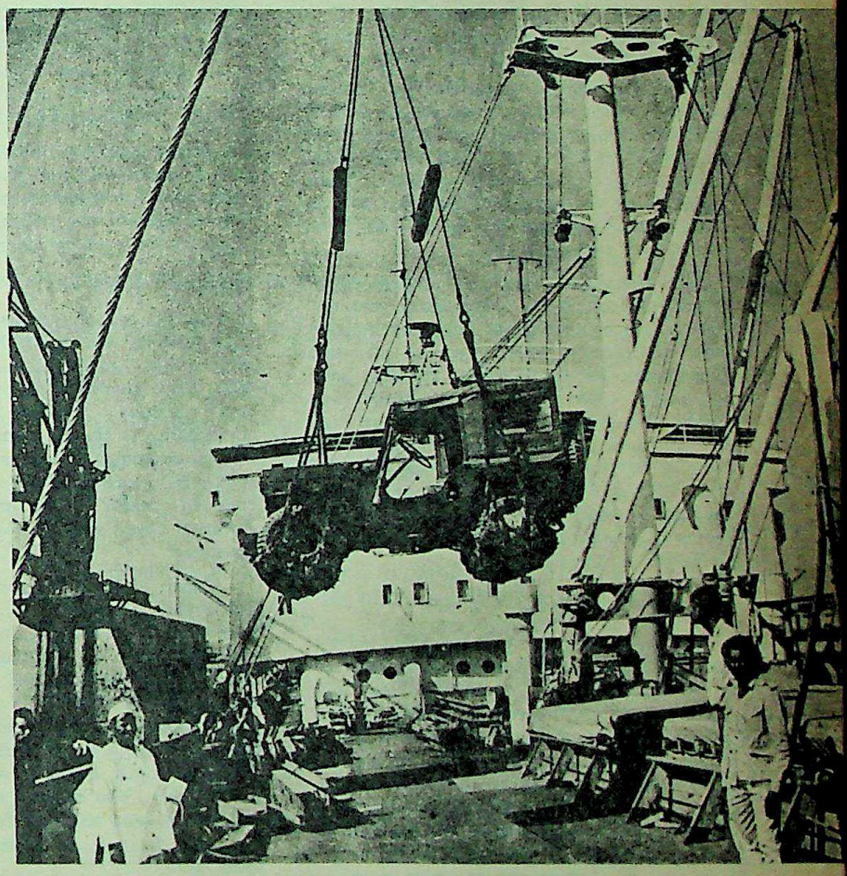


A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE. Our Family Planning Campaign, which started in 1951 but was intensified only from 1964, has spread the message of "HUM DO HAMARE DO" to every corner of the country, but the population keeps growing. Between 1961-1971, 10.9 crore babies were born. In 1971 our population was 547 million. The loop has failed, the pill hasn't caught on. Is compulsory sterilisation after two children the answer?

NOT AN ABORTIVE ATTEMPT—but a definite achievement. We legalised abortion in April 1972. Since then, 1,100 abortions have been performed. Even in the USA, women are still battling for the right.





RISING HIGHER AND HIGHER. Our exports are on the increase. Besides traditional items, such as tea, jute and textiles, we are now exporting non-traditional items like engineering goods, vehicles such as scooters, motor-cycles and bicycles, iron ore, leather goods, chemicals, even fish and fish products. This jeep, being loaded on to a Yugoslavian ship, was part of a Rs 7 million order from that country. In 1970-71 we exported as many as 20,27,000 bicycles and 97,000 scooters and motor-bikes.

Compiled by J. D. K.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

GOVIND BALLABH PANT

A MAN WHO KNEW NO BITTERNESS

The present generation cannot appreciate the greatness of our freedom fighters. What were they like as people? What humiliations did they suffer in their struggle?

by PREM BHATIA

IT was one of the misfortunes of Indian independence that by the time it came most of the senior Congress leaders were already well past their physical prime. Their best years had been spent in the struggle for freedom, in and outside prison. In August, 1947, they were already aged or physically ailing.

Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, for instance, lived less than three years after Gandhiji's assassination. In rapid succession thereafter we lost Rafi Ahmad Kidwai, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad and Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant, not to mention several others who died even earlier. Only Jawaharlal Nehru lived long enough to leave an impact over an appreciable period after Independence.

For the younger generation of Indians, therefore, most of these great people existed only briefly as administrators. Much of their best work for the country had already been done before they entered Government. Their greatness of the earlier period was, by and large, a hazy memory except to those who had known them closely.

In any case, until the emergence of Indira Gandhi as a triumphant national leader, it was uncommon to speak approvingly of Congress leadership. The men and women who led the fight for freedom have not really been forgotten but they have ceased to be remembered in the sharp outline of their politically active days. That, again, is not surprising. The heroes of many years ago have become a phase of history. **The pity is that there have been few attempts to present them as human beings, as characters in their own right.**

Powerful Leaders

Yet many of them were powerful individuals before the dictates of administrative responsibility imposed on them collectively a measure of uniformity as members of a governmental team. An example was their varying attitudes in detention. At Ahmednagar in 1942, for instance, Nehru was mostly engaged in reading and writing. Govind Ballabh Pant, much more domestic than Nehru, filled many of his letters from prison with advice to his children about their studies. Maulana Abul Kalam Azad wrote few letters, showing a dignified disdain to this limited concession of correspondence in captivity.

My personal knowledge of Pantji began some years before he came over to Delhi as Home Minister in the Nehru Cabinet. I got to know him for the first time in Lucknow in 1946 when he became Premier in the then United Provinces. His depth and nobility of character, as well as his capacity for patience and tolerance, had already made a profound impression on me before I met him again as a key member of the Union Government. It was his immeasurable restraint which struck me more than some of his other qualities.

This restraint was manifested in many ways. For instance, Pantji was hardly ever known to have lost his temper. When he felt annoyed he usually made this known through understatement: *"Yeh aap ne achcha nahin kiya"* (You have not done the right thing), or *"Yeh aap ko shobha nahin deta"* (This does not bring you credit), or, if the perpetrator of a wrong insisted on justifying his conduct, through a plain shut-up sentence: *"Ji haan, maine aap ko sun liya"* (Yes, yes, I have heard you).

Pantji also had an unrivalled capacity for sarcasm which he often used with his lawyer's technique of rebuttal.

These examples, however, relate to his day-to-day dealings. The subject of this story is his splendid reserve over past bitterness against the British, and I know of no other instance which has moved me so much.

Splendid Reserve

On the eve of Independence, orders had gone out to the State Premiers from Nehru that, on the morning of August 15, 1947, they should hold public meetings in their capitals to explain to the people the significance of that important day. I attended the meeting in Lucknow where Pantji spoke for more than an hour to an audience of nearly 50,000 men, women and children. Their enthusiasm can be well imagined.

Pantji had asked me to have tea at his house that afternoon. As I sat with him, together with a few members of his family, including Pantji's son Raja (the present Union Home Minister and then in his early teens), he asked me if I had attended his public meeting in the morning and how I thought it had gone off. I said: **"If you allow me to be frank, Pantji, I was not moved by your speech. You did not say a word about the British who ruled us for so many years and who heaped all kinds of humiliation upon us."**

Pantji smiled, picked up his glass of tea in a pair of hands which still shook from the beating he had received from the police 17 years ago in the very city of Lucknow over which he now presided as Chief Minister. I went on: "Look at your hands. You drink your tea from a glass because you cannot hold a cup, thanks to the British. And yet you did not say a word against the people who incapacitated you."

Pantji shook his head and said there was no point in thinking of the unpleasant past. Had not Gandhiji taught us to be forgiving and to be big of heart? What mattered now was the future.

LIFELONG FRIENDS. Govind Ballabh Pant was one of those on whom Nehru relied during times of crisis. Referring to the lathi blows the two received during the demonstrations against the Simon Commission, Nehru wrote in his autobiography: "Govind Ballabh Pant, who stood by me, offered a much bigger target, being six foot odd in height, and the injuries he received then have resulted in a painful and persistent malady..."

Still unconvinced, I continued to show my anger. I said that, although I had taken no part in the Independence struggle, I still remembered some of the insults which I had suffered at the hands of the British. Pantji smiled again and asked me to tell him something of what my own experience was. There were several incidents in my life which still rankled and I started unfolding my own story. Pantji listened without comment.

In the early days of my apprenticeship on the editorial staff of the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, I had unwittingly offended the British Deputy Inspector-General of Police. As I cycled out of the gate of my newspaper office one afternoon, I took a wrong turn and crossed in front of the police officer's car. He stopped his car and asked his orderly to arrest me.

The subsequent police report on my crime described me as a "badmaash" (bad character).

"Is that all?" asked Pantji as I came to the end of my story. No, I replied, that was not all. I had been through an even worse experience as an Army officer during the War. This was in Baghdad where I was the Head of the Public Relations Section at

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

the Command Headquarters of Persia and Iraq Force.

One evening I was to travel by train to Basra, a distance of 400 miles. When I arrived at the railway station, my orderly put my bag in a First Class compartment where I had been allotted one of the two berths. I went away to buy cigarettes and, when I returned to the carriage, my bag was on the platform and my orderly was in tears. He said a British brigadier had ordered my bag to be removed.

A few moments later, the brigadier himself—a red-faced beefy giant—turned up and said that he had the other berth but did not want me to travel with him. He was not used to travelling with Indians. "There is plenty of room in the train", he informed me brusquely with a wave of the hand.

I told Pantji I had then felt like murder.

That was nothing, Pantji comforted me. I was young and, therefore, perhaps sensitive. Was there anything else which I remembered? Yes, I replied, there was a similar incident in Calcutta towards the fag end of the War when I was briefly seconded to the personal staff of Lady Mountbatten, whose husband was still the Supreme Commander-in-Chief of South-East Asia Command.

I had been touring with the Supremo's wife for a few days. During a halt in Calcutta she asked her personal staff to have lunch with her at the Saturday Club. This establishment was still very much a white man's preserve. As I drove up to the Club I was stopped at the gate by the Pathan watchman who informed me firmly, though politely, that "kale admi" (black people) were not admitted to the Club premises, adding for comfort that perhaps I had made a mistake and had come to the wrong place. I retreated in horror to my hotel.

Pantji still looked amused. Yes, he said, such things did happen those days. He himself had been through much trouble. Yet he had chosen to forget such things. At my insistence Pantji then told me a story concerning himself. He related the incident with a complete lack of emotion and, I thought, only to amuse me. His words are still a vivid memory after 25 years.

In the thirties, when Pantji was already a distinguished lawyer and Deputy Leader of the Congress Party in the Central Legislative Assembly, he made frequent trips between his home town, Naini Tal, and Delhi. The passenger bus those days did not go as close to the heart of the town as it does now. At the end of one of his journeys to Naini Tal, Pantji got out of the bus and was about to walk to his house when a British subaltern called him and ordered him to pick up his bag.

"You did not do that!" I said in alarm. "Yes, I did," was Pantji's unruffled answer. He carried the bag, he added, right up to the subaltern's residence. At the end of the assignment the young British officer gave Pantji a "tip" of two annas.

"That was quite unnecessary," I almost shouted at Pantji. He did not have to allow himself to be insulted in that manner. "No," Pantji replied with disarming gentleness, "it was necessary. It was part of the hardening process which we all went through.

THE AUTHOR. Prem Bhatia was Editor of The Tribune *till* 1961, *then Resident Editor of* The Times of India. *In* 1965 *he was appointed India's High Commissioner in Kenya. Since* 1969 *he has been High Commissioner in Singapore. His book,* All My Yesterdays *(from which this chapter is reproduced), is being published by Vikas.*

After that incident I was even more determined that we must get rid of the British."

I had heard the story spellbound. There were tears in my eyes, but these were tears of humility and of admiration for a person who was so much bigger than I was. There was no further discussion on the subject and we continued to drink our tea in silence.

If Pantji had ever won a disciple in the course of an hour, I was one.

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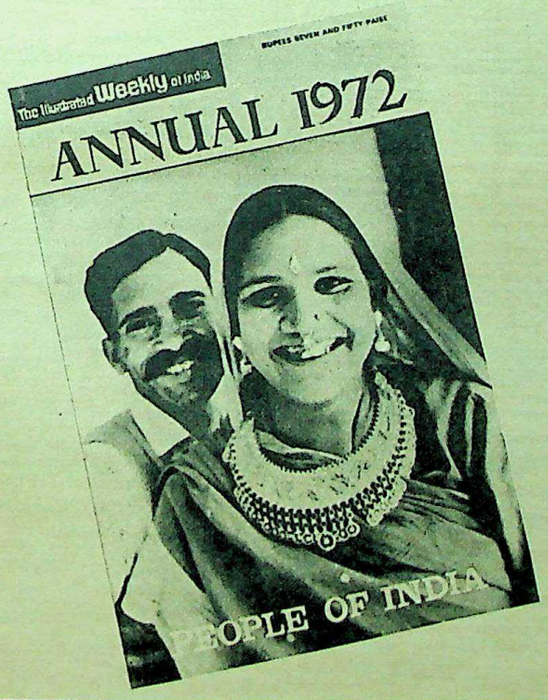
INDIA



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THE KING AND THE MAIDS - an original painting by Satish Gujral. Copyright : Modipon.

THE KING AND THE MAIDS

have chapters, nay volumes to illustrate their tales. They invoke a nostalgia that has few equals in human mythology. They attract us, for these are men and women who seek to live life in its fullest.

They wouldn't accept it in just black and white. They are possessed with vision that recognises each tone, each shade and can see millions of these in a single hue. It is this possession that helps them explore in life the possibilities that make each breath feel like a life span, full of pleasure and glee.

These men and women who sip from this fountain of youth, to whom life means always something new, are one that Modipon seek to satisfy. But itself Modipon is never satisfied. It is always exploring new possibilities, new tones, new shades. Modipon is always seeking.

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INTERADS

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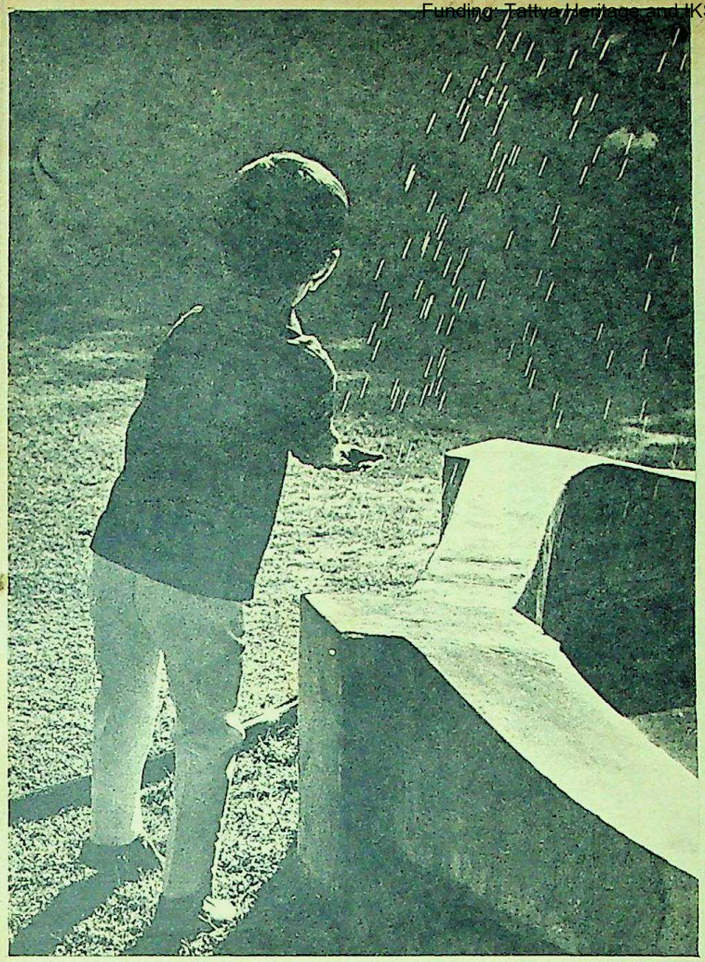
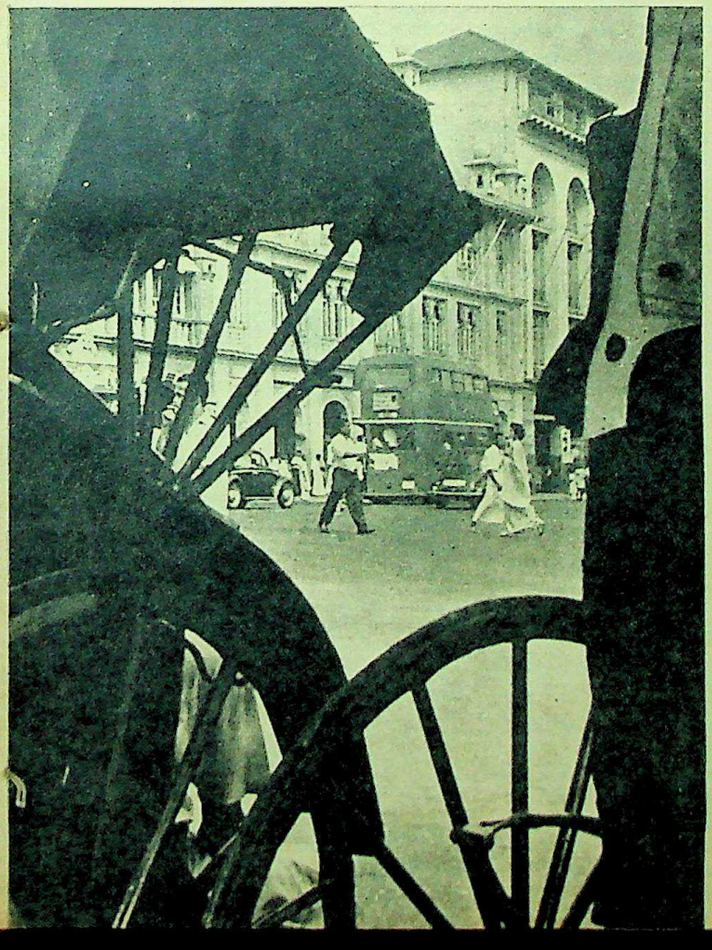
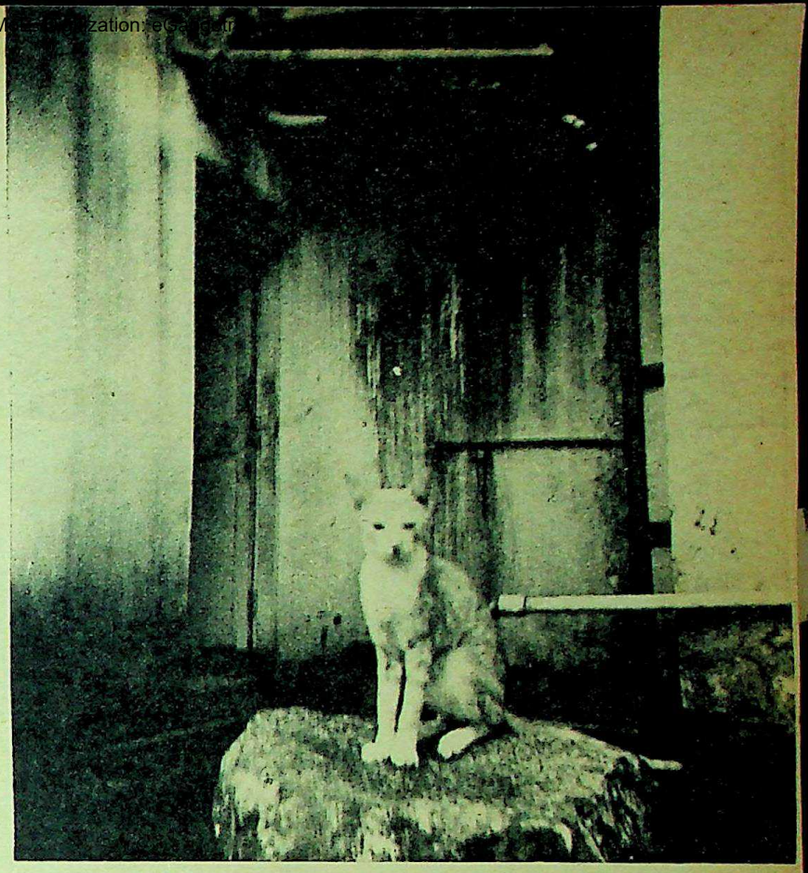


IT'S WET. You don't have to see the boy to know he's enjoying himself. A precious moment caught by an alert photographer—Vijay D. Machhar.

CROSSING. The clever use of objects in the foreground gives the picture a 3-D effect. P. S. Rao has "frozen" the action, yet the movement is fluid.





THE CAT THAT POSES. The picture is bad. There is no background, the cat looks very sorry and the total effect is bare. Don't take such shots.

point": I am sure he will consider it. But always do a story, not just one picture.

Amjad also asks: "When one does not have a wide-angle lens, can one take the photograph from a longer distance and then enlarge for compensating for a wide-angle lens?" Firstly, the mere reason for making the wide-angle lens was to enable photographers to include more picture area in restricted places—hence the name—but even if you did move back, to include the same area you would find the perspective quite different. So a wide-angle lens is not just an expensive toy but a very useful accessory. Try to buy one: you cannot make do with other lenses.

K. M. Mohanty of Bhubaneshwar seems very keen on learning photography but can only spare two or three months. He says there is no photography society in Orissa, so he has quite a problem. Can anybody help?

B. S. Sundaram (Bangalore), A.R.P.S., A.F.I.A.P., says to please note his honours carefully—seems to have got very rattled at P. R. Shinde's general remarks about the Wills' Contest prize-winners. They have been misconstrued as a personal criticism and the long letter reminds me of a story about an artist and a critic. Every time the artist exhibited his paintings, one particular critic was very outspoken with his views. This kept on for some time and the artist finally stormed up to the critic: "Can you," he yelled, "paint half as well as I can?"

....

"No," said the critic, "nor do I lay eggs. But I can tell you which is a good one."

S. P. Barawwal (Samastipur) wants to know how to take pictures from the screen in a movie hall. Just treat the images as any moving object: use a fairly fast speed; a tele-lens will help; and don't try taking pictures from too near the screen. You will find too much distortion. The actual exposure depends on the scene you are taking: more for the dimly lit ones, less for the brighter ones.

The best way out would be to take a picture once, see the results and try again. I could sound more helpful by saying it at 1|60 at 5.6; but so much depends on your film, the developing and the shot; so this will not help at all. And, anyway, remember the title: TEACH YOURSELF PHOTOGRAPHY. I can only guide you, but you must learn to do this all by yourself. Try once; check results; try again. You *have* to be right this time.

—Concluded

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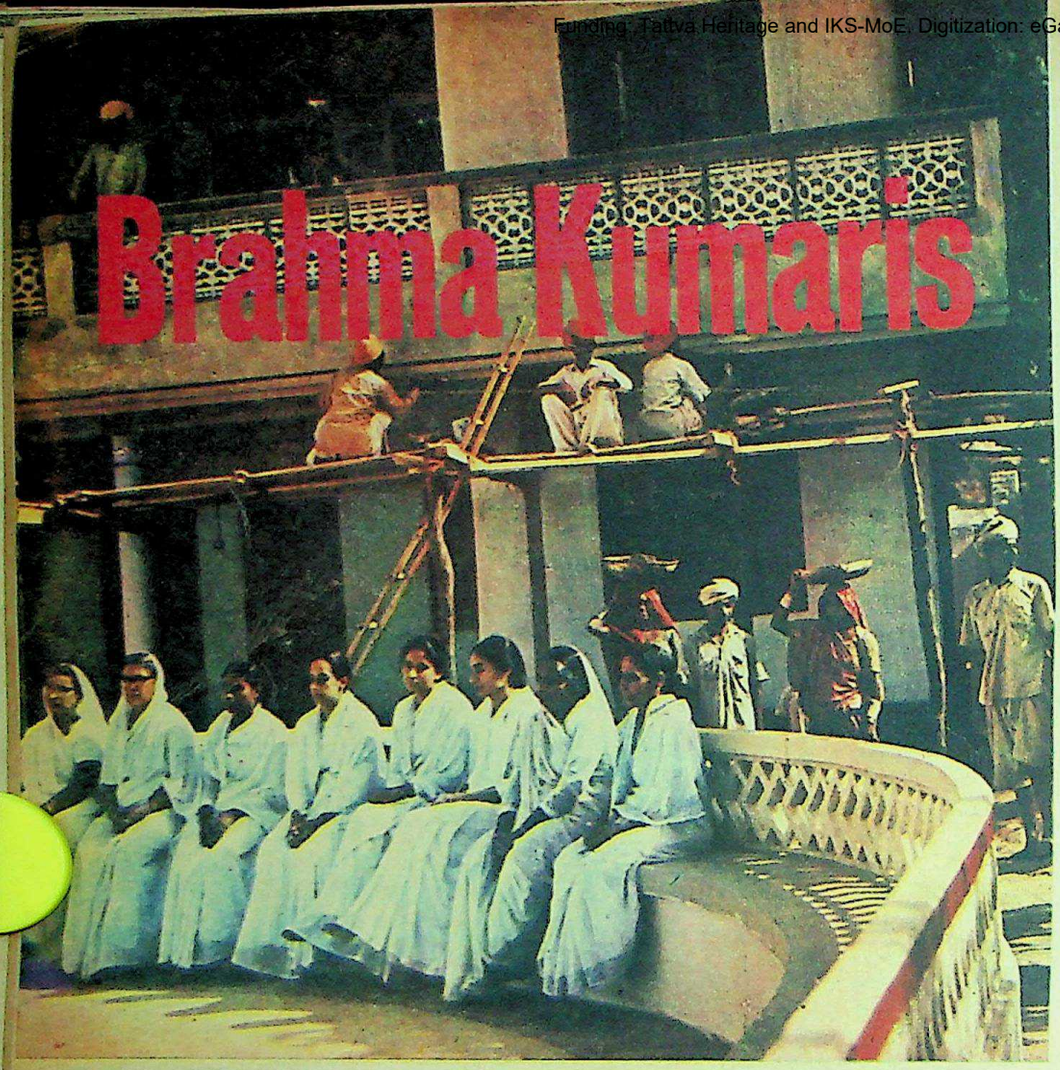
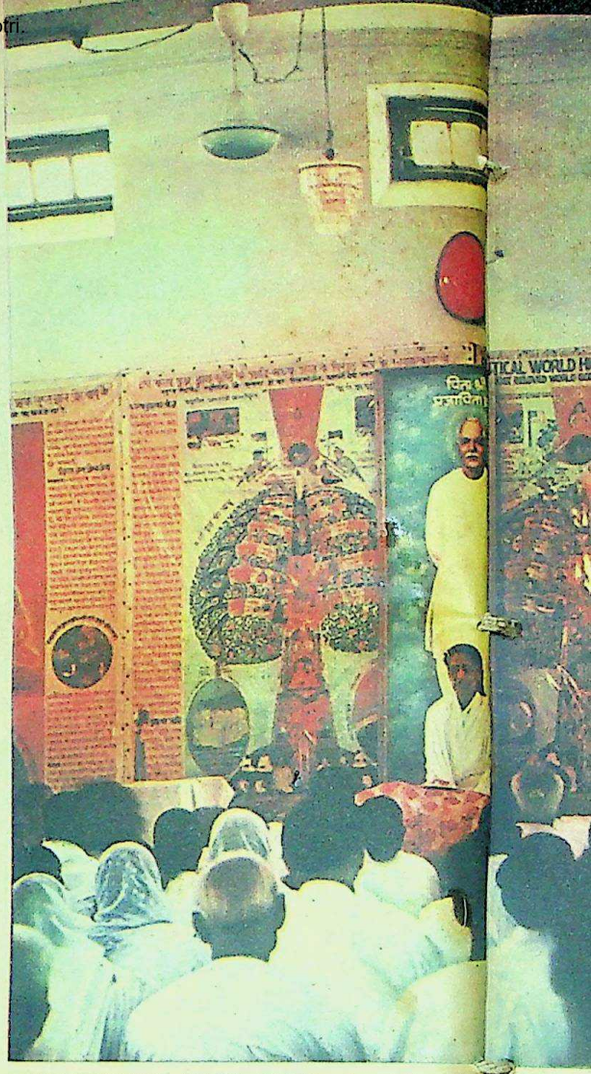
Brahma Kumaris



AT PANDAV BHAVAN, Mount Abu, construction of new buildings continues. The Brahma Kumaris, "Spiritual Daughters of Brahma", run the Ishwariya Vishwa Vidyalaya or "God-Fatherly University of Love". They teach "behavioural transformation and self-purification".



"COMMUNION WITH GOD". A senior Brahmari goes messages from On High. Overhead glows the s sacred s Dada Lekhraj ("christened by God Himself at Brahma sophy and cosmology, form the background.

There are over 20,000 Brahma Kumaris with 200 centres in India and abroad. They believe in "universal brotherhood, world peace, celibacy and avoidance of the five evils". Their origin has been controversial but they are a well-meaning people who have resolved to reform the world before it comes to an end in 1976...

by QURRATULAIN HYDER

MOUNT Abu was still many desert miles away. Arid hills on the horizon, outlines of ancient temples through the hazy landscape. Broken-down tombs, dried-up tanks and river-beds. Clusters of date-palm and cacti. In this desert waste, man had once built the only temple to Brahma and glorified all manner of religious experience in marble, sandstone and glazed brick. The monuments now lie scattered in ruins...

Suddenly I was back in the present. The two Brahma Kumaris in the compartment had been up since the early hours. They carried with them stacks of text written in atrocious English and garish pictures and charts depicting their own version of the cosmos. On another berth sat their devotees, a rich Gujarati couple who had observed the vow of celibacy for eight years.

Why do people join these exotic cults? Are they a bunch of freaks and crackpots indulging in dark, tantric practices? The Brahma Kumaris seemed fairly harmless and well-meaning: two earnest, semi-educated, middle-aged women who could have been nondescript Sindhi housewives. They radiated friendliness and goodwill and were eager to please and to "convert".

"Good morning," I said to them as I looked around for the flask of tea.

"Good morning to who?" one of them asked. Then she smiled and pointed upward. "Good morning to Godfather Shiv Baba."

I have had my share of soul-savers, Jehovah's Witnesses and compulsive preachers of various religious and political philosophies. But not so early in the morning.

As the sun came up from behind the Aravallis, one of them asked: "Now what are we going to have?"

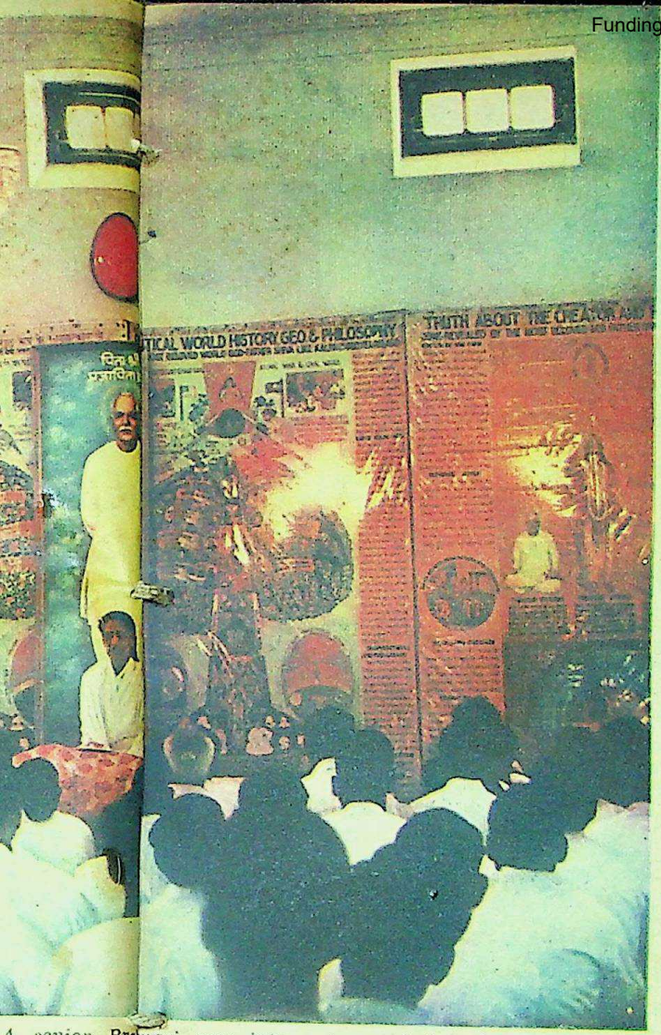
"Breakfast," replied my colleague's wife hopefully.

"No. We will first have a *spiritual* class," the Brahma Kumari said with a disarming sweetness. "We have a seven-day course. For you I'll compress it into *one hour*. Tell me, do you know who you are?"

FAMILY OF DEVOTEES. A former army man wife and Husband and wife live as "brother and sister are o thousand couples practising Brahmacharya. "That way of solve India's problem of population explosion," Brahma K

CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja National Research Institute, Melukote Collection.

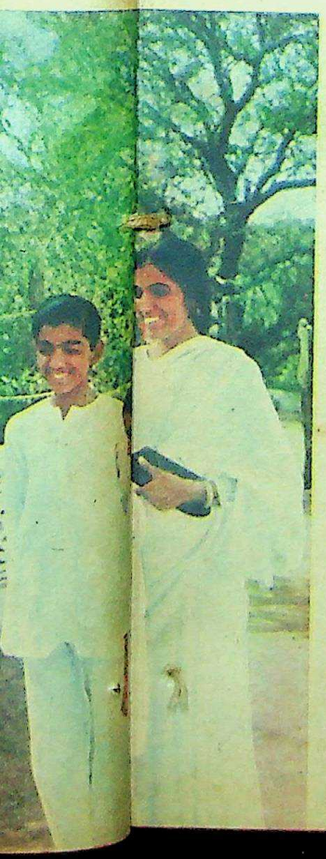
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.



A senior Brahmari goes into a trance before imparting the ead glows the is sacred symbol. The portrait of the Founder, God Himself anti Brahma"), and posters illustrating his philo- background.

SPIRITUAL CLASSES begin at 6 a.m. and are held several times during the day. The students are taught to shun lust, anger, greed and other evils. "Yoga does not mean physical exercises but communion with the Almighty." The teachers are all Brahma Kumaris. Young Brahma Kumaris teach old men and women.

ner army man wife and children. other and saere are over two macharya. "That way of life can on explosion," Brahma Kumaris.



KITCHEN AT PANDAV BHAVAN. It's a streamlined organisation. The Brahma Kumaris run the administration and supervise the teaching courses. Brahma Kumars get their guidance from these 'mothers and sisters'. "The Supreme Soul Shiva founded the organisation in 1937".

My friend nodded. (She is a qualified artist and designs mod dresses for a classy boutique in Bombay.)

"You are a *soul*. And do you know who made you? God did. He is our Father. He sends down *paighambers* (messengers) to reveal his message."

All this sounded oddly familiar. 'Our Father Which art in Heaven' and 'Allah sent down His *paighambers* from time to time', etc. But a more peculiar kind of syncretism soon followed:

"Brahma and Saraswati are Adam and Eve. *Qiyamat* (Doomsday) is about to come, after which there will be Satyug and Ram

Photographs by JITENDRA ARYA

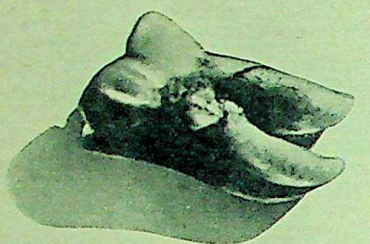
Rajya. All the pure souls will be reborn in the Satyug as gods and goddesses... We must live a godly life here in order to qualify for rebirth in the Satyug."

The "class" lasted exactly an hour after which we were treated to a sumptuous, home-made, vegetarian breakfast. It had been cooked by the good ladies who were escorting us to their headquarters in the hills.

—Continued

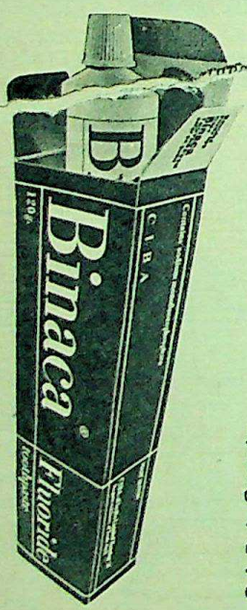
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

This tooth was Murdered.



In the most ghastly way.
By slow poisoning. And the terrible truth never came out till the tooth died.
Verdict: Wilful neglect.
Inadequate brushing with an inadequate toothpaste.

The moral: If the owner had used Binaca Fluoride regularly, the tragedy would have been averted. Because the SMFP in Binaca Fluoride gives triple resistance against tooth decay and painful cavities by:



- Strengthening tooth enamel
- Inhibiting formation of mouth acids
- Arresting early decay

Stop murdering your teeth
Start protecting them with

Binaca Fluoride

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WHY GO GREY?

TURN YOUR HAIR TO ITS NATURAL SHADE

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MANY USERS CAN'T BE WRONG

Men and women, don't let grey hair worry you a day longer and add years to your looks! It need not happen.

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ENSOLA CONC, is non-greasy and pleasantly perfumed. ESOLA CONC, TURNS GREY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL SHADE. Results will be evident in a matter of days. You NEED NEVER GO GREY AGAIN. When your hair has returned to its natural shade, all you need is to use ENSOLA CONC, occasionally and the shade will be retained. Just think what a difference this will mean to KNOW that you can retain the youthful look and have no fear of your appearance in the years ahead.

The need today is to LOOK YOUNGER and FEEL YOUNGER than your years and that is why ENSOLA CONC, is regarded as an "absolute blessing" by users in all walks of life. Is it any wonder that grateful letters of thanks pour in by every post from all parts of India? START TODAY TO TAKE YEARS OFF YOUR LOOKS. THE SOONER YOU START THE SOONER YOU'LL BENEFIT.

Under a unique scheme of "Pay only if convinced," YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE EXCEPT YOUR GREY HAIR. Please send your order to **M/S. BELIRAM CHIMANLAL & CO., (below Fly Over), 308 PRINCESS STREET, BOMBAY-2,** who will send you by V.P.P. one box of full size Ensola Conc, plus FREE SAMPLE BOTTLES which will last for a week. First use the free sample bottle, and when you are completely and happily satisfied, then only open the box of Ensola Conc, and start using the same. In case you are not completely satisfied after using the sample bottles, you may please return the box of full size Ensola Conc. UNOPENED to them. Ensola Conc, can also be had at the counter of Beliram Chimanlal & Co. at Rs. 9/-. All orders will be executed by V.P.P. to any part of India. The cost will be Rs. 13/- (Rs. 9/- for Ensola Conc, plus (Rs. 4/- for packaging, postage) etc.

Kindly note Sample is supplied **ONLY** with full size bottle.

LOCAL STOCKISTS: If you are one of those who are already convinced about the efficacy of ENSOLA CONC, you can buy the same from the following local Stockists at Rs. 9/- plus local taxes. **ALLAHABAD:** BALSONS: Corner, Near Kamala Nehru Hospital, Allahabad-2, and Mahatma Gandhi Marg, Civil Line, Allahabad-1. **AGRA:** Cash Chemists, Fountain. **AHMEDABAD:** Patel Bros., (Dawawala), Near Model Talkies Gandhi Road. **AMBALA CANTT:** Jagat Singh & Sons, H. Dharishah Di Hatti. Sadar Bazar. **ALLEPPEY (Kerala):** M. J. TRADING CORPORATION. **AMRITSAR:** Dr. Sukh Dev & Sons, Hall Bazar. **ANAND:** Saurashtra Medical Stores, Nehru Road. **BARODA:** A. Roy & Company, Raopura. **BANGALORE:** The Popular Stores (Regd.) Malleswaram, Bangalore-3. **BAGALKOT (Mysore):** Bagalkot Division Central Co-operative Wholesale Stores Ltd., Mahatma Gandhi Road, Bagalkot. **BELLARY:** Sri Manjunath Stores, Brahmin Street. **BELGAUM:** BELGAUMKAR Bros., Tilakwadi. **CALCUTTA-7: Distributors** — M/s. Phani Kanika Distributors, 1, Vivekananda Road. **CALICUT:** T. Hoosain Sahib, Huzur Road, **CANNANORE:** The National Store. **CHANDIGARH:** Gainda Mull Hem Raj Sector 17, Jagat Singh & Sons, Sector-17. **COIMBATORE:** Nanjappa & Co., Avanashi Road, **DELHI:** (1) Paul Bros., Gandhi Market, Sadar Bazar, (2) H. C. Sen & Co., Chemists, Fountain; (3) Radicura & Co., Fatehpuri, Chandni Chawk, New Delhi; (1) Empire Stores, Connaught Place; (2) Public Medical Stores, Bank St., Karol Bagh. **DEHRADUN:** Novelty, 37 New Market. **DHANABAD:**—Shree Laxami Bhandar. **ERNAKULAM:** Hassani Stores, Broadway. **FEROZEPORE:** Kaka Stores, Main Bazar. **GWALIOR:** Govt. Servants Co-op. Stores Ltd., Kempo Road Lashkar. **GODHRA:** The Bharat Swadeshi Stores, M. G. Road; **HARDA (M.P.):** Lal Medical Stores; **HYDERABAD:** Kathiawar Stores, Abid Road. **INDORE CITY:** Cash Chemists, Maharani Road. **JAMNAGAR:** Adarsh Medical Stores Ranjit Rd.; **JAMSHEDPUR:** D. M. Meghani, 21, Main Road; **JULLUNDER-CITY:** Nemchand Chamanlal, Atari Bazar. **KANPUR:** Sadhuram Naraindas & Co., 47/7, Maniram Bagia. **KAKINADA:** Sri Ramdas Medical Hall, Main Road, New Mosque. **KARIMNAGAR (AP):** Srinivas General Stores. **KOLHAPUR:** Ranjit -Stores, Shivaji Road. **KATIHAR:** (Purnea) Cheap Medical Hall, Chemists and Druggists. **LUDHIANA:** Lahore Shop, Basti Bazar. **LUCKNOW:** Button House, 46, Halwaria Market. **MADRAS (Distributors for Tamil Nadu):** The Seamars Chemical Corp. (Pvt.) Ltd., 281, Lloyds Road, Madras 6. **MADURAI:** R. G. Stores, 34, East Chitrai Street; New Stores, East Chitrai Street. **MANGALORE:** Fancy Mart, Opp. Canara Jewellers; G. H. S. Road. **MYSORE:** Sreenivas Stores. **PATNA:** D. Lall and Sons, Fraser Road. **PATIALA:** Lal General Stores, Arya Samaj Chawk. **PATHANKOT:** Puri Medical Store, Main Bazar. **PURNEA:** J. N. Bhattacharji & Sons. **PALANPUR:** Shyam Sunder Stores, Station Road. **POONA CITY:** N. Mahadeo & Co., Chemist. **PALGHAT:** (Kerala) "Prakash" Ladies Fancy Stores, G. B. Road. **RATNAGIRI:** J. M. Redij, C/o Janta Granth Bhandar Gokhale Naka. **RAJKOT:** Rajkot Medical Stores, Sir Lakhajiraj Road. **SECUNDERABAD:** Kathiawar Stores, M. G. Road. **SIMLA:** Dr. Hajara Singh & Sons, The Mall. **SAMBALPUR:** Pahwa General Stores, Gole Bazar, Sambalpur. **SHIMOGA:** Jwarari Company, Chemists & Druggists. **SAHARANPUR:** Kakar General Stores, Nehru Market. **TRICHUR:** A. D. Kuriappan & Sons, High Road. **TRIVANDRUM:** Bhaskar Stores.

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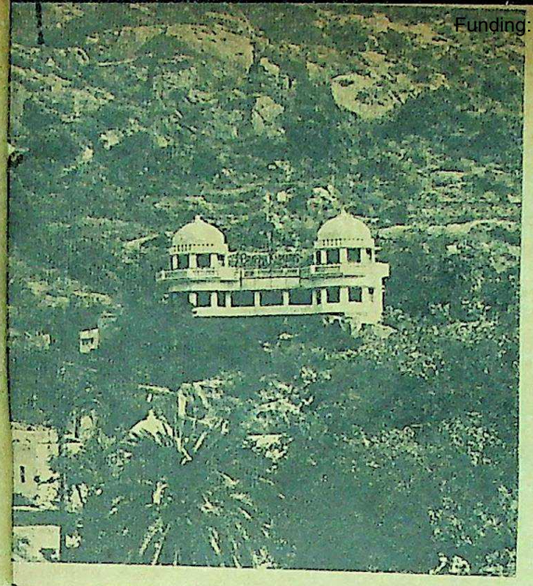


PANDAV BHAVAN, Mount Abu, headquarters of the Brahma Kumaris and "the God Fatherly University of Love" which aims at enabling "human being to obtain Deity and Sovereignty of supreme peace in new viceless world".

At Mount Abu, there sprawl the Madhuban and the Pandav Bhavan (The rest of the world comprise the Kauraus). It is a complex of huge modern buildings, prayer halls and dining rooms—all surrounded by orchards, gardens and a vineyard of Anabshahi grapes. The rooms are spotlessly clean and the atmosphere relaxed and cheerful. Several hundred women live together and yet the place is quiet. A glowing, egg-shaped sacred symbol made of glass seems omnipresent. The bulb inside is switched on at the time of prayer and meditation; it reminded me of the red light which comes on in a broadcasting studio during transmission.

In the prayer hall, three of the original Brahma Kumaris (who joined the Om Mandali way back in 1937 in Hyderabad, Sind) sit under the colossal portrait of the founder. Motionless and without batting an eyelid they stare in front for half an hour and meditate. One of them begins the discourse. The lectures are based on the teachings of Pitashri Dada Lekhraj; the lessons are cyclostyled and sent out to the 200 "centres" all over India.

Many hundred Brahma Kumaris and Kumars live at the Pandav Bhavan. The kitchen is of baronial proportions, the food and sweetmeats, which they prepare themselves, very tasty.

From where does the money for running such a massive establishment come? Who built the Pandav Bhavan, the various "spiritual museums" and "centres" all over the country? How did they get the foreign exchange for the large delegation which recently went on a world tour?

"Contributions by the devotees and God's blessings. He provides," comes the simple answer.

The Brahma Kumaris are friendly and hospitable. They are also tireless missionaries. They sincerely believe in the impending doom of the world, and they are fluent speakers.

Celibacy is imperative. In the prayer hall the chief Brahma Kumari explains:

"When a husband and wife visit a temple of Laxmi-Narayan the husband addresses the deities as Mother and Father. Does the wife address them as Mother-in-Law and Father-in-Law? No, she does not. What does it mean? It means that both are children of the same divine parents, Laxmi-Narayan. So what are they to each other? Brother and Sister."

If you follow this logic the problem of India's overpopulation will be solved in the bargain.

Most of the Brahma Kumaris and their followers are middle- and lower middle-class men and women of average education. But they also include some VIPs and highly educated people. Gopala Reddi, Governor of U.P., is an admirer and a frequent guest at Abu. At his request the "spiritual exhibition" was recently held at Raj Bhavan, Lucknow.

The Brahma Kumaris include women of all ages. Some have been life-long nuns. Entire families of mother, daughter, aunts and cousins have joined the cult. Some of them belong to rich Sindhi families. A senior and greatly respected Brahma Kumari is the sister of a Sindhi tycoon.

Some senior sisters, and some of the younger ones, go into trances and have direct communion with God who directs them on important matters. They also see visions. In the prayer hall, taped *bhajans* are played back. For us, the taped voice of Prajapati Brahma also came on, who among other things said that a day shall come when *journalists* shall come to this place and make enquiries. The congregation looked triumphantly at us. Pitashri's prophecy had come true. Journalists and photographers come and go. The virgin daughters of God are making news. They were widely photographed and televised in London and New York as well.

After the tape-recorded session is over, the time comes for communication with "Baap-Dada"—Pitashri Prajapati Brahma and Almighty God. A senior Brahma Kumari sits cross-legged on the settee and becomes statuesque, eyes open and staring in the void.

"Do you want to send any message to God?" we were asked at such a session.

The prospect was overwhelming. We politely declined.

From "On High"

After a few minutes the Brahma Kumari gave us the message from On High. "Salaam Malekum... (This was obviously meant for me.) *Bachchiyyo, tum jo is pavitra dharti pe ayee ho, to kya tum salaam karne ayee ho ya malik banne—?* (Daughters, you, who have come to this holy place, have you come to pay your respects or to become the owners?)

Then there was a warning from Allah —also meant for me—on the impending day of *Qiyamat*. The message ended with another "Salaam Malekum, Malekum Salaam".

Later, I did not have the heart to tell the good lady that although the pun on *salaam* and *malik* was interesting it was not *"salaam malikum, malikum salaam"* but *"Assalaam-o-Aleikum"* and *"Waleikum Assalam"* (Peace be on you). The words must have got mixed up on the hot line.

The organisation has some progressive aspects. They believe in universal brotherhood, do not observe caste rules and give importance to women.

"All religious orders in India," writes a Brahma Kumar, "carried on a hate campaign against women. Adi Sankaracharya said: 'A woman is the doorway to hell. She is like a shackle for the feet of men.' The Hindu women of Sind, in particular, were treated like second-class citizens and kept down by their men. They were told that they were their husbands' property, that a woman must worship her husband even if he be cruel and vicious. When Pitashri Dada Lekhraj began to preach, women flocked to him.

"People with vested interests and conservative parents were infuriated. Pitashri and his women devotees were greatly maligned and persecuted. Pitashri was accused of hypnotising young and pretty girls. But the movement succeeded, despite all opposition ..."

Religio-Political World History, Geography And Philosophy

being taught by the Most Beloved World God-Father Shiva like Kalpa (5000 years) ago

God Shiva says: "Dear children, conquer the five vices by means of this Godly knowledge and by Yoga with Me and regain God-Fatherly Birthright of sovereignty of the Golden-aged Deity World before the forthcoming world destruction".

Remember: (1) Soul of every Divine Father undergoes transmigration till the end of the Kalpa for sustenance of its dynasty. (2) Maximum births of a human soul in a Kalpa are 84. (3) No human soul transmigrates into animal species. (4) Soul is not immune (Nirlep) to action. (5) The knowledge of Gita was not imparted by Shri Krishna at the end of Copper Age but by ME, SHIVA, through Brahma at the confluence of the end of Kaliyuga and the beginning of Satyuga. (6) Shri Krishna did not have 108 queens, nor Shri Rama's Sita was kidnapped by anyone. (7) No human soul can be called 'Shri Shri 108 Jagat Guru'.

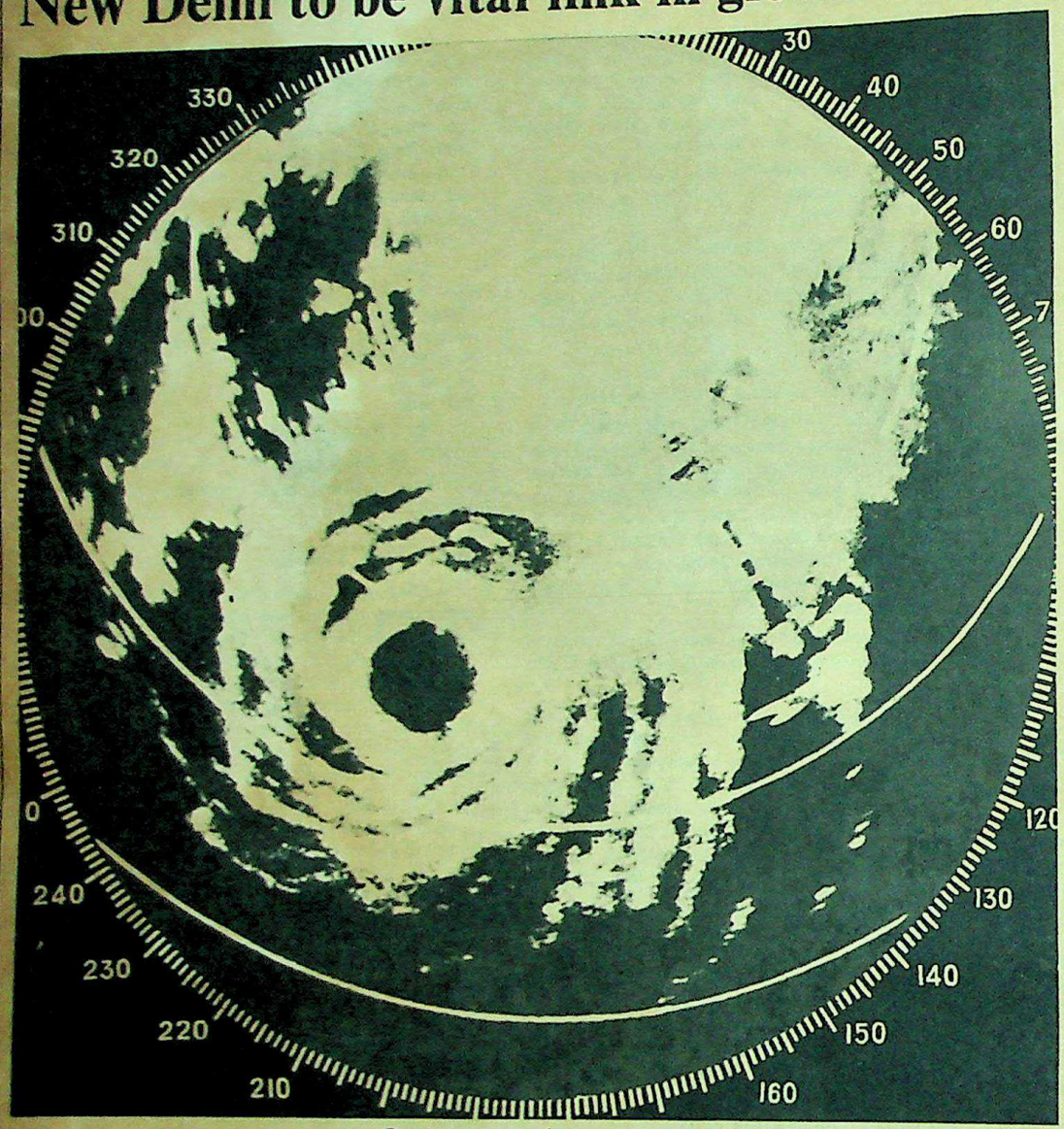
Incorporeal God Father Shiva says: "Remember: (1) No human soul can bestow Mukti or Jeewan Mukti to anyone including the self. (2) Every human soul has to pass through its Golden, Silver, Copper and Iron stages till the end of Kaliyuga. (3) True knowledge about ME and MY Creation can be imparted only by ME—Immortal, Knowledgeful Father-cum-Teacher-cum-Preceptor of the world. (4) Vicious actions can be absolved by having spiritual Yoga with Me, the Incorporeal God. (5) A soul cannot become God.

[Extracts from an illustrated poster in English]

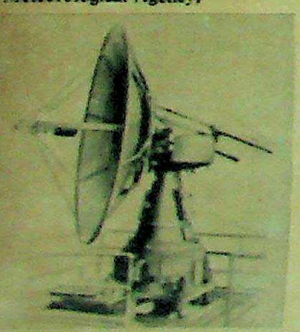
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

MEETING THE CHALLENGE OF THE STORMY SPECTRE

New Delhi to be vital link in global venture



Radar photograph of cyclone showing clearly the eye and the spiral rain bands. (Photograph courtesy Japan Meteorological Agency)



Cyclone warning radar at Visakhapatnam. (Photograph courtesy India Meteorological Department)

Cyclones need not cause misery. Today's weathermen are meeting the challenge of the stormy spectre through the use of modern tools like the computer. Now they can know in real time the changing weather conditions and predict more accurately when and where a cyclone will strike—often early enough for the threatened inhabitants to move out before the cyclone moves in.

Computers are also being used to warn people of floods and to forecast rain and drought.

A timely and accurate forecast for any area requires thousands of calculations at different places. Every 24 hours more than 8,000 meteorological land stations in 130 countries take a total of some 110,000 readings of temperature, pressure, visibility and humidity.

These readings are supplemented with the data generated continuously by weather satellites and rockets, besides the observations made by 4000 merchant ships and 3000 aircraft.

These facts are than collected, collated and converted into weather forecasts—for worldwide distribution.

International, regional and national observation stations around the world have been linked to form the World Weather Watch (WWW).

India forms an important link in the WWW. The Regional Telecommunication Hub at New Delhi handles about a million five-digit figures a day; the Meteorological Communication Centre at Bombay handles several hundred thousand.

India has one of the oldest meteorological systems in the world. It was also one of the first to use the computer in meteorology. The Institute of Tropical Meteorology in Poona had one installed in 1963 to develop the latest techniques for weather services.

A System/360 Model 44, the latest in computers, will soon be installed at the Regional Meteorological Centre at New Delhi, which has been established as part of the WWW.

Working in nanoseconds (a nanosecond is to second what a second is to 30 years) the new computer will help analyse data and prepare detailed weather forecasting maps of India and neighbouring areas every few hours.

New Delhi will also serve as the forecasting centre of the International Civil Aviation Organisation, providing weather services for aircraft.

These measures will ensure speedier, more accurate weather forecasts over longer periods—for pilots, mariners, coastguards, flood control engineers, irrigation officials, farmers, city commuters—everybody.

Communique—IBM

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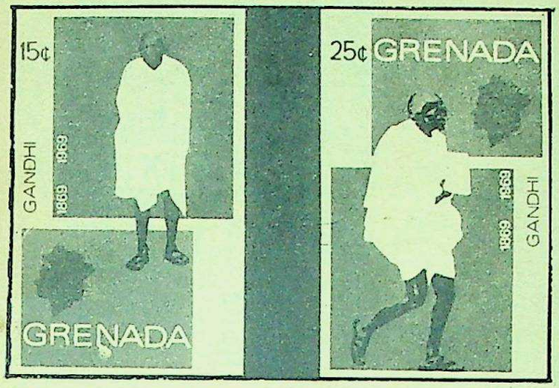
Special Gandhi Issues



Two of a set of four issued by Granada, West Indies.

Issued by India to commemorate Gandhi Centenary.

OCTOBER 2, 1969, the birth centenary of Mahatma Gandhi, is being celebrated by many countries in the world. Already over a score of countries have issued special stamps and miniature sheets depicting Gandhiji and his various activities during his long political career.

Expectedly the Indian postal administration is celebrating the event in a big way. Besides issuing four commemorative stamps, as illustrated, the postal department is also publishing: 2 different First Day Covers; 3 different pictorial postcards of 10 paise; 3 different pictorial inland letter forms of 15 paise; 3 different pictorial aerogrammes for Burma, Ceylon and Pakistan, and 3 different pictorial aerogrammes for Europe and America.

Stamp collectors and particularly collectors of Indian postal stationery will have a field day with so many items issued at one time. The department has cheerfully borne the extra cost of nearly Rs 5,00,000 in printing the above-mentioned, specially-designed pictorial postal stationery in different colours and making it available to the public at the normal postal rates. Special post-marks will be used at Porbandar, Sabarmati and Sevagram, the three places with which Gandhiji was most closely associated during his lifetime.

Granada, West Indies, has brought out a set of four stamps and an attractive souvenir sheet.

USSR issue.

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atmosphere will be encouraging and inspiring.

The new-born is intelligent and will lead a successful and fortunate life.

Tuesday, October 7

For luck today wear or use: Deep yellow, 5, onyx.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Although a stormy and turbulent situation is not indicated, the results may not come up to your expectations. Selfish well-wishers and associates may pretend to co-operate for their personal gains and try to exploit your generosity and goodwill. Guard against such odds, and the year ahead will be promising, leading to some improvement.

The new-born will be popular and good natured.

Wednesday, October 8

For luck today wear or use: Deep brown, 4, dark sapphire.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: You can look forward to a propitious period ahead. Both young and old will give excellent co-operation. You will be crowned with success owing to goodwill and support from others.

Vocational activities will be free from troubles and difficulties, yet discreet planning and cautious investments are essential. But do not be tempted to be rash. Despite minor handicaps and quarrels on the home front, domestic life will be encouraging.

The new-born will be lucky in love, home and profession.

Thursday, October 9

For luck today wear or use: Deep yellow, 4, onyx.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A potent benefic aspect of the Sun-Jupiter conjunction in solar horoscope, may elevate your position. Your vigorous, decisive and direct expression will be valued and respected. It is a year when your past work will be gratefully acknowledged.

If young, love ties or new acquaintances will lead you into marriage. If married, addition to the family is likely.

The new-born will be a promising lad who will bring prosperity to the family.

Friday, October 10

For luck today wear or use: Royal purple, 3, amethyst.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Everything hinges on your ability to work harmoniously with associates and friends. Threat of friction or conflict owing to hasty and offensive attitude and your vehement behaviour cannot be ruled out.

Unwanted risk or changes both in and out of home should be avoided. The more you are patient and thoughtful, the easier it will be for you to maintain the present position. Though speculative activities may prove to be rewarding, ultimately they will become a source of disappointment. Love ties may temporarily be attractive, they may not last long owing to prejudices and misunderstandings.

The new-born will be problematic and hence will have to be reared properly.

Saturday, October 11

For luck today wear or use: Pastel blue, 6, turquoise.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: You will be able to achieve a unique and everlasting success in your career. Be sincere and devote yourself, whole-heartedly to it. It is a good year for students who are aspiring for competitive examinations.

Minor changes in your life which are brewing and may suddenly take place around your birthday will, in the course of time, prove advantageous.

The new-born will be better known for his progressive and benevolent disposition.

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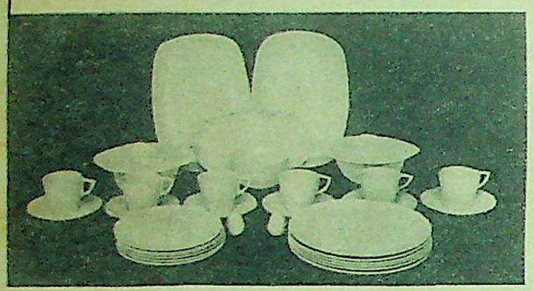

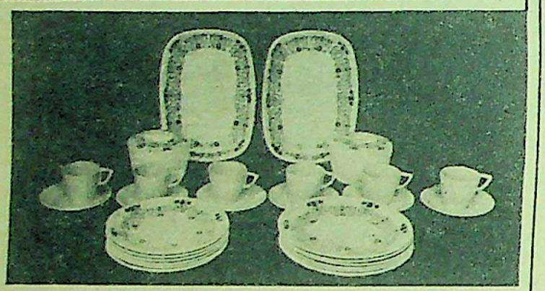

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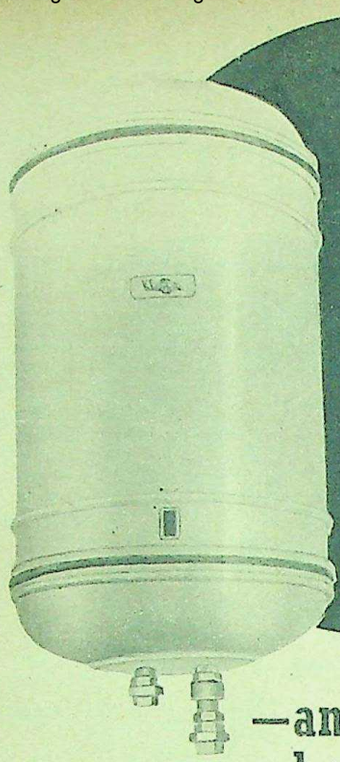

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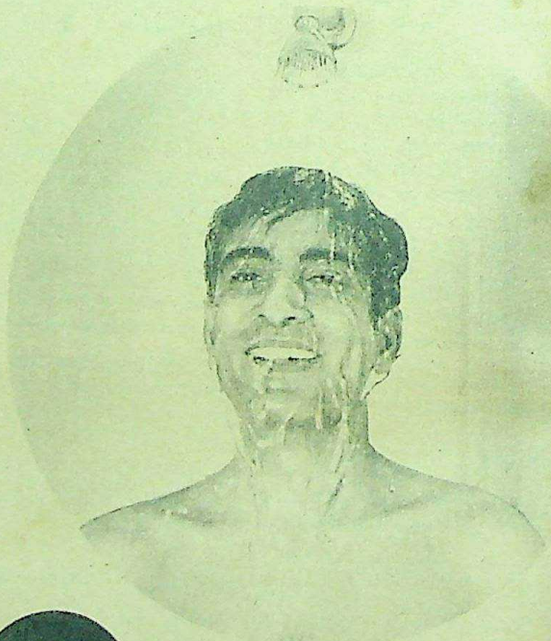

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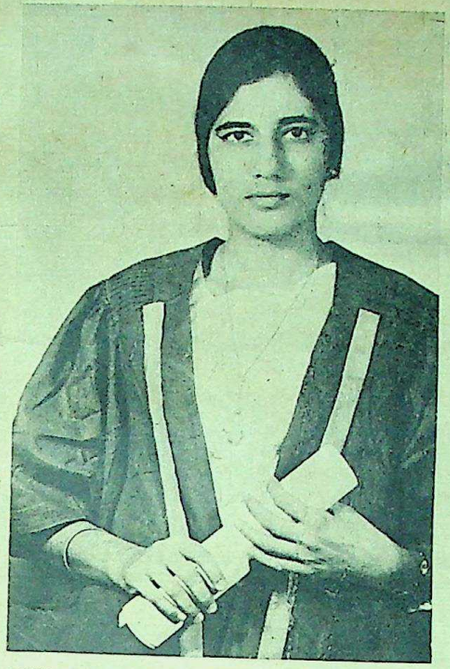


MISS MANKAUR SAIGAL who was found dead in her parents' home, in Somwar Peth, Poona, on the night of March 12, 1969.

THE ACCUSED (seated, l. to r.): *Mankaur's parents Seva Singh Daulatram Saigal and Mrs Jaikaur Saigal and Mankaur's brother Gurcharan Singh.* Standing: *Tejendra Singh and Vasudev Singh, two other brothers of Mankaur.*

CAPTAIN Nirmal Kumar Didee. It was Mankaur's affection for him that led to the tragedy. Mankaur's parents wanted her to marry "a good Sikh boy" but the girl refused to oblige.

On The Night Of March 12...

by B. K. VAIDYA

She was the victim of orthodoxy... She had to sacrifice her life in pursuit of her love.

MISS Mankaur Saigal was 22. Those who knew her used adjectives like "beautiful", "affectionate", "affable" and so on about her. She did her M.B.B.S. from Poona University. Dr Saigal had a bright future ahead of her. But everything came to an abrupt end on the night of March 12, 1969.

The story of what happened on that fateful night has come to be known today in Poona as "The Dr Miss Mankaur Saigal Case".

Mana (as Miss Saigal was known to her intimates) became friendly with Dr Trupta Didee, a lady Lecturer in the Medical College where she was studying. Through Dr Didee, Mana came to know her young brother Captain Nirmal Kumar Didee. The acquaintance soon blossomed into love.

It did not take much time for Mana's parents to get wind of what was going on. As orthodox Sikhs, they could not accept a non-Sikh as their son-in-law. They decided to give their daughter away in marriage to some "good Sikh boy", but Mana stood firm in her resolve. When persuasion failed, other methods were employed.

Mana told Nirmal Kumar Didee of the family's hostility to their relationship.

A few weeks later, Captain Didee happened to be in Poona for the obsequies of his father. He went to see Mana at the hospital where she was working. Mana's parents heard of it and were furious. They called on Dr Achyut Umranikar, husband of Dr Trupta Didee. They used violent language and said they just would not let their daughter marry a non-Sikh.

On the afternoon of March 11, 1969, Mana was taken to her father's shop. There she was shown a Sikh boy from Bareilly as a prospective match. Mana turned him down. The same night Mana's mother came to fetch her from the hospital. She was told that her father was very ill. Mana went with her mother.

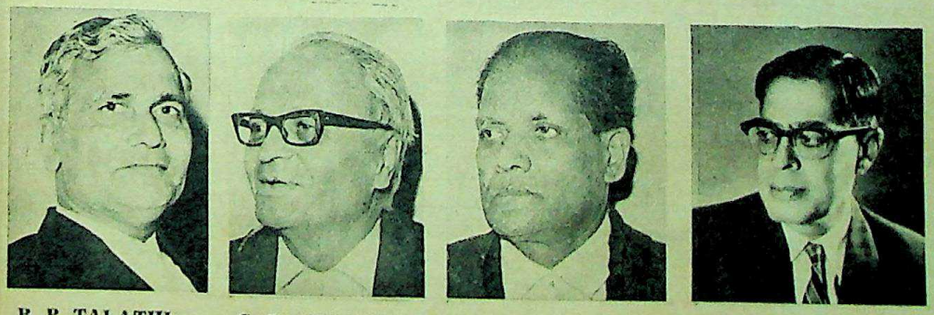
The next morning Mana did not report for duty at the hospital, as she was expected to do.

Miss Saigal was found dead in her room the next morning. Her neighbours testify to having heard loud cries from her house. Mana's parents put out the story that she had died of heart failure.

Mana's parents and three brothers were charged with her murder.

The court ruled out the possibility of natural, accidental or suicidal death, but gave the accused the benefit of the doubt and acquitted them.

The judge observed that it was regretable that such a heinous crime should go unpunished. He further remarked that the case "projects a graphic picture of conflict of ideas between two generations".



B. P. TALATHI **C. B. AGRAWAL** **S. G. NIRGUDKAR** **M. A. GADKARI**

Mr B. P. TALATHI, Additional Session Judge, Poona, tried the case. Mr Agrawal and Mr Nirgudkar were the Defence Counsels. Mr Gadkari was the Chief Prosecuting Lawyer. The trial, which caused a sensation in Poona, lasted two years but, in the end, all the accused were acquitted.

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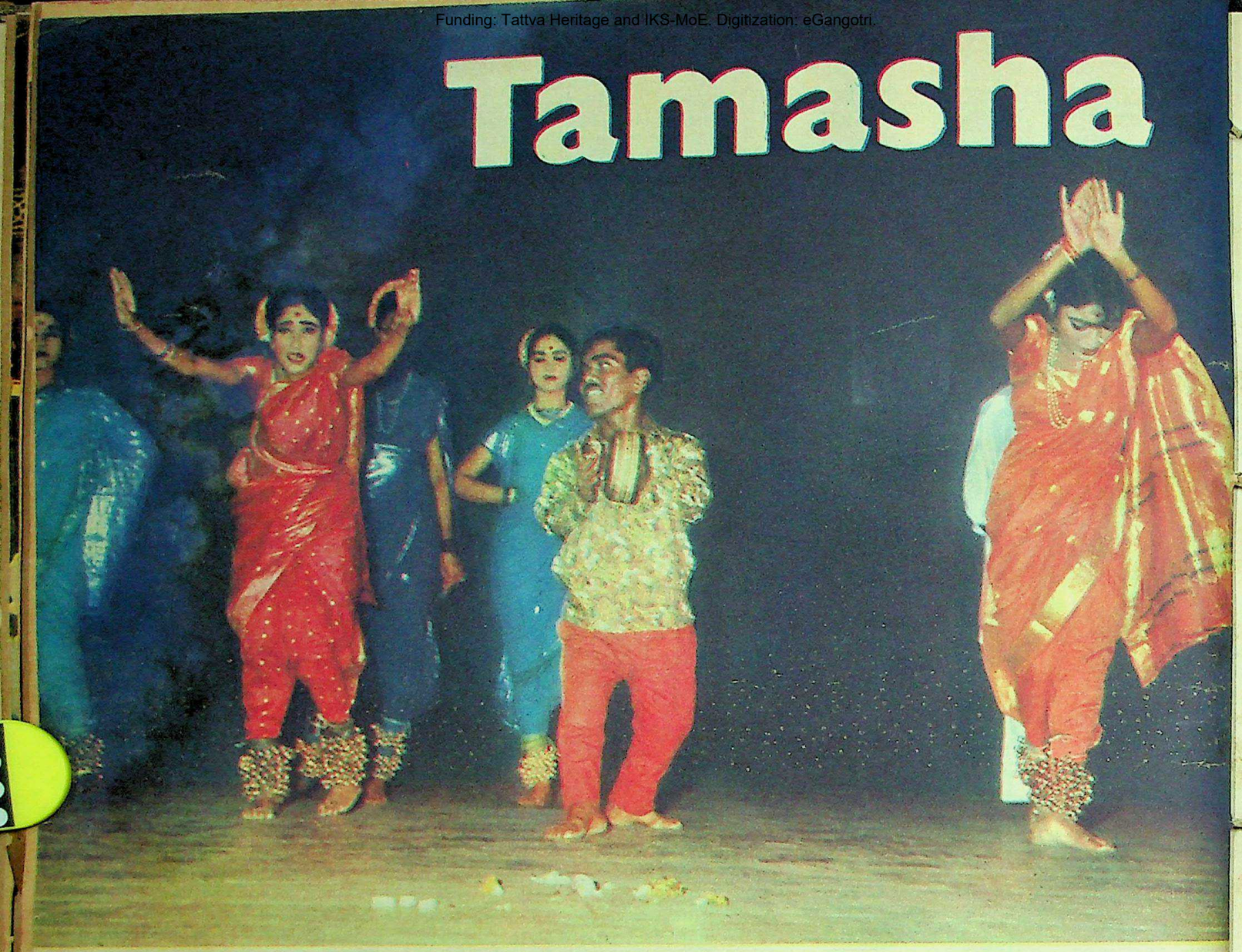
Tamasha



AT THE TAMASHA MAHOTSAVA, sponsored by the Maharashtra Government, the Kusumtara Nagarkar Troupe regales the audience with song and dance. At the Tamasha Festival, the State Government pays an invitee group Rs 500 a show, excluding travelling expenses and daily allowance to the artists for three days.

THE RADHABAI BUDHGAON TROUPE. There are nearly 150 vag (play-acting) and 300 jalsa (song-and-dance) troupes in Maharashtra.

by SAI PARANJPYE

Photographs by S. N. KULKARNI

For over four hundred years, Tamasha has been the main form of entertainment in the Maharashtra countryside. Music, dance, repartee—without inhibitions...

A ROBUST and rustic folk-theatre form of Maharashtra, the Tamasha was generally frowned upon as crude and vulgar by the sophisticated city folk. Born and bred in villages, the Tamasha, naturally, imbibed the earthiness, vigour and abandon of its surroundings. Its approach was direct, the humour unpretentious and hearty. Inhibition in speech or gesture was thrown to the winds, much to everybody's delight.

After Independence, certain prudish officials felt it their moral duty to "reform" the Tamasha. A censor board was set up, and it was

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made compulsory for performers to submit as many as ten copies for scrutiny.

The irony of the situation was that Tamashas were hardly ever scripted. The Tamasha folk were mostly illiterate and had little use for the written word. The 'plot' was discussed beforehand, roles were allotted, after which actors merrily *ad-libbed* their way along, depending on their presence of mind, and their ready wit. Comment on the contemporary political and social scene, digs at eminent personalities and asides to the audience were a part of the Tamasha tradition. Flexibility was thus an essential element of this folk form.

Insisting on ten scripts from these artists was like clipping their wings. Getting performance licences had also become cumbersome. On top of it new taxes were introduced. The profession was in a bad way. Something had to be done!

Something *was* done. Tamasha professionals, under the guidance of people like Ahmedsheoh Tambe, owner of the Aryabhushan Tamasha Theatre of Poona, and Rajabhan Thite, a journalist interested in this subject, organised a protest campaign. The Maharashtra Tamasha Parishad was launched. Group and personal rivalries were forgotten and a mammoth gathering of Tamasha artists from all over Maharashtra assembled at Aryabhushan Theatre in June 1955. The main objectives were to draw up a list of grievances for representation to the Government, to weed out some unhealthy practices that had crept onto the stage, to improve the standard of presentation and—most important—to form a united front.

THE DADHU INDURIKAR is among the most reputed troupes of Maharashtra. Apt retorts and punning on words and dialogues with a double meaning make a Tamasha very unpredictable. Quick wit or repartee makes or mars the performance.

A SCENE FROM "GADHAVACHE LAGNA" (Marriage of a Donkey), which has had over 200 performances in Bombay. A vag troupe consists of 20-25 members and a jalsa troupe of 10-12 members. A recent experiment was to stage a Tamasha in Hindi in Delhi.

Many of these aims have been achieved over the years. Tax concessions have been obtained; two, instead of ten, scripts are now submitted; licence procedures are less complicated, representatives from the profession are invited for discussions; and competitions are held at the State level, in which awards are given to eminent artists and financial help granted to deserving cases. Most important of all, people have started taking notice of this very lively entertainment medium. The Parishad is still going strong, though the urge for unity seems to have weakened somewhere along the way.

Loknatya

The Tamasha today has crashed class barriers. It has even acquired a respectable name for itself: "Loknatya". **No longer is it restricted to village fairs or exclusive Tamasha theatres in the humbler localities of the city. Some Loknatyas are indeed doing well at the box-office.** *Vichha Mazi Puri Kara*, for example, has run into more than 800 shows; and Dada Kondke, its star, has become a legend overnight. He represents Tamasha at its sophisticated best. *Gadhavache Lagna* is another very popular show in which veteran Dadu Indurikar clowns his way into the hearts of the audience. He belongs to the old school and preserves the rustic charm of the traditional form. The recent success of *Ek Tamasha Achcha Khasa*, written in Hindi and produced in Delhi, shows that this dynamic form need no longer be restricted to Maharashtra.

Tamasha-based films have always proved popular. *Ramjoshi* had made history in

—Continued

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1948. The latest in the line is *Songadya*, based on the exploits of a village bumpkin who joins a Tamasha troupe. Even a "family social" usually has a *lavni*—the Tamasha folk song-and-dance item.

The history of the Tamasha dates back to the 1st century, to King Hal's reign. He published a book of 700 Prakrit songs, which used to be sung and enacted by ladies of the court. Characterisations from mythology, puppet shows and Dasavataras followed. In the period dominated by the saints, Gondhal was evolved, mainly to be performed at religious functions. Religion always played a very important part in the social life of Maharashtra. However, the rightful predecessor to the Tamasha was Gammat (meaning fun). It later came to be called Khel Tamasha. Khel Tamasha was a veritable treasure chest and included a whole variety of acts by jugglers, conjurors, *bhaluwallahs*, *bandarwallahs*, eunuchs and a host of other entertainers.

On festive occasions, the village folk came together and put up a show. There was a strict division of labour. The village Mahar was the "Nachya" or effeminate dancer-singer; the carpenter played on the *daf* (an instrument akin to the tambourine); ironsmiths took up the chorus and sang in high-pitched notes; the potter held the flaming torch aloft providing the lighting, while the make-up department automatically went to the barber. A music-minded Muslim drummed away on the *dholak* and the learned Brahmins wrote the verses and often rendered them to ensure the best possible effect. There was no class distinction as far as entertainment was concerned.

SAI PARANJPYE, the author, is a Television Producer in Delhi. She was recently in Paris on a French Government scholarship to study theatre and television. She has scripted Ek Tamasha Achcha Kasa, *which proved a success both in Hindi and Marathi. Born to a Russian painter, Youra Sleptzoff, and Shakuntala Paranjpye (daughter of the noted mathematician, the late Sir R. P. Paranjpye), Sai is married to theatre man Arun Joglekar. They have two children.*

Khel Tamasha featured another form called Bharud, which included songs and enactments. It propagated religious beliefs while it entertained. Lalit was its improved edition. Lalit and Tamasha (which had gained its separate identity by now) prospered side by side. The former, being sober and religiously inclined, was patronised by royalty, courtiers and the womenfolk; while the latter drew the masses. Spicy humour, provocative songs and dances and pulsating music—it had all the ingredients to gladden the hearts of folk who sweated and toiled during the day.

Curiously enough, for all its voluptuousness, the Tamasha also nurtured a highly spiritual side and staged the challenge of the Kalgi Tura. Two schools of thought had developed in Maharashtra—the Kalgi school and the Tura school. The Kalgiites worshipped Goddess Shakti or Maya, while the Turawallahs believed in Siva. Both were fanatically devoted to their own beliefs. What was superior? Mind or Matter? The Abstract or the Concrete? Self-realisation or the medium through which it became possible?

Both parties, desperate to prove their point, confronted each other night in night out on a common platform in a battle of wits. One party posed a question in verse. The other party likewise had to answer in verse. These questions were based on the solid premises of ancient scriptures; and were real teasers. Attacks and counter-attacks continued till one of the parties could not provide a suitable answer. They then lost their precious party symbol—the headpiece worn so proudly in the turban—to their opponents.

"Why did Sita clutch Ravana to her breast in front of a whole assembly of people?"

When an impertinent question like this was asked, the opponent was sure to lose if he did not know the other meaning of the word "ravana"—the "pallav" of the sari—which Sita clutched to her bosom in all modesty.

There are any number of such riddles. Most of the answers are lost to posterity however because they were very jealously guarded by the "Shaheers" (poet singers). Haibati, Saganbhau and Pathhe Bapurao are some eminent "Kalgi Shaheers". Ramjoshi, Parashuram and Honaji Bala belonged to the "Tura" school.

Tamasha came into full bloom during Peshwa rule. The character "Songadya" was introduced. He was the chief comedian, who admirably managed to maintain an equal balance between buffoonery and wit. He was also the master of ceremonies; and kept things moving with his constant banter and asides. A "Nachya", one or two shrill-voiced chorus men, and a "Sardar" or "Shaheer" were the other important people in the cast. The instruments consisted of the *dholak*, *tuntun* (a sort of banjo), *daf*, *manjiri* (mini cymbals) and, of course, the harmonium. That queen of folk songs, the *lavni*, was becoming more and more suggestive.

Three days' separation is
torture enough,
come to my chamber
tonight my love...

Who would have the heart to resist such an invitation?

The Tamasha was mostly performed as part of Holi celebrations. Bawdy songs were sung and obscene slogans shouted with great fervour during this festival, as was the custom. Perhaps that explains how vulgarity crept into this folk-theatre form.

The Marathi theatre has its beginnings in the 1860s. There was instant give and take between the theatre and the Tamasha. The former took songs from the latter while the latter imbibed dialogues into its composition.

He: Warm greetings, Madam.

She: Who are you?

He: A Government official.

She: Why have you come? My husband is away.

He: We have come to measure your territory, Madam.

She: Oh dear! What for?

He: The Municipal pipeline has to be laid. Here are the official papers.

Dialogues like this usually had a double meaning and were greatly enjoyed by the spectators. However crude they might seem out of context, they have an exclusive flavour of their own and are truly hilarious in the Tamasha situation.

Pattern Of Presentation

The presentation of the Tamasha was pretty set by the end of the last century. It always begins with a prayer to Ganesha, called "Gan". Then comes the "Gaulan" or the milkmaid scene. Two or three pretty maidens enter carrying their ware—milk, curds and other dairy products—on their heads. They are on their way to the Mathura Bazar. A great deal is mimed. The pots for instance are usually imaginary. Krishna waylays the girls, teases them and demands "tax" before allowing them to proceed. The situations are delightfully depicted and there is ample opportunity for song and dance. The exquisite "Gaulans" and *lavnis* of Ramjoshi, Honaji, Pathhe Bapu and other poets are sung even today.

After this act comes "Rangbaji" or a romantic-cum-comic interlude.

The "vag" (or story) that has become perhaps the most important aspect of today's Loknatya was comparatively a later development. The stories are usually fantasies, based on mythology or folklore. Kindly kings, wicked ministers and dimwitted servants caper on the stage.

"Vags" are scripted today because of the censor board. Baburao Punekar has more than one hundred scripts to his credit. Sometimes "vags" can have a social reform angle. *Garmichi Lavni* is a well-known "vag" which cautions the ignorant about the evils of V.D.! They even had a special costume made in order to drive the point home.

The Rashtra Seva Dal has been doing propaganda very effectively through well-produced Loknatyas. Another dedicated troupe belongs to Shaheer Sabale, whose programmes have always been purposeful.

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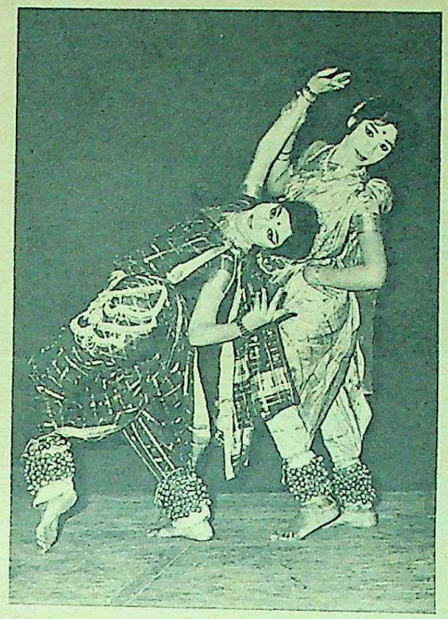

A HEAVY load of anklet bells, a thick layer of face powder and bright red lipstick are essentials of the dancer's make-up.

MUSIC AND DIALOGUE (often with a double meaning) are invariably rendered in a high-pitched voice and breathlessly. The time limit set for each troupe in the city theatres tends to hamper the programme.

The Tamasha is an extremely accommodating art form. No elaborate sets or clumsy props are required. A raised platform in the market square or a spacious embankment can suffice. Gone, alas, are the days of the enchanted red-gold light—the light that the flickering flames of the torch threw up as the dance proceeded to the beat of the *dholak*.

The "Nachyas" have long been replaced by the "real thing". Women, mostly belonging to the Bhatu Kolhati tribe of wandering performers, entered this profession in a big way. They danced and sang with such verve and accomplishment that they soon became indispensable to the Tamasha stage. **Indeed many troupes are now known by the name of the leading lady. Radhabai Budhgaonkar or Kausalya Kopargaonkar's, for example.**

The Tamasha folk camp at a village for as long as they are wanted. They are the guests of the villagers and spend little money on food or shelter. They pitch their tents if they have them, if not the village school or dharamshala is at their disposal. The more wealthy companies have their own touring cars, generators and tents. Group rivalries are not uncommon.

When factory sirens lured the *kisans* to the big cities, Tamasgeers were not left far behind. Exclusive Tamasha theatres sprung up in the labour colonies. Among such the Hanuman and Bombay theatres in Bombay, the Aryabhushan at Poona and the Shree theatre at Sholapur are well established.

The proprietor has usually a contract with six to ten Tamasha troupes. The contract is made in terms of months. The troupe cannot perform elsewhere during that period. It goes on stage every single night of the week. There are no Sundays for these artists. They do not get a monthly pay packet. A fixed amount called *shidha* is doled out every evening after the show. An 'A' class group gets about Rs 50 per night, while lesser grade troupes get as little as Rs 15. The *shidha* is always divided among the troupe members. Men get one part, girls double the amount. Every evening these parties perform for about twenty to thirty minutes each. Each group gives a complete act—either a *sangeetbari* consisting of songs and dances, or *vag*.

The Curtain Rises

The programme usually starts at 8 p.m. and lasts till past the Cinderella hour. The tickets are Re 1 to Rs 3 and one usually sees familiar faces every evening in the auditorium. There are labourers and grocers, street vendors and shop owners. Rarely is a woman seen in a Tamasha theatre on this side of the footlights. (When I attended shows in the Hanuman and Aryabhushan theatres, I caused a mild sensation —till the curtain went up, that is.)

The curtain rises. The harmonium player is seated in the wings, half-visible. The other musicians take up positions on the stage. Five to six girls, resplendent in brightly coloured nine-yard saris with a generous sprinkling of nylon *jari*, come trooping in. With flowers in their hair and bells on their ankles, they make a fetching

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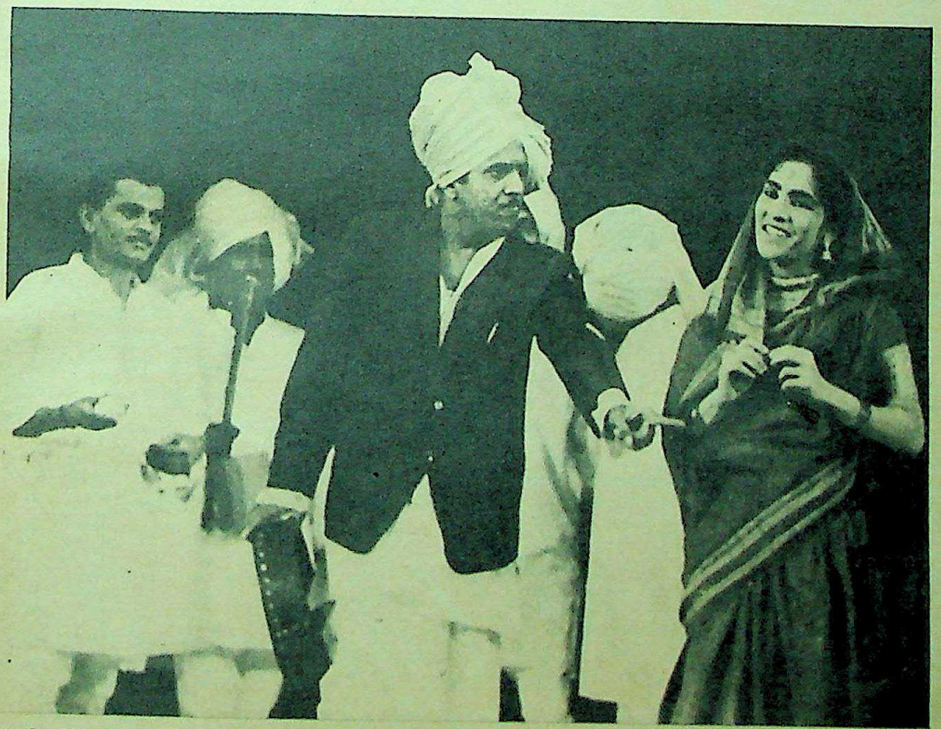

A POPULAR SHOW. Dada Kondke, the leading character in Vichha Mazi Puri Kara (*'Fulfil My Wish In Full'*), *presents Tamasha at its sophisticated best. This* Loknatya *has had over 300 shows.*

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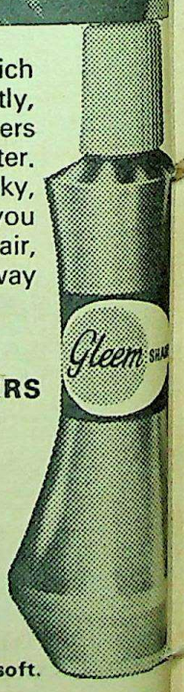

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picture along with their turbaned and dhoti-clad accompanists. A thick layer of white powder and ruby-red lipstick is their usual make-up. The main dancer occupies the centre of the stage and the number begins. The other chorus-girls stand back-stage in a row, joining in when they feel like it, swirling around every now and then. They are usually younger sisters doing their apprenticeship. The chief girl dances and gesticulates with an aplomb and *nakhra* that would put a Hindi film heroine to shame. She has already sized up her audience with an expert eye and sings mostly to a favourite.

The girls have an amazing repertoire of classic lavnis as well as film hits of the season. Unfortunately, film songs seem to have come to stay. There is a tremendous informality about the entire proceedings. The girls talk to each other, smile at a favourite in the audience, rearrange the folds of their saris—all with the utmost casualness. Sleepy children stand in the wings and watch Mama perform with indifferent eyes. Each troupe presents six to ten items in nearly half an hour. After that the whistle blows and a new team comes on the stage.

A Quaint Custom

A very quaint custom is "daulatjyada". Though frowned upon by law, this custom persists. Pleased by a song or by the singer, a spectator walks up to the front stage, brandishing a rupee note. (Used to be four annas in the good old days. Today no one looks at anything less than one rupee.) The dancer stops in mid action, comes forward and bends down to collect the note. Another girl has taken her position in the mean time. The centre stage must never be left vacant. The girl hands over the note to the harmonium man, who is also the treasurer. All the pickings are shared after the show, the ratio, as always, being two parts for women, one part for men.

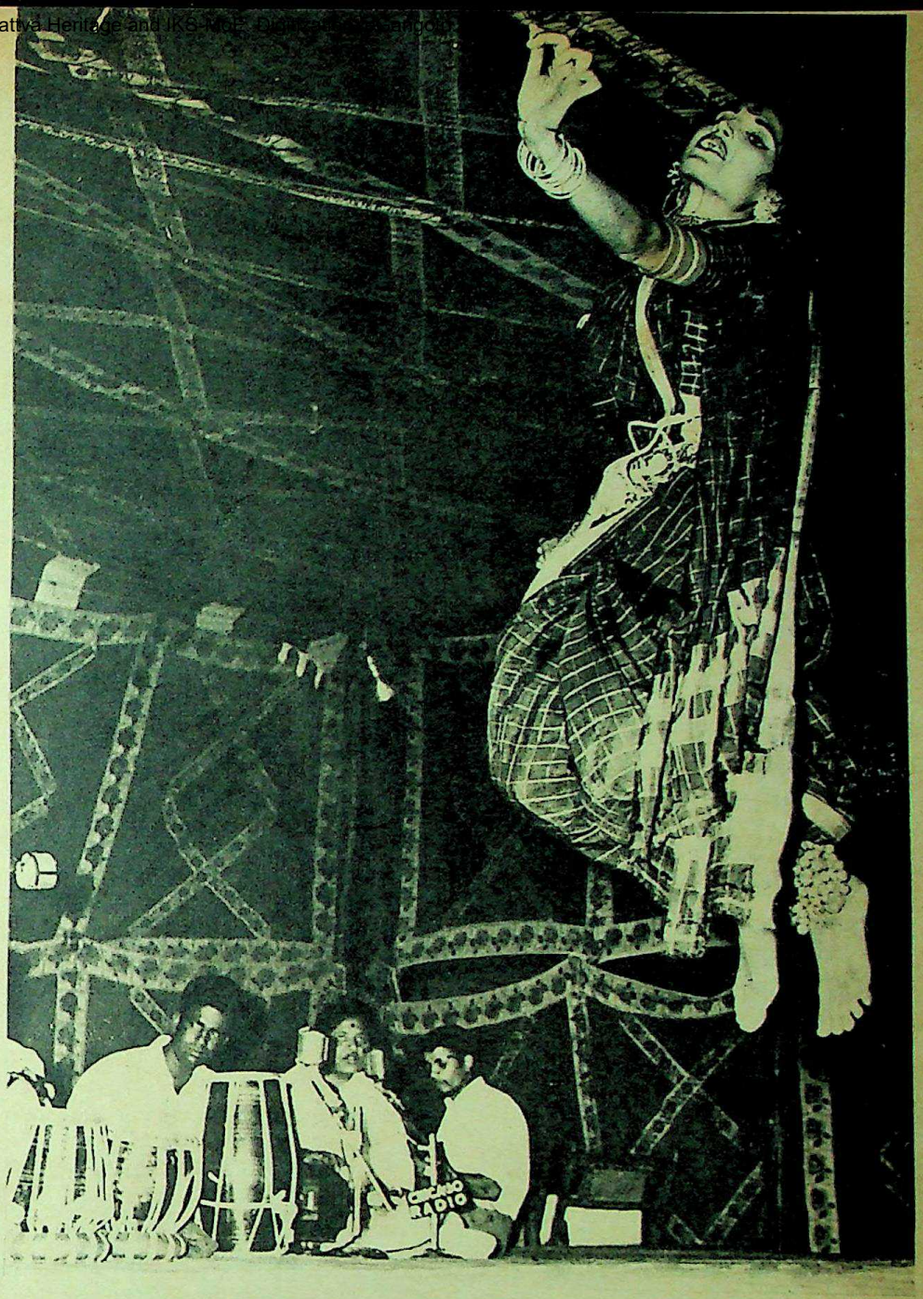
A popular *sangeetbari* can make more than a hundred rupees a night. It is the *daulatjyada* and not the *shidha* that really counts.

At the Aryabhushan theatre, I enquired about an especially enthusiastic spectator who kept bobbing up to give *daulatjyada* every now and then. He was a banana vendor who plied his cart near the city vegetable market.

"May your wealth increase!" is the real meaning of the term *daulatjyada*.

"Aap ka daulat jyada ho!" says the girl to her patron as she relieves him of some of it!

The Tamasha world is glitter by night and poverty by day. As many as ten companies camp in the theatre during their contract period. Each company has at least a dozen artists, not counting the people dependent on them. There are mud stoves (*choolhas*) in every conceivable place. Behind the cyclorama; in the greenroom; in the storeroom. People live in clusters, it is sometimes difficult to know where one group ends and another begins. Saris are draped down from all sides to substitute walls. This is the best that can be done to create an illusion of privacy. Trunks are littered all over the place. Tamasgeers



HOLD IT! A traditional Tamasha performance nowadays follows a set pattern of items: Gan—a prayer to Ganesa; Gaulan—the Milkmaid scene, based on the romantic exploits of Krishna; Rangbaji—a romantic-cum-comic interlude. The vag, narrating a story, is a latter-day development.

live in and out of trunks. Their few pots and pans, costumes and clothes are packed into these boxes when it is time to shift. Pictures of deities adorn doors and walls.

In the Aryabhushan theatre, there is a *pir* and a tiny Dattatreya temple within a few yards of each other. It is indeed a heart-warming sight. **Many girls from this profession are dedicated to Goddess Yelamma. They are not to marry, but may have children.** They either form an attachment in their own group or impart favours to some rich admirer. If at all they marry, they give up their career.

Most of the Tamasha girls dream of being discovered for the silver screen one day.

About 40,000 people depend on the Tamasha stage for their livelihood and the great majority of the artists, about 85%, are badly off, even though their requirements are so few. In most cases, *bewda* (country liquor) claims a large portion of their earnings.

There are some parties which are very successful and have one or more touring cars, besides tents, generators and other equipment. Some of the important troupes today are Vitha Bhau Narayangaonkar, Dutta Mahadik, Duttoba Tambe, Tukaram Khedkar, Leela Gandhi, Roshan Satarkar, Gulab Sangamnerkar, Kaushalya Kopargaonkar, Shiva Sambha Kawlapurkar, Sarla Lata Lanka Nandurekar and Anasuya Pushpa Jejurikar.

The Tamasha life has always been full of hardships. Strangely enough, though the artists may have starved, they have never let their art suffer. Their mission has always been to make people happy, to make them forget their troubles. This they have always done with almost missionary zeal and it is because of their brave band of artists that the Tamasha banner still flies high in Maharashtra today.

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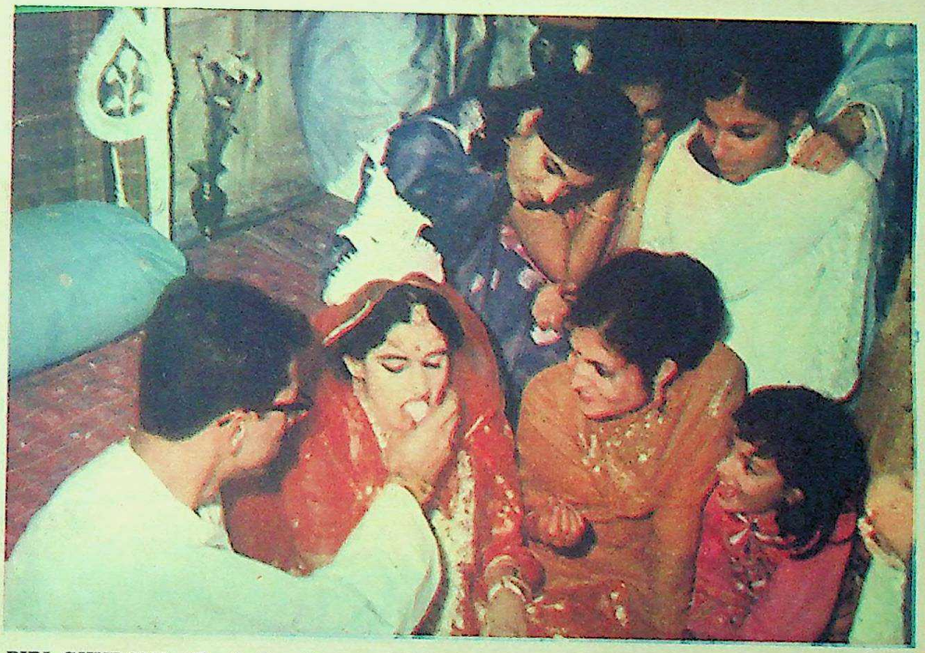
Barendros of Bengal

by SHUBI SANYAL

There are nearly two lakh Barendros, most of whom live in Bengal. Many are also settled in UP, Bihar and other Northern States. This small community has produced many ICS officials, diplomats and artists. The revolutionary, Sachindranath Sanyal, was a Barendro. So are the Naxalite leader Kanu Sanyal and film stars Devika Rani and Pahari Sanyal. Also General J. N. Chaudhuri.



PIRI GHURONO. *The bride sits on a painted* piri, *which is then lifted by her brothers and cousins. She is thus carried to the wedding* mandap. *Most of these customs are followed by other brahmin sects of Bengal as well.*

BARAN. *The bridal couple are greeted by the bride's mother with a salver full of cups which contain oil, curd,* sindoor, *cowries, turmeric, etc. The groom wears the typical Bengali* tojar *made of pith.* Left: *After the wedding, what else if not Bengali sweets from him to her?*

THE ancestors of the present-day Vaidic brahmins were the original brahmins of Bengal. In course of time, these original brahmins gave up shastric studies and became ignorant of *yajan* (worship of God personally), *yajna* (worship of God for the benefit of others), *adhyayana* (study of sacred literature) and *adhyapana* (teaching of sacred lore). Maharaja Adisur could not find the requisite number of fully qualified brahmins to perform the *sraddh* ceremony of his mother; he had to bring five qualified brahmins from Kanauj in UP. Colebrooke, in his essay on the "Enumeration of Indian Classes", says that Adisur, the King of Gaur (Bengal), ruled over Bengal in the 10th century A.D.

Maharaja Adisur gave landed property to the brahmins from Kanauj. The Rev. M.A. Sherring, in his book, *Hindu Tribes and Castes,* says that these five brahmins were Bhattanarayan (Kasyapa), Vedagarva (Vatsa), Daksha (Kasyapa), Chandra (Saverna) and Sriharsha (Bhardwaja).

They grew into 156 families and settled on both sides of the Ganga. Those settled in the Northern part became known as Barendros. Those in the South were called Rahri Brahmins. The old Rajshahi Division of Bengal was known as the "Barendro Bhum" ("The Land of Barendros"). With the increase in number, they spread to some of the districts of the Dacca Division as well.

In course of time, the difference in manners and customs of the old Kanauji stock of brahmins widened and intermarriages were therefore totally tabooed. Even interdining at marriages, *sraddhs* and other religious ceremonies was prohibited. The Barendros, though small in number (approximately two lakhs), have spread to the adjoining States of Bihar and UP and other areas of Northern India.

—Continued

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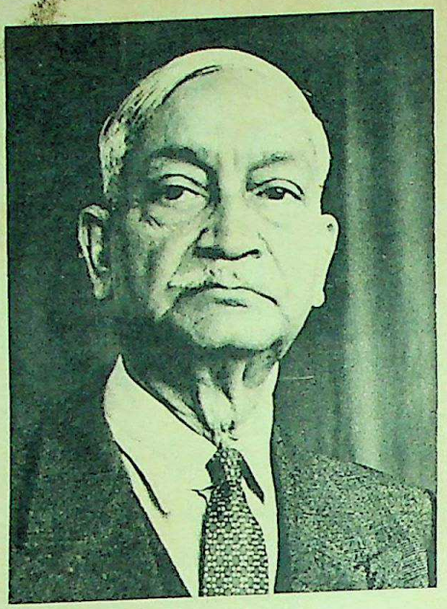
According to the Rev. M. A. Sherring, during the 11th century, King Ballal Sen scrutinised the merits of really good brahmins. One hundred families were settled in "Barendro Bhum", 56 in Rahr Desh. Only seven Barendro families and 19 Rahri families were considered to be really brahmins possessing all the requisite brahmanical virtues and were given the status of Kulins. The rest of the Barendros were considered Srotriyas. A Kulin had to possess nine transcendental virtues: *achara* (correct ritual conduct), *vinaya* (humility), *vidya* (scholarship), *pratishtha* (social standing), *tirtha-darshanam* (devotion), *nishtha* (strict adherence to manners and customs), *vritti* (piety), *tapas* (meditation) and *daanam* (charity).

Social Transgression

For committing a social transgression, some Barendro Kulins were degraded as Kap —no Kulin would marry a Kap's daughter, and no Srotriya would give a daughter in marriage to a Kap. Most of the first Kap families acquired landed property and immense wealth, so they tempted the Kulins to marry their daughters by gifts of land and money, and similarly induced Srotriyas to marry their daughters to them. A Kulin marrying a Kap's daughter lost his social standing and became a Kap, but a Srotriya, occupying the lowest stratum, lost nothing. **Kaps sometimes kidnapped young Kulin boys and married their daughters to them!** One such victim was this writer's greatgrandfather, Durga Nath Sanyal, who was kidnapped by the Chaudhuris of Haripur (Pabna).

GENERAL J. N. CHAUDHURI (b. 1908) educated at Calcutta and Sandhurst, held responsible positions in the Indian Army, including the post of Military Governor of Hyderabad, GOC-in-C, Southern Command during the Goa Operations. He finally retired as Chief of the Army Staff in 1967 and is now Visiting Professor at McGill University, Canada.



B. N. CHAKRAVARTY (b. 1904), Governor of Haryana, was educated at Calcutta and London and joined the Indian Civil Service in 1929. He has been Finance Secretary of Bengal (1944-47); Counsellor of the Indian Embassy, Nanking; Head of Indian Liaison Mission, Tokyo; Secretary, Commonwealth Relations, Government of India; Indian Ambassador in the Netherlands; Indian High Commissioner in London and Colombo; Permanent Representative for India at the UN (1962-65).

MAJOR-GENERAL S. S. MAITRA (b. 1909) is Honorary Physician to President V. V. Giri. He was awarded the Padma Bhushan in 1962.

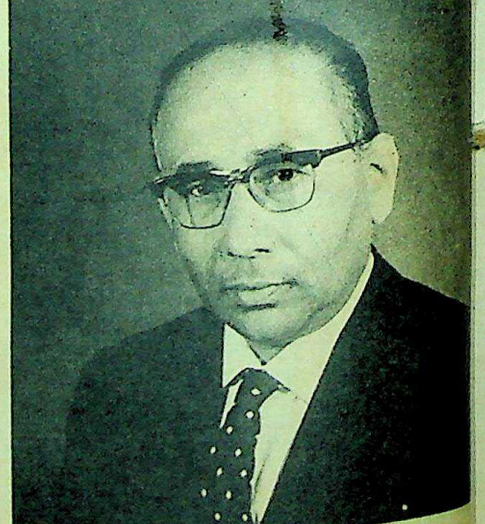
King Lakshman Sen, the last Hindu ruler of Bengal, scrutinised the merits of Barendro Kulins and it was found that most of them had fallen from the requisite standard. A gradation was therefore made according to the purity of the group. The Barendro Kulins were graded into eight *pathis* (grades): Nirabil, Rohila, Beni, Bhusna, Kutubkhani, Bhabanipuri, Jonah and Aliakhani. These names no doubt indicate the areas where they were settled at that time.

Each *pathi* had to restrict marriages within its own circle, hence marriageable Kulin boys were much in demand. This led to the notorious dowry system and polygamy, though polygamy was never abnormal among the Barendros. People knowing

U. L. GOSWAMI (b. 1912) was educated at Rangoon University and Cambridge and joined the Indian Civil Service in 1935, standing first among all the candidates. He was Chief Controller of Imports and Exports; Secretary of the Community Projects Administration and Joint Secretary in the Ministry of Commerce and Industry, Government of India. He joined the UN in 1958 and is Deputy Director-General of the International Atomic Energy Agency in Vienna.

the full antecedents of the various *pathis* were given the honoured title of Mukutmoni and, at the time of the settlement of Barendro Kulin marriages, the presence of a Mukutmoni was a great necessity.

The Barendros produced a large number of powerful feudal lords. During the Pathan regime, the Sanyals of Santor and the Bhaduris of Ektakia practically ruled over "Barendro Bhum". Sanyal authority was destroyed by the Pathans, but the Bhaduris of Ektakia ended the authority of the Pathans, though temporarily. Raja Ganesh Ram Bhaduri of Ektakia defeated and killed the Pathan Subedar of Bengal in an open



Dr A. LAHIRI (b. 1916) is Director, Central Fuel Research Institute, Dhanbad. He was awarded the Sir T. N. Palit Foreign Fellowship for higher studies in the UK (Ph. D., London) in 1941. He received the Padma Bhushan in 1969.

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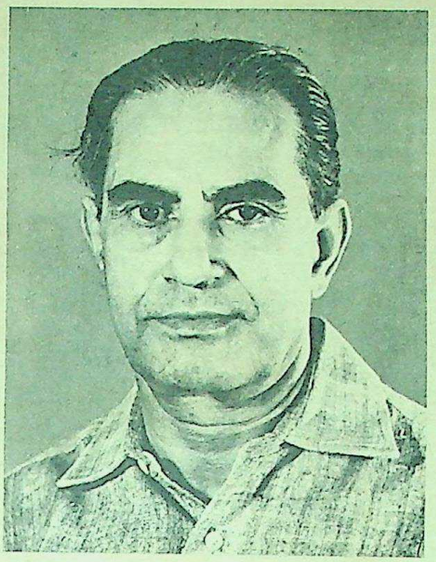


B. SANYAL (b. 1904), Secretary, Lalit Kala Akademi, studied art at the Government School of Art in Calcutta and was later Vice-Principal of the Mayo School of Art, Lahore. After Partition, he moved to Delhi and formed the Delhi Silpi Chakra, in 1950, and became Professor and Head of the Fine Arts Department, Delhi Polytechnic, in 1952. He has travelled extensively in the Soviet Union, East European countries, the United States, Canada, Europe and Japan, and his works were displayed at the Salon de Mai, Paris (1949), Venice Biennale (1953) and Sao Paolo (1965).

battle and ruled independently for over two decades. He was succeeded by his son, Jadunandan, but he was "outcasted" for marrying the beautiful daughter of the dead Pathan Subedar. He was thus compelled to embrace Islam and assumed the name of Jalaluddin. During the Moghul regime, the Rajas of Nathore, Puthia and Tahirpur, in Rajshahi and Susang in Mymensing, became the undisputed leaders of Barendro society.

The Barendro brahmins in the past had been very conservative. Some of the social customs are still observed, though they have lost their homeland—"Barendro Bhum" is now in Bangladesh.

At all the three important socio-religious ceremonies like *Annaprasana* (the first rice-eating), *Upanayana* (the sacred thread ceremony) and marriage, the Barendros perform special functions like the *Haldi Kota* (grinding of turmeric), Kali Puja, Satyanarayan Puja, Suvachani Puja and Mangal Chandi Puja (the Divine Mother of the Universe is worshipped).

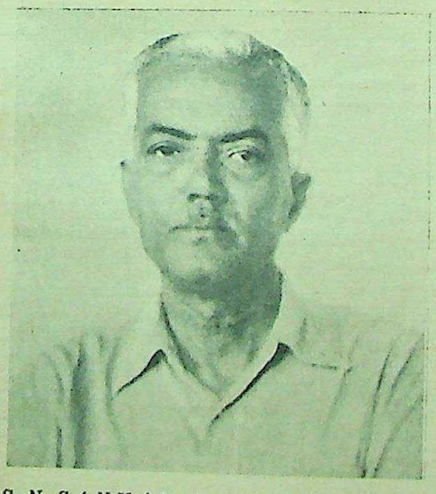
Annaprasana is to be performed when the male child is seven months old. After the performance of *Nandimukha sraddh* (invoking the blessings of dead ancestors), the child is placed on the lap of one of his aunts, besmeared with a paste of ground turmeric and given a bath. He is dressed in silken clothes and bedecked with gold ornaments. The *prasad* and cooked food are put into his mouth by a maternal uncle. In the case of a baby girl, no religious ceremony is observed but only the *prasad* is put into her mouth.

Sacred Thread Ceremony

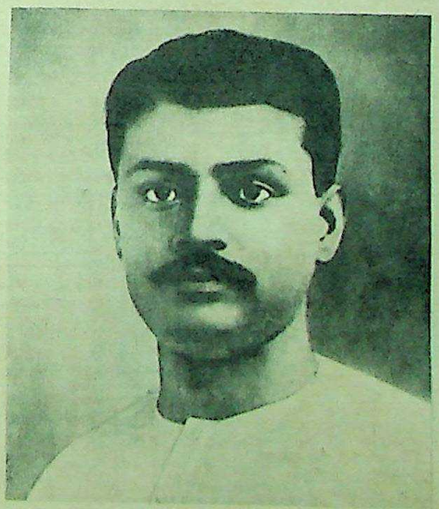
At the *Upanayana*, the Churakaran (boring of ears with golden needles by a barber) is performed after giving the boy a *haldi* bath. The prescribed age for the ceremony is 7 to 15 years. *Praschitra* (atonement for sin) is performed if the boy exceeds this age limit.

The religious ceremony is performed before a *Shalgram Shila*. The father or a near relation of the same *gotra* and observing the same Veda officiates as Acharya Guru. The Acharya intones the Gayatri Mantra into the right ear of the boy and puts on two sacred threads—one of homespun thread, the other of *kusa* grass. The boy must live the strict life of a brahmachari for twelve days, during which he can neither see the face of a sudra nor look at the sun. He is practically confined to a secluded apartment. During all these twelve days, he must live on food received as alms on the day of the ceremony.

On the 13th day, the brahmachari bathes in a river or tank, casts into the water the two sacred threads and puts on a new one made of homespun thread.



S. N. SANYAL (b. 1896) is the Founder-Principal, Jat Heroes' College, Rohtak, and Chottu Ram College, Sonepat, in Haryana. Associated with education in Haryana since 1923, he is popularly called "Jat Guru".



SACHINDRA NATH SANYAL, the well-known patriot who suffered transportation for life twice—once in the Banaras Conspiracy Case and again in the Kakouri Conspiracy Case.

Dr AMIYO CHAKRAVARTY, as a university student, came in contact with Rabindranath Tagore and was thereafter his literary secretary for many years. The two travelled together widely throughout Europe, Africa and Asia and made the acquaintance of Dr Albert Schweitzer, with whom Amiyo later worked in Lambarene. Dr Chakravarty is the first Indian to be made Fellow of an Oxford College—Brasenose. One of the leading modern Bengali poets, he is author of several books in English and Bengali. He has received several awards from the Sahitya Akademi and was recently honoured with the Padma Bhushan.

S. N. MAITRA (b. 1912) joined the Indian Civil Service in 1934. He was on various assignments in the States of Assam and West Bengal before taking over as Chief Commissioner, Andaman and Nicobar Islands (1953-56). He served in the Indian Diplomatic Service from 1956 to 1962, his last assignment being as Indian Ambassador in the Philippines.

In the past, marriages used to be settled by *ghattaks* or professional matchmakers. Now they are settled by the fathers or guardians of the boys and girls.

The marriage of a Barendro couple is like that in any other Hindu caste. The next morning Bashi Bibaha is performed at the residence of the bride. It is followed by a community feast.

The second night after marriage is considered the Kal Ratri (inauspicious night) —so the groom and the bride do not meet. The function next day is called Ful Sajya (sleeping on flowerbed).

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LECTURE TIME. Air Marshal Moolgavkar, Commandant of the College, addresses the "students", who are high-ranking civil and military officials. Air Marshal Moolgavkar was until recently AOC-in-C, Central Air Command. Jawaharlal Nehru, in his inaugural address in 1960, had said: "Defence itself is not an isolated matter. It is intimately connected with the economic aspect, industrial aspect and many other aspects in the country."

NATIONAL DEFENCE COLLEGE

THE SENIOR DIRECTING STAFF (l. to r.): Siddhartha Charri (IFS), Air Vice-Marshal M. B. Naik, Maj-Gen M. N. Batra and Rear-Admiral Krishan Dev. A Secretary looks after administration and maintenance. Brigadier A. J. Texeira holds this office at present. Coordination of studies and curriculum is looked after by two Junior Directing Staff members.

The National Defence College will be 12 years old on April 27. What has been its contribution to military planning in these years? How is it India's premier Defence institution?

THE National Defence College at New Delhi was inaugurated by Jawaharlal Nehru on April 27, 1960. Until then selected Brigadiers and their equivalents in the Navy and Air Force were sent to the Imperial Defence College (now the Royal College of Defence Studies) in London for high-level defence training. Similarly, civil servants of equal seniority also underwent the course there and thus produced what was known as the Imperial elite. But it was discovered that the training was not applicable to home conditions.

The need for a parallel institution in India heightened as the Armed Forces grew in size and sophistication with the manufacture of modern weaponry systems in the country and increased military research and technical development. Decision-making on complex defence problems and future plans took on a new meaning and our policy-makers looked towards the Defence Services for guidance. Scientists, Defence commanders and the Government realised that they would have to work together and this mutual appreciation of military and political

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problems could not be brought by *ad hoc* arrangements at the IDC in London. It was with this in mind that the NDC was set up. While civilians became conversant with defence problems, the Armed Forces learnt of the wider aspects of national and economic policies.

The college now provides training to 42 officers every 10½ months. Besides the Army, the Navy and the Air Force, officials are also sent from the IFS, IAS, IPS and other Central Services.

The selection is made on the basis of professional capability. Each Service headquarters nominates officers who have executive and staff work potential and whose career has, so far, indicated they can reach the upper levels of their service. Most students are between the ages of 42 and 45. The singular purpose of the course, according to the Commandant, Air Marshal H. Moolgavkar, MVC, is to teach students to assess and analyse national problems in the context of the international balance of power as well as to understand regional conditions and study their implications on our national security and defence posture.

Photographs by R. B. BEDI

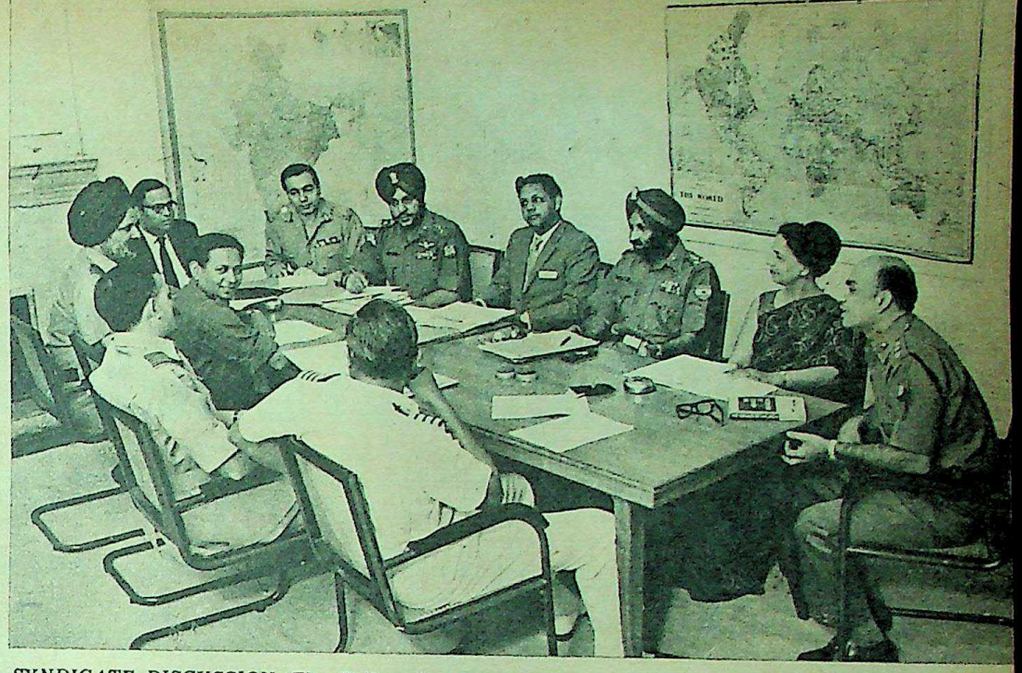
Experienced officers from all services project their views and objectively discuss each other's recommendations, making the NDC the only institution in India where the civil and military establish such rapport.

Invitations to attend the courses are also sent to other countries and, in 12 years, 22 officers of the UK, Australia, UAR, Iraq, Indonesia, Afghanistan, Yugoslavia, Nepal and Ghana have done the course. At present, there are four foreign representatives from the UK, Australia, Iraq and Ceylon.

How does the college work? It is commanded by an officer of the rank of Lt-Gen (or equivalent) which is an inter-service appointment. The Senior Directing Staff consists of 3 officers of the rank of Major-General. A Joint Secretary from the IFS makes the fourth SDS. A Secretary looks after administration and maintenance. He is usually of the rank of Brigadier.

The College, housed in a large block on Delhi's Tees January Marg, has a comprehensive library, a well-stocked press clippings bureau, lecture hall and syndicate rooms, furnished in a military style. From its inception, the NDC has come directly under the Ministry of Defence.

For the students attending, sufficient material is carefully selected and catalogued for prescribed reading. The course is divided into 12 studies, namely Socio-Political, Economic, U.S.A., U.S.S.R., East Asia, South East Asia, West Asia, Pakistan, India's Neighbours, Threats to India's Security, Strategy to Meet the Threats and Forward Look. The Senior Directing Staff assist in the study by conducting syndicate discussions of 10 to 12 officers. A series of lectures is worked out for each study. To obtain latest and authoritative information, the college invites Cabinet Ministers, Central Government dignitaries, Ambassadors, scientific experts and heads of departments in universities and research establishments.



SYNDICATE DISCUSSION. The College has 42 men on its rolls and these are divided into groups of 10 or 12 for discussions. The course is for 10½ months. Experts in various fields are invited to give talks.

Accommodation for the families of students is provided in the NDC's private colony known as "Raksha Bhavan", situated about a quarter mile from the College.

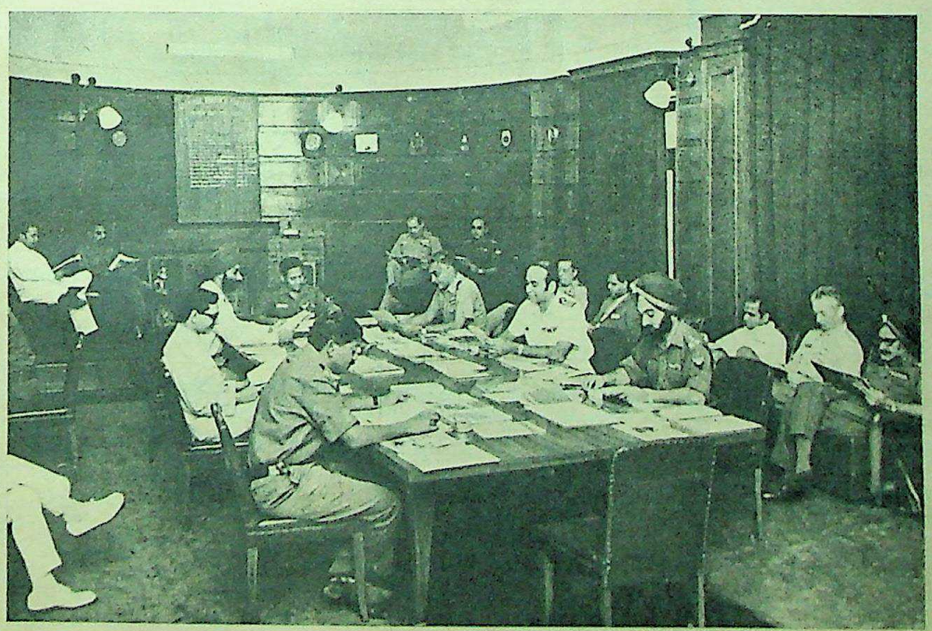
Besides the academic studies in syndicates, the students also engage in fieldwork. Tours are undertaken and the annual Socio-Political-Industrial tour helps students to take a look at our industry. They are divided into four groups and each is taken to visit a different industrial complex. The visit includes both the private and the public sector industries and research and training institutions. The students also call on Governors and Chief Ministers of States to hear of State development programmes.

Perhaps the most popular tour is the Foreign Tour on which the students have the opportunity to meet high-ranking foreign officials and visit their military and civil installations. They also act as diplomatic missions.

The final tour is to the Frontiers—both in the East and the West. The aim here is to study difficulties facing our forces in the forward areas. It also gives them a first-hand look into the problems of logistics and strategy in actual field conditions.

In these 12 years the National Defence College has come up to the level of the Royal College of Defence Studies, the American War College and the Canadian Defence College. It has in this short time provided 120 Army, 44 Naval, 73 Air Force and 113 civilian graduates. Military planning in the country will frequently turn to the NDC for its important contribution.

BIKRAM VOHRA



THE READING ROOM. A library and a Press Clippings Room provide information for study and research. "Students" are between the ages of 42 and 45 and have been selected for their executive potential. Family accommodation is provided.

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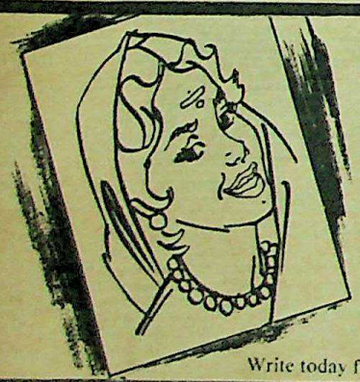

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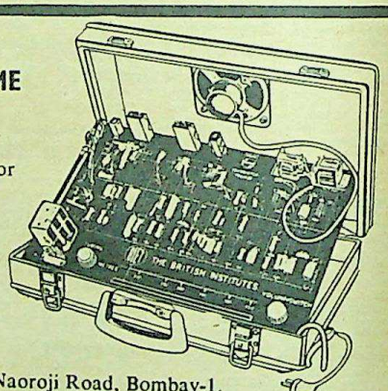

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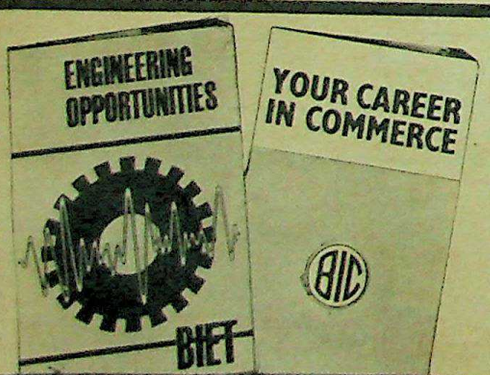

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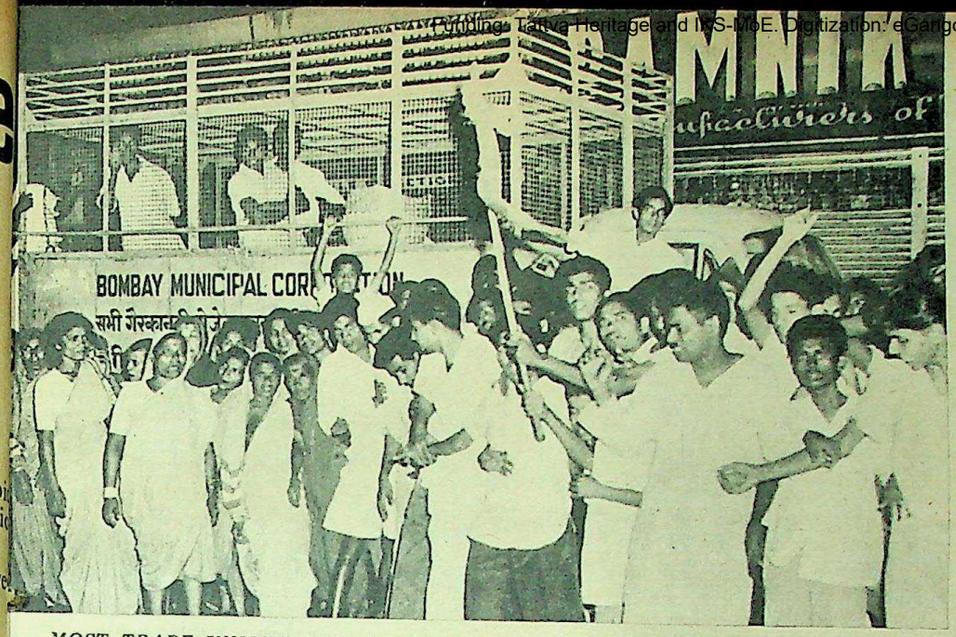
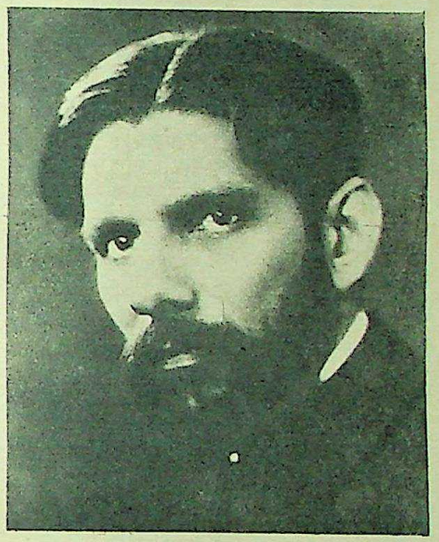


MOST TRADE UNIONS ARE "POCKETBOROUGHS OF THE MEN WHO LEAD THEM." The workers really do not care. They are concerned mainly with "who delivers the goods".

power sounds hollow when for every worker on the job, there is another waiting outside, ever ready to step into the vacancy. That is why strikes in India mostly end in defeat for the workers—at best in a draw.

The Government, which is responsible for the increasing unemployment and the employers who benefit from it, have not yet been confronted by the trade unions on this life-and-death problem. Most trade-union leaders do not even know that unemployment is the bane of their movement and that they have the biggest stake in compelling the Government to solve it. Of course this would call for political action, but there is no reason why one should shy away from it unless there is a non-political approach to solve the economic problems of the nation.

Frankly, it is not politics that inhibits our trade-union leadership. The Indian worker fought political battles long before the Trade Union Movement emerged. The imprisonment of Lokamanya Tilak in 1908 provoked a six-day protest strike by Bombay's workers which prompted Lenin to say that the Indian proletariat had "matured sufficiently to wage a class-conscious and political mass-strike". Both courage and vision are lacking today.



B. P WADIA (1881-1958)—one of the founders of India's first trade union. He was an associate of Dr Annie Besant and a prominent leader of the Home Rule Movement. He wrote: "The aim of the Indian Labour Movement is to break the fetters of wage slavery by a proper and legitimate use of the political weapon."

The trade unions, in their own way, have become a part of the Establishment, satisfied with some minor adjustments and not prepared to raise issues that will strike at the present system. Wage Boards and National Commissions, tripartite conferences and committees provide them with platforms to ventilate the grievances of the workers and nothing pleases the leadership more than to be hailed as "responsible leaders" and "labour statesmen".

In the mid-sixties, a section of the trade-union leadership showed some promise when *bandhs* came to be organised on issues that went beyond the immediate questions of wages and bonus.

Gheraos gave a new dimension to workers' bargaining power, though they meant some coercion on its victims. But these efforts at new directions proved abortive.

From "Punch"

"He always rewards good work..."

Where will the trade union movement go from here? It is difficult to say. For all the apparent stability of the political system in the country, there are problems of unemployment and rising prices that are getting aggravated every day. In the rural areas, the condition of the agricultural labourers continues to deteriorate, and the trade-union movement has not yet cared to take cognisance of their existence.

The Government knows what it is up against. It is aware that a powerful trade-union movement can still strike at the roots of the system. That is why it is working overtime to create a loyal group of trade unionists who will function as its satellites.

But the chances are that the present chaotic situation will continue for some more time, with the unions fishing in the slush that our economic system is, victims of their own cowardice and short-sightedness.

ON THE WARPATH FOR BETTER WAGES. Porters, vendors, textile workers, insurance agents... they are all fighting for a living wage. All talk of "collective bargaining and workers' power" seems hollow because there are too many unemployed in the ranks.

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MA ANANDAMAYI

CLAD IN SPOTLESS WHITE, a half-smile on her lips, Ma Anandamayi returns to her room —after granting darshan *at her Varanasi ashram—escorted by two secretaries. She speaks very little and looks upon herself as "the body" come into being at the wish of truth seekers.*

Text and Photographs by T. S. NAGARAJAN

She has a big following... ashrams all over the country... and everyone addresses her as the Mother. But she claims no movement or mission as her own.

ONE day, forty years ago, a staunch follower of Ma Anandamayi mustered all his courage and asked the mystic the two questions which were bothering him most: "Who are you?" and "What are you?"

The Mother smiled graciously and answered: "What a childish question to ask! What I was before, I am now, and shall be hereafter. I am also whatever you or anybody may think. I am... The yearnings (of seekers of truth) have brought about this body. You have all wanted it and so you have found it. That is all you need to know."

"But this is not a satisfactory answer," persisted the devotee.

"What more do you want to know? Tell me... What more do you want to know?" pressed Ma. The eloquent questioner had by now become silent.

The devotee was Bhaiji, one of Ma's most ardent followers, who later had the dictinction of giving her the now famous name of Anandamayi. Ma has no movement to support, no mission to fulfil. Yet there are millions who seek light from her: men and women of all faiths. **Some of her devotees believe that she is "Manushya Kali", the incarnation of the goddess. The erudite call her a "sadhika", a realised soul. But Ma prefers to call herself simply "this body".**

It was by accident that I saw Sri Andandamayi Ma for the first time at her Varanasi ashram some years ago. I was at a loose end that rainy morning and someone suggested visiting the ashram. I went there.

I saw her again at Allahabad on the banks of the Ganga at the Kumbh Mela in 1970. I was busy photographing a swarm of pilgrims and someone mentioned that Ma was near by. I rushed to see her.

Even when she was a little girl her friends called her Khusir (the happy one) instead of Nirmala, her real name. She was the pride of Kheora, the village (now in Bangladesh) where she was born. Barely thirteen, Nirmala was married to Ramani Mohan Chakravarty, a simple villager, who later became better known as Bholanath.

Initially, Bholanath found his pretty wife somewhat difficult to live with, although her devotion to him was unquestionable. The entire village talked about her serene disposition. Nirmala was tall and slim, with long black tresses flowing down to her knees. Her compelling presence attracted attention, making her conspicuous in the village.

A Prophecy Comes True

But this is not what bothered Bholanath. He found his young wife not at all interested in a conventional married life. She would think of God all the time, spoke very little and often went into a trance. **One day while she was on her way to the village pond to fetch water, a man suddenly fell at her feet and reverently called her "Ma".**

An embarrassed Nirmala pulled the veil over her face and whisked herself away.

The man said: "Now it is only I who calls you Mother. But the day will come when the whole world will call you Ma."

The husband was the first to prove this prophecy—much against the wishes of his people, who did not like the strange ways of his wife. They even advised him to ask for a separation. But Bholanath accepted Nirmala unreservedly, despite her unconventional ways. "You are very young and childlike. It will be all right when you grow up," he told her. ("But I never grew up!" says Ma.)

For Bholanath, too, Nirmala became 'Ma'. Her face took on a faraway look. She spoke little but the little she said was profound. Word went round of Ma and her occult ways. People came to see her out of curiosity but went back as converts. Their numbers swelled. Bholanath decided to leave the village and went to Dacca. But people followed her wherever she went. To them she was no longer Nirmala, Bholanath's wife. She was Sri Sri Anandamayi Ma. They did not go to see her but to have her *darshan*. Her home became a temple and Ma its presiding deity. Her kirtans drew large crowds. Ma sang in praise of the Lord:

Hare Murare, Madhukaitabhare
Gopala, Govinda, Mukunda, Samre

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Today, Anandamayi occupies a unique position in the cultural milieu of India. She has travelled widely and has ashrams all over the country—especially at Varanasi, Delhi and Brindavan. She has a big following of devotees, from the Prime Minister downwards, for whom she is a fountain-head of wisdom. And like all saints, she has her share of sceptics too. Even to this day they ask questions as bluntly as Bhaiji asked Ma forty years ago. Can she peep into the future? Does her touch cure the sick? Any miracles? What has she to offer for the poverty of her countrymen—and of the world? Pertinent questions, because acceptance of the divine has also to start from cold reasoning. It was in such a frame of mind that I first went to see Ma at Varanasi.

This ashram, in which Ma spends most of her time, is a two-storeyed house built at the end of a lane, not far from the Ganga. The main door opens on to a vast courtyard in which I find women in white saris. Some are in a silent huddle, others move up and down the staircase leading to the first-floor balcony. I go up and find myself amidst a throng of devotees waiting for *darshan*. I manage to sit next to a patriarch, probably in his sixties, and let my eye wander around.

Waiting For "Darshan"

We squat in front of a room in the middle of which there is a large picture of Ma. The women sit a little away from the men. On the wall there is an array of framed pictures of Anandamayi. I count as many as thirteen showing her in many moods. One of them shows her as a girl in her teens, clad in a white sari and standing in ankle-deep water on a windy seashore. It is a trifle contrived. Two women bring a wooden *pitha* and place it in front of us.

"Where is Ma?" I ask a neighbour. He points to a room at the end of the balcony. The door is shut and some devotees with closed eyes are leaning their foreheads on it. They have marigold garlands in their hands.

I feel a mesmeric force, but I resist it and fall into a conversation with my friend next to me. He describes himself as one of those who built the ashram. "Ours is a backward country; only great souls like Mataji can make us go forward." He overwhelms me with a flood of eloquence in praise of Ma. He has known Anandamayi for over two decades. He describes vividly how he once saw Ma in a state of *bhava* during a *kirtan*. The rhythm of the music moved Ma into an ecstatic dance. Her face glowed and her body went through many movements. Slowly she started swinging and soon the pace increased. She was now swirling like a top. Her frame looked like a piece of cloth caught in a tempest. Somewhere a conch sounded, and all of a sudden she became ill, frozen and slumped to the ground, her face flushed and radiant.

"What does a *bhava* like this signify?" I ask, cutting in with much hesitation.

"It is a state of *samadhi* possible only to a realised soul," he answers.

More people have by now come up but I don't find any sign of Ma's arrival. I venture to ask the experienced devotee next to me whether he has seen Ma perform any miracles. At first he does not seem to like the question and shrugs his broad shoulders.

AMUSED AT A DEVOTEE'S QUESTION, Ma often breaks into laughter. Known for her singing of kirtans, a recording company cut a disc of her devotional songs. During the process, Ma burst into laughter so often that the disc was entitled: Anandamayi Hansi—Anandamayi Gaan.

I persist. He ruminates on the form in which to couch his answer and says: "It all depends on what you consider a miracle. She is not a magician. Do you expect her to hold up a hailstorm or call down showers of rain? Ma has extraordinary powers." I prefer to keep silent and tell myself that one ought to learn to listen when among men of faith.

(Later I queried many close devotees of Ma at her ashrams in Delhi and Allahabad on this much talked-about aspect of her personality. What I got was a curious mixture of hearsay and actual happening. Being unlucky not to have been blessed with any kind of personal experience, I found it difficult to separate the wheat from the chaff.)

The wait for Ma continues. The impatient crowd has fragmented itself into small talking groups. Two young Europeans walk in, managing to find their way amidst the devotees. The boy, in kurta and pyjama, teaches the girl, in jeans, how to squat on the floor. The crowd enjoys the lesson. After this interlude, I go back to my conversation with the neighbour. He surprises me by saying that for years Ma has not been eating with her own hands. She is fed by her closest devotee Kukuni Didi, the way a mother feeds her child.

"What is wrong with her hands?" I ask, rather innocently. "This is one of her many resolves. It means that for hands that pray eating is secondary," he says. This appears to me only his own explanation.

A few months later, I had an accidental meeting with Kukuni Didi herself at the Anandamayi Ashram in Delhi. This grand old lady in her seventies gave me what should be the correct version regarding this subject. Since 1924 Ma has not been able to eat with her hands, however much she tries. Her attempts to carry food to her mouth failed because her grasp slowly slackened and most of the food fell from her hand. Kukuni Didi started feeding her forcibly with her own hands to save Ma for herself and the world. Quite often Ma has abstained from taking any food for long intervals. "Once this body lived on three grains of rice per day for five months. It looks a miracle. As a consequence of *sadhana*, it is quite possible to live without what we call food." Sometimes Ma has eaten incredibly large quantities of food, saying: "If I start eating, none of you will be able to provide for me, however rich you may be."

A hush descends on the devotees. The door opens, snapping the marigold garland. A bespectacled young woman comes out first. Ah, there is Ma behind her! A picture in white wreathed in a smile. Flowers toss up in the air. I look at her. She has the face of a dreamer. Her hair is jet black, her eyes extraordinarily tranquil and luminous. She walks quickly like a girl in her teens and settles majestically in the *pitha*.

The crowd moves closer to Ma and queues up to prostrate before her. As they get up, some of them leave currency notes and coins at her feet. The lady in glasses efficiently removes the money. One of the women tries to touch her feet. But Ma quickly withdraws them. The devotee says something to her. Ma smiles, strokes the woman's hair and says something in Bengali.

It is my turn now. She looks at me and my camera rather strangely. The calm eyes look into me. She lays her hand in blessing, turns back, picks up an apple and gives it to me. I pull my faculties together, bow and depart, clinging to the apple and the camera. An elderly woman, sitting closest to Ma, starts singing. I close my eyes, wondering where I am. I hear the song and smell the sweet incense rising around me. Moments pass. I open my eyes and find Ma rising in dignity to depart. The music is still in the air but order makes way for chaos.

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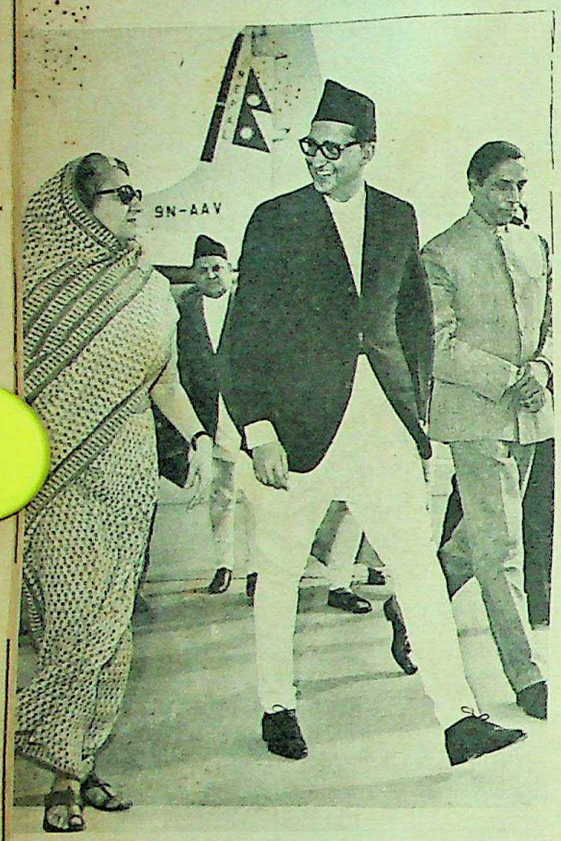
IN THE NEWS



BISTA ISN'T HERE FOR SUSTA. Prime Minister Kirti Nidhi Bista of Nepal, on a 16-day goodwill visit, is received at Palam airport by Mrs Indira Gandhi. He said he had not come to "talk about Susta". (Susta is a forest area on the Indo-Nepalese border —a dispute arose about it in 1968.) Mr Bista declared that there was no outstanding problem to be discussed between the two countries.

...AND STILL AN ETERNITY TO GO. President Giri inaugurates in New Delhi celebrations marking 25 years of diplomatic relations between India and the Soviet Union. With him are Nikolai Pegov, the Soviet Ambassador to India, N. V. Popava, leader of the Russian cultural delegation, and K. P. S. Menon, a former Indian envoy to Moscow and President of the Indo-Soviet Cultural Society.

NOBLE SAVAGES. Members of the Tasady tribe in their limestone cave homes, in the Mindano forests of the Philippines. Only about 100 of the tribe remain, their manner of living is of the Stone Age. The tribe was discovered last year.

FINIS TO A STORY-TELLER. Lt-General B. M. Kaul (59) died of a heart attack in New Delhi. He was the Commander of the NEFA Corps which suffered defeat at the hands of the Chinese in 1962. Kaul was retired from the Army and wrote The Untold Story in which he tried to salvage his own reputation as a military leader by putting the blame on others—among them Nehru and Krishna Menon whose confidence he had enjoyed.

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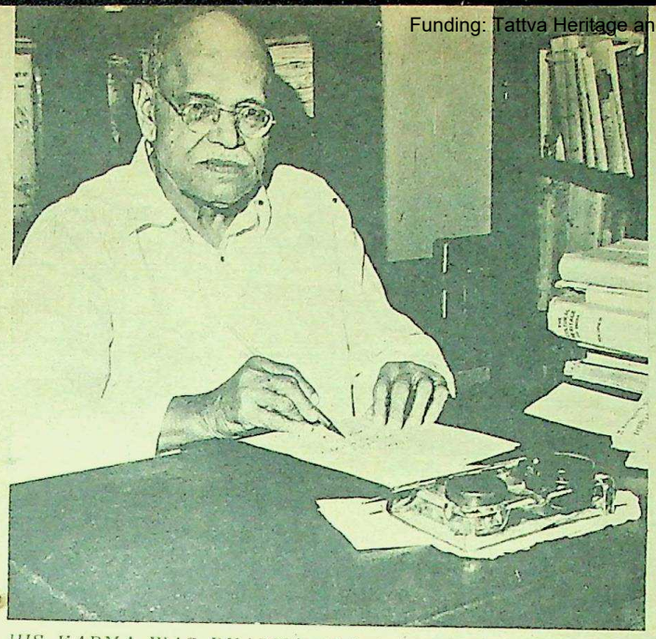
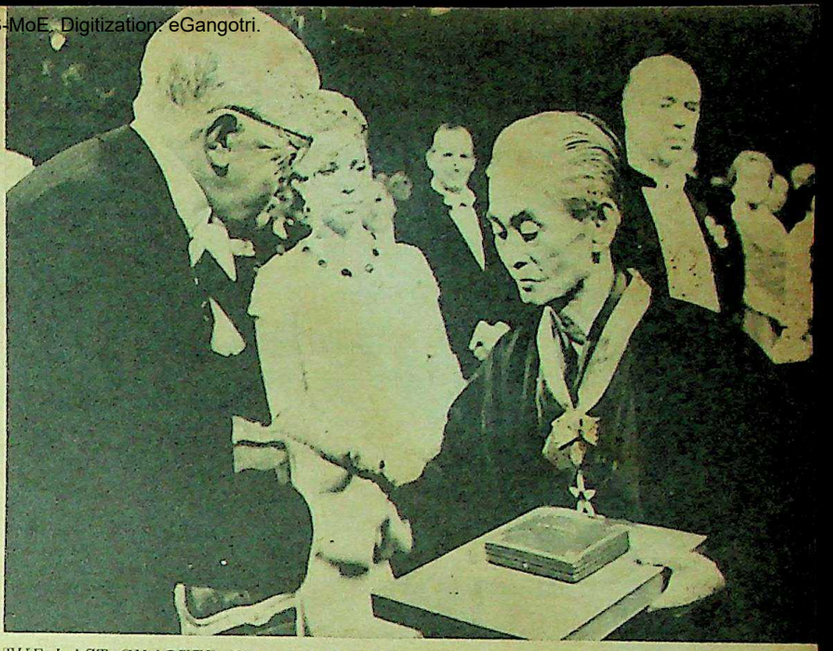


HIS KARMA WAS DHARMA. Mahamahopadhyaya P. V. Kane died in Bombay at the age of 92. One of the world's leading indologists he had many works to his credit, including a monumental history of the Dharmasastras. As a young lawyer of the Bombay High Court, Kane turned down briefs so that he could be free to pursue his studies.



THE LAST CHAPTER. Yasunari Kawabata (72), the first Japanese to receive the Nobel prize for literature, committed suicide at a seaside resort near Yokohama. This photograph was taken in 1968 when he was given the award by King Gustaf Adolf of Sweden. Among Kawabata's well-known works are Snow Country *and* Thousand Cranes. *His suicide comes 18 months after the ritualistic harakiri committed by another famous Japanese author, Yukio Mishima.*

RUNNING AWAY FROM IT ALL. Frightened women and children in South Vietnam race to a waiting American helicopter (not the one shown here) as the North Vietnamese intensify their attack outside Saigon. Hanoi's action has led to massive retaliation by the U.S. which is battering North Vietnamese and National Liberation Front's positions with B-52 bombers. President Nixon, who claimed he was "anti-war", has come in for criticism both at home and abroad for his "brinkmanship".

SWEET CONNECTION. Gene Hackman and Jane Fonda after they were named "Best Actor" and "Best Actress" at the 44th Annual Academy Awards ceremony in Los Angeles. Hackman received the Oscar for his role in The French Connection, *and Fonda for her part in* Klute.

WHEN THE EARTH SPLIT. Forlorn village women amid the ruins of Qeer following the earthquake in southern Iran in which more than 4,000 were killed. Iran is situated in a belt which is subject to frequent earth tremors.

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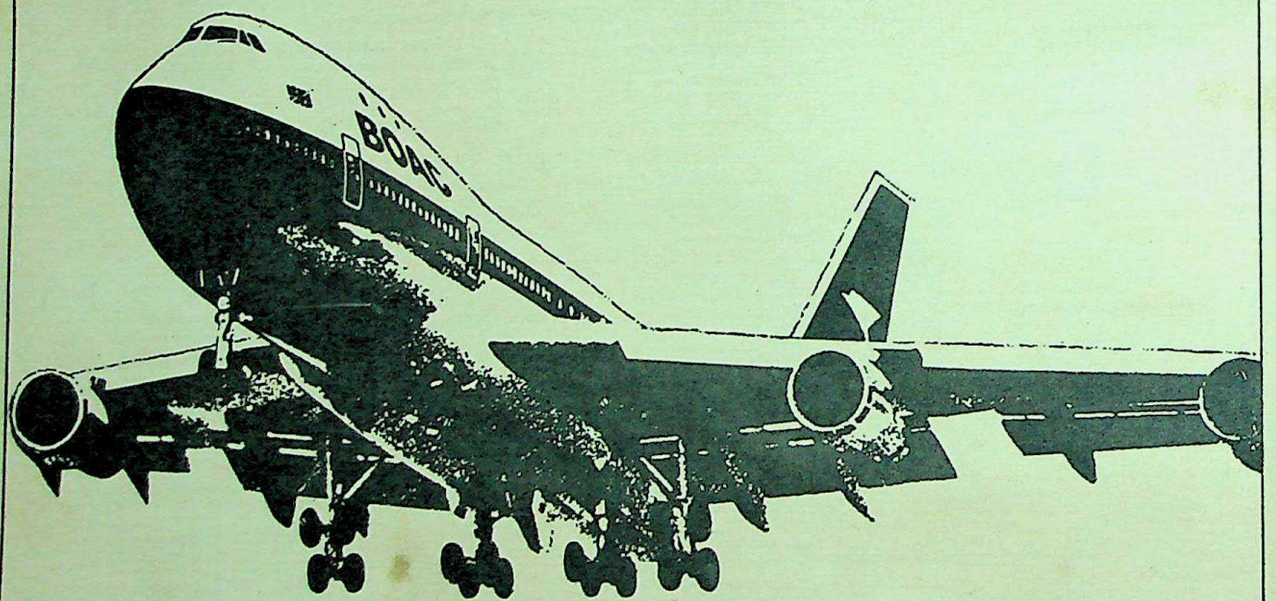
BOAC FLIES THE 747 THROUGH BOMBAY



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LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

I Studied All Men—I Had To

by KAMALA DAS

With a researcher's hunger for knowledge, I studied all men. I *had* to study them to make a success of my unusual marriage.

WHEN I was a 16-year-old, I was deeply in love with my husband. For some weeks we stayed in a pokey little flat in the Santa Cruz suburb of Bombay, where the mosquitoes attacked us mercilessly every night. I was happy to sit beside my sleeping husband, batting away the mosquitoes for half the night. I would have gladly gifted my life to the man, but not for a moment did I lust for him. My sexual responses were put on only to please him. I was like a sentimental whore, a tragic anachronism.

Then one day, in my presence, he caressed a prettier girl. He wrote in her autograph book—quoting from Wilde perhaps—that it is better to be good-looking than good; and, while writing this, he threw at me a sly glance to let me know what exactly he thought of my goodness.

He had had other women before and could talk with zest about their sexual skills. He spoke admiringly of several sluts and nymphomaniacs. At times he talked himself into a frenzy and, when I lay near him, I was merely one or other of those attractive women.

This was the first unpleasant discovery I made about men. It changed my life.

I launched into a hectic love life with a small capital—just a pair of beautiful breasts and a faint musk-rat smell in my perspiration. I had to economise and let these two assets go a long way. Each night, after stripping myself, I put aside my soul and entered the arena with a body as efficient as a clockwork toy.

My husband was delighted. He praised my technical skill but, strangely enough, I did not feel elated. It was like winning a prize at a fancy-dress contest. But one night he said a strange thing: "Do you know, darling, lying like this, I could just die and not feel sad at all... Mating with you gives me that kind of a feeling. I cannot explain it."

All at once, the plot thickened. With a researcher's hunger for knowledge, I studied all men. I *had* to study them to make a success of my unusual marriage. I began to work on a man by causing him physical unease and, slowly and imperceptibly, a mental unease began to develop.

This is the nearest thing to love in a man's case. A woman can get at his heart only through his loins. This sentence reads ugly. But it tells an ugly truth that cannot be put in gentler words.

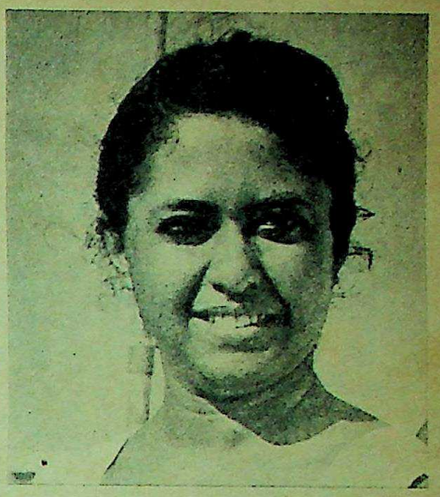
Each conquest made me crave for more power. I was entirely without lust. I hoped that some day as I lay with a man, somewhere beneath the skin, beneath the flesh, beneath the bone, at a deadened spot, a contact would be made, and that afterwards each movement of my life would become meaningful. **I looked for the beauteous Krishna in every man. Every Hindu girl is in reality wedded to Lord Krishna. That is why his wives are legion.**

Most men are sly, suspicious and effeminate. One tattooed his initial on my right breast. It was as symbolic as the hoisting of a flag on the highest peak of a mountain.

Both my husband and I have changed with the years. We are happy together. He is absolutely male. All he wants to do is to protect me. He does not feel jealous—a corroding emotion found in weak, effeminate men who have no strength to hold their women and must resort to tantrums and ugly hysteria to manage it. My husband is like a stone fortress, a granite tower from which, like a bird, I fly out in the morning and return at night for rest and peace.

Last week the Editor of a Kerala weekly, a well-known capitalist, offered, in return for my autobiography, a month's holiday at the most expensive hotel, at any holiday resort, in addition to the Rs 100 per weekly instalment. I was thrilled. My husband said: "Why not take K along with you as a diversion? You seem to find him attractive. After working hard, I shall not grudge you a bit of relaxation."

This is what I mean by friendship. It is hard to find a friend as good as my husband.



KAMALA DAS comes from a literary family and writes short stories in Malayalam under the name of Madhavi Kutty. She is better known as one of the foremost Indian poets in English. Books: Summer In Calcutta *and* The Descendants.

The Indian Rope Trick

—Continued

the docks was able to make up as an impressive sadhu, and he produced a very lightweight boy for adequate *baksheesh*. We put the rope upright and tested the boy, who climbed impressively. But, when it came to the turn of the sadhu, he was much too heavy.

A little thought evolved a plan for the sadhu to "climb" with his feet on the ground from a crouching stance and the camera could take only the upper part of his body. This looked quite realistic when filmed, as he moved up the rope a few feet... and I intercut two shots to make the action last longer!

Then I had to show dismembered pieces of the boy's body falling to earth after he had faded into thin air. I searched in vain for a large doll of the right colour, so settled for a large pink doll found in our attic, which was painted a light brown and then dismembered. These pieces were thrown into the air and filmed on descent.

At the top of the rope, the boy had to vanish into thin air. As the rope swayed slightly, a normal fadeout, wind-back and fade-in on the rope without the boy might well have resulted in the rope changing position during the dissolve, thus giving away this bit of cheating. I solved this by finding a lamp bracket fixed to the corner of a docks warehouse and tied the top of the rope to this stay. The boy was filmed without this top part or any of the building showing and the result was convincing.

I realised there would have to be plenty of audience-reaction shots to intercut, as I was working from a very loose script, mostly in my head! However I was fortunate, for I discovered my sadhu friend was a good amateur conjuror, and one Saturday afternoon we advertised a free show in the docks. He stood upon a box platform and did his conjuring, while I squatted on the ground and filmed the faces of the audience, getting quite good shots of surprise, laughter, awe and so on.

I next rehearsed the sadhu in the mesmerising of the crowd with smoke from a brazier below. He rolled his big eyes quite impressively and I think it got by, except that the audience seemed more amused than mesmerised!

There remained the problem of bringing down the rope quickly, so that it fell flat on the ground, and this was a hard one as we naturally did not wish to disclose the iron rod being withdrawn from the special rope containing the hosepipe! After some experiments, we found a quay edge, and a couple of stout men stood out of sight in mud below and pulled the greased rod out in two seconds flat, tilting it so that it fell on the ground.

The final disappointment came when I told our Managing Director that there was a claimant for his fine offer of £1,000 and he could come to dinner to meet him. I showed him and his wife the film with sound on discs, which I used to cut in those days. He was amused and impressed and said with a grin: "But *you've* done it and *you*, as a staff member, are surely not eligible."

I replied that I did not expect otherwise but that we had a lot of fun making the film.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

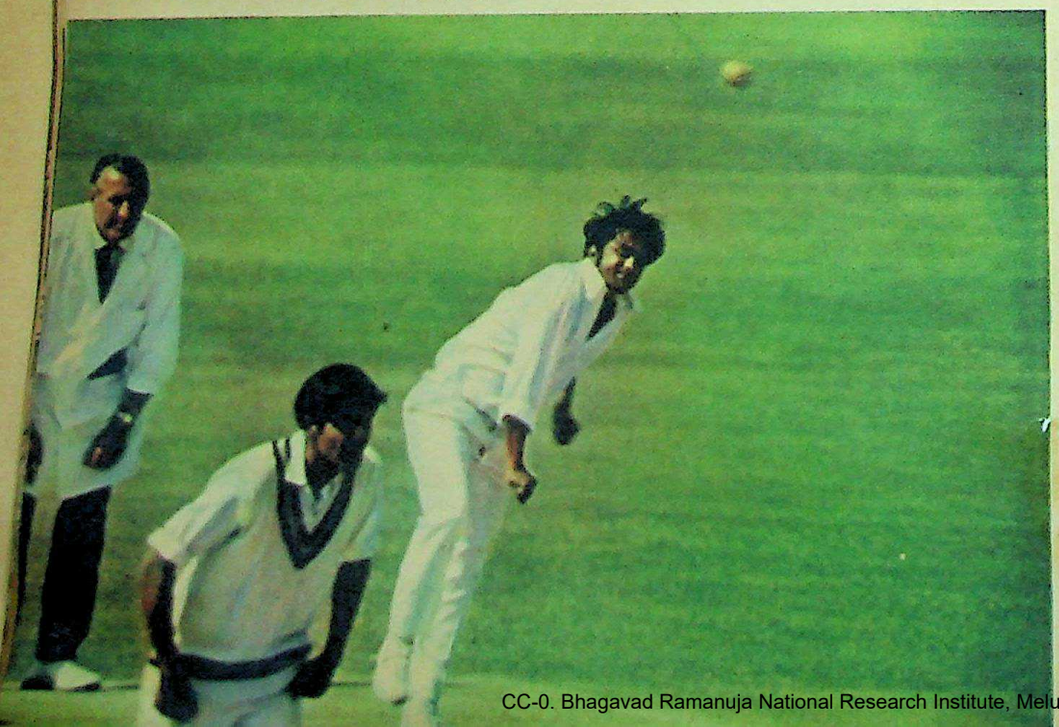
Indian Cricket's Big Spinthrough

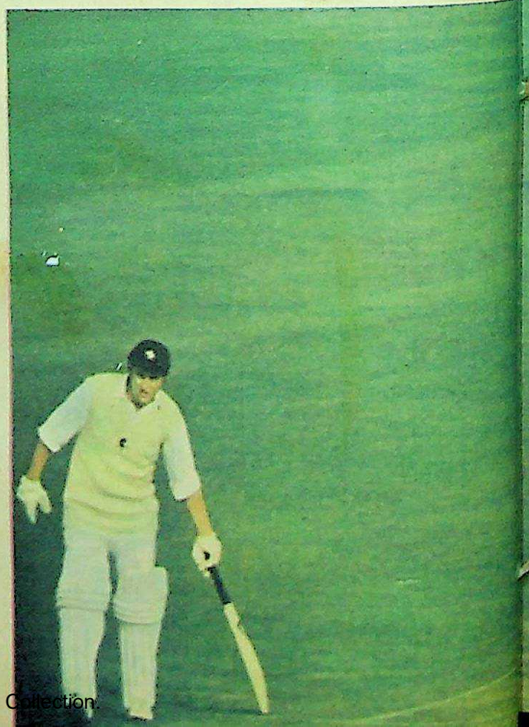
AS WADEKAR'S RIGHT-HAND MAN, Vice-Captain S. Venkataraghavan, bringing the ball down from a good height, did something no one ever thought possible: he kept Prasanna at bay! Venkat got his break when "Pras" injured his bowling hand in the Second Test vs West Indies at Port of Spain in March this year. Venkat seized the chance with his right arm (5 for 95) to bowl India to her first ever win over West Indies. Since then, with his added assets as a straight bat and close catch, Venkat has held his position unchallenged. From 22 Tests, he has 82 wickets (av. 27.76), 421 runs (av. 15.03) and 23 catches. Below: See how much air he has already given the ball—E. A. S. Prasanna! No wonder Gary Sobers still rates him the best off-spinner in the world. But not so Venkat, who is ahead of him even in this picture! With 124 wickets (av. 27.93) from 25 Tests, Prasanna was ignored all through the series in England. Below, right: The left arm of Bishen Singh Bedi came into sharper focus as India stayed the right hand of Prasanna. With his subtle flight and turbaned turn, Bedi impressed the English as the best of his type in the game. From 27 Tests Bedi has 96 wickets (av. 28.94) and 12 catches.

'Spin Twins' Prasanna & Bedi — And Now Venkat

Starting with the Third Test vs West Indies at Madras in the 1966-67 season, the now "estranged" Spin Twins, E. A. S. Prasanna and Bishen Singh Bedi, have figured together in 21 Tests for India—12 abroad, 9 at home. Co-spinners they have been in 6 of India's 17 Test victories so far. During the four years that Bedi's left arm was the ideal foil to Prasanna's right, 328 wickets fell to our bowlers in Tests, of which the pair captured no fewer than 187 (57%) between them. To Prasanna went 110 of these 187 wickets and to Bedi 77—but it was the joint effort that always counted. Frequently Prasanna harassed a batsman into surrendering his wicket to Bedi and vice versa. Together the pair have claimed 10 or more wickets in a Test on 9 occasions. Their highest joint tally: 18 wickets in the Third Test vs Australia at Delhi in 1969-70—the acid Test India won. The next best efforts by "Pras" and Bishen also fetched India victories: against New Zealand at Bombay in 1969-70, the pair had a right and left hand in dismissing 16 batsmen; against the same New Zealand earlier at Auckland (1967-68), the two had taken 13 wickets between them. What a "pair" batsmen got while the two held spinning sway!

S. Venkataraghavan showed his hand when Prasanna damaged his bowling hand in going for a return catch in the Second Test vs West Indies at Port of Spain. With 5 for 95, Venkat bowled India to their first ever victory over West Indies. Even when "Pras" returned for the Fifth Test at the same Port of Spain, Venkat retained the upper hand with 4 for 100 in West Indies' total of 526. Today, with his consistent all-round show in England, Venkat is India's vice-captain in his own off-spinning right.





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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization ... Jyotri.

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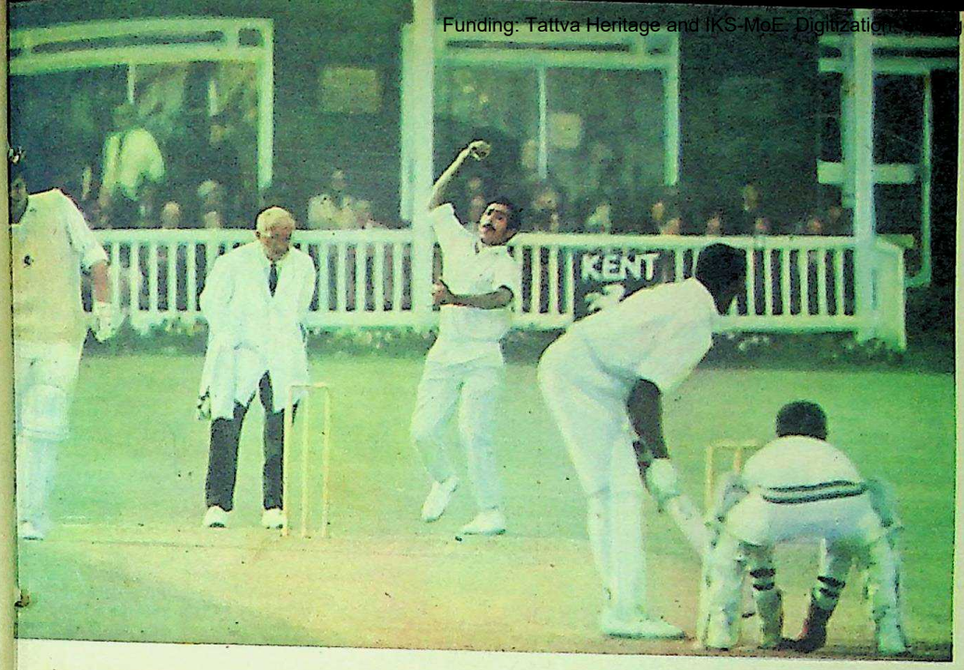
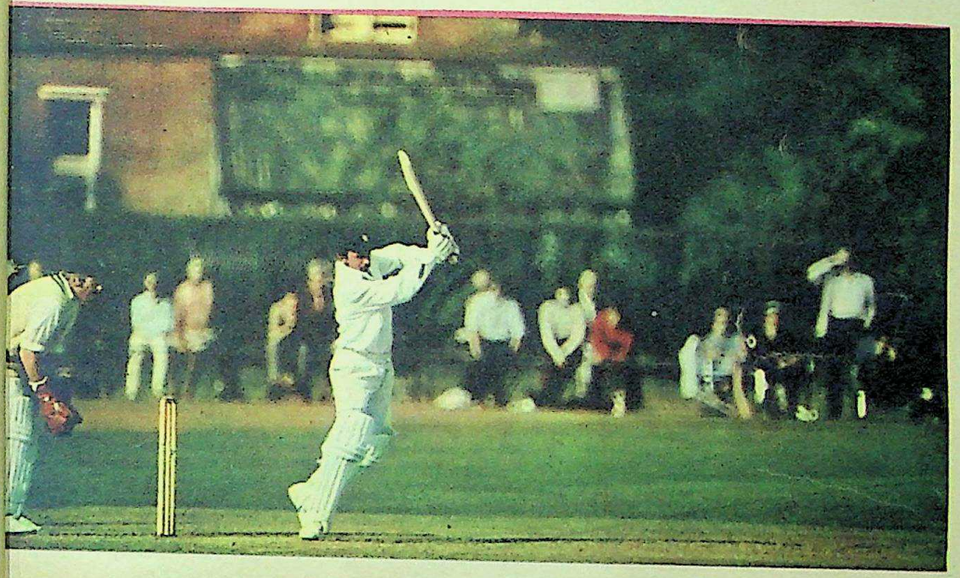
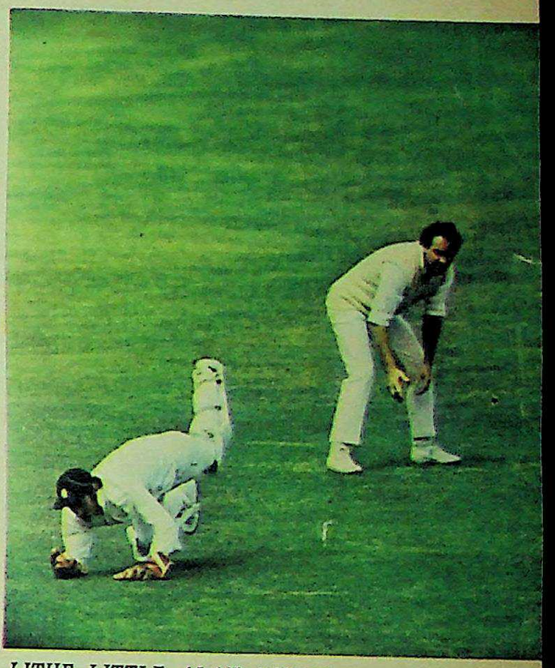


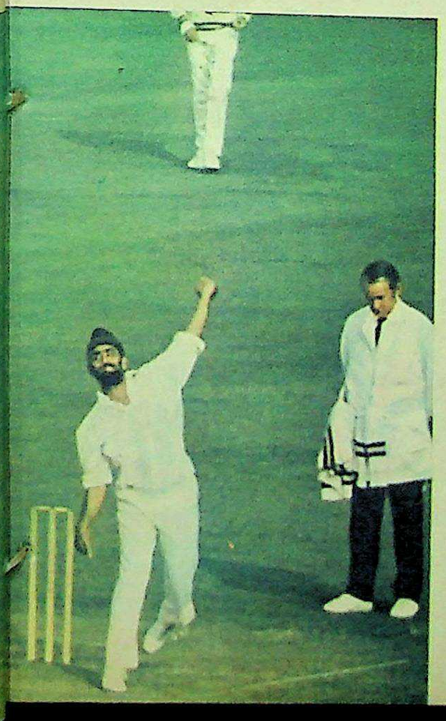
← *SYED ABID ALI—before he hit that Oval four which fetched Anandji Dossa an English rubber for his Indian pencil—gave his right arm for India at Old Trafford, putting us on the "greentop" by claiming the prize wickets of Jameson, Edrich, Fletcher and D'Oliveira. Superbly fit, Abid fielded brilliantly right through the tour, bowled fairly and had useful knocks outside the Tests to pull his weight as a utility man. From 20 Tests, Abid has 699 runs (av. 21.18), 37 wickets (av. 38.32) and 22 catches.*

ON HIS TOES AS A DRIVER IS ASHOK MANKAD, the one enigma of a tour on which the younger order made such impressive strides. In just 3 Tests, Ashok's Test average slumped from 33.44 to 26.83; and he could take his aggregate to only 644 (in 13 Tests) from 602 (in 10 Tests).





LITHE LITTLE ALAN KNOTT was ever there to give England a leg up by getting either his hand or bat to the ball. Like Chandrasekhar in our team, Knott in the English side won the special award of £250 (Rs 4,500) for being a thorn in the Indian side. In fact, only when Solkar, given half a chance, snapped him up on the penultimate day at the Oval could India be certain of victory. Still Knott showed his hand to the last—by sticking out his "right" to catch our anchor man Dilip Sardesai (40). But the elan of Engineer—whose performance behind and in front of the wicket was on a par with Knott's—finally saw India through.



SPINNERS' ROLE IN INDIA'S VICTORIES

Even when India had pace bowlers of note, we failed to win any Test. After World War II, Indian Test Cricket has more or less been dominated by spinners —in some respects even more so than by batsmen.

Not taking into account those who have bowled on casual occasions, out of the 327 wickets claimed by our bowlers in India's 17 Test victories, 253 wickets (77%) have fallen to our spinners, 52 (15%) to our medium operators (including Jasu Patel's 18) and 22 (6.7%) to our pacemen (7 to Ramakant Desai and 6 to Dattu Phadkar).

Our spinners have captured 5 or more wickets in a Test innings on 17 occasions; 10 or more wickets on 4 occasions.

In the medium class, Jasu Patel alone has 5 wickets in a Test innings twice and 10 in a Test once.

Our pacemen have failed to record any such feat.

In India's "Victory Tests" that they played in, Vinoo Mankad (who brought us our first Test win) has captured 41 wickets, Prasanna 43, Bedi 33 and Venkataraghavan 33.

Of the leg-spinners, Subhash Gupte has taken 22 wickets and Chandrasekhar 20 in Tests they played that India won.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

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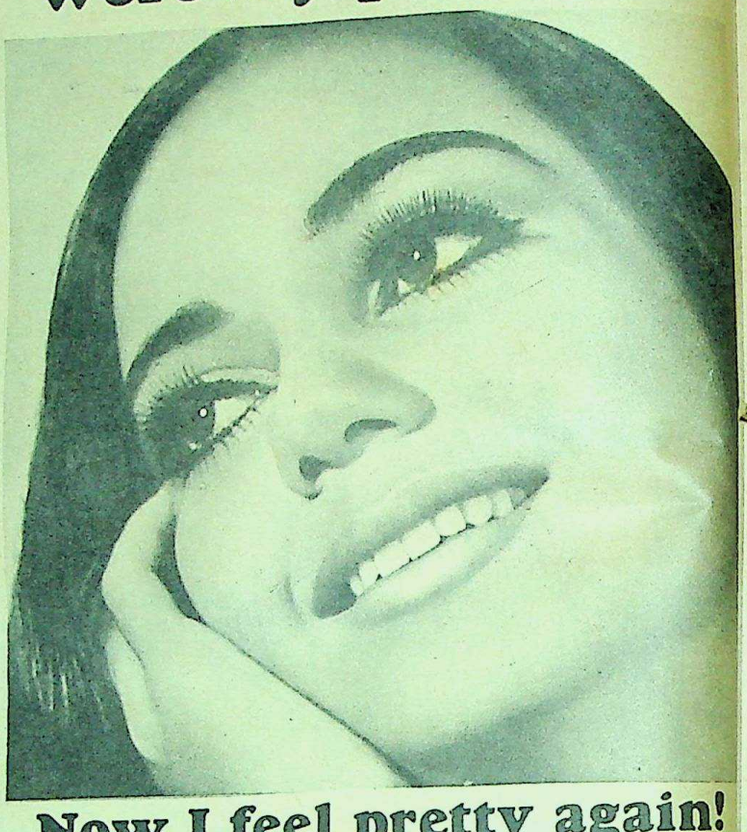

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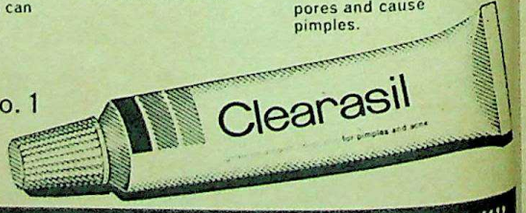

For "The problem of pimples—and how to fight it"
Write to: Clearasil Department
Richardson Hindustan Ltd.
Post Box 6276, Bombay 11.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

daughters" jog along normally on the Pill? No anthropomorphic god (?) can be such a prude as to approve of psychic disturbances caused by sex frustrations. Last year I saw their "spiritual exhibition" at Naini Tal. It looked absurdly primitive, ritualistic, even cruel.

Lakhimpur-Kheri (UP) SOM DEVA

Sir—You have been misguided by the ladies of this questionable institution. As a former member of the organisation, I can give you a detailed account of misappropriation of the funds they receive from poor widows and various shady people.

Ahmedabad RAJESH MERCHANT

Sir—Can anyone or, say, Pitashri Dada Lekhraj have a *carte blanche* to create a new sect and claim to have received his exclusive mandate direct from God? The sect's dogmatic assertion, among other things, that "The Gita was not imparted by Shri Krishna but by *'Me, Shiva...'*," is astounding, to say the least.

Surat MULCHAND DEOMAL

Indian Scientists

Sir—Dr Bikash Sinha's arguments for the creation of an "Exchange Programme" for scientists (July 30) need comment.

To us in India, the scientists of Indian origin (I don't call them Indian scientists) living abroad are as much foreign as the Americans or the British. It is a pity that, while Dr Sinha realises that it costs this country about Rs 5 lakhs to produce a scientist, he wants to continue mulcting the nation's economy by periodic visits. No, Sir, we don't need the services of such pseudo-patriots. Those who really love India are those who returned, uninvited, after a few years abroad. To this class of patriots belong giants like C. V. Raman, Homi Bhabha and Vikram Sarabhai. It is possible, however, that a few of our scientists genuinely interested in coming back are not sure of finding their places here for want of a proper placement programme.

Hyderabad PRABHAKARAN M. NAIR

Indian Elephants

Sir—Jay Inder Singh Kalra is wrong in saying that Hanibal used North African elephants for crossing the Alps (July 30). They were Indian elephants. African elephants cannot be trained because they are too wild. The circuses throughout the world also use Indian elephants.

Delhi Lt-Col A. A. DAVID

Sir—We, the people of Gujarat, are grateful to Jay Inder Singh Kalra for giving us exciting information about the African elephants who consume a small succulent fruit, drink gallons of water and become drunk. As a businessman, I am interested in starting a do-it-yourself kit whereby we will be able to satisfy the urge of getting drunk within legal limits of the Dry Law. With this kit, we will eat the fruit, drink the water and enjoy the results. Kindly let us know the name of the fruit and the region where it is grown.

Ahmedabad AMIDHAR MAJMUDAR

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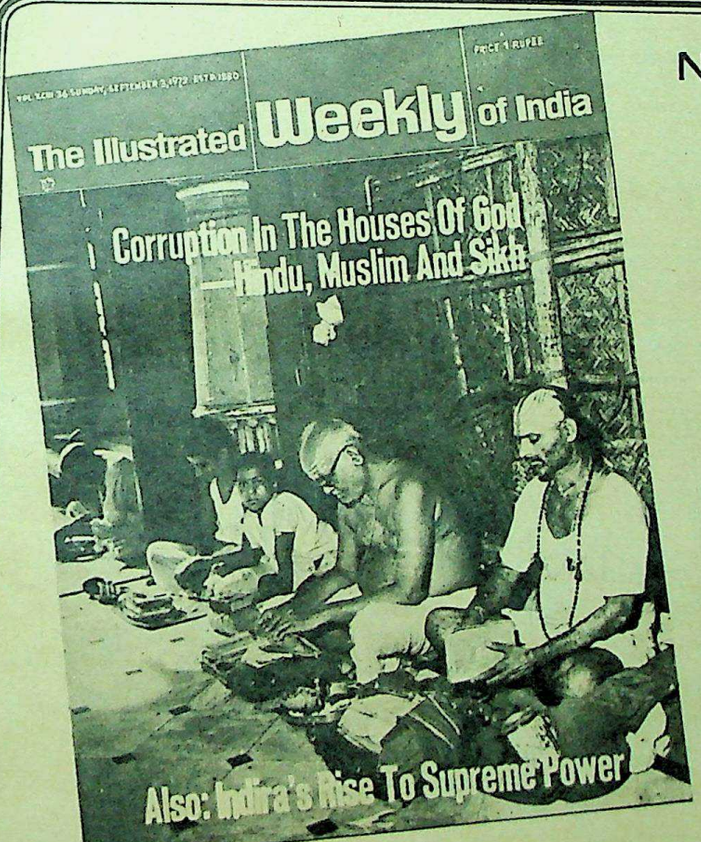
AND OUR REGULAR FEATURES

COVER: Radha-Krishna (From the original batik "pichwai" by Shreedevi Munshi). Photograph by Balkrishan



NEXT WEEK

CORRUPTION IN THE HOUSES OF GOD: What becomes of the millions of rupees given as offerings in temples, dargahs, gurdwaras and other places of worship? What about the returns of crores of rupees fetched by religious properties and endowments? Not all this money is either properly spent or even correctly accounted for. Inder Malhotra investigates the persistent allegations of gross mismanagement, even defalcation, of God's money. With photographs in colour and black and white.

HOMOSEXUALITY IN INDIA: They live in a hush-hush world, plagued by deep problems —psychological and social. Ashok Row Kavi makes an on-the-spot study of the dificulties they face.

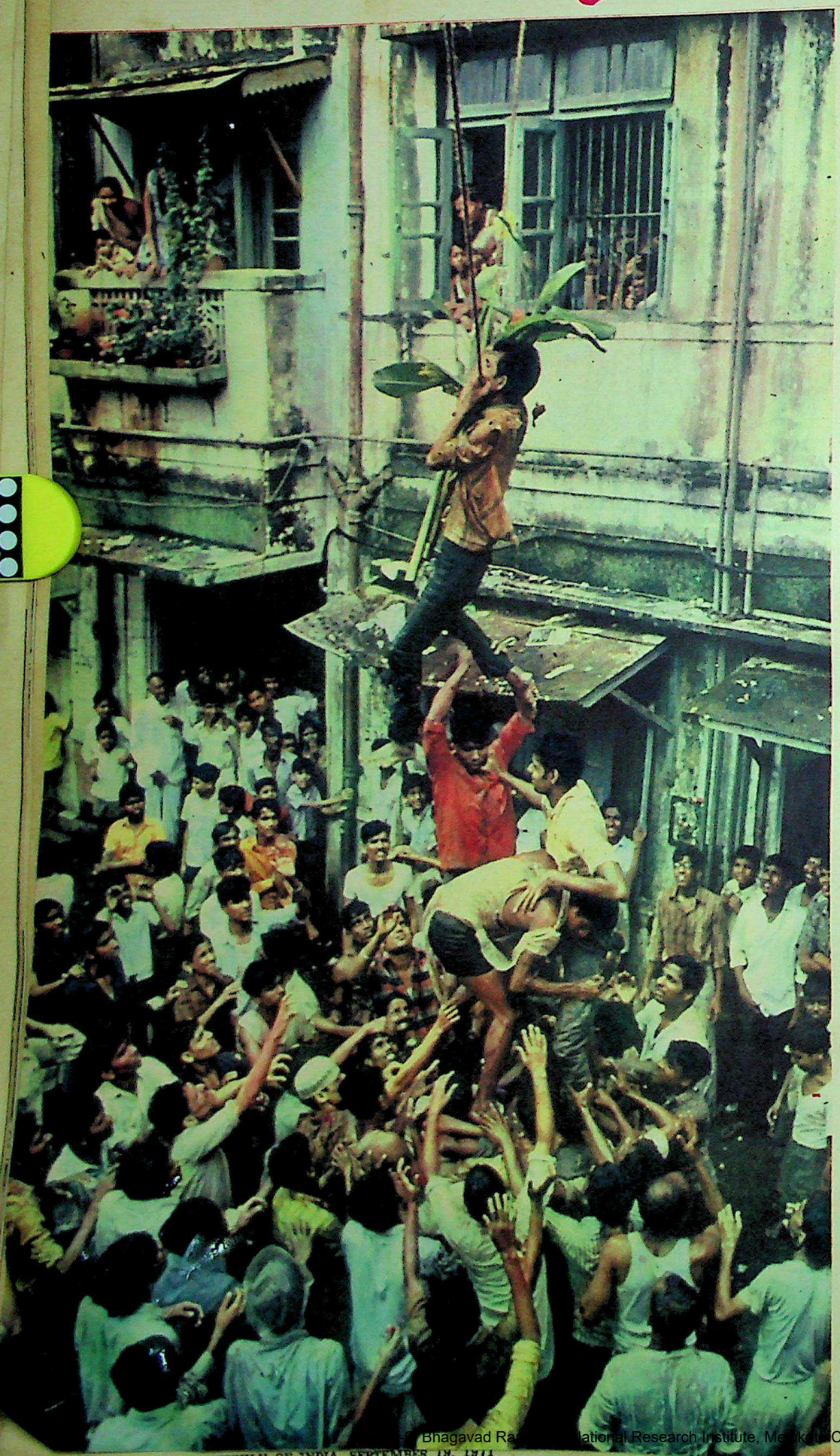
INDIRA GANDHI'S RISE TO SUPREME POWER: On whom does the Prime Minister depend for advice? If not her Cabinet colleagues, then who? By Satindra Singh.

CONCERT CRIMINALS: Sorab Modi tracks them down. Aided by Mario.

MY AUNT GRACIE: Story by Qurratulain Hyder

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

The Story Of Krishna



by R. G. K.

Remembering Krishna on Gokulashtami. The festival will be celebrated on August 31.

KRISHNA was a god who made music and who made love. He was a god who played and taught that all this in heaven and on earth is play (*lila*). There was magic in his actions. When he laughed his foster-mother Yasoda saw the whole world revealed before her. Even as an infant he killed demons and demonesses. His childish pranks were endless. He broke curd-pots and stole butter—he also stole the clothes of the milk-maids leaving them naked in the Yamuna. His mother bound him with a rope, but he managed to crawl, and as he crawled between two trees they came down crashing. There stood two demigods who had just been released from a curse. Krishna was the wonder child of Vraja or Gokula—he still remains the fond child of every Hindu mother.

Krishna was dark as the rain-cloud, *ghanasyama* or *meghasyama*. But his name also means one who attracts: *karshayati iti Krishnah*. He evokes various images, pastoral, romantic and heroic. Cow-bells and cow-dust, the autumn full moon (*Sarad Purnima*) on the banks of the Yamuna, the fearful sound of the conchshell Panchajanya on the battlefield of Kurukshetra.

"Forsaking everything, come to me for refuge," says Krishna in the Bhagavadgita.

Thus it was that the gopis of Vraja left their husbands and parents to sport with him. Andal, the Tamil poet and saint, refused to marry a man and yearned to be united with Krishna. Mira spurned the king to whom she was married and pined for Giridharagopala—Krishna who held aloft the mountain. **Eternal child, eternal lover, eternal teacher, Krishna is Bhagavan Himself ("Krishnastu Bhagavan svayam"); he is the "purnavatara" (complete incarnation) of Vishnu. His story has been told many times. The "Bhagavata purana" says that the story of Krishna purifies both narrator and listener just as the Ganga, springing from the feet of Vishnu, cleanses everyone.**

Krishna's parents were Vasudeva and Devaki. There was a prophecy that their eighth son would be the slayer of Devaki's brother Kamsa. Kamsa would have put his sister to death, but Vasudeva appeased him

---

RE-ENACTING THE SCENES OF GOKULA. On the day following Gokulashtami (the birthday of Krishna), curd-pots are broken in the streets of Bombay. The pot is hung up high from a rope stretching between opposite balconies. Young men form a pyramid to reach it. The pot may not contain curds, but there is a cash prize (money collected from devotees in the locality) for the "team" which manages to break it. The young participants are called "Govindas".

—S. N. Kulkarni

CC-0. Bhagavad Ra... National Research Institute, Mumbai. Collection.

—S. N. Kulkarni

KRISHNA FLUTING. As the "complete" incarnation of Vishnu, he is the most popular god of Hindus today. The antics and exploits of the child Krishna are a perennial source of delight to the devout.

—Balkrishan

CHAITANYA (right) and Krishna carried on the shoulders of devotees during a festival in Mathura. Chaitanya Mahaprabhu (1485-1533), the famous Vaishnava poet-saint of Bengal, identified himself with Krishna.

—Balkrishan

RASAKRIDA, Manipuri style, presented by the Jhaveri sisters. It is defined as a play that enhances rasa or aesthetic enjoyment. The gopis, forming a circle, dance around Krishna to the accompaniment of music.

by promising to hand over all his children at their birth. Devaki's life was spared, but she and her husband were put in prison. In due course six sons were born to them and Kamsa killed all of them. When Devaki became pregnant for the seventh time, Vishnu sent Yogamaya with a mission to the world of mortals. He told the goddess: "The child that Devaki carries is Ananta, who is a part of me. Remove the embryo and deposit it in the womb of Rohini, another wife of Vasudeva, residing in Gokula*. I myself will take birth as the eighth child of Devaki. And may you be born as the daughter of Yasoda, wife of Nandagopa, the chief of cowherds."

Krishna was born at midnight**. Read what the *Bhagavata* says about how nature rejoiced at his birth: "The four quarters became radiant. The firmament shone with new stars. Towns and villages were enriched with auspicious objects. Turgid rivers turned limpid. Lotuses blossomed. And the forests became alive with the song of birds flitting between clusters of flowers."

As ordered by the Lord, Vasudeva takes the infant Krishna to Gokula. The doors of the prison miraculously open and the swirling waters of the Yamuna recede for him to

—Continued

* The child born to Rohini thus was Balarama, also known as Sankarshana.

** Krishna was born on the eighth day of the waning moon of Sravana under the asterism Rohini. According to one version of his horoscope, his lagna or ascendant was Taurus. His Moon, Mars, Mercury and Saturn were exalted. His Jupiter was in the eleventh house, Sun in Leo, Venus in Libra and Rahu in Sagittarius.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

THE QUELLING OF THE SNAKE KALIYA (Kangra, c. 1790—J. K. Mody collection, Bombay). Krishna, having defied the hydra-headed snake, whose poison has befouled the river Yamuna, dances in triumph on its sagging heads. The snake's wives plead for mercy—one of them holding out a bunch of lotuses. (From The Loves of Krishna *by W. G. Archer)*

go across to the other bank where Gokula is situated. He substitutes Krishna for Maya, Yasoda's child, and returns to the prison with the baby-girl. The guards awake, come to know of the birth of the child and immediately inform their master of it. Kamsa rushes into the prison, snatches the little Maya from Devaki's hands and hurls her against a stone. But Maya leaps into the air, reveals herself in her true form of a goddess and tells him: "Fool, what is the use of killing me? The one who shall bring about your death is born elsewhere." So saying she vanishes.

In the *Bhagavata* we now see a repentant Kamsa who bursts into tears, falls at the feet of Devaki and Vasudeva and asks forgiveness for all his evil deeds. He also frees them. Kamsa does a bit of philosophising too, something not in keeping with his character as a wicked monster. One of his statements is almost an echo of the Gita—it relates to the question whether it is the body or soul that is destroyed at death.

Moksha For Putana

But what Maya or Yoganidra told him worries him. He orders the destruction of all newborn children in his kingdom. (Kamsa has usurped the throne after deposing his father Ugrasena, the king of the Bhojas. Nandagopa is one of his vassals.) He despatches demons and demonesses for this purpose. One such is Putana, a hideous *rakshasi*, who assumes the form of a beautiful woman and goes to Vraja looking for children. No one stops her. (The menfolk at Gokula are quite taken up by her looks.) The first house she steps into is that of Nandagopa. She takes Krishna from his cradle and suckles him. The child sucks out her life. When Putana falls dead her original form of a demoness is restored. She attains *moksha* because she dies at the hands of Krishna.

This is one of the earliest exploits of Krishna. The antics and heroic deeds of the child, Balakrishna or Balagopala, constitute an endless theme for poets and artists. His *lila* (literally, play) is part of an entire Hindu concept: that the phenomenal world is a manifestation of the divine play.

When Krishna is three months old he destroys Sakatasura, the cart demon. Another monster called Trinavartta takes the form of a whirlwind and carries him away. The child slays him also. He subdues the snake Kaliya (probably a Naga chief) and banishes him to the oceans. He stops the tribute that is paid to Indra. When that god sends down rain as a punishment Krishna lifts up the mountain Govardhana and the people of Vraja take shelter under it.

Lilasuka, author of the *Srikrishnakarnamrita*, has drawn many a charming vignette of Krishna. One of his lilts goes thus: *"Anganam anganam antare Madhavo, Madhavam Madhavam cha'ntare angana*, between one gopi and another there is Krishna, between one Krishna and another there is a gopi)." Another well-known verse reads:

"Mother."

"What's the matter, lord of the Yadus?"

"Give me the cup."

"Why?"

"To drink milk."

"Not now."

"When?"

"At night."

"When is night?"

"When it is dark."

Krishna closes his eyes, says it is night now. Lilasuka concludes: "May Krishna protect us, Krishna who speaks thus and pulls at the upper garment of his mother."

Stealer Of Butter

Poet Subrahmanya Bharati wrote: "Krishna is a boy of unceasing playfulness, an endless bother to the girls... He brings me fruit, but snatches it while I am eating it... He pulls my plaited hair from behind and is gone before I turn back." The womenfolk at Gokula complain to Yasoda about Krishna. They tell her: "Your son sets free the calves from their sheds. When we scold him he smiles. Even when we keep our milk

Who Was Krishna?

Was Krishna a "pre-Aryan" hero? Kannan, as the Tamil equivalent of Krishna, occurs in some of the earliest Southern works. In Prakrit it is Kanha, a name which also appears in Jain texts. There is a reference to an asura Krishna in the Rigveda. He waits on the banks of the Amsumati with an army of 10,000 to fight Indra. There was a feud between Indra and the Krishna of the epics and the puranas. It is interesting to speculate whether this was a reflection of a struggle between two races. And is there an attempt in the Mahabharata to bring together various races with Krishna as the rallying point?

Scholars are agreed that there was a historical Krishna. But who was he? One of the earliest references to the devotees of Vaasudeva can be traced to a fifth-century B.C. work of Panini. Megasthenes (4th century B.C.) mentions that the people of Mathura were devoted to Herakles (regarded as the Greek form of Krishna).

Dr D. D. Kosambi writes: "That Krishna had risen from the pre-Aryan people is clear from a Paninian reference to the effect that neither Krishna nor Arjuna counted as kshatriyas. But his antiquity is considerable, for he is the one god who uses the sharp wheel, the missile discus, as his peculiar weapon. This particular weapon is not known to the Vedas and went out of fashion well before the time of the Buddha. Its historicity is attested only by the cave paintings in Mirzapur which show raiding horse-charioteers (clearly enemies of the aboriginal stone-age artists), one of whom is about to hurl such a wheel. The event and the painting may fairly be put at about 800 B.C., by which date the dark god was on the side of the angels, no longer an aborigine himself."

Krishna of the puranas and the Mahabharata belonged to the Vrishni sect of the clan of Yadus. His foster-father Nandagopa is believed to have been a vaisya. It will be recalled that when pride of place was given to Krishna in the Rajasuya sacrifice performed by Yudhishthira, Sisupala felt ignored and asked: "How can you honour a mere cowherd?"

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and butter concealed he manages to steal them. After he has had enough he feeds the cats with what is left."

As a stealer of butter Krishna has earned the name of Navanitachora. Why was Krishna a thief? One explanation is that Krishna took what was his or what was everybody's. It was indeed the gopis who were in error. Were they not wrong in thinking that they could conceal something from the Lord and own it as their own?

The most fascinating—and controversial—part of the Krishna legend is his dalliance with the gopis. How could Krishna resort to other men's wives? The classical texts contain unabashed descriptions of the god sporting with the milkmaids in Vrindavana. Foremost among these are the chapters devoted to the Rasakrida or Rasalila in the "Bhagavata".

At moonrise in Vrindavana Krishna plays the flute. The gopis are attracted by the music. Some are feeding their husbands, some suckling their children, some taking food or adorning themselves. They leave their homes, without heeding the pleas of their husbands, parents or brothers, and go out in the night to the forest. Krishna asks them to return to their homes and speaks to them of the virtues of a dutiful wife. But they refuse to return, saying, "You are the saviour of Gokula. You must accept us. You must bless us with your lotus hands."

The *Bhagavata* says that a hundred and ten crore gopis* stand around Krishna, enraptured by the music of his flute and the splendour of his presence. Having been embraced by the Lord they think too much of their own beauty. And Krishna wants to humble them. So he vanishes. What happens now to the gopis is described thus: "When Krishna disappeared all of a sudden, the milkmaids were like a herd of cow-elephants without the tusker." There are two classic types of *sringara* (erotic mood): *sambhoga sringara* (the eroticism of sexual union) and *vipralambha sringara* (the eroticism of separation). Indian poets revel in the latter. The *Bhagavata* says that the gopis, abandoned by the Lord, roam the forests in search of him. They ask the trees: "O *aswattha, nyagrodha, chuta, panasa, bakula, bilva, kadamba,* have you seen our Krishna?"

In the absence of Krishna, some of the gopis take upon themselves his role. One milkmaid places her foot on the head of another pretending to subdue the snake-king Kaliya. Some become cowherds and others cows. Thus they re-enact the *lila* of Krishna and try to assuage their grief due to separation—*Viraha duhkha.*

All the gopis assemble on the sands of the Yamuna and sing the praises of Krishna. One of the verses which form the *Gopikagita* runs thus: "Friend, you are not the son of a milkmaid. You are the inner witness of all living beings. You were born in the clan of cowherds for the protection of the world." Here is another: "Give us the nectar of your lips that increases the delights of love and that banishes the desire for other pleasures."

Hearing their song of lament and love, Krishna reappears in their midst. One gopi holds his left hand—which resembles a lotus—another takes his right hand, smeared with sandal-paste, and puts it over her shoulder. A third places his lotus foot over her bosom. A fourth closes her eyes, embraces him in thought, and stays in bliss like a yogi.

Rasakrida

They gather on the sands of the Yamuna. There is a Krishna between each pair of gopis with his hands over their shoulders. Each milkmaid thinks that she alone has the privilege of having him with her. Her eyes are blind to the other Krishnas with the other gopis. Falling in a circle they dance the dance of Rasakrida in the moonlit night. The skies are filled with the gods and goddesses who have come to see the Lord dally with the girls of Vraja. When the milkmaids do their steps their anklets and girdles rub against each other's and the air echoes with their tinkle. How are the many Krishnas among the many gopis? Says the *Bhagavata*: "They shine like emeralds strung between jewels of gold." And how are the milkmaids? Like streaks of lightning in a mass of clouds.

The "morality" of Rasakrida worries King Parikshit (the story of Krishna was narrated to him by the sage Suka). He wants to know how Krishna, who has descended to earth to re-establish dharma, could set an example of adharma. Suka's answer is that the gods and great souls are free spirits not subject to the law of karma. They are

—Continued

* The exaggerated number of gopis (100 or 110 crores) makes sense if it is taken as representing all beings in the world.

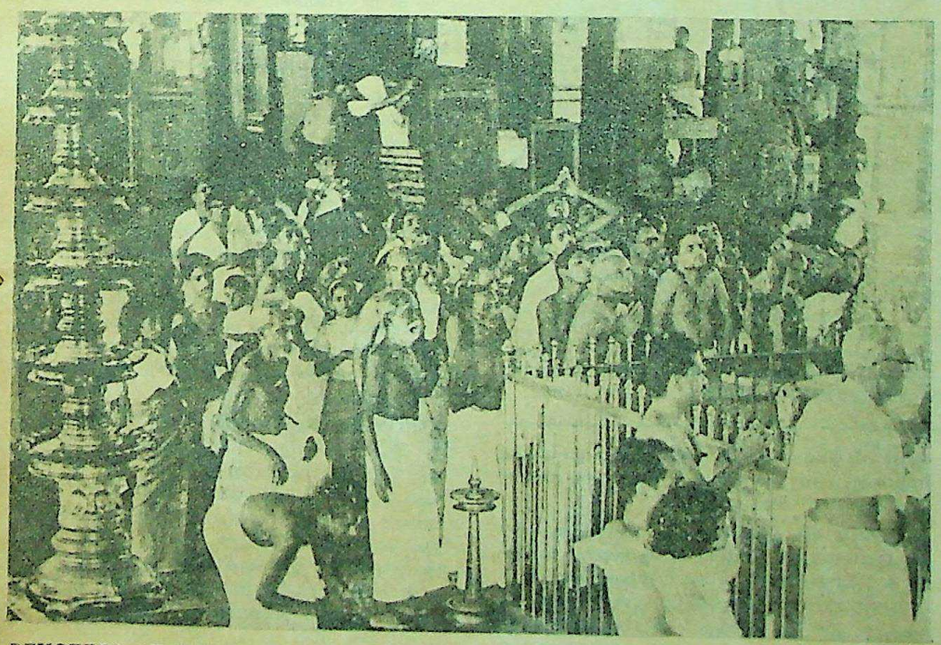
Who Was His Guru?

In the puranas Krishna's teacher was Sandipani. His association with his friend Sudama or Kuchela in Sandipani's ashram school is well known. But from whom did Krishna derive his philosophy?

Read what historian D. C. Sircar says: "A reference to the founder of this sect (Vaasudeva cult) has been traced in the Chhandogya Upanishad which refers to sage Krishna, son of Devaki, as a disciple of the rishi Ghora of the Angirasa family...

"...it is interesting to note that while the above passage in the Chhandogya Upanishad inculcates tapas (asceticism), dana (charity), arjava (simplicity or piety), ahimsa (non-injury) and satyavachana (truthfulness), the same virtues are extolled by Krishna in the Gita. Further, Ghora deprecates vidhi-yajna while the Gita makes little of dravyamaya-yajna or material sacrifice.

"Ghora's doctrine that all the acts of the life of a pious man constitute a sort of sacrifice to the deities to enable him to attain to the God of the gods seems to be essentially the same as the theory of absolute resignation to the Lord, inculcated in the Gita. Krishna and his teacher were worshippers of the Sun. It has been pointed out that, like Ghora, the Gita attributed to Krishna, emphasises the need of meditation at the last hour on the 'word which knowers of the Vedas call Imperishable', and 'the Sun-coloured Being beyond the darkness' as the best means of attaining to the Supreme Celestial Being."—The History and Culture of the Indian People, *Vol. II, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.*



DEVOTEES AT THE TEMPLE OF GURUVAYUR, IN KERALA. This is one of the most popular shrines to Krishna in the South. It is associated with Narayana Bhattatiripad who wrote a condensation of the Bhagavata. *Another famous Krishna temple is at Udipi. It brings to mind Madhvacharya, who founded the philosophy of Dualism and who regarded Krishna as the Supreme God, and Purandaradasa who composed numerous songs which evoke the life of Krishna.*

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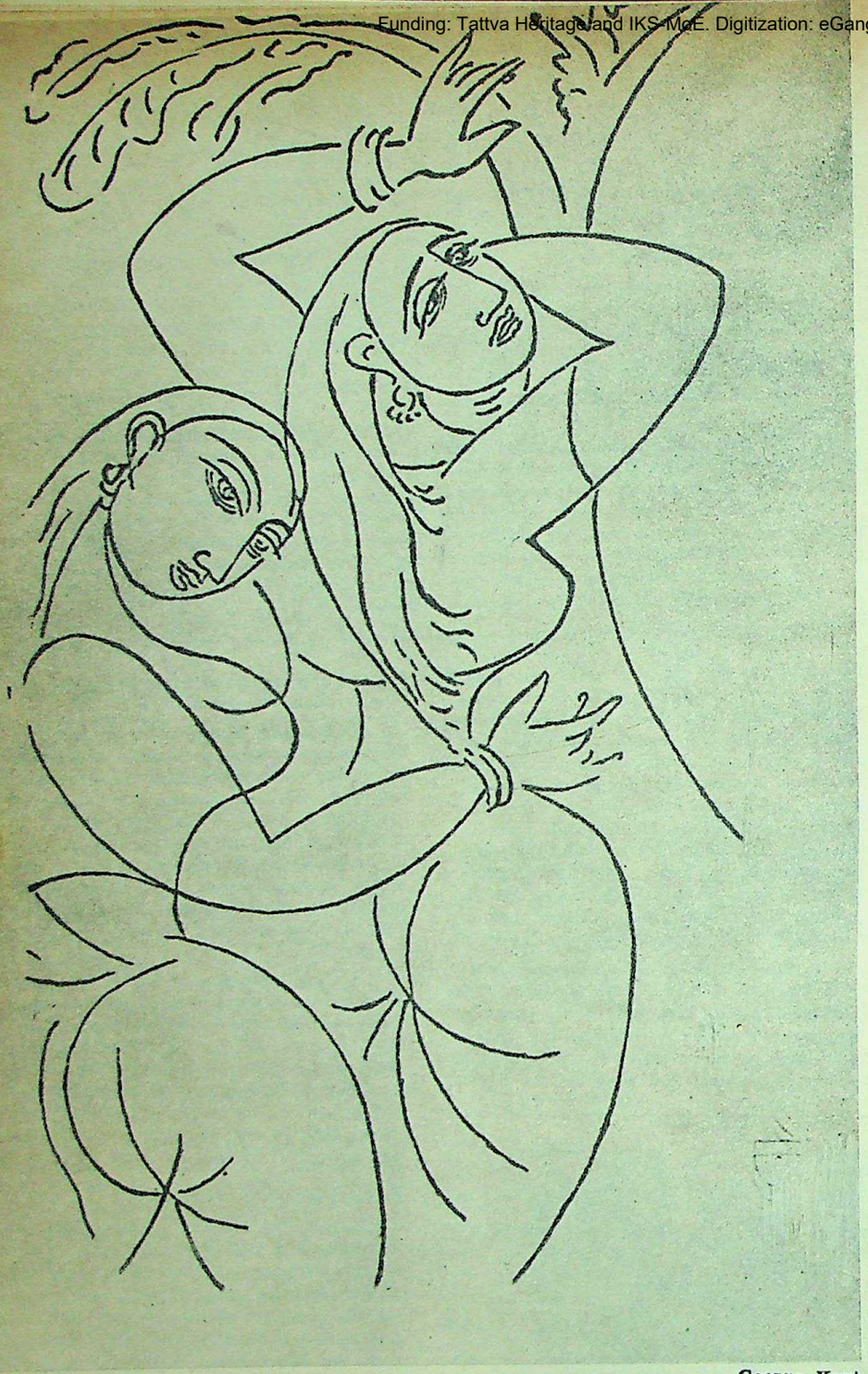

—George Keyt

VIRAHA DUHKHA or the sorrow of separation from the beloved is a classic theme for Indian poets. This is exemplified in the Gitagovinda *of Jayadeva (12th century) which is one of the most celebrated poetical works on Krishna. The accompanying drawing by George Keyt is reproduced from his English translation of* Gitagovinda. *There is a catalaogue of famous poets and saints who were devotees of Krishna. Here are a few names: Andal, Mira, Vallabhacharya, Surdas, Chaitanya Mahaprabhu, Nandadas, Svami Haridas, Raskhan, Jnanesvar, Tukaram, Kshetrajna, Narsi Mehta, Puntanam and Subrahmanya Bharati.*

like fire which is not tainted by the impurities it burns up.

Krishna is beyond *papa* and *punya*—beyond good and evil. When there is no *ahamkara*, "I-ness", there is no sin. Qualities like merit and sin attach themselves only to those who are conscious of their ego. Moreover, it is absurd to think that Krishna sported with "other men's wives", *paradaras*. For how can there be something termed "other" in the case of one who includes in himself everybody and everything? When the Lord dallies with the milkmaids he is indeed dallying with himself. In the sport of God there is only one player; the impression of there being other characters is a result of illusion.

There is another aspect stressed by commentators. It is that of surrender to the Lord. *"Sarvadharman parityajya mamekam saranam vraja*: Forsaking every dharma come to me for refuge". This statement in the Gita is illustrated by the conduct of the women of Gokula. They abandon *all*—husband, father, mother, children, home—to be with Krishna. The moral being that God is only for those who realise that nothing else exists. This comes of the realisation that there is only one reality: the joy of union with Krishna. All else is myth.

Love or *prema* is one of the principles of Vaishnavism. There is a curious term to describe *sringara* or the erotic mood. It is called *Brahmanandasahodara*: "the brother of the bliss that comes of being aware of the Brahman". The term may be paraphrased thus: love and the joy of knowing the Brahman spring from the same source. Now, even in carnal love in which the motive is sensual gratification, there is to some degree the effacement of the ego. And, in ideal love, the adoration of the beloved leads to identification with the beloved. *Prema* thus is a means of banishing the "I-feeling".

The texts call Krishna *yogisvara*, lord of the yogis. He cannot therefore be given to unbridled sensual or sexual pleasure. The *Bhagavata* refers to him as "Manmatha-manmatha." Manmatha means churner of minds or the God of Love. Manmathamanmatha thus is churner of the mind of the churner of minds. The story is that Krishna humbled Kama just as Siva once reduced him to ashes. The commentator Sridhara introduces the passages devoted to Rasakrida in the *Bhagavata* by saying that they describe *Kamajaya*, Krishna's victory over Kama.

Radha And Krishna

Rasalila is also regarded as an allegory. It is the love story of the Supreme Being and all creation. The gopis are the *jivatmas* (individual souls, life monads) who yearn for union with the Paramatman (the Oversoul). It is significant that the son of Vasudeva and Devaki is referred to by the devout as Srikrishnaparamatman. No other incarnation of Vishnu has this elevated status. Krishna is Atmarama, one who delights in the *atman*. (His patronymic Vaasudeva means one who resides in everything and one in whom everything resides.) Rasakrida is nothing but a cosmic sport that the Lord plays.

It is customary to tag on to the name of a god his consort's name, e.g., Sitarama. But one hardly says Rukminikrishna. Krishna is Radhakrishna. There is nothing more beautiful in Indian myth than the episode of Radha and Krishna. Their togetherness and love have inspired poet and painter. Radha too was a married milkmaid—her husband was Ayanaghosha. But the devout would consider it a sacrilege to call her an adulteress. Radha and Krishna portray the divine *nayaka-nayaki bhava*, which may be translated, though inadequately, as the master-mistress relationship. She is the supreme example of one who chose the Lord for her bridegroom. In mystic terms she represents man's ever-present hunger for divine grace.

FROM the sage Narada Kamsa learns about the real origin of Balarama and Krishna. The two boys, he is told, are the ones who destroyed his agents. The tyrant is incensed, claps Vasudeva and Devaki back in gaol and thinks of new ways to bring about the death of his young foes. With the help of Akrura he manages to have Krishna and Balarama brought to Mathura. In Mathura the boys give many demonstrations of their strength which impress the citizens. Krishna meets a hunch-back who prepares Kamsa's toiletry, straightens her up and makes her beautiful. The tyrant's palace elephant, Kuvalayapida, is set upon him and

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16,008 Wives, Yet A Celibate!

Krishna had reputedly 16,008 wives. His principal queen (pattamahishi: literally, enthroned she-buffalo) was Rukmini, daughter of the Vidarbha king. The story goes that she fell in love with Krishna. But her brother was opposed to the match because Krishna had slain his friend Kamsa. He betrothed her to the Chedi king Sisupala. Rukmini sent Krishna a love letter. On her wedding day, as she was going out to worship, Krishna carried her away in his chariot. By virtue of this abduction their marriage is described as belonging to the rakshasa *form.*

Satyabhama was second in importance. A third wife was Jambavati. There is a story relating how Krishna won these two wives. A Yadava chief Satrajit possessed a gem called Syamantaka which was in the keeping of his brother Prasena. Prasena was killed in the forest by a lion which carried off the jewel in its mouth. The beast was killed by Jambavan, the king of bears. Satrajit suspected Krishna of having taken Syamantaka. To clear himself, Krishna found out the manner of Prasena's death, fought with Jambavan, recovered the gem and gave it to Satrajit. He then married Satyabhama, daughter of Satrajit, and Jambavati, daughter of Jambavan. *(For Krishna's six other principal consorts see page 15.)*

For all his 16,008 wives, Krishna earned the name of nityabrahmacharin—*lifelong or eternal celibate. The term may also be taken in a higher sense: one who is untouched or unaffected by activity, even love, and is always absorbed in the Brahman.*

he kills it. The wrestlers Mushtika and Chanura die at his hands and finally Kamsa himself is slain. Krishna frees his parents and re-installs Ugrasena on the throne.

After their *upanayana**, the two brothers go to the school of Sandipani at Avanti. They learn the Vedas and *sastras* and the "sixty-four arts". As a reward for their guru they restore to life his son who was drowned during a pilgrimage to Prabhasa.

An Enemy He Could Not Vanquish

Krishna is constantly harassed by Jarasandha, the king of Magadha and father-in-law of Kamsa. Jarasandha proves to be such a mighty foe that Krishna and his people have to take refuge in a fortress built in the sea (Dwaraka). It is difficult to understand why he fails to slay Jarasandha, though later, under his guidance, Bhima kills him. If there was a historical Krishna it is obvious that there was a great deal of opposition to him. Allied to Jarasandha were the rulers of many other kingdoms. Another curious incident in the Krishna legend is this: the god is pursued by Kalayavana (black foreigner?) and eventually goes into a mountain cave. Kalayavana follows him there and meets his death at the hands of not Krishna but of Muchukunda.

KRISHNA first appears in the Mahabharata during the *svayamvara* of Draupadi. He is no more a child now and is married (see panel); he has also matured into a diplomat and a philosopher. It would seem that the Mahabharata, like the *Bhagavata* later, makes a special attempt to propagate the Vaasudeva-Krishna cult. Krishna's greatness and godhood are not accepted by all characters in the epic. Bhishma, the grand old warrior, defends Krishna thus: "Whoever thinks that Krishna is a mere man is dull-witted."

Krishna and Arjuna stand in a special relationship. Together they form the team of Nara-Narayana, Nara being Arjuna and Narayana being Krishna. It is another expression of the Radha-Krishna pairing, for Nara is man, or the "jivatma", and Narayana is the Lord. Literally Narayana has two meanings: the resting place of men or "jivatmas"; or one who reposes on the waters. The evolution of Vaasudeva-Krishna as Vishnu (the all-pervading one) is a fascinating subject for study. The identification of Krishna with Vishnu is expressed in this famous mantra: *Narayanaya vidmahe Vasudevaya dhimahi tanno Vishnu prachodayat.*

As Arjuna's charioteer, not all of Krishna's actions are morally justifiable. He presses down the chariot when Arjuna is about to be hit by a fatal arrow. By his *maya* he creates an artificial sunset for the enemy to cease fighting for the day. He resorts to all sorts of strategems to protect his side though he has promised the Kauravas that he would take no active part in the war. Of course the answer for what critics call his "deceits" is that he is on the side of the righteous and that the very purpose of his incarnation is the protection of the virtuous and the destruction of the wicked.

And how readily he responds to the appeal of his devotees! He is satisfied with leaf, flower, fruit or water if there is sincerity behind the offer. The Pandavas have just to think of him: and there he is in a moment to do their bidding—for the Lord is the minion of the true *bhakta*. When Draupadi is unclothed by Duhsasana in the court of Duryodhana she cries out his name in distress. Krishna restores her garments as fast as they are torn. During the Pandavas' exile, the irascible sage Durvasas visits them with an army of disciples. He tells Draupadi haughtily: "We are off to bathe in the river. Before we return keep the food ready for all of us." Krishna again comes to the rescue. He pretends to be hungry himself and asks for something to eat. All that Draupadi has is a leaf sticking to a vessel in which food has been cooked. Krishna is satisfied with it. And when his hunger is appeased the hunger of all the world, including Durvasas and his disciples, is appeased.

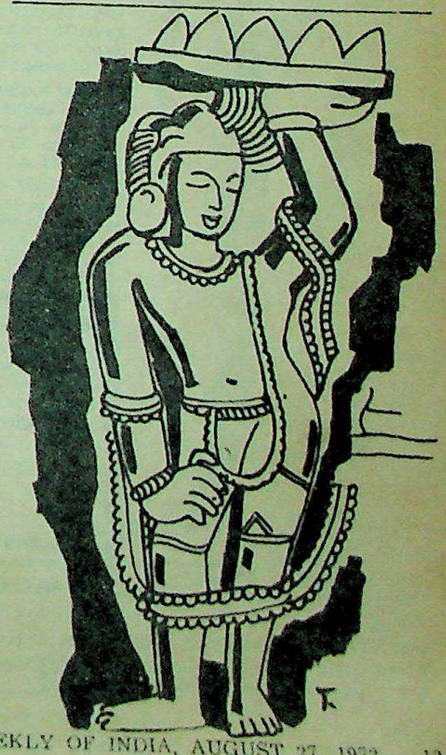
THE most important role of Krishna is that of Gitacharya, the God-man teacher of the Bhagavadgita. Its very name indicates that the work belongs to the Bhagavata tradition. In it we again notice the Nara-Narayana symbolism: Krishna imparts his message to Arjuna who stands for all mankind. The incongruity of a metaphysical dialogue taking place on a battlefield is more apparent than real. In fact the Kurukshetra setting tellingly dramatises the human predicament.

Various people have read various meanings into the Gita. The work reflects the post-Vedic intellectual ferment in India and most skilfully synthesises conflicting systems. It derives its inspiration from the Upanishads—as the well-known saying goes in it Krishna has drawn the milk from the Vedantic cow. Though the Gita shows various paths such as *jnana* (knowledge) and yoga or self-discipline, one should think its two primary lessons are *nishkamakarma* (work without desire for reward) and *bhakti*.

The verse twice quoted above (*Sarvadharman parityajya...*) points to the dominant theme of the Gita: it is *bhakti*. Surrender or *saranagati* is essentially a Vaishnava doctrine. The very fact that the Gita is made out as the revelation of a god in flesh and blood is an indication that it supports devotion to a Supreme Being with attributes.

And who is this Supreme Being? There is no doubt that it is Krishna. He is pledged to stand by you whenever you are in trouble. He will descend again and again to earth for the welfare of mankind (*Sambhavami yuge yuge*). To prove that he is the Paramatman he reveals to Arjuna his awe-inspiring cosmic form with its effulgence of a thousand suns.

The all-pervading God is too fearful to behold: we do not have the true awareness or *jnana* to face the Reality. Let us then invoke the little Krishna with the peacock feather in his hair, the little Krishna who steals butter, the flautist who plays with the girls of Vrindavana—Krishna with all his magic, music and love. *Om Namo Bhagavate Vaasudevaya.*



* The "upanayana" is believed to have been performed when Krishna was twelve years old. Which means he was about eleven at the time of Rasakrida. How could there have been any sex in the sport, pandits ask.

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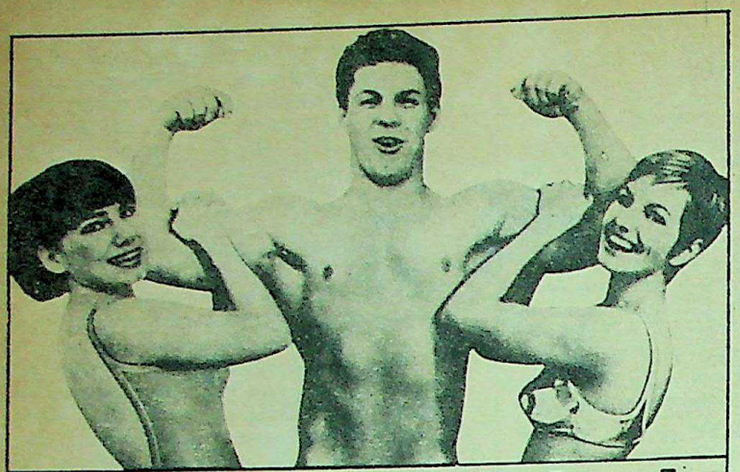

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When India And Pakistan Came Close To Friendship

by KULDIP NAYAR

Some relevant extracts from the author's new book: "Distant Neighbours" (Vikas; Rs 20).

NEHRU was in his seat in the Lok Sabha when a note was handed over to him saying that Ayub Khan had taken over the administration in Pakistan. It was a naked military dictatorship was Nehru's announcement in the House.

Democrat that he was, it was hard for Nehru to reconcile himself to a person who had not come to power through the ballot box. Pakistan regarded this remark as hardly a good beginning for an understanding with New Delhi; and Ayub who came to personify his country for the next decade felt personally hurt.

"I was in a position to deliver the goods and so was he (Nehru) but he never took me seriously; he would go to sleep when I talked to him," Ayub complained when I met him on March 27, 1972, at his house in Islamabad, where he keeps to himself. His only interest seems to be the small garden which he tends.

When I rang him up for an appointment, his reply was: "Am I that important?" I found him bitter and all that he recalled about his meetings with Nehru was tinged with acerbity. He leads a retired life but he seems to believe that, like De Gaulle, he will be recalled one day to save his country. (Some Arab countries expected him to take over from Yahya after the Bangladesh debacle.)

When Ayub took over Pakistan's administration, he seemed keen to straighten out matters with India. A good equation with New Delhi could serve him as a life-belt in the sea of troubles that a series of shaky short-lived civilian governments had plunged the country in.

Military Machine

He also needed security and respite to build up Pakistan's military machine. He would often say openly: "We must have a standing army ready to take the field at a moment's notice." Like most Pakistanis, he believed that "Hindu India" had a deep hatred for the Muslims and wanted to "undo Pakistan".

This is his thesis even today. Ayub told me: "You want to conquer West Pakistan but if you do so we shall be a thorn in your flesh; the same pre-independence Hindu-Muslim problem would confront you once again." And then he added: "Our first concern is how to neutralise the Indian Army and insulate ourselves from any possible aggression by you."

A military dictator has to instil fear in the minds of his subjects so that they feel the need for protection and Ayub whipped up fears of an expansionist India. As events proved later, this strategy worked and the people began to accept burden after burden to build up the war machine and to fulfil another condition for a dictator to stay in power—to keep the armed forces happy.

The Sino-Indian relationship by then had begun receding from the Hindi-Chini Bhai-Bhai zenith in the wake of a clash that had occurred between Indian and Chinese patrols in Aksai Chin, an area which New Delhi had regarded always as its own and which Peking found vital to control as it connected Sinkiang with Tibet. India was in a mood to look for friendship elsewhere.

Push Of The North

Ayub too was afraid of the "inexorable push of the North". He said on April 29, 1959, that in the event of external aggression both India and Pakistan should come together to defend the subcontinent.

To this Nehru replied: "Defence against whom?" Ayub no doubt got angry. But Nehru was reminding Pakistan of its membership of the CENTO and SEATO defence arrangements which were directed against the Soviet Union, with which India had the closest relations, and not China. And how could India, with its policy of non-involvement, join any defensive arrangement?

Ayub explained to me in Islamabad that what he meant by joint defence was that the two armies should not be in a position to stab each other in the back; instead of looking inward, they should be looking outward. "I never suggested any formal defence arrangements. How could I when big problems like Kashmir and the canal waters remained unsolved?"

But Ayub did need time to reorganise and re-equip his army. Therefore, at the suggestion of his Foreign Minister, Manzur Qadir, a former Chief Justice of West Pakistan who was a great admirer of Nehru and who had many Indian friends, he agreed to meet Nehru. New Delhi's High Commissioner to Pakistan then was Rajeshwar Dayal, who too, bred in the composite culture of U.P., was a dove on Indo-Pakistan matters.

Dayal and Qadir arranged a stop-over for Ayub at Delhi airport on his way to Dacca. Nehru readily agreed to meet Ayub. By this time Nehru had realised that Ayub was firmly in the saddle and that it would be worth while to know Ayub's mind.

They met on September 1, 1960. This meeting, Qadir told me in an interview in Lahore on March 29, 1972, was a "disaster", though newspaper reports had described it as a success. According to Qadir, both sides had agreed to strike "a favourable note" in public and, therefore, the truth never came out at that time.

Nehru, according to Qadir, listed four outstanding problems: (1) evacuee property; (2) border disputes; (3) distribution of river waters; and (4) Kashmir. To Ayub's disappointment, Kashmir came last.

"I was in a position to deliver the goods," complained Ayub Khan. "And so was he (Nehru). But he never took me seriously; he would go to sleep when I talked to him."

Nehru's elucidation of the first three points, Qadir said, was "fair and comprehensive". But Kashmir was only mentioned, not elaborated upon. **Ayub raised the question and said that a "satisfactory" solution of the Kashmir problem was vital. When he did not get any response, Ayub was visibly annoyed and he "huffed and heaved like military chaps", as Qadir put it.**

Ayub appointed K. M. Shaikh and Nehru Swaran Singh. Nehru had wanted Govind Ballabh Pant, then Home Minister, to be India's representative but the latter expressed his inability. I remember that Pant's reluctance was due to his feeling that the ministerial committee would fail. Little did he know that Ayub had instructed Shaikh to go more than halfway to seek an agreement. By the time Dayal informed Pant about it, Nehru had announced that Swaran Singh would be India's representative.

The Swaran Singh-Shaikh meetings, held in the wake of the Nehru-Ayub talks, were a success. Even if they had not been, the very fact that a dialogue was held was an achievement—India and Pakistan had agreed that "all border disputes between the two countries, if not settled by negotiation, would be referred to an impartial tribunal for settlement and implementation".

The Swaran Singh-Shaikh agreement (October 24, 1959) reaffirmed the earlier Nehru-Noon Agreement, stressed the need to devise legal and constitutional procedures for its implementation and framed ground rules for the guidance of security force on the then East Pakistan-India frontier.

Indeed, that was one of the good patches in Indo-Pakistan relations. So relaxed was the atmosphere that when, in May, Ayub talked about Kashmir to Nehru during the Prime Ministers' Commonwealth Conference in London, he thought he could afford to be personal. Ayub told Nehru that there was a general belief that Nehru's attitude towards Kashmir was "governed by certain emotional considerations". Nehru laughingly said that, if that were so, "the Valley could have been turned into a kind of Switzerland for him to visit as often as he chose".

This informal spirit spread to other areas as well.

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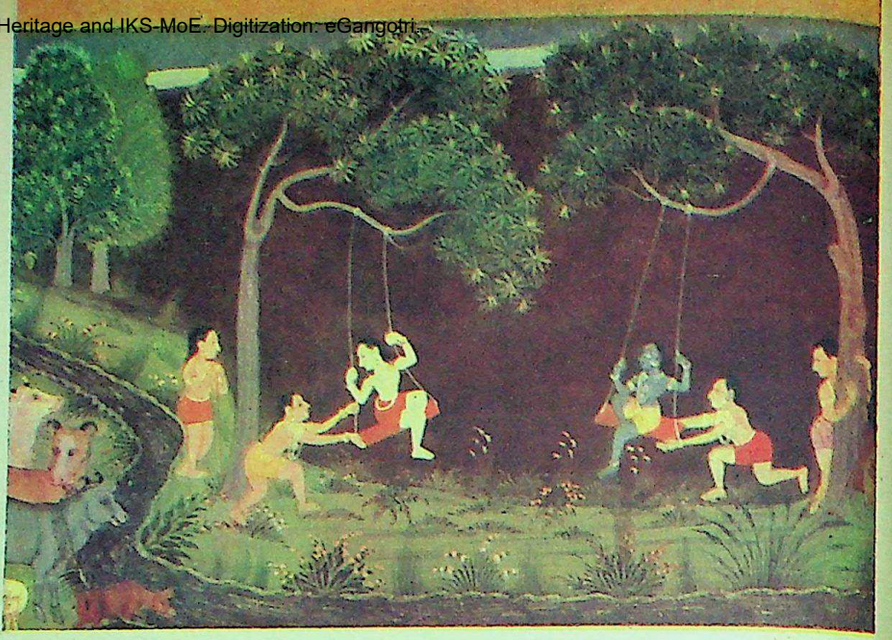
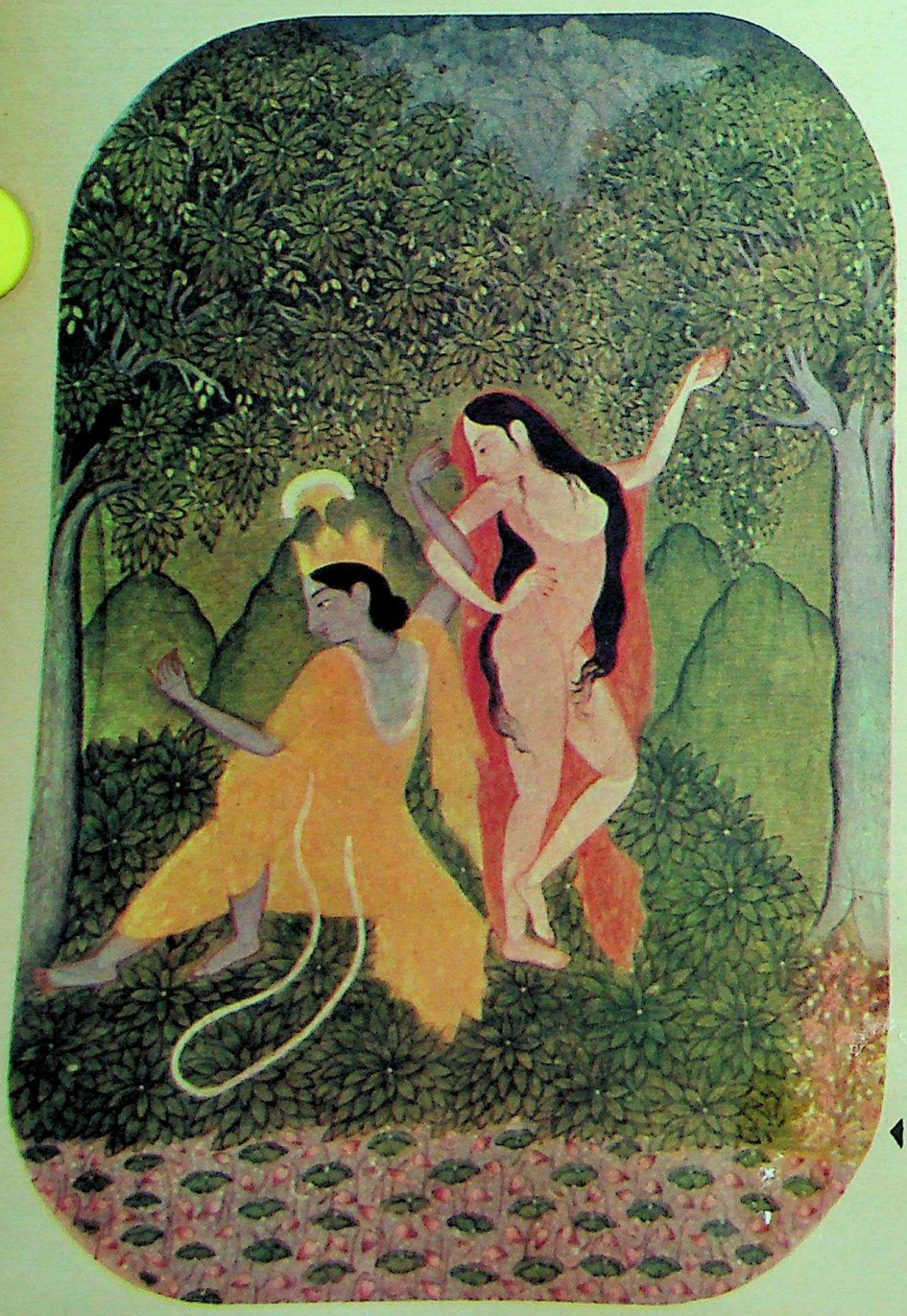
Krishna Lila

From mid-15th century onwards, the Krishna legend is eulogised in Indian art. And the essential appeal of the theme is best expressed in a verse of Raja Sawant Singh of Kishangarh:

...Here the Bride and Bridegroom
Never can grow old.
Here the fountains never cease to play
And the night is ever young.



KRISHNA AND BALARAMA WITH THE COW-HERDS: Mewar, early 18th century. [Collection: Prince of Wales Museum, Bombay]



Never have I seen such love nor heard of it.
Even the eyelids' flutter
Holds eternity.
Clasped to my breasts, you are far from me.
I would keep you as a veil close to my face.
—CHANDIDAS

VASUDEVA CARRIES THE INFANT KRISHNA TO GOKUL: Western Indian school; late 16th century. [Collection: J. Mittal, Hyderabad]

RADHA-KRISHNA, Kangra. The most marked development in depicting the Krishna theme in Indian miniatures is seen in the work of the Kangra school in the 18th century.

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CHANDIDAS

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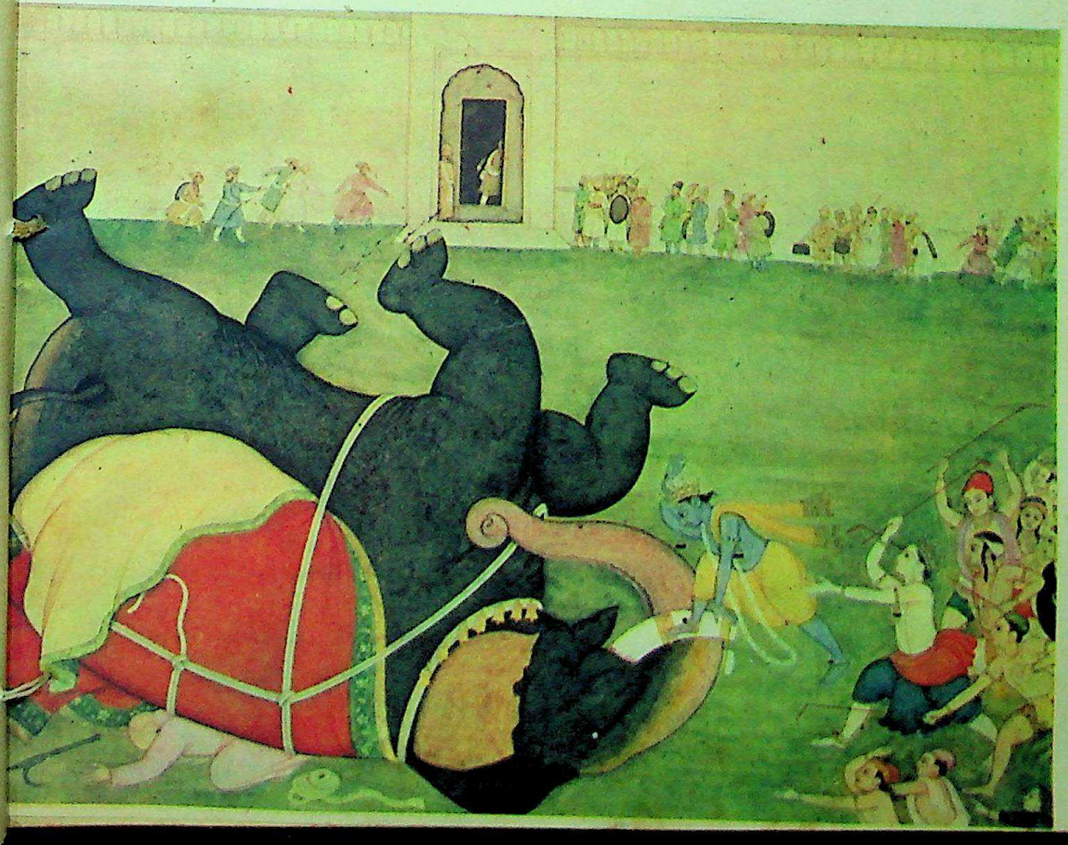
KRISHNA WITH FOSTER-MOTHER YASODA—a latter-day representation from Varanasi. Apart from the illustrations to the Bhagavata Purana, *the* Gita Govinda *and such other manuscripts, the Krishna theme is also highlighted in certain paintings depicting musical moods.*

GOPIKA-VASTRAPAHARANA. Krishna with the stolen clothes of the gopis; Kangra school.



Awake, Radha, awake,
Calls the parrot and its love
For how long must you sleep,
Clasped to the heart of your
Dark-stone?
Listen. The dawn has come
And the red shafts of the sun
Are making us shudder.

—VIDYAPATI

KRISHNA FIGHTING KAMSA'S PALACE ELEPHANT: Guler, 18th century.

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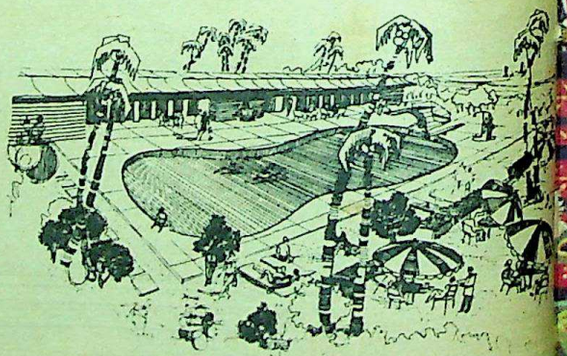

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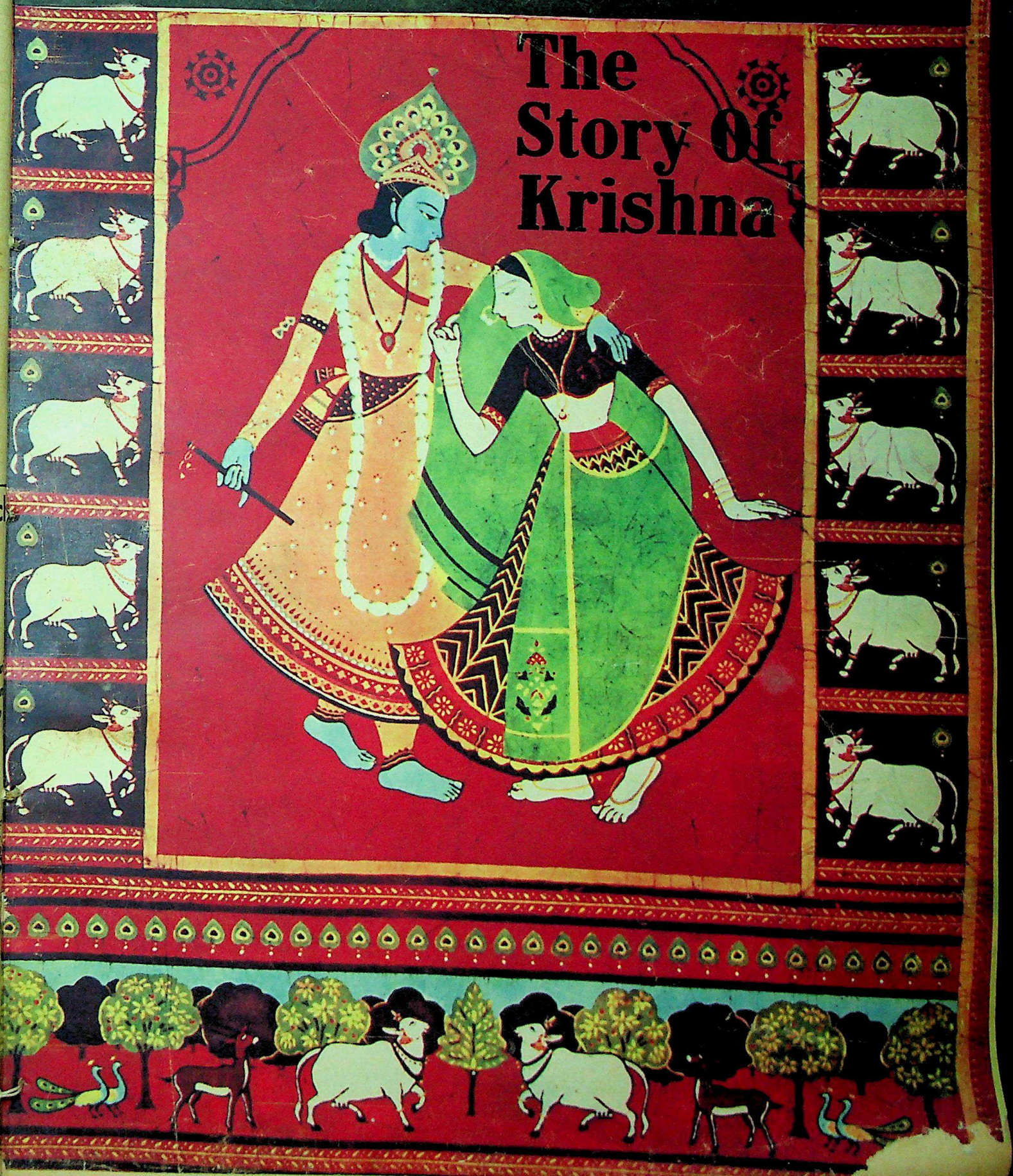
The Story Of Krishna



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Sometimes they shook hands, sometimes a mere "hello!", a grin or even a nod as I, with a complacent smile, relaxed into a garden chair, beside a rose bush, under the twinkling stars of the early evening.

Once the men had gathered outside on the lawn and the women—after the glitter and sparkle of diamonds and rustle of silk as each couple walked in from their cars—had settled in the hall to gossip, the conversation would begin in earnest with the dregs of the second whisky. Usually Ram would open up with the weather and the others would chime in. Ram, having spent long spells in London, could not escape the weather gambit.

"Damn hot, what?"

"Indeed! I have three baths a day," Visvamith of Mercantile Credit would agree.

"Far too hot. About time the monsoon broke," I myself would say rather airily. "Lay the whole of Sunday morning on the beach. Swam till lunch."

A brief spell of silence in which my voice would echo, until Ram came to the rescue.

"Oh, you did? And were there rotund English matrons sunbathing? You still snigger at them, don't you, you old sow? I tell you what, Sunk, next Sunday we'll go swimming, you, me, Kamala and the children. They must all learn to swim. That's a must."

I would gulp the whisky and, having made my little contribution to clear all doubts as to my homogeneity, would relapse into silence. I would bide my time till the end of the evening when the conversation would come round to illnesses: heart attacks, kidney troubles, ulcers, diabetes. Then I'll say a few words maybe.

"You know, Mr Josti, now they don't operate for stomach ulcers. Can you believe, they freeze them out? It's a most ingenious thing. You are made to swallow a balloon..."

AS for Ram's intention to swim again with me, it never materialised. There always was some pressing business engagement or a sudden trip abroad...and I languished alone, lazing in the warm waters in a new pair of bathing shorts which I have invested in, mostly as a mark of respect to Kamala, the lovely wife of Ram Josti.

In between the weather and the diseases, the men would talk of motor-cars mostly. In fact once when I had been introduced to an amiable young man as the Sankaran who swam with... He had immediately inquired whether it was the new model Anglia. I had been rather flummoxed at this juxtapose, but with time learned that what that gentleman wished to know was whether I owned a new model Anglia which presumably he had often seen around Ram's residence. Of course I owned no independent mode of transport. I had always been a wayfarer with the *hoi polloi*, in the thick of the common concourse of humanity.

They would talk of the merits and demerits of various makes of cars, and I didn't know the difference between a gasket and a basket. Pistons and tierods, ignition and combustion, boring and resleeving were words used by a different caste of men. So, while they talked, I would let the whisky burn within me. I would silently look about me at the surrounding affluence.

The house had been built by Ram's father, and in it the old man had died. That, perhaps, was the reason why it was such a well-built house. The old man must have built the house to die in, and when a man makes a place to die in, he makes it as good as possible. That is why old men have built such wonderful mansions. Consider, I would say to myself, the pyramids of Egypt and the Taj Mahal.

When the party was over, Ram would drop me home or I would depart by the last bus.

SO this evening, around five or six, I shall decide whether or not to wear a tie. I shall put on a pair of freshly laundered slacks, a snow-white non-iron shirt and my suede shoes, carefully brushed. I shall sit beside Ram Josti or directly in front of him or perhaps a little to the back, and talk to him in suppliance, in humility almost. On this day, the 25th of January, I have decided to talk to him on embolism, the mysterious ailment. I had read of it recently in a reputed journal and had immediately thought of him, for I had heard that Ram was feeling poorly, with strange pains coursing through his veins and occasional blackouts. I bet he didn't know of embolism. As soon as he had invited me to this party, I had quickly fished out the journal and mugged up all the facts.

"Mr Josti, I heard that you were ill with a tingling pain down the left side. What did the doctors say?"

Of course he would wave me away with some perfunctory gesture.

"But if you are worried..."

"I never worry," he had often told me, with condescension, with almost a sneer. Lesser mortals worried and bothered, but not he. God in heaven knows what he lacked.

"Ah, but they checked your heart, didn't they? Well, let me tell you this thing: embolism can often be mistaken for a heart or lung ailment. The diagnosis is missed in 50% of the cases, yet speed and accuracy of diagnosis are vital in this ailment."

Perhaps he would want to know what embolism is.

"Well," I would say, "it's akin to thrombosis. A thrombos is any abnormal clot. A clot forming in a vein is phlebitis. When that clot breaks off and travels to the lungs and blocks the pulmonary artery, it is called an embolus... Greek word... 167,000 people have died of this mysterious killer...immediate anti-coagulant therapy ...Heprain injections and Dicumarol... Urokinase, a urine-derived chemical. Recent research has revealed the anti-coagulant properties of onions and garlic. Ah, you must eat more garlic and onions, Mr Josti."

At the further end of the hall, I see a group of men huddled together.

That would be good. I knew that much and more to hold Ram and his men enthralled. Besides, if my diagnosis proved correct and Ram did in fact suffer from pulmonary embolism, what luck! He would ever be grateful to me and, who knows, with his encouragement and the right contacts, I might eventually get to owning the new model Anglia...

I LEAVE my apartment in 37th Lane and travel down the stairs.

The wind is in the trees, scattering the pink blossoms of the Rosea Tabiosa trees that the British colonialists had planted in the streets, both for shade and loveliness. Beyond, the sun has dipped into the sea and shot wild streaks of red and gold into a diaphanous blue sky.

The lawn is laid with chairs and teapoys. My favourite chair by the rose bush is there. White roses are in bloom. The lawn effuses the fresh odour of new-mown grass. But a great stillness pervades the house, with not a soul in sight. Too early? Wrong date? I wonder. I adjust the knot of my tie and poke at the bell. I hear it trill through the empty hall. In a few minutes, a servant sidles up and opens the door slowly. The drinks are ready on the trolley and a table is laid with the choicest of eats. The smell of the oven-fresh pastry is appetising. It makes my mouth water. But no one is there.

Ah, there they are at last! At the further end of the hall, I see a group of men huddled together. They turn and stare at me in unison as though I were a predator. Then someone remembers.

"It's Mr Sankaran, Mr Josti's friend, the one who went swimming with him." The voice is muffled.

A man comes up with an agitated countenance.

"We are sorry, Mr Sankaran," he says. "But Mr Ram Josti has just died of a heart attack."

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Are The Parsis Dying Out?

by K. D. UMRIGAR

Will the Parsis die out within a few decades? Their death-rate is higher than their birth-rate. They marry outside their community but take no converts. In the past, they made an enormous contribution to the development of India. But now this unique sect, so distinctly individual, is eaten away by factional controversy and superstition and prejudice which defy reform.

VITAL problems face the Parsi community—growing unemployment, dwindling population aggravated by a rising death-rate, in comparison to the continued low birth-rate, and growing poverty. Yet, instead of tackling them, time is spent squabbling over petty communal matters.

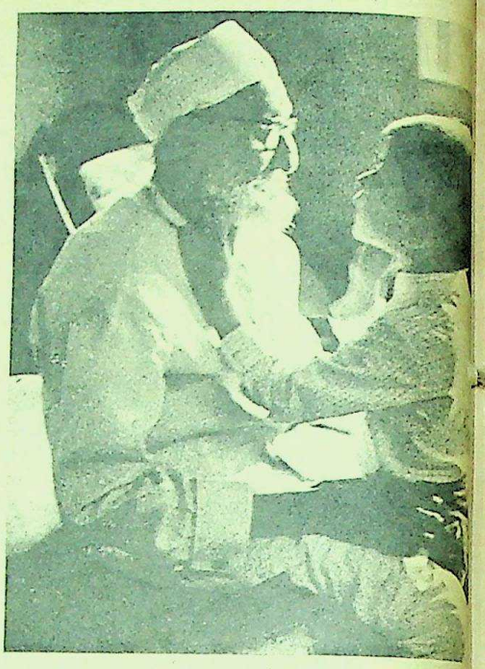
It is in such gloomy circumstances that the Parsi community celebrates its new year, Yazdezardi 1341, on August 29, 1971. Even on the question of the celebration, there is controversy, one side believing that this is merely a symbolic new year and the other saying that the vast majority of Parsis have been celebrating it on this day ever since their advent from Iran over 1,300 years ago and so it must be the original one.

Said an eminent Parsi educationist some years ago: "There is not a single major issue in which our community has acted as one man or spoken with one voice.... This canker in us is the root cause of all our troubles, not to speak of the steady fall of the prestige of the community." This statement still holds true. It is therefore imperative that the community should devise some means of unified self-expression.

One wonders why those responsible for guiding the community are not coming forward—they do so only at the time of their election to the Board of the Parsi Panchayat (*See Box on page 35*)—to correctly lead their co-religionists. These *comsevaks* (servers of the community) seem to allow communal controversies to drag on *ad infinitum*.

Let us take the population problem about which lately so much has been spoken. It may appear rather strange that, in an advanced community like the Parsis, there have been, for some time past, more deaths than births. There were in 1961 approximately 1,00,772 Parsis in the whole of India. At the time of writing, the actual Parsi population in the country is not more than 1,05,000.

A few years ago, it was inferred that there were around 1,30,000 Parsis in the



NO GENERATION GAP. Four-year-old Faredoon with his 87-year-old greatgrandfather. At present, there are 1,05,000 Parsis in India, mainly living in Bombay. Only a few hundred Parsis are to be found outside this country.

"POVERTY EXISTS IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY". A poor woman prays for salvation...and the affluent buy rich brocades. A number of sociologists have condemned the charitable dole which reduces a man to a beggar without self-respect. Efforts, however, are being made to provide widows with paid piecework.

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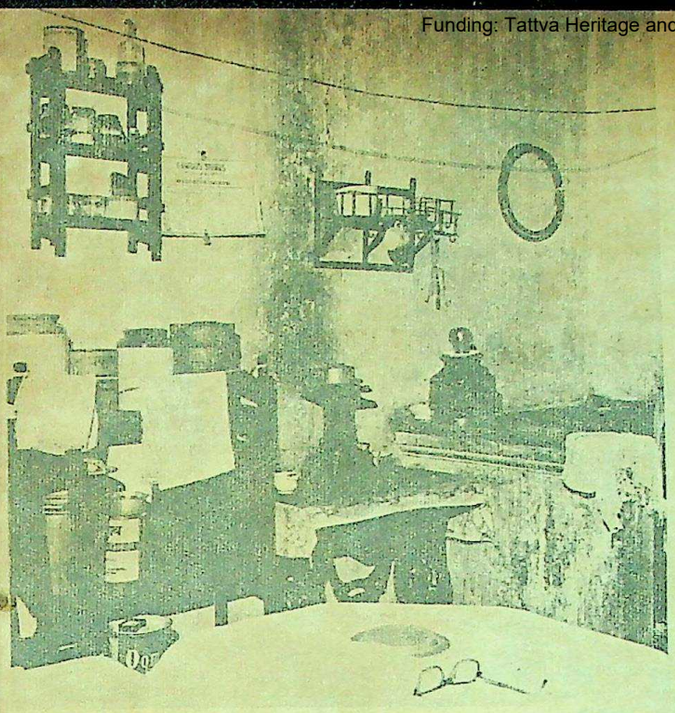
Four-year-old great-grand-1,05,000 Parsis ombay. Only a found outside



THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY. Widows' chawls are made up of 15 ft × 15 ft, Rs 3-a-month one-room "flats", while the richer sections of the community live in magnificent multi-roomed houses, attended upon by a retinue of servants. Still, the rich have contributed a great deal of their wealth to help even the very poor Parsi to live with some vestige of human dignity.

whole world. One cannot say with accuracy today whether this number has considerably gone down or remained stationary.

The number of females seems to be more than that of males. This is, in fact, a pattern of the latest census in Maharashtra State. In this State, the Parsis number about 75,000 today, while in 1961 their number was 77,542. In Greater Bombay, where the community is largely concentrated, there are as many as 70,000 Parsis. In the whole State, Parsi males are about 38,400 and females around 39,000. The death-rate in the community two years ago was 938, while there were only 618 births.

What is the real cause of the present dwindling trend of the Parsi populaton?

One of the causes of the downward trend is stated to be late marriages in the community. Parsi men, in the present expensive times, prefer to live a lonely life without even thinking of marriage. A good many girls too prefer to remain single and independent, deliberately avoiding "family drudgery", as some call it. Girls, after receiving higher education or even secondary education, go in for jobs in commercial and industrial firms; some even support their parents in their old age.

Another reason trotted out is that, because of the high cost of living, a fairly large number of Parsis find it rather difficult to make both ends meet; consequently, they suffer from undernourishment. There may also be insanitary surroundings where they live.

One can go on surmising the causes of more deaths than births in the community. An organisation like the Parsi Panchayat should make a serious investigation.

Until recently, there was no co-ordination at all between the various trusts in the community and, even today, this is the case with some trusts. As a result, some charities overlap.

This brings me to the question of doles being given by the Panchayat and other charity trusts to the poor. It has been suggested in certain quarters, and rightly, that instead of doles, which make a Parsi lethargic and idle, needy Parsis may be found jobs, suitable to their physique, education, etc. Some years ago S. F. Markham, an eminent Cambridge economist, reporting on "Problems Affecting the Parsi Community", stated: "I have spoken strongly about the Parsi charitable trusts—I wish I could write still more strongly, that my pen could be steeped in vitriol and my words burn themselves into the hearts of trustees, for, of all the evils that the community suffers from, this indiscriminate, unscientific, beggar-producing charity is the worst." Mr Markham had been specially commissioned to report by a leading Parsi trust. He had urged that a thorough inquiry be held in view of the "almost complete lack of reliable statistics bearing on the economic condition of the community."

The "Weekly" wishes its Parsi readers
સાલ મુબારક

Mr Markham, in the course of his investigation, was simply appalled at the poverty ("in the midst of plenty") in a section of the community. He said that such an inquiry into "the causes and distribution of poverty and the distribution and effect of charity cannot be done in the spare time of an official of the Panchayat; it will require the full-time services of the best possible man available for several months. All social and health facts relating to the community, including housing, should come within his purview and, upon his successful interpretation of them, much will depend." Will the Parsi Panchayat do this in the best interests of the community?

I have stated above that much time of the community is being wasted over petty questions. Take, for instance, that perennial controversy: conversion of non-Parsis. Should a non-Parsi, desirous of being converted, be taken into the fold of the community? The opinion is sharply divided. Ever since a mass *navjote* (thread ceremony for initiation into Zoroastrianism) took place in a village near Gandevi in the then Surat District, this problem has continued to raise its head in one form or another. **The progressive section of the community believes that, if the present "narrow gates" of the community were opened widely and more freely, many non-Parsis, intending to get themselves converted, would be admitted into the community, and thus the population would increase to some extent. This view is firmly opposed by the orthodox Parsis, who believe that it would be "irreligious" to do so.**

Next we come to the controversial method of disposal of the dead. It is argued by reformists that cremation is preferable to the present mode of consigning a Parsi corpse to the vultures in the towers of silence. From the economic point of view as well, cremation is suggested by the reformist group, for it "costs very much less" compared to the somewhat "prohibitive cost" of disposal in the towers, preceded by a series of laborious religious ceremonies.

It may be stated, in passing, that hardly a dozen Parsi bodies are cremated every year in Bombay. Therefore, the fact cannot be controverted that an overwhelming majority of Parsis are in favour of the continuance of the present mode of disposal of the dead, however "revolting it may be considered by some persons".

One thing is overlooked by the critics: What happens when a Parsi dies in a part

—Continued

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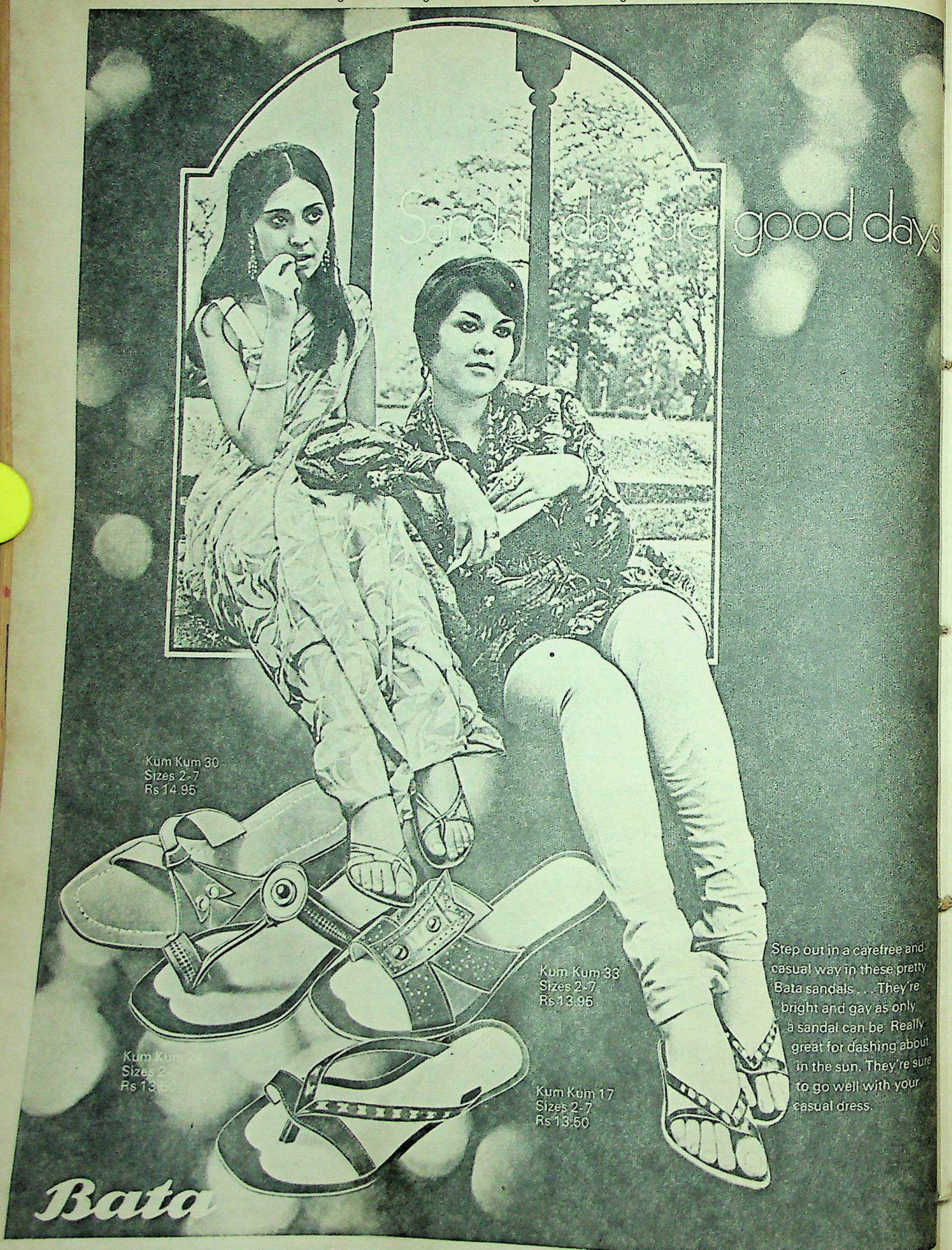

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of the country, or overseas, where there are no towers of silence? Then the body is either buried in an "aramgah" (the last resting place) or cremated.

There has been a clamour to utilise some of the 2,75,000 yards of land, surrounding the towers of silence, for the purpose of housing homeless Parsis. Can this be done? My inquiries show that it cannot. Under the trust deed between the parties concerned—namely, the Parsi Panchayat and some others—this land cannot be converted for purposes other than religious needs as laid down in the trust. It is true that, according to the present land valuation, the property in that area, if decided to be sold by the trustees of the Panchayat, would fetch a very attractive price. But this temptation has to be eschewed, as things stand at present. There is, perhaps, the greater possibility of the land being used for the construction of some more *bunglis* (small houses) for the convenience of mourners.

It would take an entire volume to cover in detail every problem confronting the community and the views of Parsis—reformists as well as orthodox—on them. The main question is: Are some of the educated Parsis gradually losing faith in their religion? There is no doubt whatsoever that the younger people refuse to take religious dogma at face value. It is not that they are agnostics; they do believe in the philosophy of the teachings of Prophet Zarathustra. All they want is proper explanation of each tenet of the prophet.

It is also a fact that the modern Parsi youth does not at all like reciting his prayers in the manner in which some Parsi *mobeds* (junior priests) and others do—without understanding their significance. All he wants is a simplification of the prayer book, the *Zend Avesta*. This holy book is now available in a transliterated form in both English and Gujarati.

Many years ago, Dr James Hope Moulton, the great Oriental scholar and Professor at Manchester University, who had been invited to deliver a series of lectures on "The Teachings of Zarathustra" in Bombay, was asked by a Parsi youth about his views on the recital of prayers. His answer was: "I am eager for reform in your community. But I would have it always come in Zarathustra's own way, the way of addition, not that of mere demolition, the bringing in of truth so attractive and persuasive that it will drive away insensibly all that is futile or harmful, so that sensitive souls may not be shocked but strengthened, not driven but led. I am wholly opposed to the recital of prayers in a *dead* language; the prayers should be in a simplified language, so that one can easily concentrate on them."

Youth And Religion

Dr Moulton, to another question by the same Parsi youth, replied that the lack of understanding constituted a very serious difficulty. "If you get into the habit of merely formal worship, you might as well get a gramophone to do it for you: if the virtue of worship lies merely in the production of magical sounds, the gramophone will do it much better."

It is a fact that several Parsi families have been practically ruined by frittering away their little fortune on the performance of expensive religious ceremonies. They could be simplified and only the essential ones performed. Surely no one would find anything "irreligious" in this?

One hears a good deal about acute unemployment in the community. Reliable statistics as to the actual number are not available. Statistics are being prepared and should be ready for publication by the end of the year. It is true that keen competition makes the avenues of employment few and far between. But the Parsis, especially the educated ones, must learn to adapt themselves to the prevailing conditions of employment. One often hears that the community has been producing more clerks and not traders. This not not quite wrong.

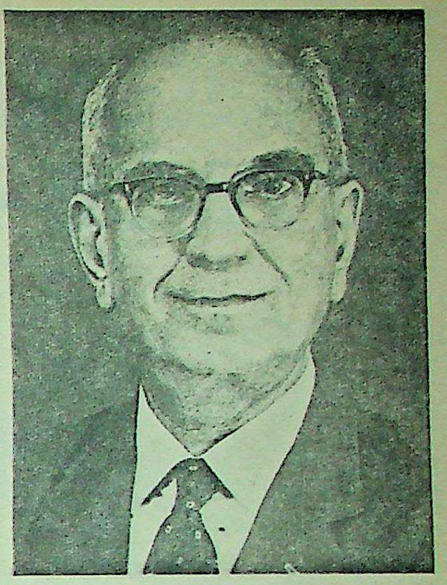
There are fewer craftsmen in the community than in other communities. There are not even enough petty salesmen. How long is the community to produce mere white-collar workers? A visit to any bank or commercial or industrial firm convinces one of the large number of Parsis employed there. Is it not time that something was done to change this trend? Given proper vocational guidance, youth would follow the appropriate and more profitable course. At the same time, philanthropic societies and trusts could financially assist those young people who would like to start some business or trade.

A number of Parsis would do well to learn the dignity of labour. Why can't they be labourers doing honest and conscientious manual work, as others similarly situated in sister communities?

This brings me to the question of Parsi enterprises and industrial concerns such as they are now. Their number is certainly getting smaller year after year. Indian industry owes much to men like Jamshedji Tata (whom Nehru described as the "greatest of Indian industrialists"), Nowrojee Wadia and Ardeshir Godrej. Had these great men not been produced by the community, what would have happened to the Parsis and where would they have stood today?

By and large, the future of the community is in the hands of its youth. They should draw inspiration from these great men and try to emulate them in their integrity and their perseverance.

Today, the world is moving fast and nations, both big and small, have been moving with it. The Parsi community cannot afford to remain stationary; it must move with the times and must show tangible progress. How ridiculous it would be if it continued to fritter away its energy and its very existence on petty matters!



THE AUTHOR K. D. UMRIGAR (72) is an experienced journalist and has served on the staff of a number of papers. He was recently elected President of the Maharashtra Union of Working Journalists. Among his published books are Journalists and the Law *and a* Parsi Who's Who.

THE PARSI PANCHAYAT

The Parsi Panchayat was founded some time prior to 1732; one Naoroji R. Sethna, who died in that year, is described as a member of the first Parsi Panchayat. Its principal function has all along been "the regulation of the social and religious affairs of the Parsis", or, in the words of a Government resolution of January 1, 1787, "to settle private disputes and to carry on the internal management of the community".

It may also be stated that in respect of a "very important question", the Panchayat, in response to a requisition by Parsis, usually calls meetings of the whole body of Parsis. So far as could be ascertained, the first occasion on which such a general meeting was held was in 1749, to discuss the method of laying out corpses for burial, according to the Bombay Gazetteer, *published in 1910.*

The election of the trustees of the Panchayat is not being held on democratic lines even today. The trustees are elected by the Committee of one hundred Parsis (the "Committee of the Hundred", as it is called in common parlance) and this Committee is elected, in turn, by the general body of Parsis. Thus, whereas a Parsi adult could easily vote in 1971 in the general elections to the Indian Parliament, or, for the matter, to the local Legislatures, he cannot straightway vote, on democratic lines, at the election of trustees, the privilege being confined, in the main, to the Committee of the Hundred.

This is a strange and, shall I also say, a devious method of election being followed over the years, despite several protests from the educated section of the community. But who listens to such protests? The same method is being followed in by-elections as well. The trustees are commonly known as the Trustees of the Parsi Panchayat Funds and Properties.

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Conversation with Abdul Ghaffar Khan

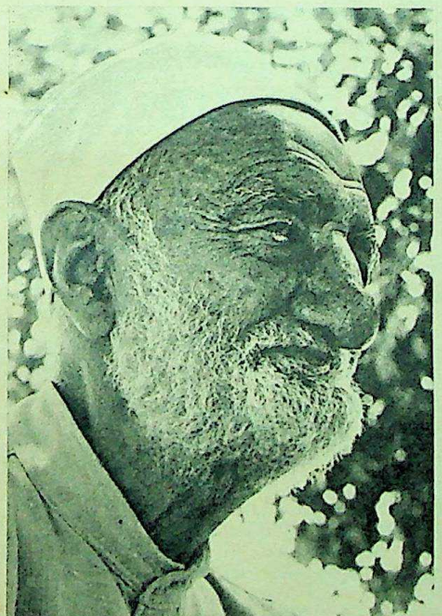
by MULK RAJ ANAND

Somehow, his benign and gracious presence radiates the kind of energy, which inspires to action those who meet him, as did the person of Gandhiji in the days of our freedom struggle.

ON my way from Helsinki to Delhi, I broke journey in Kabul, to see him. I had to go to Jallalabad to meet him and found him, as ever before, seated on a charpoy in the garden, reading a newspaper as he rested on a rough cushion.

The tall, gaunt personality, with the warm flush of youth on his face, with bristles of white beard, emphasised by his strong chin, and the large hooked nose, creates the impression of a hawk from a distance. But, as one gets nearer, the mellow eyes and the gentle smile on the lips suggest grace, a deeply cultivated poise. Clad in his simple grey tunic, a grey salwar with a white cap, speaking directly, without fuss, or false politeness, he looks like the prophet that he is.

I began by reminding him that I had listened to him on various occasions, but specially remembered the words he uttered at the meeting of Hindus and Muhammadans, which he had called at the Harijan Ashram in the Kingsway Camp in Delhi, the day before his departure. I asked him if anything came out of the "Brotherhood of Man" group, which he had initiated on that day. He said that only the consistent work of that group for some years might show results.



"...after the death of Jinnah, the Pakistani rulers have behaved in a manner which does not leave much room for hope. I was kept in jail all these years, until I was dying, and was released under international pressure."

I said that perhaps it would be necessary for him to come to India for a few months, every second or third year, to bring the healing balm of his presence to a restless, confused and broken people.

Abdul Ghaffar Khan paused, looked at me to see if I was not flattering him.

I felt constrained to cover the tense moment by an explanation of what I meant. I said that, in my opinion, Gandhiji had come from South Africa and found the Indian people addicted to slavery because of their weaknesses, their social and mental bad habits and their need for security.

Badshah Khan blinked his eyes, flushed in the face and lifted his hand to indicate that this was probably true. And he said that he felt that the depths of degradation had been reached, specially in Ahmedabad. He added that **the failure of leadership was to be castigated more than the failure of the people. They should have known what was coming, long before the riots.**

"They have lost the capacity of Gandhiji to recognise awkard facts, to acknowledge their mistakes, and see things clearly." He added: "Truthfulness was taught to us by Gandhi. And I certainly spoke from my heart—what I felt to be true. If the Indian people did not listen to Gandhi, why should they listen to me?"

Nostalgia

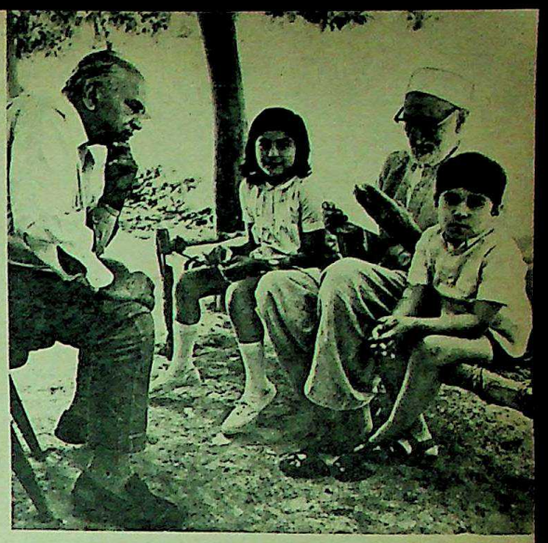
I apprised him of the letters in the newspapers, written after he left India, saying that Ghaffar Khan had a nostalgia for the past and was talking the language of a generation which was finished and gone.

"I know," he said, "they even accused me of being partisan with the Muslims!"

I was surprised, I said, that none of his hosts had answered back his critics. I added: "May I accuse your best friends, like Vinoba Bhave and Jayaprakash Narayan, and the other Gandhians, of being too polite?"

Badshah Khan nodded. "They are good people who believe anything anyone tells them. For instance, one of them made a statement about Ahmedabad that some members of the minority community had begun the riots by committing a sacrilege in a temple. I went to the temple myself and learnt from the priests that no such sacrilege was committed."

Badshah Khan said that it was this very apprehension of the corrosive forces of rivalry, bitterness and hatred, underneath the surface, that have made him feel the need for the "brotherhood of man". He paused, and said: "I am afraid I see no end to this bitterness, because I see that the ideal of service to the community has given place to the lust for making money, to get the best jobs, at the cost of other people."



"...the militarists do not believe in democracy. The few West Pakistani capitalists and the military have made an alliance and will crush anyone who wants democratic rights."

"Did you ever ask those Gandhian leaders, who had assumed power and made fortunes, why they had deserted the ideal of service to the people?"

"Some of them came to me hypocritically," he answered. "They talked like saints, as though they had dissociated themselves from their sons, or brothers, or cousins, in whose name the fortunes had been made. As they still profess to be Gandhians, I could not question them. But I tried not to take their hospitality..."

I mentioned that just before my departure from India, I had heard rumours of troubles brewing between Hindus and Muslims in Maharashtra.

At this juncture, Badshah Khan called the children of a Hindu friend, who were playing in the garden. He kissed them and made them sit on the charpoy. And he avoided comment on my words.

I felt that, perhaps, I was being unduly pessimistic. Suddenly, he said: "Here in Afghanistan there is no trouble between Hindus and Muslims."

I nodded assent and asked what message I should give to people at home.

"Love one another," he said, "and search your hearts."

No Room For Hope

"What hopes have you of obtaining some justice for the Pakhtoon people from the Government of Pakistan?"

"From the beginning, specially after the death of Jinnah, the Pakistani rulers have behaved in a manner which does not leave room for much hope. I was kept in jail all these years, until I was dying, and was released under international pressure. The civil government was bad enough. But the militarists do not believe in democracy. The few West Pakistani capitalists and the military have made an alliance and will crush anyone who wants democratic rights."

"But Yahya Khan has offered a new Constitution?"

"You will see that they will never implement this offer."

Photographs by D. H. Sahiar

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War or Peace

by RAJINDER PURI

War is a continuation of diplomacy. While it changes the methods, it does not alter the objectives of national policy.

IN the cacophony of comment on Bangla Desh in our country today, there is too much talk of war and peace and too little about the national objective our Government ought to pursue. The absence of a defined goal results in a loss of direction among policy makers. The debate among politicians on war or peace, therefore, sounds confused and at times hysterical.

Quite recently the Prime Minister, while addressing members of her Parliamentary Party, deplored all loose talk of war in the country. She emphatically ruled out any "adventurist" course of action by the Government. Surely this is odd advice to be offered in the wake of the Government's own actions and pronouncements thus far. Till now, public opinion on Bangla Desh has been restrained to the point of apathy.

Indeed, Mrs Gandhi had even urged members of her Parliamentary Party to visit their constituencies in order to awaken and educate public opinion on Bangla Desh. In the face of Pakistan's atrocities, is it realistic to expect politicians to be able to awaken and educate public opinion without arousing it? And if indeed it can be awakened without its transgressing the appropriate degree of restraint, to what purpose would this be done?

Confusion

It is futile to expect the public to mobilise funds and resources for Bangla Desh refugees till the Government itself sets an example of observing greater financial discipline. If public opinion on Bangla Desh has remained dormant till now, the Government should be thankful for this in view of its own confusion about its policies and objectives. That such confusion exists in the Government's mind should be amply clear by now.

In the initial stages the Government piloted a unanimous resolution on Bangla Desh in Parliament and made strong public statements on the issue. Later, foreign correspondents were taken around camps set up to train and arm units of the Mukti Fauj. A London *Times* news despatch has described how the quantum of arms given to the Mukti Fauj personnel is being controlled by the Indian Government. BSF jawans have been captured by the Pakistan forces and this fact has not been contested by our Government—only the location where the capture was made is in dispute. Mrs Gandhi has categorically stated more than once that the refugees will have to return to their homes and no solution short of this would be acceptable to our Government.

It is clear by now that no such solution is possible. After all these events and pronouncements, it is a little late in the day for Mrs Gandhi to complain against indulgence by anyone in loose talk of war.

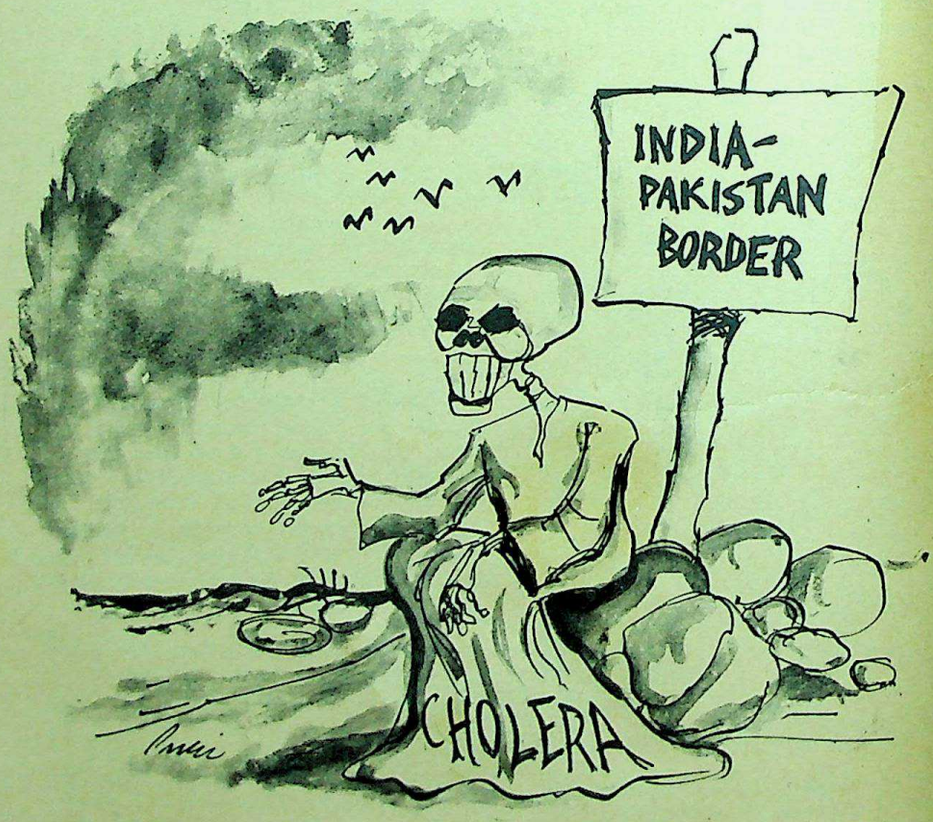
However, if our Government itself has developed second thoughts about the feasibility of war with Pakistan, it has every right to reframe its policies. These are critical times and war is a serious business. **No critic would demand war as a pound of flesh from the Government for it to honour the commitments or justify the stance it might have mistakenly assumed in the earlier stages of the crisis.**

But if this Government cannot stomach a war, it should be prepared to pursue peace. It cannot take refuge in its moral qualms about dealing with the Government of Yahya Khan to justify inaction and drift. If the crisis in Bangla Desh had been dealt with on moral grounds, our Government would have gone to war long before now. When the defenceless people of Kashmir sought India's help to stop the butchery by Pakistan in 1947, Mahatma Gandhi did not calculate—he reacted. He advised Nehru to send in the Indian army.

The moral case to help Mujib was no less than what it had been to help Kashmir in 1947. Our Government, however, had abandoned moral considerations quite early on in this crisis. That is no reason for it to abandon practical considerations now. **It is clear that Big Power pressure will not topple Yahya Khan or succeed in imposing an internal settlement in Pakistan which would be acceptable to us.**

In which event we can either go to war with Pakistan to impose our minimum demands or ourselves work for a peace with it which can best retrieve our national interests and security at this stage. Because if a war with Pakistan is bad for this nation, a cold war is worse. We cannot perpetuate our present drift since time is running against both India and Pakistan. Our economy, our administration and our social fabric cannot long endure the pressures put on them by the continuing crisis in Bangla Desh.

Our Government therefore cannot delay any longer an initiative to safeguard



"Seems I'm the only one having faith in Indo-Pak togetherness!"

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its own security. Whether the initiative should be military or diplomatic the Government must decide for itself. What it must be clear about before embarking on any course is the objective it seeks to achieve.

It may be relevant in this context to quote an extract from Yahya Khan's radio broadcast of June 28. The Pakistan President said: "There has also been a spate of unfriendly statements from India. They have threatened Pakistan if it did not yield to their arbitrary demands. The need of the hour is not to further inflame the situation. It is through discussions and not through a conflict that problems could be resolved. Statesmanship demands exercise of restraint and caution so that problems are not further complicated. As I have said, armed conflict will solve nothing..."

This passage can be interpreted reasonably as being a feeler for a summit. If Mrs Gandhi is determined to preclude from her calculation the possibility of war—as seems evident from her recent statements—then the compulsions of the situation should direct her to explore the possibilities of peaceful discussion with Pakistan. She should be sure in her mind though, that a summit with Pakistan would be meaningful only if all the major problems on the subcontinent, including Kashmir, are thrashed out.

President Yahya Khan has debarred Bengali secessionists from contesting the fresh by-elections ordered in Bangla Desh. Our Government debarred Sheikh Abdullah and the Plebiscite Front from contesting the election in Kashmir. There is no comparison between Kashmir and Bangla Desh. We have not butchered Kashmiris, nor have we exploited them economically. But we have pampered them and corrupted them and purchased the loyalty of their successive regimes. And we have denied them the right to rule themselves through a genuinely representative government. The Government has still not succeeded in weaning away majority public support from Sheikh Abdullah in Kashmir. If it had it would have allowed him to campaign in the Kashmir election. Only hypocrisy would persuade us to close our eyes to this truth.

Our Government curbs Abdullah because it claims he is a secessionist. Yahya curbs Mujib because of a similar allegation against him. So if Mrs Gandhi wants to talk with President Yahya Khan, she would have to talk of Kashmir as well as of Bangla Desh. She would ultimately have to talk of an Indo-Pak defence pact too. She would have to do this because our national objective cannot be just to send the refugees back to Bangla Desh but to ensure that such occurrences cannot take place in future. In the ultimate analysis, Kashmir and Bangla Desh are problems created by the mutual fears generated by Indo-Pak hostility.

Our problem is not the refugees streaming in from Bangla Desh or the infiltrators creeping into Kashmir. Our problem is Pakistan. If we cannot persuade it through diplomacy, we must tame it through war. But we have to undo the substances of its hostility, the paranoid obsessions of its rulers, and the tyranny they exercise over a section of their people. We have to do this because we otherwise cannot live in peace ourselves.

The very idea of bilateral negotiations with the inhuman military regime in Pakistan would possibly horrify Mrs Gandhi's Government. That would be understandable. But an effort for peaceful negotiation would be immeasurably better than the continuation of the present drift. Even the joint efforts of India and Pakistan may not suffice to resolve the grim problems looming on the horizon. Our Government has the option to fight with the regime in Pakistan or to talk directly with it. It cannot afford to ignore it.

OUR FORTHCOMING ISSUES

August 1

COORGS: Arab, Aryan or Macedonian, who were their ancestors and when did they come to India? Ranee Kuttaiah writes of the origins, unique customs and westernised ways of the Kodavas. Profusely illustrated, capturing all the colour and gaiety of Coorg life and ritual.

TREES—CONSERVE OR PERISH: On Vanamahotsava a reminder by Bachi J. Karkaria—if we don't plant more trees, and save the ones we have, the country will parch into a massive desert. With beautiful photographs.

WHAT INDIA MEANT TO ME: by C. R. Mandy, one of the "Weekly's" most popular editors.

LAXMAN'S colour caricature of Union Minister L. N. Mishra. Text by R. G. K.

ANOTHER TRIANGLE: Story by Krishna Baldev Vaid.

And many other features.

August 8

PILOTS: H. P. Mama tells you of all it takes to be one of those "magnificent men in their flying machines". Profusely illustrated.

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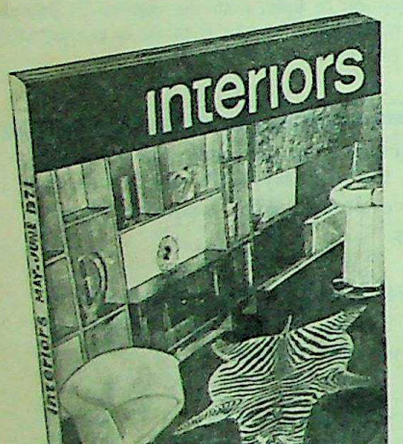

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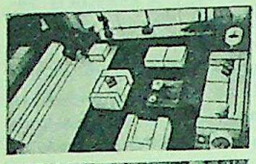

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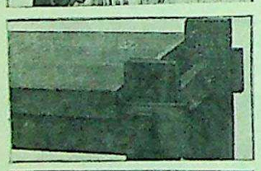
Personality: Manik Wandrekar



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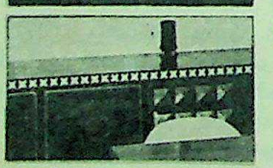

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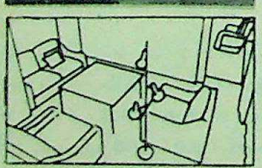

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Behind The Scenes In Kashmir

by A G. NOORANI

Ever since Partition, Kashmir has been a stage of high political intrigue.

THE worth of a testimony depends largely on the credibility of the deponent. B N. Mullik's book*, the second in a trilogy of memoirs, suffers from the grave handicap that its author's credibility was impaired by the earlier volume on China, with its tall claims and misstatements. Far from repairing the damage, this volume aggravates it.

It is essentially a police officer's view of Kashmir politics. Where it strays to matters political, the result is "startling". For instance Mullik asserts that the Kashmir Constituent Assembly was convened to decide the State's future affiliation. But the Yuvraj's Proclamation of April 4, 1951, setting up the body, limited its object to "framing a Constitution for the State".

Why did we agree to a plebiscite? Mullik answers: "Having taken the stand all through that people's sovereignty was paramount, India could not make an exception in the case of Jammu and Kashmir." **As the narrative proceeds, one discovers that the people were the great neglected.** Thus, of the elections to the Constituent Assembly, Mullik nonchalantly writes: "Nomination papers of most of those who could form an opposition were rejected—a pattern which was followed in several subsequent elections."

But this does not prevent him from asserting that "Kashmir has decided its future through the Constituent Assembly and through three general elections in 1957, 1962 and 1967". Elsewhere, he also maintains that "the people's wishes had already been decided at the time of the accession".

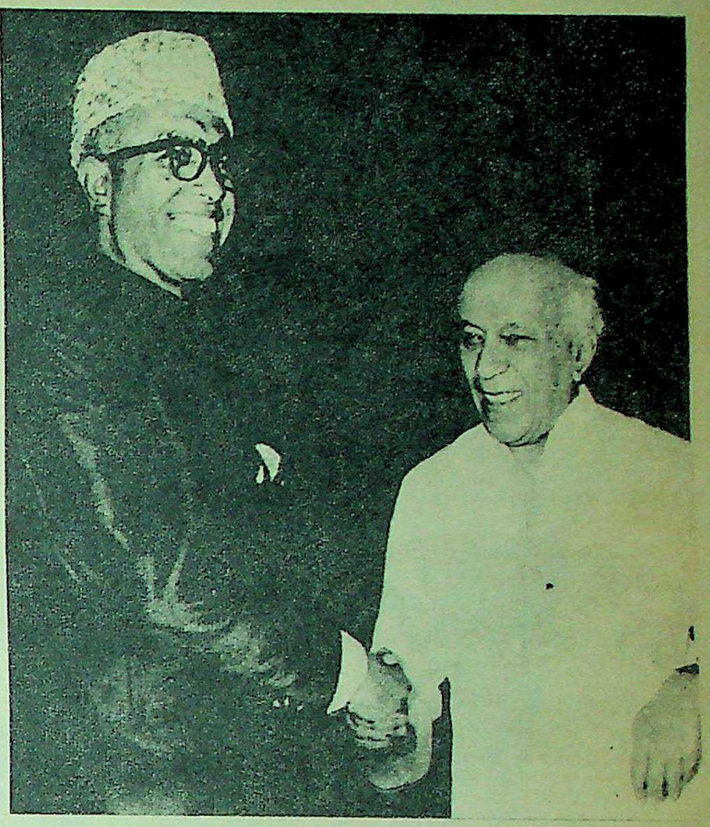
Those were days when Sheikh Abdullah was a staunch advocate of accession to India. "There was a much deeper ideological unity with India and Indian leaders than most people realized." Even so, the Sheikh was distrusted by Sardar Patel and spied on by Mullik's IB which fell under the Sardar's domain.

About this time, two of Sheikh Abdullah's colleagues—Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed and D. P. Dhar—became sources of information to Mullik and the IB and this liaison continued throughout.

Mullik writes that around 1952 he "received some information which tended to show that the British had connived at and assisted the so-called 'liberation movement' in Kashmir in the early thirties, which Sheikh Abdullah had spearheaded against the Maharaja because of their extreme dislike of the latter as he refused to be subservient to them. This link was both direct and through some leaders of the Ahmediya community of Punjab with whom the Sheikh used to be in close contact. The British had also tried to use this channel to bring about a cleavage between the Hindus and Muslims of Kashmir. As is well known, the Sheikh had started his political life as a Muslim Conference worker and it was only at a subsequent stage, probably due to the influence exercised on him by Gopalaswami Ayyangar, the then Prime Minister of the State, and also persons like Bakshi and Sadiq, that he converted his organisation into the National Conference in 1938. His own proclivities had, however, remained communal."

False Statements

If only Mullick had consulted the records instead of drawing on his "intelligence" he would have discovered that every one of these statements is false. What kind of a British instrument to bring about communal "cleavage" must the Sheikh be if he could so vehemently call for an end to communal thinking at the Muslim Conference on March 26, 1938, in his Presidential Address? "Firstly, we must end communalism by ceasing to think in terms of Muslims and non-Muslims when discussing our political problems." The resolution for converting the Muslim Conference into a non-communal body was placed before its executive on June 28, 1938.



"On my return to India, I reported in detail to the Prime Minister what had happened in Jammu, my success with the Praja Parishad agitators, my talks with Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed and D. P. Dhar, and finally my failure to bring about any change in the Sheikh's attitude... He was happy to hear that I had been able to persuade the Praja Parishad to see sense... He was, however, distressed that the Sheikh still continued his hostility to the Hindus of Jammu and gave vent to the feelings publicly. The Prime Minister commented that all this was due to the Sheikh's communal background and, though politically he had turned a new leaf, in his heart he had never been able to get over his earlier predilections."

—B. N. Mullik

Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, it must be noted, was among its opponents. Far from welcoming the change, Pandit P. N Bazaz records in his *The History of Struggle for Freedom in Kashmir* that Mr Ayyangar's Government "felt uneasy at this new trend of affairs in the politics of the State" and that, by the end of August 1938, "the policy of severest repression was launched by the Government".

If Mullik's statements of fact can be so wrong, what is the worth of his opinion? But he adds immediately after these false statements and his comment about Sheikh Abdullah's communalism: "I mentioned this to Pandit Nehru and he was surprised. It seemed to explain many things which he had so far found inexplicable in the Sheikh."

If true, it speaks little for Mr Nehru. If not—as is likely—it betrays Mullik's own communal attitude.

Mullik's scant regard for facts leads him to errors which would shame a student, let alone a high official and one concerned with high intelligence at that. "Leaders who had roused the spirit of resistance of the people of Srinagar and the Valley during the dark days of 1947 were Bakshi and Sadiq and not Sheikh Abdullah who was then in jail." As a matter of fact Sheikh Abdullah was released from jail in September 1947, well before the tribal attack in the third week of October.

Mullik quotes Nehru as having characterised the Sheikh as communal on two other occasions —once early in 1953 and next in April 1962 when he "mentioned all his communal activities throughout the period he had acted as the National Conference leader. It was the Pakistani aggression which had mellowed him..." However, earlier in the book, Mullik records that the Sheikh's "agreement to the accession was not made in a huff and was not forced by events" and that even without the Pak

—Continued

* *"My Years With Nehru: Kashmir" by B. N. Mullik (Allied; Rs 20)*

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

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attack "Sheikh Abdullah would have chosen India on ideological grounds".

Did Mullik try to correct Nehru then? But, unfortunately for him, we have Nehru's own emphatic statement at the AICC on May 16, 1964—"Sheikh Abdullah is wedded to the principles of secularism."

Again and again, one finds Mullik misinterpreting the record or suppressing it where misinterpretation is not possible. Thus, he dilates at length on Sheikh Abdullah's changed attitude towards India in 1953 but omits to mention that the Bakshi and Sadiq were also in favour of a plebiscite. He refers to a "Council of the Inner Eight" and writes: "...from June 4 to 10 the Council discussed the question of Kashmir's relations with India". The minutes of this body's deliberation on June 9, 1953, show that "Bakshi Saheb was emphatically of the opinion that the proposal (d) above (Dixon Plan with independence for the plebiscite area) should be put up as first and the only practicable, advantageous and honourable solution of the dispute". Sadiq was prepared to "immediately ask for an overall plebiscite" if Russia and China could be members of the plebiscite supervision commission. None of this is however mentioned by Mullik.

Regarding the Sheikh's arrest, read with A. P. Jain's disclosures, there can be no doubt that it was done with Nehru's full approval, though Gen. Kaul maintains to the contrary. But if, as Mullik suggests, a Pak emissary "was on his way to Tanmarg to meet the Sheikh", it is very odd indeed that this vital circumstance was not mentioned in justification of his arrest. By the way, whatever happened to the emissary?

The Bakshi era had begun. With him the Dark Age fell on Kashmir. It was a decade of infamy. **Mullik tries to whitewash Bakshi's corruption.** Some cheek this! Mr Justice Rajagopala Ayyangar's Report fully exposes the Bakshi's personal corruption.

That Mullik's account of the Conspiracy Case against Sheikh Abdullah and his colleagues is one-sided is, perhaps, understandable. What is unforgivable is, again, the deliberate distortion of the record. He was released in January 1958 though, according to the author, by then "the entire range of the conspiracy became apparent". He was rearrested on April 30. "At the time of his arrest a draft of the Plebiscite Front resolution, dated April 7, 1958, which gave a clear call for breaking the ties with India and more or less accepted accession to Pakistan as the aim of the Front, was recovered from his house".

A mere look at the document reproduced as an appendix belies this interpretation, the question of its genuineness apart. There is not the remotest plea for accession to Pakistan; on the contrary, it said that a settlement could be achieved "only if the occupation forces of both India and Pakistan are replaced by United Nations Force and the verdict of the people of Kashmir regarding the final affiliation of the State recorded under the U.N. auspices".

The Conspiracy Case proceeded on its leisurely course. One hopes, some day, a full account of the trial will be available, giving both the prosecution and the defence cases.

When we turn to another episode in which Mullik was even more intimately involved—the recovery of the Prophet's hair after its disappearance from the Hazratbal mosque—we find the author's egocentricity charming in its excess.

Mullik made two prolonged visits to the Hazratbal mosque and was able to draw his own conclusions: "The culprit must have been one whose presence in any part of the mosque including the passage in front of the sanctuary at any time of the night would not rouse any suspicion." There would be very few such. He adds that the material collected "clearly pointed to a Pakistani conspiracy".

Yet, Mullik refuses to describe how the holy relic was recovered or mention who the culprits were. Despite his earlier assurances, the fact remains that the successful recovery was not followed up by any prosecution. Such tenderness is unlikely to be shown to a Pak conspirator. More likely than not the real culprit was one dear to Delhi. Nothing became of the ones whose names were mentioned in Parliament!

The Holy Relic agitation shook New Delhi as nothing in Kashmir since 1947 had. Nehru felt that a "radical change in our thinking about Kashmir was called for" and "that no settlement could be thought of without bringing him (Sheikh Abdullah) in".

So, he was released. Nehru told Mullik that "he would even advise the Sheikh to visit Pakistan", which he did. While the Sheikh was there, Nehru died.

A weak Shastri Government could not resume from where its predecessor had left. In Pakistan, the hawks gained the upper hand and changed the whole complexion of the question by their aggression of 1965.

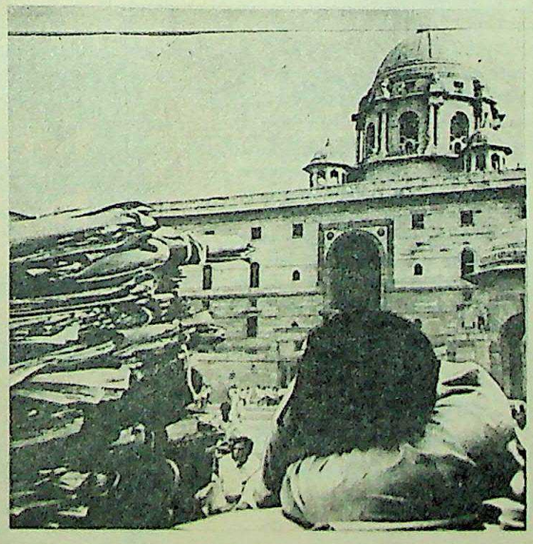
By then Mullik had retired, having made his messy contribution to Government's policy towards China and on Kashmir.

Mullik's tales prove that politics is too complex a matter for police officials.

OUR FORTHCOMING ISSUES

October 10

MILLIONS OF BABUS AND MILES OF RED TAPE: India has 10 million men and women on the Government payroll. Bachi J. Karkaria



hacks her way through the jungle to Babuland. Hilarious colour illustrations by Mario.

Dr S. P. Aiyar of the Dept. of Civics and Politics, Bombay University, gathers statistics and analyses the causes of bureaucratic inefficiency.

ROBBING OUR TEMPLES AND MUSEUMS: Thefts of priceless paintings and sculpture continue at an alarming rate. Sarayu Doshi calculates the country's losses in terms of money and cultural legacy. Fully illustrated.

PRETTY SIGNORITA IN SEARCH OF GOD: Grazia Marciano on her search for Truth, how she found it in the philosophy of Acharya Rajnish, and her new life as Ma Veet Sandeh.

SASTHI ("Indian Woman-Eater") BRATA faces death and revolution in Calcutta.

PLUS: The Contact—story by C. L. Proudfoot; Birsa Munda—P. T. Nair on the tribal rebel; What India Meant To Me—by Cedric Day; etc.

October 17

BLACK MONEY: Hannan Ezekiel tells you all you want to know about it. With Mario's cartoons.

REBELS OF THE CINEMA: B. K. Karanjia on the "New Wave" Indian film. Fully illustrated.

The Illustrated Weekly of India

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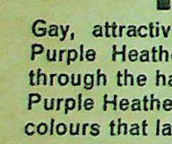

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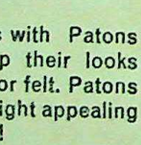

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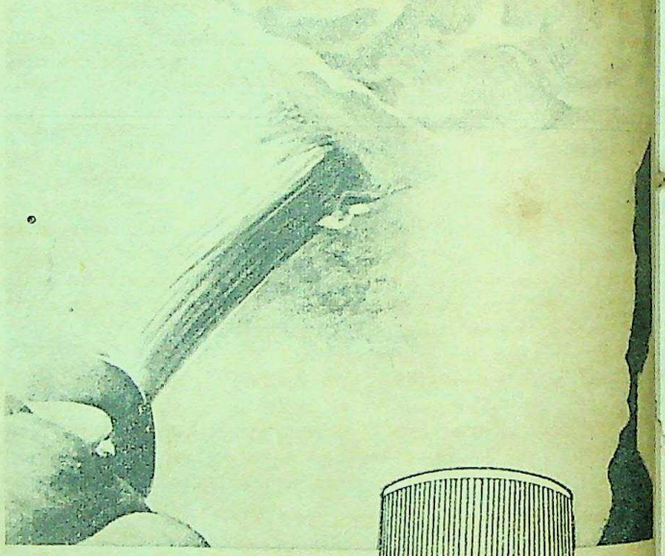

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"Quit India" Resolution Was Wrong

by A. G. NOORANI

"The Quit India Movement was the most serious physical challenge to British Rule since the Great Rebellion of 1857", Dr Francis G. Hutchins of Harvard remarks in a study of the movement. A people's maturity is best judged by their ability to appraise unemotionally the great moments in their history. We have done so about the Great Mutiny. A comparable effort regarding the Quit India resolution of August 8, has yet to be made. Its heroes and heroics are well known, its wisdom or the lack of it is seldom debated.

IT will not be an easy exercise. It was so recent and involves men from Gandhiji downwards for whom the nation has abiding affection and respect. But, in a sense, these should make a critique easier, not more difficult.

In the last decade eminent men like Maulana Azad, Dr K. M. Munshi and Mr V. P. Menon voiced their doubts and criticisms about the August 8 decisions.

Critics

As the Maulana recalled, "Gandhiji's idea seemed to be that since the war was on the Indian frontier, the British would come to terms with the Congress as soon as the movement was launched. Even if this did not take place, he believed that the British would hesitate to take any drastic steps with the Japanese knocking at India's doors... My own reading was completely different... It was a question of life and death for the British. They would therefore act swiftly and drastically."

Dr Munshi wrote, "Truth to tell... it was certainly not non-violent even at the start."

Mr V. P. Menon's criticism was more basic. "...the original decision to withdraw the Congress-controlled Provincial Ministries was a fatal mistake. Once that mistake had been made, everything else followed more or less inevitably, but, none the less, disastrously. The Quit India campaign... created the atmosphere of civil war in which the extremist position of the Muslim League came to be viewed as natural and right even by level-headed Muslims. In fact, within a year of the launching of the Quit India campaign, the League succeeded in gathering under its banner the Governments of Assam, Sind, Bengal and the North-West Frontier Province; that is, all the Muslim-majority Provinces, except the Punjab. This meant, of course, a very great increase in its stature as a party."

How true! But that was not all. It also led to an increase in Communist influence in the country. When the British became the Communists' allies, the ban on the C.P.I. was lifted and, with the Congress leaders in jail, it made good use of the opportunity.

All this is known from the public record. Now, for the first time, we know from their own documents how the British viewed the scene and how they prepared themselves to crush the revolt.

As The British Saw It

The second volume in the series *"The Transfer of Power 1942-47"* was published last May by the British Government. The theme of the volume is "Quit India" and it covers the period from April 30 to September 1942. It includes correspondence between the Secretary of State for India, Mr Leopold Amery and the Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow; extracts from the Reports of Governors and minutes of the War Cabinet. Like the previous volume, devoted to the Cripps Mission, it bears the impress of its editors, Mr Nicholas Mansergh and Mr E. W. R. Limby's scholarship and thoroughness. It throws a flood of light on British policy-making.

Dr Francis Hutchins' *Spontaneous Revolution* (Manohar Book Service, Delhi 6; Rs 40/-) is a study by a political scientist who interviewed some of the actors in the drama, consulted the available records, and delved into the National Archives of India.

It is clear from Mr Hutchins' account that, shortly after the resignation of the Congress Ministries on the outbreak of the war in 1939, the British began preparing themselves to meet any agitation that might be launched by the Congress. "By the summer of 1940, this had taken final shape in the form of a Revolutionary Movement Ordinance and an accompanying Manifesto" stating the Government's position and future intentions.

The civil disobedience movement that was launched then made little impact on New Delhi. At the beginning of 1942 the Government were so satisfied with the drift of political events that they compiled the official, though "strictly secret" *History of the Civil Disobedience Movement* 1940-41. "So," concluded the *History*, "to all intents and purposes, fizzled out this latest, perhaps last and professedly most perfect, example of Gandhiji's technique."

Cripps' Mission

Dr Hutchins' comments on the Cripps' Mission suggest that he has altogether failed to appreciate its purpose. Cripps' proposals offered India complete independence, but only after the war.

That was the rule. A post-dated cheque on a crashing bank is how Gandhiji characterised it. The strategy he devised after the failure of the Cripps' Mission was based on two assumptions—Japan would win the War and the British would yield to the Congress. The first was proved wrong by history. The second was a patent miscalculation. But Gandhiji was surprised when he was arrested on August 9.

The British knew early and well that Gandhiji meant to act and the cleavage of opinion amongst the Congress leaders on it. The Director of the Intelligence Bureau warned as early as May 26: "Reports received from independent sources indicate that Gandhi intends to launch some kind of a mass movement in the near future." Two days later the Allahabad Office of the A.-I.C.C. was searched. Amongst the documents seized were the minutes of a meeting of the Congress Working Committee. It quoted Mr Nehru as saying: "It is Gandhiji's feeling that Japan and Germany will win. This feeling unconsciously governs his difference. The approach in the draft (resolution) is different from mine."

Maulana Azad, Rajaji, Mrs Sarojini Naidu and Mr Bhulabhai Desai agreed with Mr Nehru. Gandhiji's staunchest supporters were Sardar Patel, Dr Rajendra Prasad and Acharya Kripalani. But by June Mr Nehru had yielded to the majority, Lord Linlithgo informed Mr Amery.

Quit India

The other decisions and plans were ready for the likely contingencies, including Gandhiji's going on a fast. On August 8, the A.-I.C.C. meeting at Gowalia Tank in Bombay passed the famous "Quit India" resolution. Early the following day all the top leaders were arrested.

The Quit India movement took a violent turn right from the beginning. Police also showed little respect for law or propriety. It was a spontaneous, widespread, and violent outbreak of popular fury which was eventually quelled.

Gandhiji had miscalculated. But he was not a man to intrigue. On September 14 Mr Churchill sent this Personal Minute to Mr Amery: **"Please let me have a note on Mr Gandhi's intrigue with Japan and the document which the Government of India published, or any other they possessed before on this topic. The note should not exceed three pages of open typescript."**

Three days later, Mr Amery replied: "There is no evidence that he has actively intrigued with the Japanese, though he has referred publicly to the possibility that a 'free India' would negotiate with the Japanese." The selection of his statements which were sent to the Prime Minister included one in which Gandhiji refused to "seek any other power's help to free India from the British yoke".

The British documents contain interesting side-lights, besides. They show that Sardar Patel was hostile to Mr Nehru as early as 1942, and that the Viceroy did not scruple to approach the owners of THE STATESMAN in order to remove its editor Mr Arthur Moore.

What did the Quit India movement achieve? That it failed in its proclaimed objective is apparent. The British did not quit; rather, they dug in. They left in 1947 as they had already promised, under Cripps' offer, to grant independence *after* the war. Dr Hutchins is, therefore, wrong when he avers "Gandhi's demand that the British should unilaterally Quit India was in fact the demand on which the British Government acted in 1947". It was not a unilateral withdrawal but one as a result of a settlement.

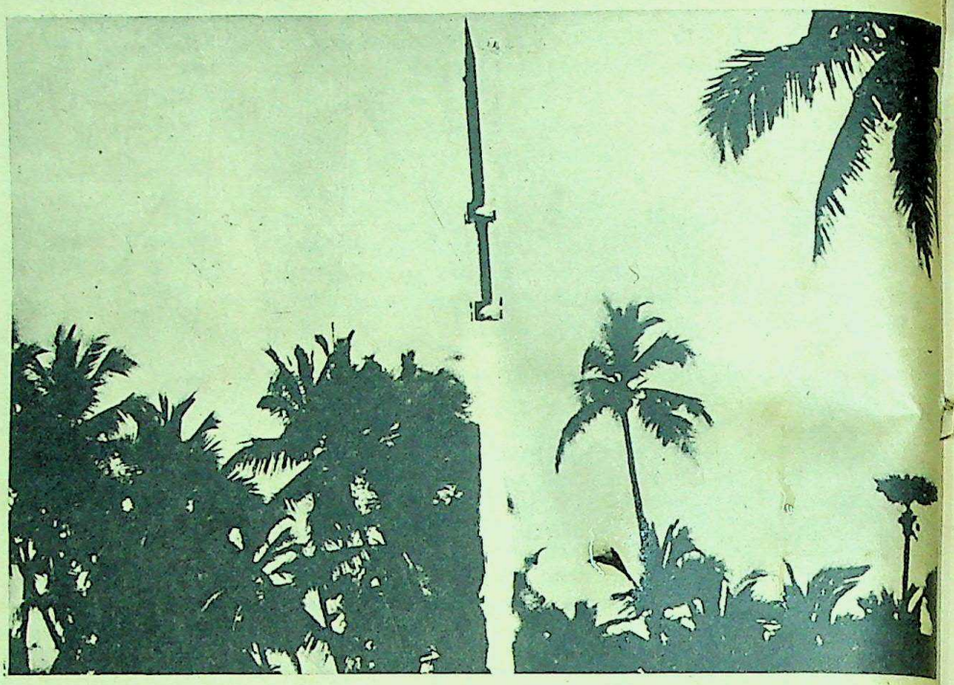
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

A Story Of Rockets

by GITA ARAVAMUDAN

In recent years, over 105 rockets have been fired from Thumba for scientific experiments. Another 100 were fired to test equipment made at the launching station. A new satellite station is now coming up near Madras.

EIGHT years ago, fishermen lived on the white sands of Thumba and a church gazed benignly at the palm-dotted beach as catamarans rolled by. Then came the rocket men with their space-age tools... Today, the palm trees are interspersed with radars and the church looks at rockets splash down into the sea.



A LOCAL PRODUCT. This is a two-stage Centaure sounding rocket. Sounding rockets are "rocket probes sent on a ballistic trajectory which collect data in flight". The first test rocket made in India was "Rohini 75" and was launched in 1967.

Space-Age Words

BLOCK HOUSE: A concrete shelter close to the launch pad from which the rocket's instrumentation and ignitors can be checked in safety.

ELECTROJET: A narrow stream of high electric current flowing from West to East over the magnetic equator.

IONOSPHERE: A region of highly charged particles surrounding the earth at high altitude.

MAGNETIC EQUATOR: An imaginary circle around the globe over which the earth's magnetic field is horizontal. This generally lies close to the geographic equator but keeps shifting, depending on the variation of the magnetic field.

IMPACT AREAS: Areas where the rocket is likely to fall at the end of the flight.

PAYLOAD: The scientific measuring equipment, the data gathering and transmitting equipment including power supplies which are mounted on the rocket.

RADAR: An electronic device to determine the rocket's trajectory.

SOUNDING ROCKETS: Rockets used for probing the upper atmosphere.

TELEMETRIC UNITS: Electronic equipment for receiving data transmitted from the rocket.

X-RAY ASTRONOMY: Investigation of stars which emit X-rays in addition to other forms of radiation.

ZERO SECOND: The moment of firing.

This exotic locale was chosen because it lies just 0°24' to the South of the magnetic equator. The magnetic field is strongest between India and Borneo and weakest over South America. The location of the Indian Rocket Station therefore is unique for the study of meteorological and atmospheric phenomena which are peculiar to the equatorial regions.

The ionosphere which extends from 40 to 200 kilometres is a useful region to study because long-range wireless communication is possible through reflection of short radio waves. Over the magnetic equator, the ionosphere has special added characteristics like the presence of the electrojet. Research could only be done with rockets since the ionosphere is just above the reach of weather baloons and below that of artificial satellites.

On November 21, 1963, the first sounding rocket, an American-made 'Nike-Apache', was assembled in the nave of the St. Joseph's church and launched triumphantly from the palm-lined station. The beach was cleared of huts and the church became the hub of activity. Rockets were assembled near the altar, equipment was stored in the vestry and offices sprang up near the aisle.

The wings still house laboratories, though most of the actual work is now done in the sleek new offices facing the sea. The parsonage houses a mini-photographic unit. What was once the Church garden is now a nursery maintained by the horticultural department responsible for landscaping Thumba. In addition, this department maintains 12,000 coconut trees scattered all over the range.

A four-phased programme was envisioned when the men first set foot on this little known beach. They started their research with foreign-made payloads and rockets. Then they substituted indigenous equipment which they flew in imported rockets. Now the third stage has been reached and foreign-designed rockets are being manufactured indigenously under licence. At the same time, groups at the Space Science and Technology Centre (SSTC) are working on the manufacture of completely indigenous rockets, with supporting ground-based equipment to be built with Indian know-how.

The SSTC, now a huge grey buildin sprawled over the nearby Veli hills, also made its debut in the church on the beach. It is responsible for developmental activity. A Rocket Propellant Plant (RPP) is already operating adjacent to the launching centre. A Rocket Fabricating Facility (RFF) which is still under construction will manufacture specialised hardware for the rockets.

A launching station was, of course, the first step on this phased plan and some 560 acres of land along the Arabian Sea were acquired. In a record time of three months the young scientists had converted the fishermen's beach into a rocket launching station. The average age of that enthusiastic band of young scientists and engineers was 26. The tiny isolated community which sprang up seven years ago expanded as the facilities grew.

Now, the launching station has a rocket storage, an assembly workshop, three launch pads, two block houses, a telemetry receiving station, a radar tracking station, a ranging system, a Computer centre,

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

KASHMIR—In The Name Of Democracy!

by A. G. NOORANI

"Sardar Patel's Correspondence 1945-50, Volume I (New Light on Kashmir)", edited by Durga Das (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad; Rs 25).

"I understand that elections are to take place in the near future in the State. What useful purpose would be served by holding the elections for the Legislature in the State when a large number of people who ought to be in the Assembly are debarred from taking part in these elections by being imprisoned?" So wrote Sardar Patel, in a letter dated August 28, 1946, to the then Prime Minister of Kashmir.

Nearly twenty-six years have passed; but, as Jayaprakash Narayan remarked last January, "There has never been a free and fair election in the State of Jammu and Kashmir." On September 25, shortly after the Sardar's letter, the Congress Working Committee passed a resolution on Kashmir complaining of electoral malpractices. "Many prospective candidates for the election have been disqualified," it said. This critical comment can be repeated today with far greater justification.

Last year the State Government pushed through the Assembly an amendment to the electoral law disqualifying members of an association which has been declared unlawful from contesting elections—"whether or not the said person continues to be a member of such association".

Thus thousands who were members of the Plebiscite Front, before it was banned in January 1971, were debarred and remain so regardless of whether they have changed their views and political affiliations or not.

Seats Won Unopposed

In the 1957, 1962 and 1967 General Elections, the ruling party won a large number of seats unopposed. In 1967, as many as 118 nomination papers were rejected in 39 out of the Assembly's 75 constituencies, yielding straightway 22 seats and affecting the results materially in 17 other constituencies—all to the gain of the ruling Congress Party.

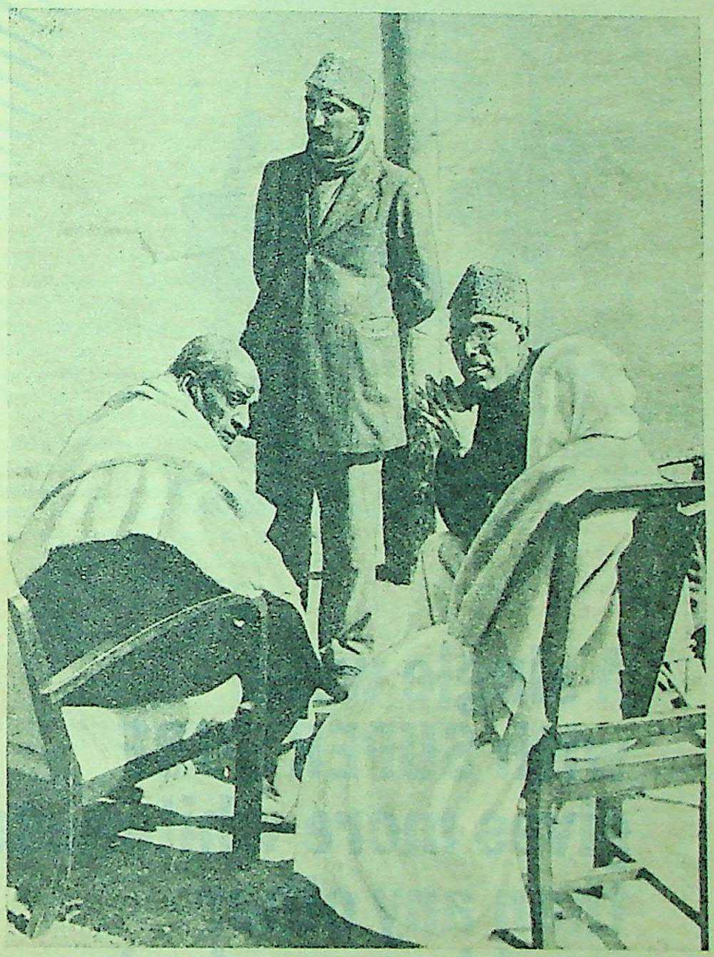
For the mid-term parliamentary poll last year, a different technique was adopted. Sheikh Abdullah, Mirza M.A. Beg, the Front's President, and its Secretary, Mr G. M. Shah, were externed from the State. Its active workers were gaoled.

The irrepressible Shameem Ahmed Shameem fought as an Independent and defeated the Congress candidate, Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed.

Shameem was backed by Sheikh Abdullah. Begum Abdullah campaigned for him; and so did the genteel but astute Maulana Masoodi and the veteran G. M. Karra. None of them were members of the Plebiscite Front. Their differences with the organisation were well known. As in 1971, they got together and hoped to do a "Shameem" throughout the State. A list of prospective Assembly candidates was prepared; but, before they could descend on Delhi to talk it over with the Sheikh, Maulana Masoodi and Karra were arrested with a score of others, and Begum Abdullah externed from the State.

The techniques of poll-rigging were developed by Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed into a fine art. On November 18, 1946, however, he was complaining to Sardar Patel: "Election Board members arrested yesterday. Remaining workers being hourly harassed. Normal election work rendered impossible." *Plus ca change plus c'est la meme chose.*

These and many other cameos are included in the volume under review.



SARDAR PATEL seen in conversation with Sheikh Abdullah. With them are Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed (standing) and Miss Maniben Patel (the Sardar's daughter). In sorting out the internal problems of Kashmir after the first popular ministry with the Sheikh as Prime Minister was installed, the Sardar invariably dealt with Maharaja Hari Singh, while Jawaharlal Nehru used his influence with Sheikh Abdullah.

The Sardar's papers were in the custody of his daughter, Miss Maniben Patel. After the Sardar's death, she deposited them with the Navajivan Trust, which has decided to publish them in ten volumes. Judging by the first volume, the editor has done his job most competently. To the Sardar's papers he has appended much useful reference material. The volume is indispensable to an understanding of the genesis of the Kashmir question.

As early as July 3, 1947, Sardar Patel wrote separately to the Maharaja and the Prime Minister of the State, suggesting that they accede to India. The Maharaja could not make up his mind.

A month before the Pakistan-sponsored tribal invasion of the State took place, Indian intelligence knew of it. "I understand that the Pak strategy is to infiltrate into Kashmir now and to take some big action as soon as Kashmir is more or less isolated because of the coming winter," Mr Nehru wrote to the Sardar on September 27, 1947.

Failure To Converge

India's influence with the State ran on parallel lines—the Sardar worked on the Maharaja and Mr Nehru on the Sheikh. Their failure to converge contributed much to the Sheikh's later alienation.

Mr Nehru argued with Sardar Patel: "It seems to me that there is no other course open to the Maharaja but this: to release Sheikh Abdullah and the National Conference leaders, to make a friendly approach to them, seek their cooperation and make them feel that this is really meant, and then to declare accession to the Indian Union. Once the State accedes to India, it will become very difficult for Pakistan to invade it officially or unofficially without coming into conflict with the Indian Union. If, however, there is delay in this accession, then Pakistan will go ahead without much fear of consequences, specially when the winter isolates Kashmir. It seems to me urgently necessary, therefore, that the accession to the Indian Union should take place early."

Mr Nehru had already impressed this on the State's Premier, M. C. Mahajan, and was asking the Deputy Prime Minister to exert his influence. Sheikh Abdullah, Mr Nehru wrote, "is very anxious to keep out of Pakistan and relies upon us a great deal for advice. But at the same time he cannot carry his people with him unless he has something definite to place before them".

But the Maharaja was as loth to grant responsible government to his people as he was to

—Continued

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decide on accession. Events were moving fast. By October 5, definite information had been received from Dewan Shiv Saran Lal (Deputy Commissioner, Dera Ismail Khan), while on leave, that "about a fortnight back a scheme had been started to send armed tribal people to the Pakistan-Kashmir border".

The previous day, Dwarkanath Kachru, Secretary, All-India States People's Conference, informed Mr Nehru: "Sheikh Sahib and his close associates have decided for the Indian Union. But this decision has not been announced yet and the impression is being given that so far the National Conference has taken no decision."

Sardar Patel was quick to act. He asked the then Defence Minister, Sardar Baldev Singh, to make arrangements "to send immediately supplies of arms and ammunition to Kashmir State", and he advised the State's Premier to introduce popular government. But, to Mr Mahajan, it was "hardly the time to think of any constitutional issues".

Pakistan Attacks

Pakistan's attack clinched both issues. The State acceded to India and Sheikh Abdullah was invited to form an interim government, but together with Premier Mahajan.

There is little doubt that if an earnest effort had been made to resolve the Kashmir question then, the subcontinent would have been spared the conflict that followed. The volume contains minutes of the Indo-Pakistan talks between the Governors-General—Lord Mountbatten and M. A. Jinnah—at Lahore. They discussed Kashmir, Junagadh and Hyderabad.

Lord Mountbatten offered this formula: "The Governments of India and Pakistan agree that, where the ruler of a State does not belong to the community to which the majority of his subjects belong and where the State has not acceded to that Dominion whose majority community is the same as the State's, the question of whether the State should finally accede to one or the other of the Dominions should in all cases be decided by an impartial reference to the will of the people."

Mr Jinnah demurred. He wanted to trade Junagadh for Kashmir. When this gambit failed, he suggested withdrawal of forces of both sides from Kashmir and plebiscite only thereafter. "I expressed mild astonishment at the degree of control that he appeared to exercise over the raiders," Lord Mountbatten reported.

The draft proposals for plebiscite made by Lord Mountbatten were eminently fair and Pakistan has only to thank its founder for missing a good opportunity for a fair solution. Lord Mountbatten not only offered U.N. supervision but also agreed that "a joint India-Pakistan force should hold the ring while the plebiscite is being held". India and Pakistan were ever to remain divided on Kashmir.

Meanwhile, the State's administration suffered because of the Maharaja and Premier Mahajan's antipathy towards Sheikh Abdullah. Even New Delhi's Agent in the State, Dilip Singh, was constrained to remark that Mahajan was "an Arya Samajist with all the mentality and fanaticism of that body".

Again and again, Mr Nehru stressed the need to win popular confidence, but Mr Mahajan did all he could to thwart Sheikh Abdullah. The Maharaja himself, in the course of a long plaint to the Sardar, dated January 31, 1948, went so far as to threaten: "Sometimes I feel that I should withdraw the accession that I have made to the Indian Union. The Union only provisionally accepted the accession and if the Union cannot recover back our territory and is going eventually to agree to the decision of the Security Council which may result to handing us over to Pakistan, then there is no point in sticking to the accession of the State to the Indian Union. For the time being it may be possible to have better terms from Pakistan but that is immaterial because eventually it would mean an end of the dynasty and end of the Hindus and Sikhs in the State."

Exit The Maharaja

The State did not leave the Union. It was the Maharaja who had to leave the State. Although in March 1948 a popular regime was set up with the Sheikh at the head, relations between the ruler and the popular chief did not improve. In the course of a dramatic confrontation, the Sheikh accused the Maharaja of complicity in the murder of his Muslim subjects and said, "I have got to turn the minds of Muslims of the State from Pakistan to the Indian Dominion. If the Muslims feel their lives are not safe and that things are not done in the way I want them to be done, then it is no use my carrying on and I had better resign."

In a letter to Sardar Patel, Sheikh Abdullah referred to "the unmistakable part which the Maharaja and his satellites took in the general massacre of Muslims at Jammu".

Mr Nehru was not happy with the Maharaja. He drew the Sardar's attention to an intelligence report which said that he was financing the Praja Parishad in Jammu and its campaign for zonal plebiscite. The Sardar was able to persuade the Maharaja in 1949 to go away for a short time, leaving Yuvraj Karan Singh as Regent. But his sympathies lay with the Maharaja, not with the Sheikh.

Issues That Divided

There were still issues that divided New Delhi and Srinagar. India's Constitution was being drafted by the Constituent Assembly and it was important to secure the State's participation in the body at least so far as the provision governing its relationship with India was concerned, namely, Article 306A of the Draft Constitution. It figures as the famous Article 370 in the Constitution today.

Sheikh Abdullah, Mirza M.A. Beg, Maulana Masoodi and Chaudhary M. Shafee joined the Constituent Assembly as Kashmir's representatives and had long discussions with India's leaders.

The correspondence between one of them, N. Gopalaswami Ayyangar, and the Sheikh is of great value to students of Constitutional law. It shows how ineptly this delicate question was handled.

A draft was agreed upon and M.A. Beg withdrew his amendment. But an attempt was made by Maulana Azad and Ayyangar in the Assembly's lobby to secure the Sheikh's and his colleague's consent to a modification. They refused, only to discover the modification being pushed through the Assembly.

The Sheikh threatened to resign from the Assembly on October 17, 1949. Mr Nehru was in the U.S. then, and Ayyangar pleaded with the Sheikh not to do anything till his return. It is interesting to note that Ayyangar's reply to the Sheikh did not controvert his charge that the amendment was passed despite the Sheikh's rejection, but argued that it was a "trivial charge".

It was a disingenuous if not a dishonest plea. Under the Article, the State Cabinet's concurrence was necessary before the Centre could legislate on matters other than those ceded to the Centre. The amendment substituted the words "for the time being in office" for the word "appointed" to describe the State's Cabinet. As the Sardar later confided to Mr Nehru, this modification was meant "so as to cover not only the first Ministry so appointed (under the Maharaja's Proclamation of March 8, 1948) but any subsequent Ministries which may be appointed under that Proclamation".

As it happened, Sheikh Abdullah's fears came true substantially, though not exactly. The State's Constituent Assembly abolished the monarchy; the Yuvraj became the first *Sadar-e-Riyasat*. But he dismissed the Sheikh in August 1953, and "subsequent Ministries" agreed to grant more and more powers to the Centre. But then that was with New Delhi's full approval.

The Sardar died in December 1950. In July 1952, Mr Nehru and the Sheikh reached full accord on measures to reinforce the State's autonomy and its special status. By August 1953, the Sheikh had changed his views on plebiscite, and New Delhi on his continuance in office.

Sheikh Abdullah's Role

How it all happened is beyond the purview of this article. But the volume shows that, even when the Sheikh was all for accession, he was not treated fairly. After the war of 1965, Pakistan lost any claim to plebiscite in the State. But nothing has happened in all these years to affect the right of the people of Kashmir to the special status within the Indian Union which was negotiated with their representatives; nor, indeed, to the basic civil rights and the right to have free elections which continue to be denied to them to this day.

The Kashmiri leaders are not free from blame. Sheikh Abdullah, in particular, has a lot to answer for. He has received either denigration or adulation. What he needs is criticism. But such has been the injustice done to him in all the last two decades or so that his own errors and failings stand eclipsed.

Again and again, fair and free elections have been denied to his people—1972's is the last of such denials. If at least the volume can serve to remind people of the Sheikh who stood by India against Pakistan, despite the Jammu massacres, maybe a few will come to reflect whether the change that came over him was not largely due to New Delhi's lapses, after all, and whether redress is not overdue.

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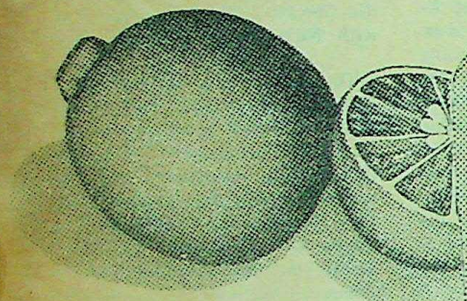

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Earl Warren

WHO killed President John Kennedy? Of course Lee Harvey Oswald. The question however has the intriguing aspects of a whodunit. Left- and right-wing conspiracies have been suggested. Among recent best sellers is a book written by Thomas S. Buchanan seeking to establish the right-wing conspiracy theory. The Warren Commission has examined all such possibilities with a thoroughness characteristically American to come to the conclusion that Oswald was solely responsible for the murder. Its 900-page report is a monument of judicial industry and acumen. To Chief Justice Earl Warren the law is a temple and he is proud to be one of its builders. He may not have the penetrating legal mind of Felix Frankfurter, nor is he eccentric like William Douglas. But what he lacks in profundity he makes up for by his broad outlook and sweeping manner. To be narrowly legalistic may be a virtue for a lawyer, but not for a judge. The latter must interpret the law within a liberal human framework. And that is how Earl Warren has discharged the duties of his exalted office. He is deeply conscious of the importance of his calling. Asked why he refused to make himself available for nomination as a Presidential candidate in 1955, he said: "To me the Chief Justiceship of the United States is the most important job in the world." Warren has an assured name in legal history, as in U.S. history itself. His famous decision on school segregation made in 1954 is said to be among the half dozen most momentous in the U.S. Supreme Court's history. It was noted for its clarity, simplicity and firmness and established its author among the great defenders of human rights in the world.

° ° °

Six feet one inch tall, and weighing a not so judicious 207lb., Warren is a big Scandinavian—if not entirely a big Swede. His grandfather was a Norwegian carpenter and his mother was Swedish by birth. Warren was born in Los Angeles—and in poverty. He found it hard to obtain the means for an education and worked as a newsboy, railroad call boy, freight hustler and farm hand. (Such rises from poverty to judgeship are not common in India. The only example that comes to mind is that of Muthuswami Ayyar, the first Indian judge of the Madras High Court, who read his lessons under a street lamp.) At 21 he joined the California Law School. He found the theoretical casework there so inadequate that he did a part-time job as a clerk in a law office. When the school officials objected, he said: "But isn't law supposed to be a living thing, not an abstraction?" That remark of the young student was revealing of the character of the judge-to-be. To Earl Warren the law is a vital thing, not a matter for quibbling or abstruse discussion, but something of practical importance. Young lawyers can take comfort from the fact that Warren began as a nervous junior and that court appearances terrified him. "I'd get on a streetcar, and I'd be so tense I would hope the car would be wrecked on the way to the courthouse." (One is reminded of Gandhiji's first appearance in the Small Causes Court, Bombay, of which he wrote: "I stood up, but my heart sank into my boots. My head was reeling and I felt as though the whole court was doing likewise.") But soon he acquired confidence and earned a name for himself as a brilliant and relentless prosecutor. At the age of 51 he was elected Republican Governor of California, which office he held for a memorable three terms.

When Eisenhower appointed him Chief Justice, in 1953, Warren had no experience of the bench behind him. But he had plenty of knowledge of legal and human affairs. Moreover he had as a Governor acquired the persuasive qualities of a leader, so he did not find it difficult to win the confidence of his colleagues on the bench. Nine years ago he visited India and in an address to lawyers said: "... so far as my reading of history goes, any right whether it is in a constitution, or in a statute, or recorded in any other way, is nothing more than a paper right, unless some lawyer or lawyers are willing to stand before a bar of justice and fight for that right until it becomes a part of the living law of the land." These words are indicative of Warren's attitude to law—it is not something coldly philosophic, but something human and vital.

R. G. K.

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A PLAYFUL MOMENT WITH DAUGHTER CAROLINE

A Kennedy Portfolio

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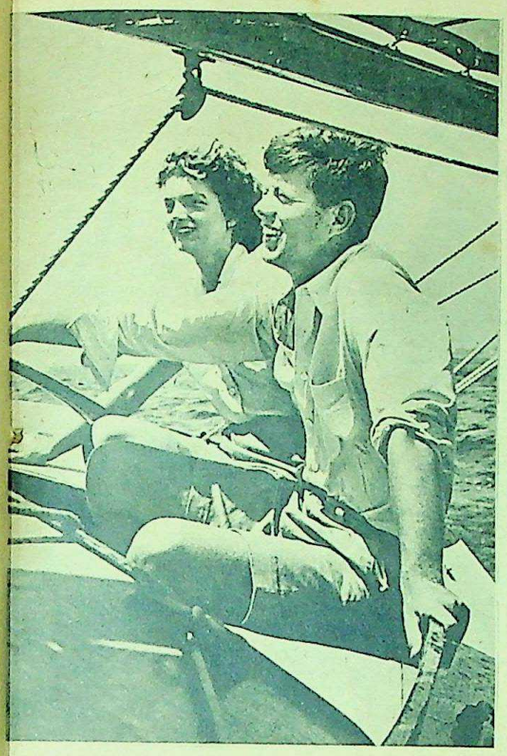

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SMILE OF RECOGNITION

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A COSY GET-TOGETHER

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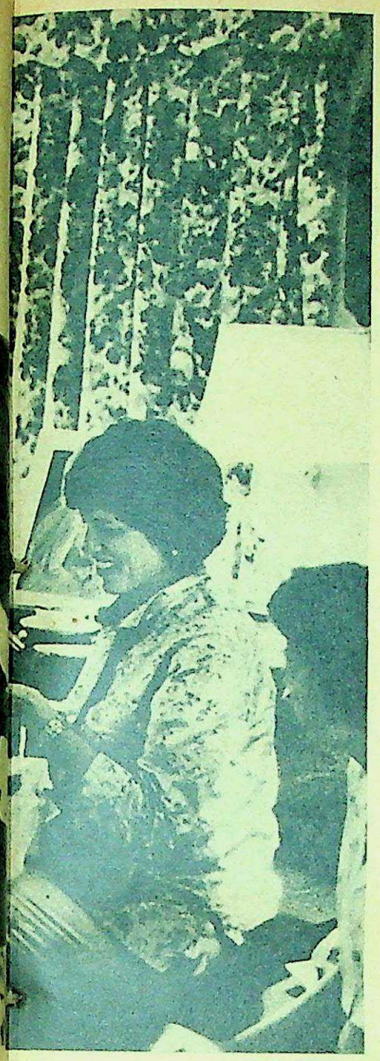

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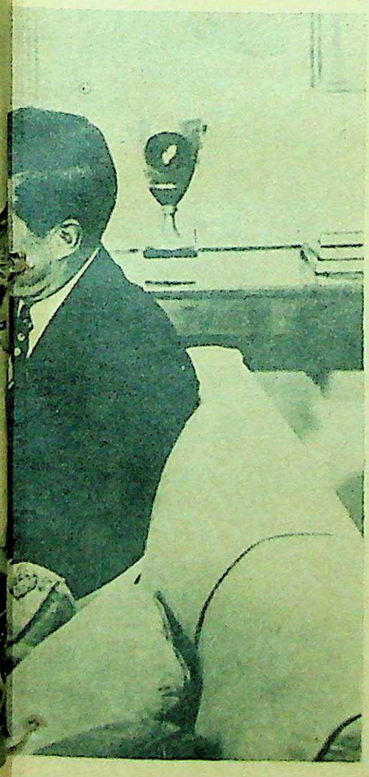

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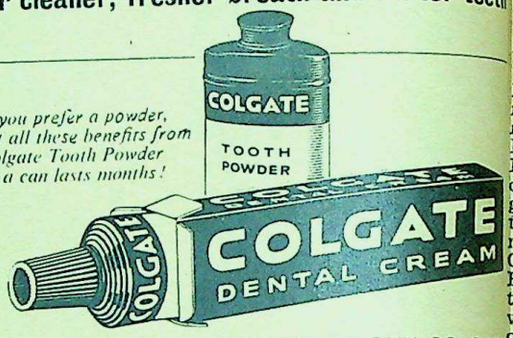

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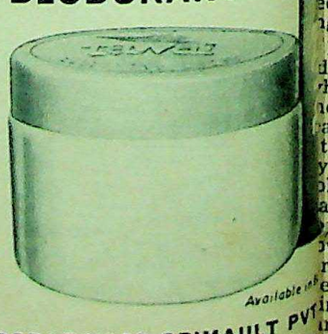

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The Memory Does Not Fade

JOHN Fitzgerald Kennedy believed that "one man can make a difference and that every man should try". How well he succeeded in doing this, and how much world-wide affection and respect he won, is becoming daily more evident.

Since the lighting of the Eternal Flame on his grave in Arlington Cemetery, the world has been making sure that history will not forget this youthful and vigorous leader. Authorities agree that there has never been such a surge to honour a contemporary man. It would hardly be possible to compile a complete and accurate record of the memorials to the 35th President of the United States.

Among the first acts of remembrance were the renaming of the Space Centre at Cape Canaveral, Florida, and of New York's Idlewild International Airport in his honour.

Within two months after the President's death, the Congress responded to a spontaneous demand to dedicate the projected National Cultural Center, of which Mr. Kennedy had been a leading champion since his days in Congress, as his official memorial in the Nation's Capital and to rename it the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. Federal funds were appropriated to match private contributions toward the cost of the building, and other governments have offered money and art objects. The Center will house a concert hall; a hall for opera, ballet and musicals; a theatre, and a roof area for band concerts, art exhibitions, children's programmes and festivals.

FROM ALL QUARTERS

Responding to popular requests, the U.S. Government quickly issued a John Fitzgerald Kennedy Memorial postage stamp and a silver half-dollar bearing his likeness. Both have been in unprecedented demand.

In honour of the assassinated President, communities throughout the United States have named or renamed schools, hospitals, libraries, highways, recreation centres, plazas, in addition to a waterfront project in New York, a bridge over the Ohio River, a cultural centre in New Jersey, a theatre at the University of Hawaii.

Plaques and statues have been dedicated to his memory in many places, among them Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where a bronze memorial tablet on Independence Hall marks the spot of his July 4, 1962, address on the interdependence of nations.

But the tributes have not come only from his own countrymen. Peoples everywhere have given substance to their sorrow and esteem with an astounding outpouring of honours.

England is deeding to the United States three acres of ground on which it will erect a simple monument "in memory of a great American who stood for freedom". The site is the historic meadow of Runnymeade, where, in 1215, King John was forced to accept the Magna Carta. In addition, the British Government and people are endowing Kennedy Memorial Scholarships to send about a dozen men and women from the United Kingdom to study a year at Harvard University, Radcliffe College or the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—all in Mr. Kennedy's home state.

In West Berlin on the site where the late President made a triumphal appearance in June, 1963, a bronze memorial plaque has been placed on the City Hall, and the facing square has been renamed John F. Kennedy Platz.

City squares in Ravenna and Limosano, Italy; in Algiers and in Saigon have been renamed in his honour. The Paris Municipal Council, waiving the customary five-year period of consideration, voted unanimously to rename a street for the late President. Metz, France, paid the supreme honor of changing Rue Jeanne d'Arc to Rue John F. Kennedy.

Streets in Zagreb, Yugoslavia; Teheran, Iran; and Foggia, Italy; now bear his name.

Also named in his honour are bridges over the Rhine River in Germany and at Liege, Belgium; a school in Las Charcas, Dominican Republic; and a hospital at Valdivia, Chile. There is a Kennedy Memorial Library at the Treichville Cultural Centre in Abidjan, Ivory Coast, and one at the Haile Selassie I University in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia.

A memorial statue has been erected at the Yokata Air Base, near Tokyo, and another will be placed in the Chamizal area of Mexico which was deeded to that country by the United States in 1963 to settle a long-standing border dispute.

But the range of things and places (and these are only a sampling) named for President Kennedy are not the only tributes to the martyred leader. There are intangible memorials as well. The United Nations is establishing a fund for its International School with gifts sent to the U.S. mission in memory of Mr. Kennedy.

The Italian-Swiss Balzan Foundation has awarded its Peace Prize (similar to the Nobel Peace Prize) to the United Nations in honour of President Kennedy, and the Synagogue Council of America has renamed its Peace Prize for him. Concerts have been played as tributes, eminent composers have dedicated works to him and memorial books and recordings have been issued.

And yet, despite the vast number of tangible tributes that John Kennedy has evoked, it is as one of his sorrowing countrymen said: "His mark on this earth will not be in marble and stone, not in a new name on the map, nor in his likeness on a silver coin, but rather in the hearts of men."

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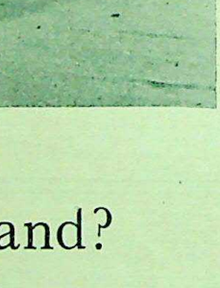

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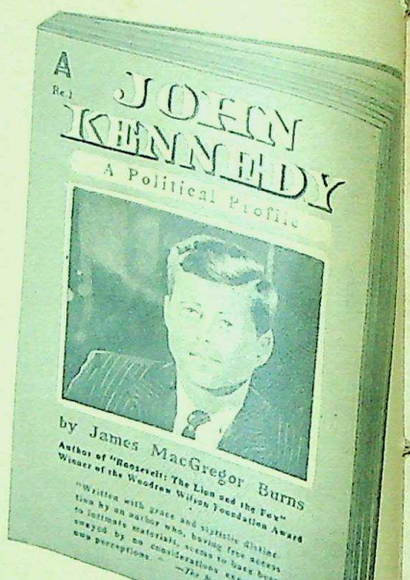

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by "JAYEE"

Unity In Diversity

So much has been written of John F. Kennedy that the real man is gradually being swept away by legend. As an admirer of his once remarked, there is always the risk that there will soon be only a demigod, instead of the man the world knew. For the man, besides being a politician, was so many other things —writer, historian, voracious reader, lover of poetry, champion of the arts, patron of intellectuals, fearless fighter, frolicsome father, seasoned sailor and lover of sport.

From a tender age, Papa Kennedy had instilled into his sons that deep competitive drive. As youngsters, Joe and John were sent away from the dinner table at Hyannis Port in disgrace one evening because they had not made an all-out effort to win a sailing race that afternoon.

Sickness and misfortune somehow plagued young John. When his father first sailed for England, he was in the Harvard infirmary, down with 'flu. Illness again intervened when he was attempting to gain a position in the 'Varsity swimming team in the backstroke event. Worried that the infirmary's diet wouldn't give him enough energy to swim, he asked his room-mate, Torbet H. Macdonald, to smuggle in steaks and malted milk to keep up his strength. Then with his friend's help he would sneak out of the infirmary in the afternoon and in spite of high fever practise in the swimming pool when no one else was around.

Despite these elaborate schemes John failed to find a place in the swimming team and wrote dejectedly to his mother: "It means a whole season has gone waste."

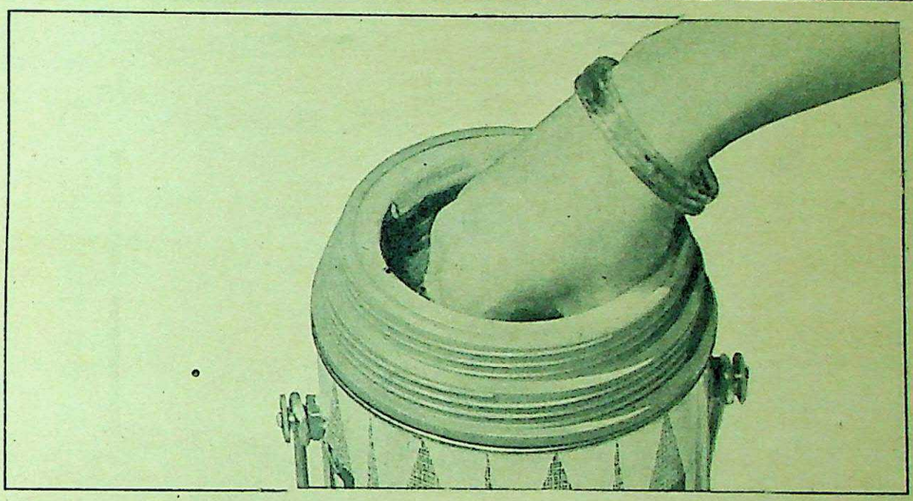
Harold Ulen, the swimming coach, vividly remembers the youth who tried so hard to make the team. "He was a fine kid, though very frail and not so strong, but always giving it everything he had. He was more of a team-mate than an individualist and, in fact, was so modest that he would hide when photographers came round to take pictures of the team."

John Kennedy's luck was no better on the football field. Doggedly determined to be in the 'Varsity side, he would get Macdonald, later an All-American half-back in the Harvard XI, to stop, after practice, and throw some passes to him until it became too dark to see the ball. Though he impressed his colleagues with his aggressiveness, and though the Harvard football coach conceded that John was the best pass-catcher in the team, he was underweight and was not picked.

But the burning zeal to make good continued. He practised all the harder and, as ill luck would have it, during a scrimmage one day he hit the frozen turf hard. He was slow to rise. Although he waved away helping hands, he had suffered a severe back injury that plagued him throughout his life.

John tried out for as many teams as possible, but luck seemed against him. Athletics, however, were his primary interest. When he returned to golf after election, comparisons were made about his skill with that of his predecessor, Dwight D. Eisenhower.

President Kennedy's 46 years, so brief and so portentous, were vastly varied. To him power was not an end in itself, but it was a means of moving forward towards a world of peace and progress. As he so aptly put it during his Commencement Address at the American University in 1963: "In the final analysis, our most basic common link is that we all inhabit this small planet. We all breathe the same air, we all cherish our children's future. And we are all mortal... If we cannot end now our differences, at least we can make the world safe for diversity."



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Trad... Traiti...

by U... HEN...

WHEN President John F. Kennedy was killed on the afternoon of November 22, 1963, confusion, shock and grief spread quickly from Dallas to Washington and to the entire country. Yet, despite the outpouring of emotion, the American Government and people were steadied by two facts so deeply understood that they hardly needed to be said: First, the United States had a President of undoubted legitimacy, whose decisions and orders would be accepted as quickly as were his predecessor's. Second, there would be continuity in the conduct of Government and the most essential national policies, especially in those affecting the nation's security.

A change of top political leadership is a crucial event in the affairs of any government. This is true even when the transfer occurs through the most orderly scheduled processes, such as following a regular election. The transfer is far more critical when it comes without a warning due to the sudden death of the leader in office. At such times in history, some nations have known faltering leadership, policy instability, contests for power among would-be successors, and enemy attempts to take advantage of the moment of weakness.

The United States has developed some unique ways of accommodating both ordinary and unscheduled changes of Presidents. Some of these ways are based on the written Constitution, while others represent learning from the experiences of 35 Presidential transitions since 1789. Of these transitions, 27 were after elections and eight after the death of a President. Of the eight, four followed Presidential assassinations. Transition arrangements are imperfect and still evolving, for no such plans can hope to anticipate every contingency. But in the recent transfer of the Presidency from John F. Kennedy to Lyndon B. Johnson, and in the previous transitions from Truman to Eisenhower to Kennedy, American political institutions performed well in adversity and grew with experience.

The President of the United States is unlike most heads of government in that he has at all times a legally designated successor. When the American people elect a President they simultaneously elect a Vice President; the two are nominated by the same political party and paired on the ballot so that one cannot be elected without the other. If the President dies the Vice President becomes President and serves until the next regular election. Although in times past some Vice Presidents were undistinguished men chosen to placate certain regions or party factions, in recent years recognition of the importance of the office has brought greater care to the selection of men qualified to assume the Presidency. Also, most nominees for the Presidency strongly influence the choice of their running mates, thus enhancing the chances of harmony of personalities and policies.

The Vice President has the constitutional duty to preside over the Senate (which by custom is delegated to others most of the time). Lately he had been given other duties, assisting the President in a variety of high-level tasks relating to both foreign and domestic policy. But his principal responsibility is to prepare himself for the contingency that seems to occur with some regularity every 20 or 25 years. (An old saying has it that the Vice President's first inquiry on arising each morning is not "How is the weather?" but "How is the President?") Fortunately, there has never been a situation in which the President and Vice President both died in the same four-year term of office. But in anticipation of that possibility the Constitution instructs Congress to prescribe a line of succession after the Vice President. Thus, if the Dallas assassin's bullets had reached both Kennedy and Johnson, the Presidency would have passed automatically to the Speaker of the House of Representatives. If necessary, after that it would have passed to the President Pro Tem. of the Senate (a senior member chosen by the majority party) and then to the members of the Cabinet, starting with the Secretary of State and proceeding to the others in a clearly defined order.

The constitutional arrangements are so certain and well established that when President Kennedy's death was announced the nation understood immediately that Lyndon B. Johnson was the President. Despite their grief, the members of the Presidential party in Dallas that day took instant action to preserve not only the legal but the effective continuity of the Presidency. The Vice President's car in the ill-fated motorcade had followed the car carrying Kennedy to the hospital. With the assassin and his motives still unknown, attempts on the lives of Johnson and other officials were feared. Even before Kennedy's death was publicly announced, Johnson, heavily guarded by the Secret Service, left the hospital for a location where he could be better protected and in which he could better function as President. The destination was the plane waiting at the airport—not the Vice President's plane, in which Johnson had come to Dallas but the President's plane, Air Force No. 1, equipped with radio-telephone facilities that put the President in instant touch with the White House and Government departments in Washington as well as with American diplomatic and military officers everywhere. Within the hour, Lyndon Johnson was functioning as President of the United States and Commander in Chief of its Armed Forces, in fact as well as in theory. There was no interregnum to tempt any enemy to take matters into his own hands.

The quick transfer of power was symbolised by Johnson's taking the Presidential oath of office in the presence of Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Kennedy and several White House aides in the plane before leaving Dallas. By tradition, the Vice President-become-President takes the confirming oath as soon as possible, without waiting for any formal notice of his succession or for arrangement of the sort of inaugural ceremony that occurs at the beginning of a regular Presidential term.

This tradition has led to the taking of the oath in some unusual circumstances. President Coolidge, back in 1923, took the oath at 2:43 a.m. in his father's house in a remote village in the hills of Vermont, after being awakened with the news that President Harding was dead after a brief illness. In 1901, Theodore Roosevelt was sworn in at Buffalo, New York, after a wild trip that included a 10-mile hike, a 50-mile midnight ride in a horse-drawn wagon over mountain roads, and an express train trip across New York State, all in a vain effort to get from his vacation camp in the Adirondacks to the bedside of the dying President McKinley, shot by a demented assassin. However, Truman, the last President prior to Johnson to enter office in this way, was in Washington when news came of Franklin D. Roosevelt's death in Georgia, so he was able to take the oath in the White House, which is the preferred location.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY—a study.

Customarily the Presidential oath is administered by a judge of the federal courts; in a regular inaugural ceremony the Chief Justice of the United States officiates. Therefore when President Johnson decided to take the oath before leaving Dallas he sent for Judge Sarah Hughes of the Federal Court of that district and a personal friend.

As soon as he had taken the oath, President Johnson ordered the plane, which was also carrying John F. Kennedy's body, back to Washington. His first actions on arrival reaffirmed the nation's unity and the continuity of Government. At the airport he made a brief statement expressing his personal shock and grief and asking for the country's support as he tried to carry on. As a member of the National Security Council, Johnson was already familiar with foreign and military affairs. Secretary of Defence Robert McNamara and Presidential Assistant McGeorge Bundy were waiting with an up-to-the minute briefing on recent events and pending decisions. Before Johnson slept that night—if he did—he had seen the principal members of the White House staff, the department heads who were in Washington and several leaders of Congress.

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Secretary of State Dean Rusk and several other Cabinet members who had been on their way to a conference in Tokyo returned the following morning for a full Cabinet session. In his conferences with all these men, Johnson emphasised his desire for continuity and his wish for them to remain at their posts.

In the next two days as John F. Kennedy's body lay in the White House and later in the Capitol, Lyndon Johnson established himself in the Presidency and assured the world that the Government of the United States was under steady control. He conferred repeatedly with members of the administration, members of Congress, ex-Presidents Eisenhower and Truman, other national leaders and members of the diplomatic corps.

Within the week there were two major symbolic events. First was the funeral of the fallen President, a great assemblage of national leaders, of chiefs and representatives of foreign Governments, and of the millions of ordinary people who lined the streets to see the casket go by or mourned from afar as they watched through television. In the ceremonies President and Mrs. Johnson stood close beside the Kennedy family. The state funeral served both as a tribute to President Kennedy and, in a sense, as a confirmation of the legitimacy of his successor. "The King is dead, long live the King!" Mrs. Kennedy's quiet strength symbolised the nation's determination to carry on.

The other important event was President Johnson's appearance before the combined Houses of Congress two days after the funeral. His speech was a dignified plea for unity and

Tradies d Traitions

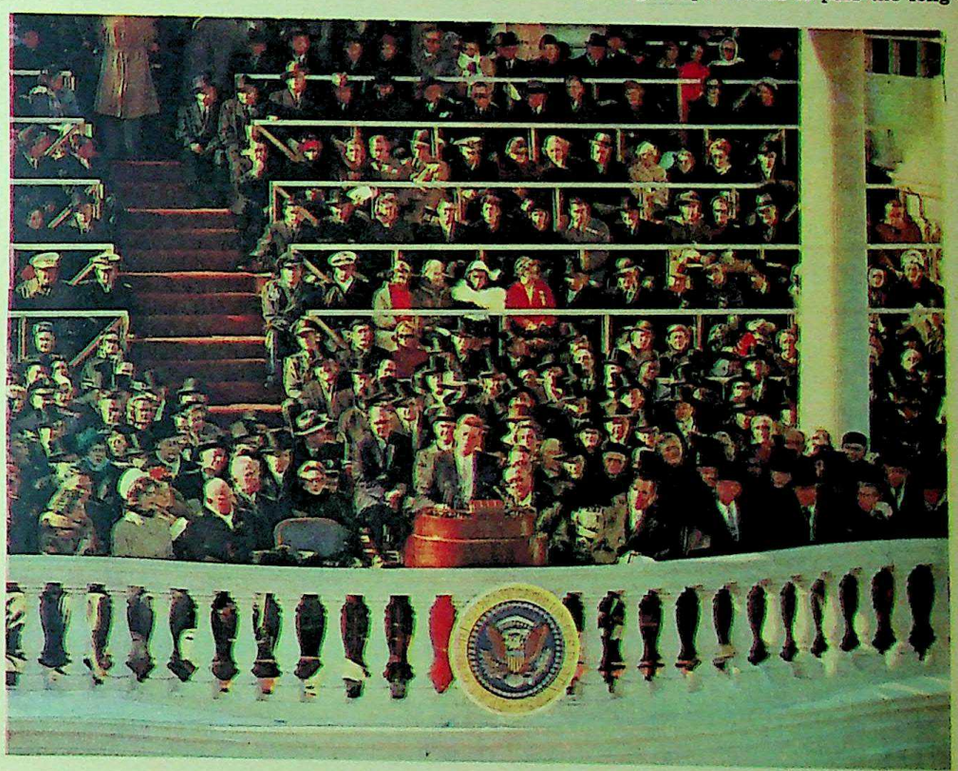
by L. HENRY

a ringing affirmation that he would continue Kennedy's policies, domestic and foreign. He urged prompt enactment of the controversial Civil Rights Bill and pledged that his administration would be "unceasing in the search for peace".

Thus, in less than a week, a transfer of the Presidency had taken place. President Kennedy was gone and President Johnson was in the White House, well informed, fully in control of the governmental machinery, and supported by the public opinion of the nation. (John W. McCormack, Democrat of Massachusetts, who remained Speaker of the House now stood next in line for the Presidency.) The bulk of the Government—the Congress, the judiciary, the executive departments, the military forces—went on as before. The Vice Presidency would remain vacant until the 1964 election.)

But in stability there was change, which began within hours after Kennedy's death and unfolded rapidly in the weeks that followed. The world does not stand still, and the American system allows the President substantial freedom to meet his responsibilities in his own way. It does make a difference who is President. Within the framework of law, popular consensus on national purposes, and the particular policy commitments of the Democratic administration of which he had been a member, the influence of Lyndon B. Johnson was soon visible in the conduct of the Presidency and the policies of the Government.

Assured of continuity in personnel, President Johnson quickly turned to the policy-making processes of the Government. Congress was near the end of a highly controversial session and behind schedule. From his many years in Congress, including service as leader of his party in the Senate before becoming Vice President, Johnson understood the Congressional scene and enjoyed the confidence of Congressional leaders. Having announced in his first address to Congress his determination to press ahead with the Kennedy legislative programme Johnson began in December, with the energy and persuasiveness for which he has always been famous, to encourage the legislators to speed action on important bills before it. His influence was apparently decisive in getting relatively favourable votes before the end of the session on matters affecting the sale of wheat to the Soviet Union, foreign aid and several appropriations bills. More important, he secured agreements from some of the reluctant committee chairmen that tax reduction and the Civil Rights Bill—controversial but crucial items in the administration's legislative programme—would be brought up early in the new session beginning in January.



J. F. K. delivering his inaugural address.

President Johnson was in a sense fortunate to take office at the time of the year that provides the best opportunities for shaping policy. The most important regularly scheduled Presidential policy pronouncements are the three communications presented to Congress at the opening of each new session in January —the State of the Union message, the Budget message and the Economic Report. Preparation of these messages requires a review of all the programmes and plans of the Government, and the decisions that go into them establish policy within the executive and set the legislative agenda for the coming year. In late November the staff work on these messages was in full swing; the many important matters were laid out for Presidential decision. Johnson moved quickly to seize the chance. On November 30 he notified the executive departments of a policy of strict economy in expenditures, and sent all the departmental budgets back for another round of pruning. At the same time he decided to give great emphasis to a number of measures the Kennedy administration had prepared. These were designed to reduce unemployment and improve social and economic conditions in sections of the country that did not share in the general prosperity.

The programme revealed in January, although close to what had been planned by President Kennedy, nevertheless bore the personal imprint of Lyndon B. Johnson. The Budget proposed expenditures considerably lower than had been expected. This was achieved partly by reducing general operating expense, and also by cutting military spending and closing several military bases. Johnson emphasised his determination to economise by such well-publicised gestures as his order that unneeded electric lights be turned off in the White House. Such homely economies not only made a favourable impression on the public but appealed to conservative Congressmen.

But even while reducing the Budget, Johnson took the policy initiative in a way that reflected both the New Deal tradition and his own personal experience as a young man without means. He converted the attack on unemployment to a "War on Poverty", and named the late President's brother-in-law, Sargent Shriver, as co-ordinator of several new programmes to bring public works and new investments to economically depressed communities, train unemployed youths and expand social services.

With the President supplying constant stimulation, Congress proceeded to pass the long-delayed tax bill in February, a great triumph for the President, and then moved on to the Civil Rights Bill which was passed by the House of Representatives in February and by the Senate in June.

Foreign affairs do not proceed with the same regularity as Congressional sessions: the transition in this area took longer and was less sharply defined. Johnson began by announcing he would continue the former President's policies. During his early weeks he reviewed American policies for all parts of the world through staff discussions, reports from special emissaries, and personal conversations with foreign statesmen visiting Washington. These talks, as well as an address to the United Nations, served to emphasise the stability of American intentions and to give both Johnson and foreign leaders opportunities to become better acquainted. Meanwhile, of course, Johnson made daily decisions redefining American policy in response to events in Cuba, Panama, Laos, Viet Nam, Cyprus and elsewhere. His announcement on April 20 that the United States was reducing production of nuclear materials, coincident with a

(Please Turn To Page 39)

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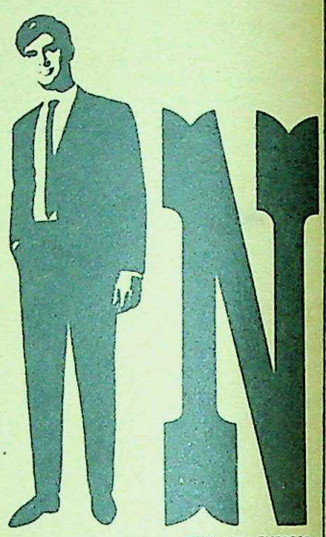

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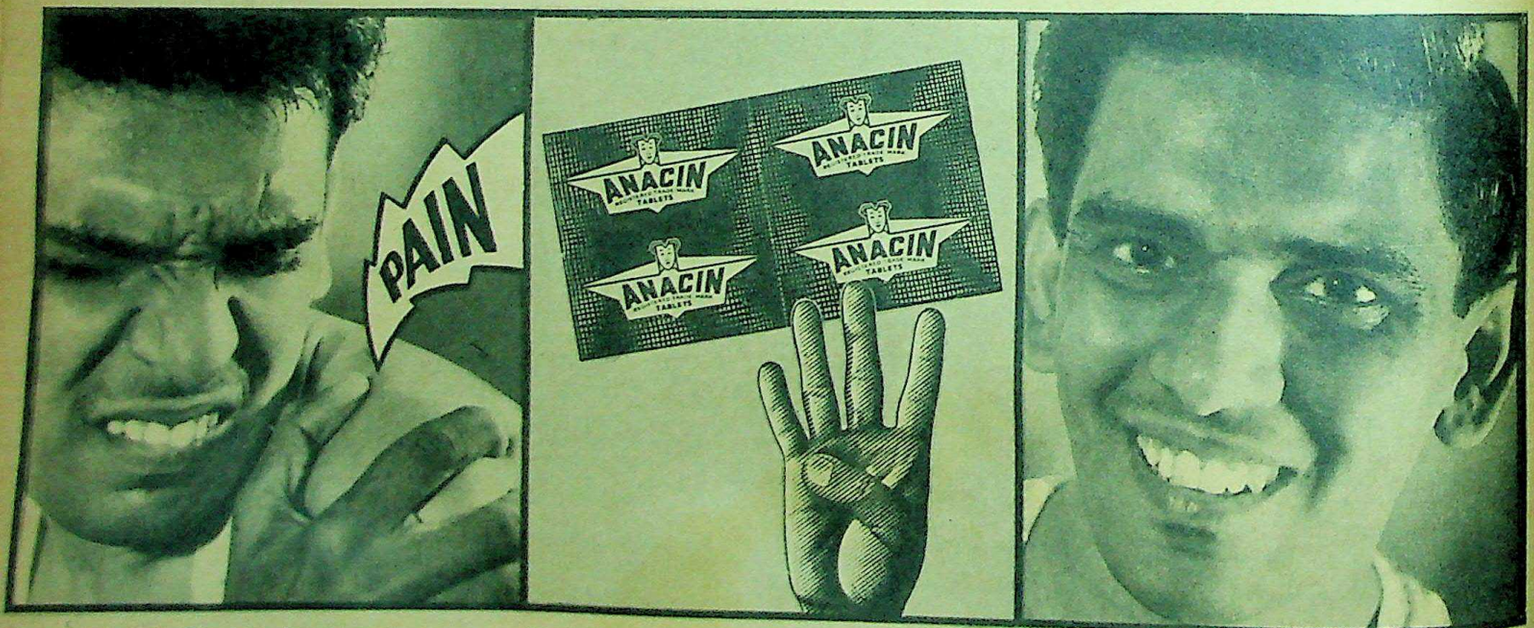

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admits both. He is filled with awe at the spectacle of purpose coursing through the universe, especially in the instincts of animals.

To argue that the order, the harmony and the purposiveness of the universe resulted from accident by the clash of millions of blind atoms is like arguing—to use an illustration of the French writer Fenolon—that the epics of Homer were written by a monkey throwing up into the air small bits of paper, with a single letter of the Greek alphabet written on each bit, until one fine day these scraps fell to the ground in the *precise* order required, so that the letters formed the Iliad and the Odyssey!

Dindigul GEORGE THOTUNGAL

Sir—It is, of course, creditable for a young man of 33 like V. N. K. Kumar to have so ambitiously presented his views. But as one who is on the *other* bank of the river of belief, I would say the author is "ill read" rather than "well read". If the worldwide opinion and literature on the subject are considered, it will be seen that what has been written in its favour completely outnumbers and outweighs what has been written against it. For that matter, literature on God written in India itself is so large and deep that even a lifetime devoted to its careful study would not be enough.

Without spiritual perception or attainment, writing authoritatively on the subjects of God and Truth is in vain.

Sambalpur, Orissa M. G. HYDER

Sir—V. N. K. Kumar refers to the argument put forth by Pascal (1623-1662) that, if one wagers that God exists and He does, one gains all; whereas if one wagers that He exists and He does not, one loses nothing.

The West knows this argument as Pascal's Bet or Pascal's Wager.

Ali (599-661), cousin, son-in-law and disciple of Prophet Mohammed, wrote a thousand years before Pascal:

Qalal Munajjemo Wat-tabeebo Kelahoma,

Lan-yah-shorul Amwato Qulto Elaikoma,

In Sahha Qawlakoma Fa-lasto Be Khaserin,

In Sahha Qawli Fal-Khesaro Alaikoma."

—Diwan-i-Ali

"The Astrologer and the Physician both said (unto me):

The dead will never be resurrected, and I retorted:

If your statement be correct, I will be no loser;

(Whereas) if my statement is correct, the loss will be upon you."

Bombay M. A. A. RAZVI

Sir

God made man,
Man made God,
God made man in His Own Image,
Man being a gentleman,
reciprocated!

Surat ARUN KOTHARI

The Illustrated Weekly of India

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Sunday, April 23, 1972

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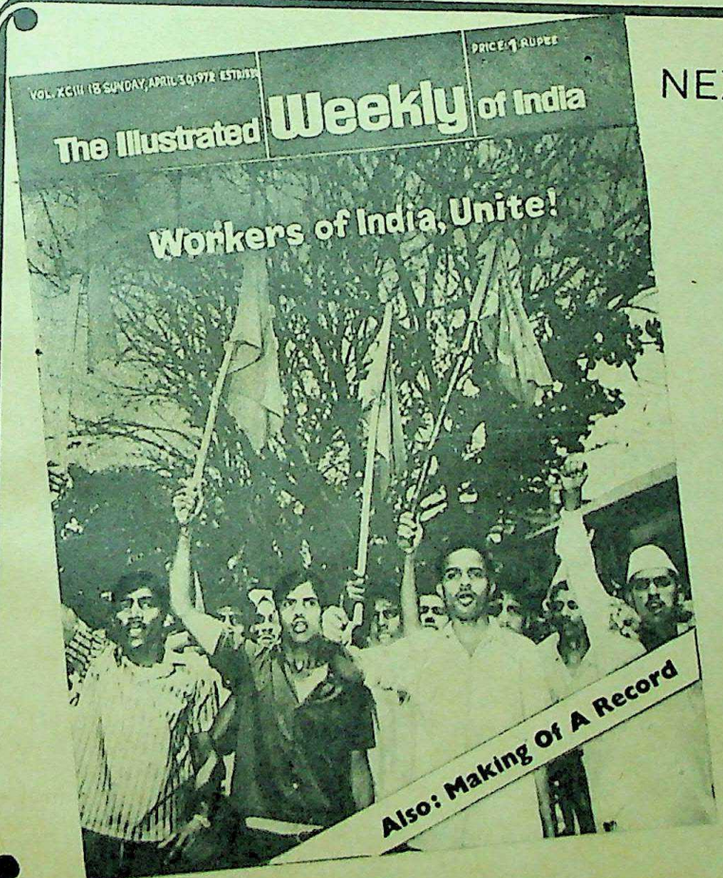
COVER: At the Bombay High Court. Photographs by S. N. Kulkarni. Montage designed by P. S. Sathe of our Art Department.



NEXT WEEK

WORKERS OF INDIA, UNITE! George Fernandes, the noted Trade Union leader, traces the growth of the Labour Movement in India—its role in a country where more and more industries are being nationalised—and the condition of the Indian industrial worker today. Fully illustrated. A special feature for May Day.

THE MAKING OF A RECORD: A. V. Luther exhaustively covers a "groovy" industry—the manufacture and the marketing of records in India. With photographs in colour and black and white.

TAMASHA: Spotlight on the vigorous folk entertainment of Maharashtra. By Sai Paranjpye. Illustrated in colour. For Maharashtra Day.

BARENDROS OF BENGAL: Shubi Sanyal describes the chequered fortunes and picturesque customs of this brahmin community. Fully illustrated.

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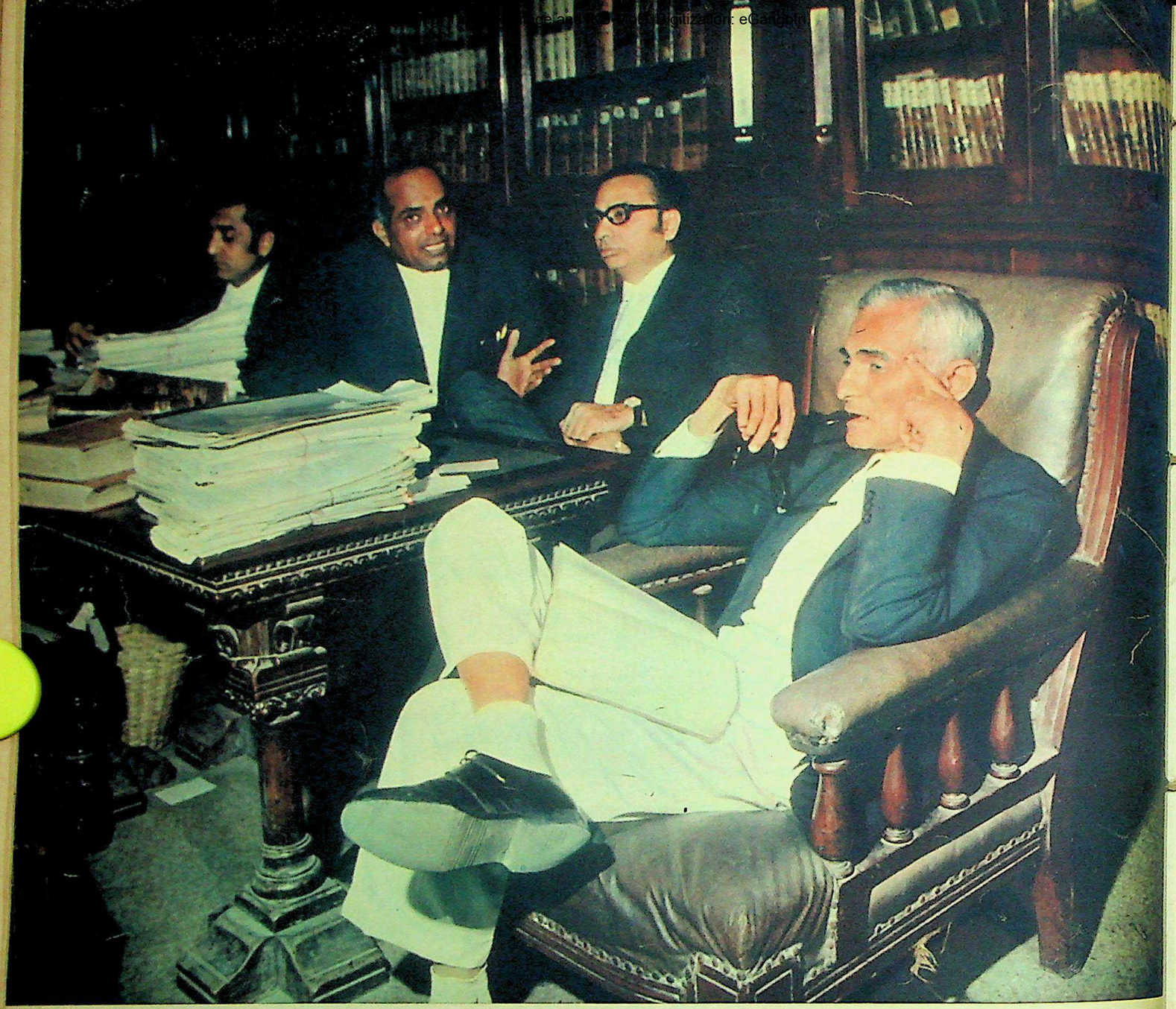

"THE BAR LIBRARY is the one spot where I find it delightful to pass my time whenever I can. It is a place to which the laws of libel and slander and sedition do not apply, and judges, practitioners and the Government and their measures are freely discussed without any restraint." (*Chimanlal Setalvad in* Recollections and Reflections) *Famous lawyers had their favourite seats in these libraries. "This is where Mr Jinnah used to sit," you will be told if you visit the High Court Library in Bombay.*

The Honourable Profession...?

by A. G. Noorani

Photographs by S. N. KULKARNI

Legal luminaries of yesteryear set the highest standards of law and professional ethics in India. But the ever increasing crowd of law practitioners has brought the old values down. Touting for clientele has become a regular feature. And, in recent years, the Executive has more than once tampered with our Fundamental Rights and threatened to browbeat the Judiciary.

IF there is any point on which it is possible for two lawyers to agree today, it is that the profession is in a sorry state.

A solitary episode illustrates this. Mr Ganguli, former Chairman of the Railway Board, announces his resolve to stand by his rights in his dispute with the Minister. Promptly, several lawyers try to see him and, since he did not see any of them, they leave their visiting cards behind. This gauche and unethical conduct hardly aroused any comment.

At one time, lawyers in India were in the fore in public life and the profession's prestige rivalled that of the gilded civil service.

Thirteen years ago, the Law Commission noted a fall in efficiency and standards at the Bar. It no longer attracts the best talent. The training in law colleges is indifferent. "The overcrowding in the profession and the economic conditions of the new entrants to it have accentuated the evils of toutism and other undesirable and unprofessional practices... Standards of professional honour and integrity have tended to be increasingly forgotten in the intense struggle for the earning of a bare living."

Touting is an old evil. The Legal Practitioners Act, 1879, was designed to curb it. But in 1925 the Rankin Committee on the Bar found that it prevailed in most parts of the country.

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LADY LAWYERS. The first of the fair sex to don the legal mantle in Bombay was Miss Mithan Tata, Bar-at-Law. That was in November 1923, but since then the number of women lawyers has swelled steadily. Here is Banoo Patel, who recently enrolled herself at the Bombay High Court.

THE HIGH COURT OF BOMBAY was established by Royal Letters Patent and inaugurated on August 14, 1862. Sir Mathew Richard Sausse was the first Chief Justice of Bombay. After Independence, Mr M. C. Chagla became the first permanent Indian Chief Justice of Bombay.

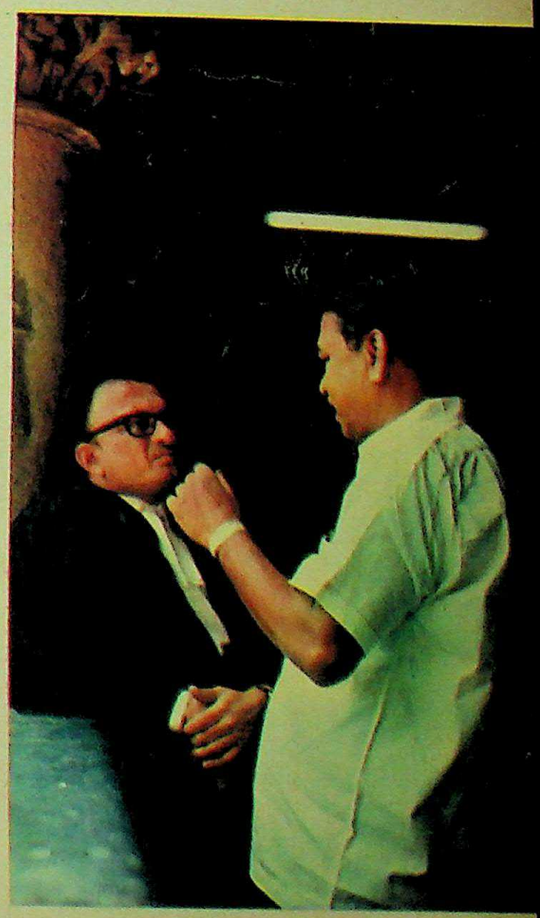
The Law Commission's experience, three decades later, was that "the evil persists and has increased in certain areas". In some districts of Andhra Pradesh, touts are known as village barristers. The Commission felt that "the root of the evil lies in the profession itself". It is the lawyer who accepts work from touts who is responsible for keeping him alive, and no amount of legislation directed against touts can succeed.

If such be the situation below, things are none too straight at the top either. "Standards of professional conduct have woefully fallen and tax evasion is freely practised by prominent seniors," laments Mr M. C. Setalvad in his memoirs.

The Chief Justice of India, Mr S. M. Sikri, has criticised the "tendency amongst some seniors to accept too many briefs". It is neither fair to the client nor to the Court. The performance can be so shoddy that "sometimes even relevant Supreme Court judgments are not brought to our attention".

The profession as a whole has expanded. It has greater opportunities in various new fields—labour, taxation and a host of

—Continued



OVER 60,000 LAWYERS—but the court procedure in India does not help in speedy justice. In Civil Courts, a case may take anything from 10 to 12 years to be decided.

THE ESPLANADE POLICE COURT, Bombay. To the ordinary man, any court presents a nightmarish vision.

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administrative tribunals. A junior has opportunities undreamt of years ago. But the malaise has deepened. Why?

Principally because the profession is singularly smug and complacent about itself and has been spoilt by the awe with which it was once regarded. If that was a wrong attitude, no less so is the denigration that one finds today about a profession with whose fortunes the future of the rule of law in this country is closely connected.

What the profession needs is the glare of publicity on its working and informed criticism. As Mr Justice Chandrachud puts it with characteristic felicity of expression: "Legends have grown round lawcourts which obscure realities. There are stork stories about how a judgment is born and like bad currency they have a brisk circulation. Bad currency tends to drive good currency out of circulation. As a result, lawyers and lawcourts are enveloped in an atmosphere of mystery and cynicism. The public ignorance of how the judges function, of how the lawyers aid them is deplorable. The judiciary is a vital organ of a democratic government and it is essential that its functioning is not shrouded in mystery. A little candour about lawcourts should therefore be welcome, though there has to be a compromise between candour and the law of contempt."

To begin with, as the Judge himself notes, today "very few First Class students take up Law as a matter of choice". The Law Commission made the same observation. By and large, the law colleges attract students of "mediocre ability and indifferent merit" because the profession's "prizes are no longer so attractive". It is overcrowded, requires a long struggle and the rewards elsewhere seem more tempting.

What A Galaxy!

It is a great profession with a great past and enormous potentialities. What a galaxy of talent was its once—Sir Chimanlal Setalvad, Mr M. A. Jinnah, Sir Jamshedji Kanga, Mr Bhulabhai Desai, Dr M. R. Jayakar and Mr K. M. Munshi in Bombay; Mr C. R. Das and Mr J. M. Sengupta in Calcutta; Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Mr Motilal Nehru in Allahabad; and Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Sir Alladi Krishnaswami Ayyar and S. Srinivasa Ayyangar in Madras.

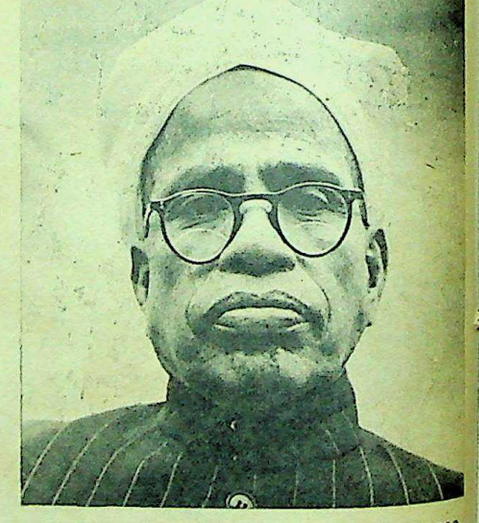
The High Court Bar was organised province-wise then and was split into two classes of Advocates and Vakils. The former was mainly drawn from barristers of one of the four Inns of Court in London. The lower courts had Pleaders. They could become Vakils after the prescribed years' practice. In the districts there was another class, the Mukhtars, who were mainly confined to the criminal courts.

Gradually the Vakils were permitted to enrol themselves as Advocates and practise on the Original Side of the Bombay, Madras and Calcutta High Courts. In the other High Courts, there was no Original Side and consequently there was no substantial distinction between the Advocates, who were mainly Barristers, and the Vakils of the High Court as regards their respective rights to appear, act and plead in High Courts.

The strong wave of nationalism gave impetus to the demand for a uniform All-India Bar. The Indian Bar Committee, set up in 1923 under the chairmanship of Sir Edward Chamier, recommended a single grade of practitioners to be called Advocates in all the High Courts but it did not consider it practicable to organise the Bar on an all-India basis.

IN THE CORRIDORS OF JUSTICE. There are 16 High Courts in India. The vast majority of lawyers make a bare living, but a dozen high up in the profession have an annual income of Rs 2 lakhs and over, while another 400-500 earn Rs 1 lakh a year. Touts, introducing clients to poor lawyers, claim one-third or half of the fees.

S. SRINIVASA AYYANGAR (1875-1941) followed in the footsteps of his father-in-law, V. Bhashyam Ayyangar, and rose to eminence in the Madras High Court. At 41 he was appointed Advocate-General and, in later life, was drawn into politics. He was President of the Gauhati Congress (1926).



ALLADI KRISHNASWAMI AYYAR (1883-1953), a giant of legal learning, became the leader of the Madras Bar a few years after his entry and that without any financial or social backing. He was Advocate-General of Madras from 1929 to 1944 and was one of the makers of India's Constitution.

The Indian Bar Councils Act (1926) was enacted to give effect to the Chamier Committee's recommendation. Each High Court was directed to prepare and maintain a roll of Advocates of the High Court. For every High Court, a Bar Council was constituted

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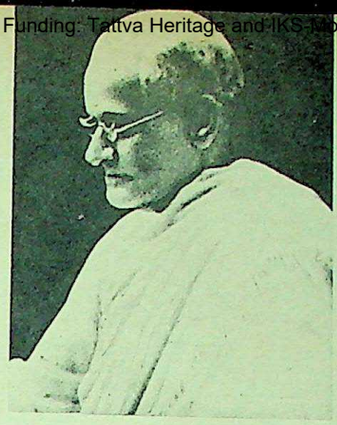
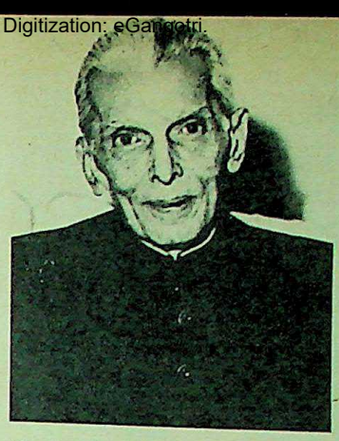
CHIMANLAL SETALVAD (1865-1948), one of the luminaries of the Bombay Bar, was a Liberal leader. He was the Vice-Chancellor of Bombay University from 1917 to 1929.



MOTILAL NEHRU (1861-1931) amassed a fortune as a lawyer. He forsook a life of luxury to become a follower of Gandhiji. He set the "Nehru Tradition" which still guides Indian politics.



M. A. JINNAH (1876-1948) was called to the Bar in 1895. Extremely self-determined, his legal experience helped him in political bargaining and, eventually, to become the Father of Pakistan.

C. R. DAS (1870-1925) had a legendary reputation as a lawyer. He defended Aurobindo Ghosh (Sri Aurobindo) in the Alipur Conspiracy Case. His patriotic zeal made him a Deshbandhu.

to regulate admission to the Bar and generally to be a watchdog of the profession. The Act left the leaders and Mukhtars practising in the mofussil courts untouched.

The Advocates Act

It was only in 1951 that the Government of India appointed a Committee to consider the "desirability and feasibility of a completely unified Bar for the whole of India". Its labours led to the enactment of the Advocates Act (1961). **Apart from providing a Bar Council for each State, the Act brought into being the Bar Council of India. Its prime functions were to prepare and maintain a common roll of Advocates, to lay down standards of professional conduct and etiquette for them and to safeguard their rights, privileges and interests.** Incidentally another function of it is "to promote and support law reform". Most important of all, the Act laid down that there shall be only one class of legal practitioners, namely, the Advocates. But there shall be two classes of Advocates, Senior Advocates and others. "An advocate may, with his consent, be designated as Senior Advocate if the Supreme Court or a High Court is of opinion that, by virtue of his ability, experience and standing at the Bar, he is deserving of such distinction."

Advocates' Associations were a myriad but there was no nationwide organisation of lawyers. On April 2, 1960, President Rajendra Prasad inaugurated the Bar Association of India, with over 60,000 members. Its first President was the Attorney-General, Mr M. C. Setalvad.

The statutory body, the All-India Bar Council, and the private professional organisation, the Bar Association of India, began to work in earnest. By 1965 the Council enacted a code of "Standards of Professional Conduct and Etiquette". It contains a set of 44 detailed rules of conduct, defining the Advocates' duty to the Court, to the client, to his opponents and to his colleagues.

It is not an exhaustive code, the preamble warns, reminding the Bar that "an Advocate shall, at all times, comport himself in a manner befitting his status as an officer of the Court, a privileged member of the community, and a gentleman, bearing in mind that what may be lawful and moral for a person who is not a member of the Bar, or for a member of the Bar in his

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TIED UP IN THE COILS OF LAW, it is a frustrating experience to extricate oneself from the summons, warrants and other vexatious procedures—especially when one's illiterate and poor.

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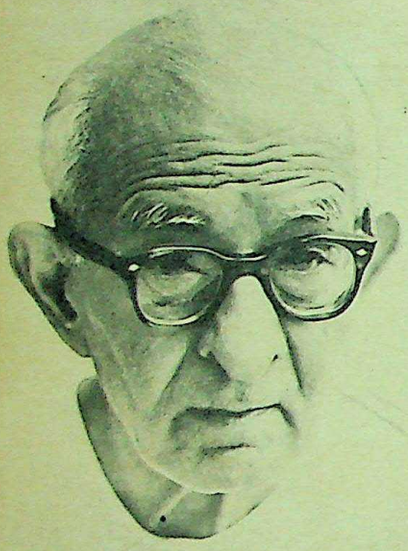
TEJ BAHADUR SAPRU (1875-1948) was a formidable figure at the Allahabad High Court. No less active in politics, he was a leader of the Liberals.

JAMSHEDJI KANGA (1875-1948) practised on the Original Side of the Bombay High Court. Kanga was Advocate-General of Bombay in 1922-35.

C. P. RAMASWAMI AIYAR (1879-1966) established a flourishing practice as a lawyer, before making a name as an administrator as Dewan of Travancore.

BHULABHAI DESAI (1877-1946) was for a period the richest lawyer in Bombay and is remembered for his defence at the INA Trial.



K. M. MUNSHI (1887-1971) was prominent both in the legal and the educational field. A noted author in Gujarati, he established the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan at several centres to propagate Indian thought.

non-professional capacity may still be improper for an Advocate".

The Disciplinary Committees of the Bar Council of India and of the State Councils have since given many a ruling in the cases that have come before them. Printing of names by advocates in bold type in the classified advertisements in the telephone directory has been held to amount to self-advertisement. Misconduct in a professional capacity or otherwise is good ground under the Advocates Act for disciplinary action. **An advocate who obtained accommodation in a colleague's house and attempted rape on his wife, in his absence, was removed from the State Roll by the Bar Council of Andhra Pradesh.**

It was an extreme case and not always are the Bar Councils so prompt or strict. Mr Setalvad told a lawyers' conference: "I have heard reports from various States that our disciplinary committees are not functioning with that impartiality and detachment that is required of them. Indeed, one is told that these committees which consist of advocates show a tendency to look upon their professional brothers charged with misconduct with sympathy and indulgence. Attempts are, I understand, in many cases made by members of the Bar to influence directly or indirectly the members of the Committee in favour of the person charged."

Consider this instance. An advocate withdrew money on behalf of his client, a municipality, but did not pay it over to the client for a whole year, pleading oversight. The Bar Council of India rejected this explanation after considering the facts of the case. It, however, reduced the period of suspension from three years to a six months!

This reveals a depressing picture. Let us take a look elsewhere; not at the profession in England, where the dual system of barrister and solicitor prevails. This system is in vogue only on the Original Side of two High Courts in Calcutta and Bombay. It is more relevant to consider the state of things in another large country which follows as we do the Anglo-Saxon school of jurisprudence—the United States.

"Some leaders of the profession believe that its ethical standards are a scandal," an article on the legal profession in *Fortune* reported. "For the most part, the law schools are turning out mediocre workmen."

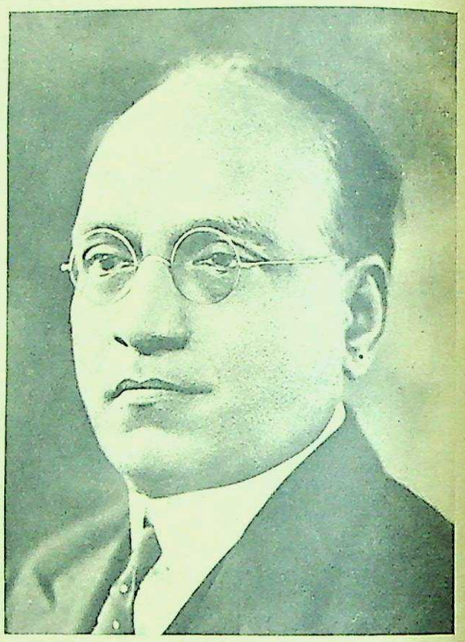
Positive Features

But there are positive features too. The quality of some law schools has distinctly improved and a new class of lawyers has emerged. "Many of the best young Law graduates are shunning comfortable careers on Wall Street or in Washington and instead joining dingy neighbourhood law offices or public-interest law firms where they can defend clients and promote causes that in their view are neglected by the established profession."

There are the "poverty lawyers", devoted to removing by legal methods racial discrimination in employment and to defending agitators.

To reform the profession, one should begin at the beginning—with the law colleges. "We must make up our minds whether we think that democracy means that anybody should become a lawyer and engage in any cut-throat competition or whether it means that anyone who has a talent can join in any honourable profession." This is how a leading lawyer summed up the problem. The Law Commission suggested "a very stiff test" at the end of the prescribed professional course, following a Law degree.

But nothing will await the profession as much as its own concern about itself,



M. R. JAYAKAR distinguished himself on the Appellate Side of the Bombay High Court. As a Liberal, he was associated with Sapru. After Independence, he devoted himself to education and was Vice-Chancellor of Poona University. He died in 1959.

in which task the Bar Associations, in particular, can do a lot.

For, in the last analysis, the lawyers' greatest asset is his independence and a natural distrust of the power of the state. It is hardly surprising that in countries as dissimilar as Spain and Poland, the legal profession should have been in the forefront in the protest against the state's omnipotence. And, while describing the state of the legal profession in India today, it would be grossly unfair to overlook the services it has rendered and is, indeed, rendering to the public today. The lawyer has done as much as anyone else, if not more, to uphold the Constitution. It is no exaggeration to say that but for him the Fundamental Rights would remain unenforced and become unenforceable.

If the profession is to fulfil this role more effectively, it must zealously safeguard its autonomy and exert itself to remove the blemishes that have crept in. Not only the administration of justice but also the future of the rule of law in this country depends on the success of its efforts. The Indian lawyer is a natural foe of any despot.

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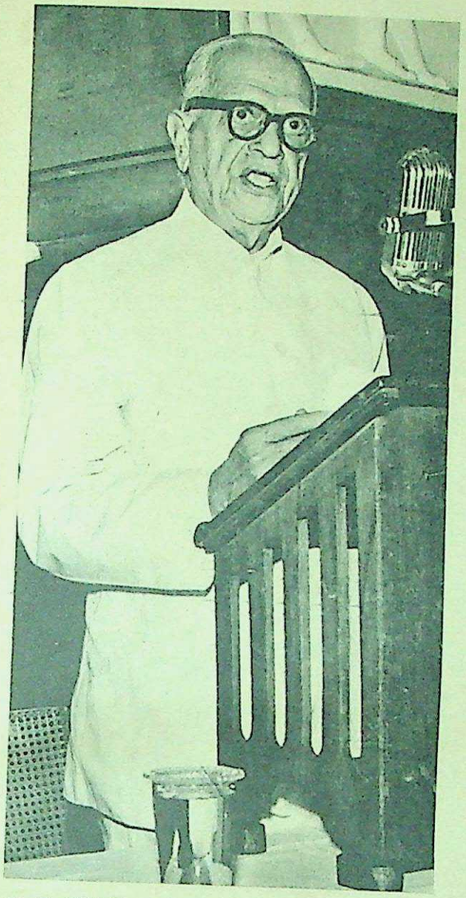
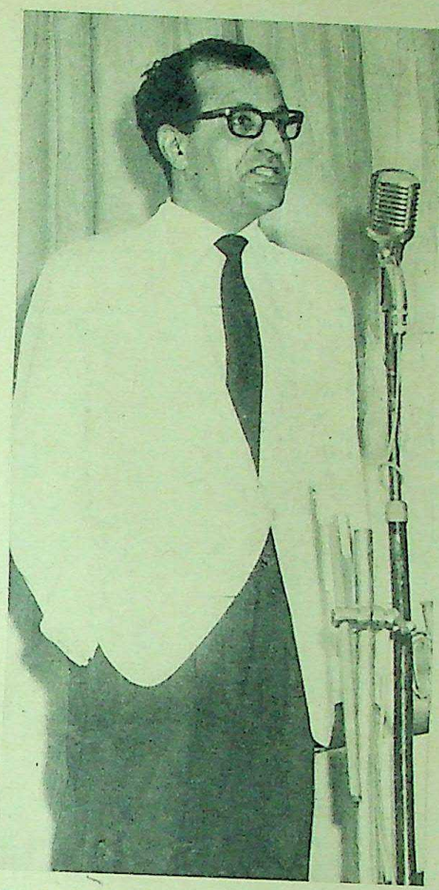
LEGAL LUMINARIES



M. C. SETALVAD (b. 1884), the noted Constitutional lawyer, was successively Advocate-General of Bombay and India's Attorney-General. He represented India at the Security Council when it debated the Kashmir Issue in 1952. Mr Setalvad also argued India's case before the World Court in its dispute with Portugal.



N. A. PALKHIVALA (b. 1920), a senior advocate of the Supreme Court, is India's foremost authority on Taxation Law. He is besides an expert on Constitutional Law. A Director of Tata Sons Pvt Ltd and several other concerns, he is author of Law and Practice of Income-Tax; Taxation in India and Highest Taxed Nation.

C. K. DAPHTARY (b. 1893), a former Attorney-General of India, was Chairman of the Bar Council of India and of the Afro-Asian Legal Consultative Committee (1963-66). He was awarded the Padma Vibhushan in 1967.

NIREN DE (b. 1908), the present Attorney-General of India, is a member of the Indian branch of the International Commission on Human Rights, the International Society for Study of Comparative Public Law and the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague.

A. K. SEN (b. 1913), called to the Bar from Gray's Inn, was Union Law Minister in 1958-66. He was a delegate to the Tenth Session of the UN General Assembly and he participated in the UN seminars on Human Rights and in the Commonwealth Conference at Lagos.

H. M. SEERVAI (b. 1906) is a former Advocate-General of Maharashtra and a senior advocate of the Supreme Court. Among his publications is Constitutional Law of India. He received the Padma Vibhushan this year.

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12 LONG YEARS TO WAIT

Scandalous Injustice

by G. D. KHOSLA

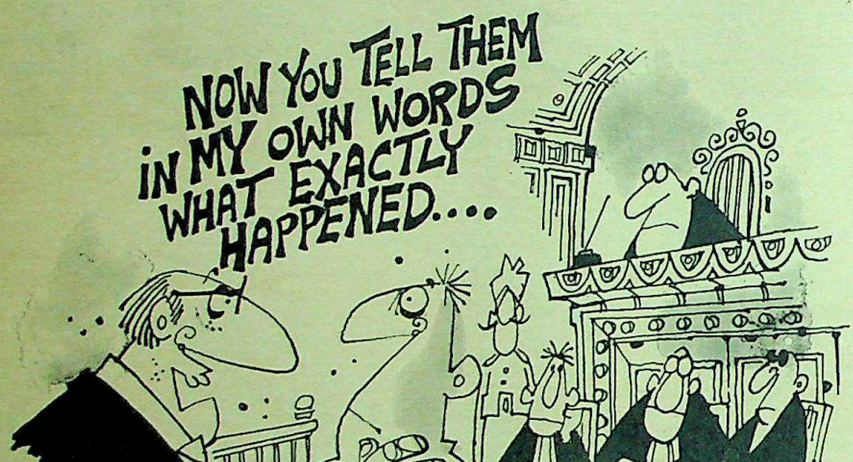
What happens when a person seeks the assistance of a court of law to recover a debt, obtain possession of property wrongly withheld by another, take action to redress some wrong or injury caused by someone's act, or to safeguard a right threatened by another?

EVERYONE knows that there are civil wrongs which are dealt with by civil courts, and wrongs resulting from crimes, which fall within the jurisdiction of Magistrates and Sessions Judges, but only those who have had occasion to attend a court to prosecute or to defend a case or to give evidence know the fortifying experience of judicial proceedings.

The suitor in a civil court has first to engage a lawyer, and have his plaint drawn up on a costly stamped paper. The plaint is presented or filed in the court of the Senior Sub Judge. The next morning, he again appears before the Senior Sub Judge, when he is informed which court will deal with his case. This court sometimes fixes a date for "scrutiny", which means that the court officials will examine the plaint and the documents attached to it, and certify that the matter can be proceeded with. More often, a date is fixed for the appearance of the defendants.

The court issues notice of the plaint to the defendant or defendants with the direction that a written statement constituting an admission or denial of the plaintiff's claim should be filed in court. Often, service of this notice is not effected, either because the defendant cannot be found at the address indicated, or because the process server has been bribed to make a false report. I have known cases in which several adjournments took place before an enquiry into the claim could start.

When the defendant has appeared and presented his reply, it may be necessary for the plaintiff to file a replication or a reply to the defendant's reply. Issues are then framed. These specify the several points of difference between the parties, on the proof or rebuttal of which will depend the ultimate decision of the case. Time is taken to bring forward oral or documentary evidence bearing on the various issues. Often, one party will claim the right to produce his evidence only after the other party has completed his case. Not infrequently the hearing of the case has to be postponed because the court is busy dealing with other cases. Parties and witnesses may have to wait till the end of the day before they are told to come on another date.



When the evidence is at last concluded, the case is argued by the lawyers. This may necessitate another adjournment. Finally, the court pronounces judgement.

But this is not the end of the matter. If the suit is decreed, the successful plaintiff has to receive the benefits of the court's decision—in other words, execute his decree. This involves another painful and, usually, much longer process. Notices are sent to the defendant or the judgement-debtor to deposit the decretal amount in court or to deliver possession of the decreed property to the plaintiff. There are evasions and new defences which delay the enjoyment of the fruits of the labour and toil expended on the trial. In the mean time, the defendant may reagitate the matter by preferring an appeal, and gain more time. Often, there is a second appeal to the High Court on a point of law.

It may well be that ten or twelve years elapse before the plaintiff is able to redress his wrong or the defendant can shake off a false claim. Long delays defeat the course of justice, for justice delayed is justice denied. The slow movement of cases results in the accumulation of arrears which causes further delays, producing a kind of snowballing effect.

Delays in criminal courts are not of the same measure. But, even here, the complainant or the accused person against whom a false charge has been laid has to undergo a great deal of harassment in the long delays occasioned in the trial court and in the appellate court.

A certain measure of delay is inherent in the nature of judicial process. Justice demands that each party to a legal proceeding be heard or, at any rate, be given proper opportunity to lay his case before the court. The executive authority often issues orders without consulting the individuals whom they may adversely affect, but a court of law must hear both sides of the case and then decide the matter, stating the reasons on which the decision is based. The requirement regarding the stating of reasons is the greatest guarantee of fairplay and justice. Unfortunately, the executive authority is free from this encumbrance and that is one of the reasons why executive orders are so often challenged.

Complications of The Law

Legal procedure is an involved and laborious exercise. A person resisting a claim may have several defences open to him. He may plead limitation and say that a claim is barred by time; he may allege that the claim is false or fraudulent; he may content himself with a simple denial, or he may plead previous satisfaction of the claim or its set-off against some money due to him from the plaintiff. He may allege undue pressure or mistake of fact or some exemption in law which favours him. There is no reason why he should be denied the right to put forward any defence, which the law permits him, only because to entertain his plea will delay the disposal of the case.

These impediments or, if you like, guarantees of fairplay have always existed in all civilised societies. There have always been complaints of the law's delay, and Shakespeare was not unaware of them. In Valmiki's Ramayana, Rama, when speaking to Bharat, charged him with the duty of administering justice promptly and impartially. But when allowance has been made for the special features of the judicial process, we observe that there is something phenomenal, something specially frustrating about the increasingly longer delays and the continuously accumulating pile of judicial business in India today.

Let us briefly look at a few figures. Soon after Independence, Mr Nehru pointed

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out that there were as many as 1,64,000 cases pending in the various High Courts of the country and several times that number in the lower courts. The pending files in the High Courts rose to 1,90,444 in the course of a few years, then to 2,09,311 in 1962, to 2,21,495 in 1963, to 2,63,000 in 1964 and to 3,34,620 in 1968. Of this number, as many as 1,22,000 are more than 2 years old, and there are several thousand which have remained pending for 4, 5 or even 6 years. In the lower courts, more than 30 lakh cases are awaiting disposal.

Almost everywhere the rate of disposal has failed to keep pace with the rate of institution. In 1969, the number of cases instituted in the High Courts was 3,20,870 while only 2,97,020 were disposed of. (The figures for the High Courts of Jammu and Kashmir and Delhi were not available and have not been included.) A review of the institution and disposal over the past 20 years shows that each year the slag left over has added to the enormous heap of the previous years.

What are the causes which have brought about this state of affairs? Judges of the High Courts and of the Supreme Court have, with a full sense of responsibility, urged a reform of the procedural law, commented upon the multiplicity of substantive laws, lack of supervisory power in the Supreme Court, the failure of High Courts and District Courts to keep a vigilant watch over the working of the lower courts, frequent encroachments by the executive authority into the rights of individuals who are obliged to go to court to vindicate these rights, the low salaries of Judges which make the judicial profession unattractive to persons of adequate learning and intellect, the unsatisfactory conditions in which subordinate courts work making it impossible for the presiding officers to command respect and administer justice in an atmosphere of quiet dignity.

Lengthy Procedure

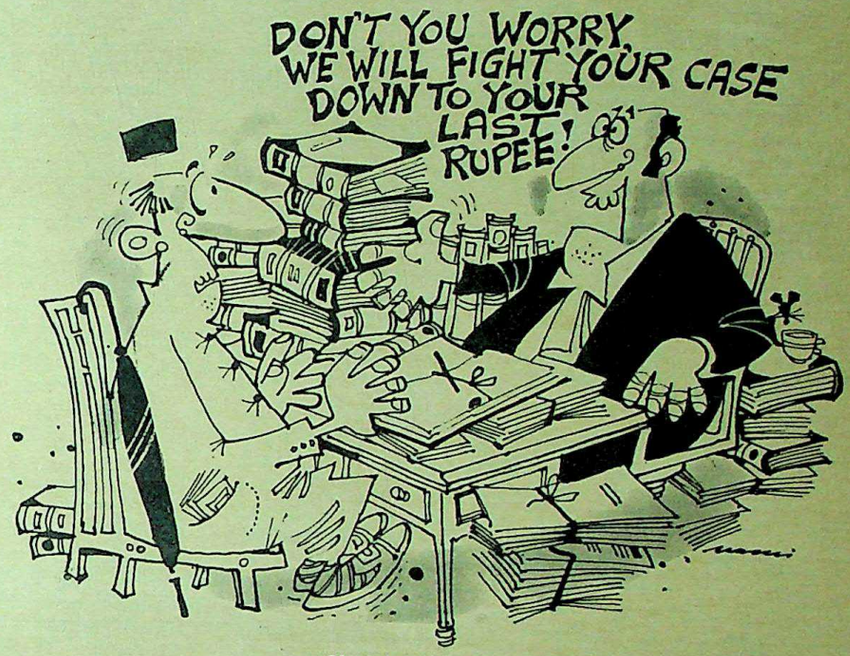
There is considerable force in the criticism of the lengthy procedure in courts of law, the multiplicity of laws and the other matters. In a democratic Welfare State, it is scarcely possible to curb the law-making activity of the legislature. The State needs the power to undertake social, economic and industrial reform, and this power can only be conferred, defined and restricted to the absolute minimum by a formal law discussed and enacted by Parliament.

The alternative of handing over absolute power to the executive cannot be recommended and will not be welcomed by any right-thinking person, certainly not by the Judges, who are the watchdogs and the guardians of the individual's rights. Multiplicity of laws promulgated by a democratic process is much to be preferred to a dictatorship with no, or very few, laws.

With regard to procedure, there is no doubt that the passage of a lawsuit is slow, cumbersome and halting. The right to appeal to a higher court, and the inevitable delay occasioned by taking the matter before another forum, give rise to a sense of frustration and cynicism. It is not easy to formulate drastic changes without perverting the business of dispensing justice, but I feel that the time has come to make an earnest endeavour in this direction.

Since a great deal of time is taken in the preliminaries before the court begins the consideration of the nature of the dispute between the parties, I suggest the complete elimination of the proceedings which take place before and up to the framing of the issues. The matter should go to court only when the parties, after a discussion, have drawn up the issues, catalogued the documents and prepared a list of the witnesses relied upon.

This may seem too drastic a measure susceptible of abuse by a dishonest party But such an abuse can be guarded against by providing for the award of heavy damages and penalties.



Sketches by Mario

A plaintiff seeking redress will then be obliged to send a notice of his claim to the defendant and call upon him to admit or deny his claim. The two parties must then meet and settle upon the real points in dispute or issues in the case. They will be required to make a list of the documents and the witnesses relied upon, and then the plaint together with the written statement of the defendant, the list of documents of both parties and the issues will be laid before the court. The court can thereafter proceed with the business of taking evidence and deciding the case. A party, who refuses to reply to the plaintiff's notice, will be liable to heavy damages whatever the result of the suit.

The parties will be entitled to go through these preliminary formalities with the assistance of their respective lawyers.

Not enough stress has been laid on the human factor. A great deal of delay is caused by the judges' readiness to adjourn cases on insufficient grounds. The commonest remark of a litigant is: "Tarikh pad gai" ("Another date has been fixed"). A careful examination of the files of judges will convince anyone that a more conscientious devotion to duty would have saved many adjournments and delays.

Adjournments are ordered to study an application presented in the course of the suit or to enable the opposite party to reply to it. Sometimes there is a second postponement to hear arguments on a new point raised. The judges should be strict in dealing with such dilatory tactics. It is not enough to award damages, because the lawyer usually receives the amount so paid and lawyers appearing on opposite sides are not above collusion in these matters.

The court must act as the guardian of the parties' interest and refuse all avoidable postponements. Frequent and thorough inspections of the lower courts by District Judges and High Court Judges will greatly help reduce the number of pending cases and in expediting the judicial process.

I heard a recent story of an Indian Barrister conducting a case in Switzerland, who was directed to be present in court at 7 a.m. Surprised by the unusual hour when the business of the court started, he enquired why it was necessary for the court to assemble so early. He was told that the judges used to sit from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., but when the work increased, they began to sit from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. and, when the work increased still further, they changed the hours from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. and, finally, from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. **The judges in this country complain of overwork, although the number of hours they sit in court is seldom more than five. They say that they have to work a great deal at home to prepare the cases and write judgments. But in far the large majority of cases, the judgment can be dictated in court the moment arguments are over. This practice was followed by almost all judges in the past.**

Again, it must be remembered that the judge's primary duty is to dispose of the cases on his file. Everything else, the desire to make a show of erudition, indulging in avoidable casuistry, laying down the law for all posterity and a passion for immortality must be firmly suppressed. Unfortunately, many judges are prone to forget that

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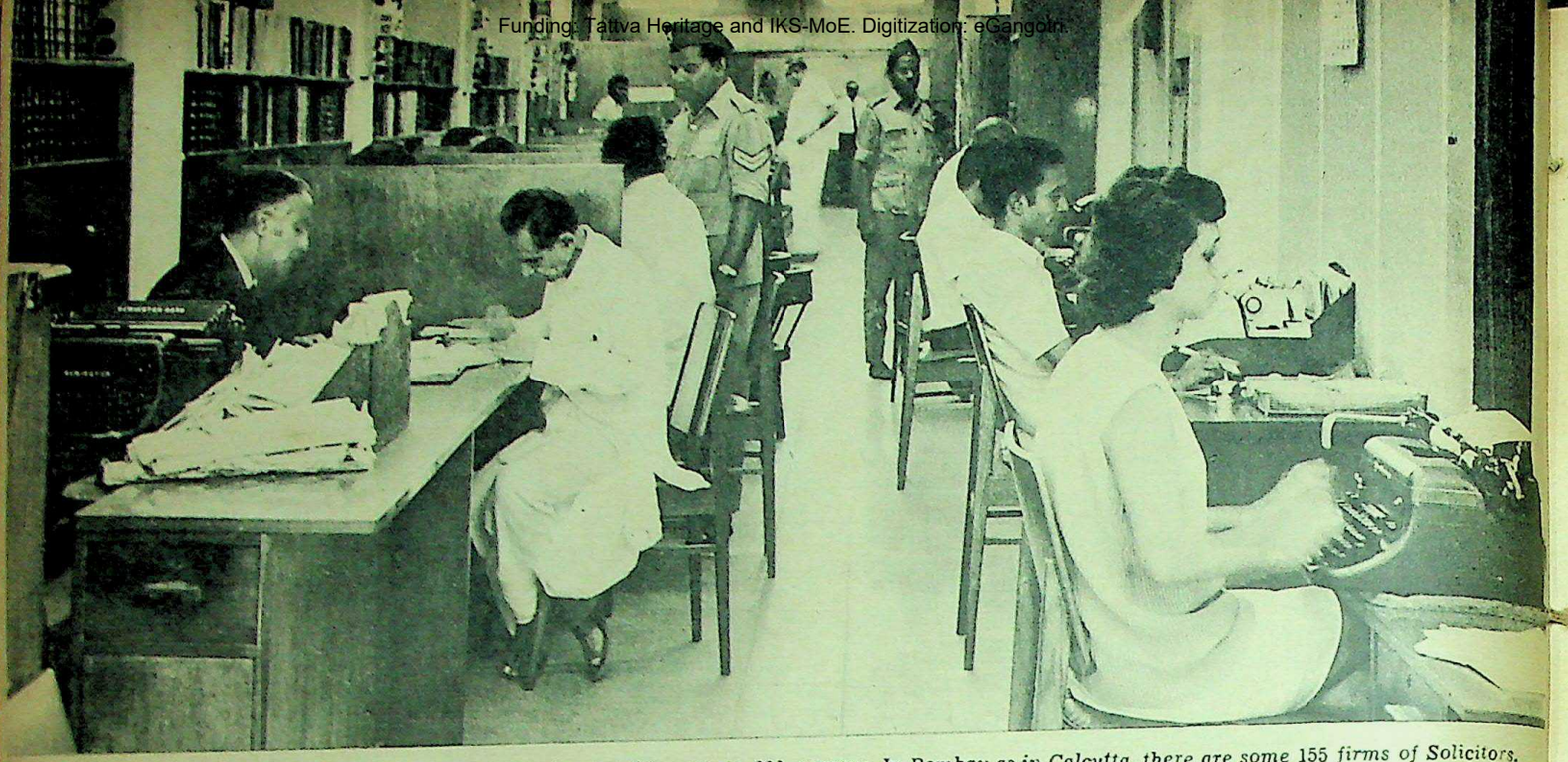


A SOLICITOR'S ESTABLISHMENT may employ anything up to 200 persons. In Bombay as in Calcutta, there are some 155 firms of Solicitors. A Solicitor has been defined as a "General Practitioner" of the legal profession.

"An Honourable Solicitor Is A Family Blessing"

So said Lord Hannen. When people talk about a Lawyer, they generally mean either a Solicitor or an Advocate. Both are members of the legal profession. Most Solicitors are also qualified as Advocates but practise as Solicitors, while a few Advocates are also qualified as Solicitors but practise as Advocates.

by J. R. GAGRAT

THE profession of Solicitors is an important feature of the administration of justice and an indispensable feature of modern trade, commerce, industry and society. In India it exists in the cities of Bombay and Calcutta. It originated in England and exists there and in some Commonwealth countries.

The historical origin of the profession in India dates back to 1834 when, by a Rule and Order of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay dated November 13, 1834, provision was made for the first time for persons being admitted as an Attorney, Solicitor or Proctor of the Court. A monopoly of practice was however placed in the hands of English Solicitors, virtually excluding Indians. **The first Indian to be admitted as a Solicitor of the Supreme Court of Bombay was Mr Khanderao Moroba Kanhoba on February 2, 1858. The profession remained the monopoly of males until 1932, when Miss Cecilia Clementia Ferreira became the first lady Solicitor in India, followed in the very next year by Mrs Freny Jhabvala.**

The Bombay Law Society was in existence in 1884—a Society established to regulate and govern the proper conduct of the profession—and there were 36 members, all males, out of which 21 were Englishmen and 15 were Indians. The Society was thereafter called the Bombay Incorporated Law Society and the number of its present members is 435, out of which 409 are males and 26 are females. The Calcutta Law Society was incorporated in 1908. The present number of members of that Society is 362, out of which 356 are males and 6 are females. The Society is the governing body of the profession.

Under the High Court Rules, those who would become Solicitors have to be Law graduates, have to serve articles of clerkship for two years with a practising Solicitor of three years' standing and have to pass examinations far more exacting than any which are inflicted upon Advocates. After being admitted as Solicitors, their conduct is regulated by a code of discipline and they are also under obligations to the Court as its officers. No person can practise as a Solicitor unless he becomes and continues to be a member of the Society. The image of a Solicitor has thus changed with the dawn of a new era which emerged with the statutory recognition of the profession and of the existence of the Society.

There are in Bombay today 155 firms of Solicitors and about the same number in Calcutta. The organisation of a Solicitor's office varies considerably from firm to firm. From proprietary firms there are partnership firms consisting of 15 partners. Some firms are organised on departmental lines—viz., having separate specialists in a certain specialised field of work—while others are organised on general legal work basis. Apart from partners, there are a number of Assistant Solicitors, Assistant Advocates, Managing Clerks, Conveyancing Clerks, Court Clerks, Bill Clerks, etc., who attend to the work. A regular establishment has to be maintained employing from 2 to 200 persons. The Solicitors' costs—that is, their remuneration—are subject to the scales and rules on the basis of payment for work done and a substantial portion of such costs goes to meet the heavy establishment expenses.

A Solicitor's work is not mainly concerned with cases in court. A Solicitor hopes that his clients by taking his advice will avoid being involved in court cases.

Litigation is of two main kinds: civil and criminal. In litigation there is a large amount of responsible and time-consuming work to be done between the filing of a case and its actual hearing in court. The work involves complying with the practice, procedure and rules of the court and interviewing and attending on the client and the witnesses and preparing briefs for hearing. It is difficult for an individual efficiently to combine the two functions: viz., act as a Solicitor and plead as an Advocate—and hence the existence of the two branches of the legal profession. Even in places and in courts where the two professions do not exist separately in practice, there is a division of work by the existence of Office Advocates and Trial Advocates or Junior Advocates and Senior Advocates.

Since, contrary to the lay belief, a Solicitor's work is not mainly concerned with cases in court, Solicitors generally do not exercise the right of audience, which they have before Courts and Tribunals (except the Original Side of the High Court), though some Solicitors specialising in work before certain Courts or Tribunals do so. A Solicitor is hardly likely to have either the time or the inclination to practise advocacy as well.

A Solicitor's real job is to make sure that his clients are properly advised on how

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

best to arrange their affairs. The bulk of a Solicitor's work is non-contentious and prophylactic. He has to deal with legal problems in matters of buying or selling property, making a will, entering into a contract, creation of trusts, administering the estate of a deceased, forming firms, associations, societies and companies, lending money on mortgage, buying and selling business, tax planning, etc.

Nowadays there is some legal aspect to almost every activity one undertakes—whether it is related to specialised problems of trade, commerce and industry or to the ordinary business of everyday life and society. There are right ways and wrong ways of doing all these things and the prime function of a Solicitor is to keep his clients out of trouble. A good Solicitor will have the required legal knowledge, shrewdness and sound technique which is acquired by study and practical work.

A Solicitor's work is generally more varied than an Advocate's and offers closer contact with the life of an ordinary man. He is the "General Practitioner" of the legal profession, for a Solicitor in practice is liable, during the course of his career, to be called upon to consider any of the vast range of subjects under the law. His clients may be the richest or the poorest. And, whatever the nature of his practice, he will be meeting people, learning about their problems and helping to solve them——for that is his job.

The reward a Solicitor receives is aptly described in the words of Mr Martineau:

> "Starting as clients, many become lifelong friends, whose inmost thoughts one gets to know, and there is great satisfaction in realising that there are people who rely on one's judgement and turn to one whenever they are in difficulty and also regard one as a confidential friend and adviser. Some of my clients are the best and dearest friends I possess. You become a member of the family. You see the children grow up and they, in their turn, very often look to you as their guardian and counsellor. The charm of a Solicitor's business is therefore in the clients he possesses and the friendship he makes amongst them."

How Much They Earn

The salary a Solicitor would earn as an Assistant Solicitor could be from Rs 500 to Rs 3,000.

The salary a Solicitor would earn as a Paid Partner in a firm could be from Rs 1,000 to Rs 4,000.

The Share of Income a Solicitor would earn as a Sharing Partner could be

in a small firm: Rs 1,000 to Rs 3,000

in a medium-size firm: Rs 1,500 to Rs 5,000

in a large firm: Rs 2,000 to Rs 10,000

SCANDALOUS INJUSTICE

Continued From Page 13

they are listeners and arbitrators, not talkers and practitioners of the art of verbosity.

A judge is assumed to be learned, wise and just. He does not have to prove this over and over again by writing long judgments which sometimes confuse even a clever and intelligent lawyer. Also, the judge's time is valuable. It should be employed in deciding cases and not in arguing them at an inordinate length. The law reports contain numerous instances of long and involved judgments written by honourable judges.

I know of judges who were fond of saying that the law upon a particular matter was "well settled" and then proceeding to argue how unsettled it was because of a seeming conflict of judicial pronouncements. Finally, after a long and involved argument, a simple proposition of law was enunciated which had been argued and accepted in a majority of the judicial pronouncements cited in the course of the judgment.

Individual Judgments

Even the judges of the Supreme Court are reluctant to remain silent. A practice has grown up of the Supreme Court judges, comprising a Bench, writing individual judgments. Since the Supreme Court, finally, declares the law which is binding on all courts in India, it would be less confusing and more help if only *one* judgment were written, as is done by the Privy Council of the United Kingdom, even if one or two judges hold a view contrary to the majority on the Bench.

The present practice of the various judges declaring their opinions, as in the Supreme Court of America, is not helpful to the subordinate courts and is very time-consuming. Two cases may be cited by way of instance. On one occasion the President referred a matter to the Supreme Court for its opinion under Article 143 of the Constitution. Seven honourable judges heard the case and all seven wrote *separate* judgments which occupy 408 closely printed pages of the official Law Report. The opinion was summed up in exactly 11 lines. In another case, eleven judges heard a case and five of them wrote individual judgments covering 110 closely printed pages.

Sir Shadi Lal and Mr Patanjali Sastri never wrote long judgments, nor did they set out a long catalogue of cases and books which they had read or glanced at. They were perhaps the best judges our country has produced.

A too ready admission of writ petitions is another cause of the accumulation of arrears in the High Courts. Only a very small percentage of these petitions succeed and it is necessary to be more circumspect in issuing notices in these matters. To avoid giving the appearance of being unduly hasty or ruthless in dismissing such petitions, a brief reasoned order can be dictated. This course can also be followed when dealing with second appeals and criminal revisions, far too many of which are admitted.

A complaint has often been made that, with an increase of judicial work, not enough additions to the judicial cadre are sanctioned by the Government. The recommendations of the High Courts and the Supreme Court in this behalf are not promptly disposed of. There is some truth in this criticism. **A brief calculation shows that, in 1960, 186 judges disposed of 1,81,949 cases. The disposal in 1969 was nearly three lakhs and the number of judges was 261. These figures indicate a disposal of 980 cases per judge in 1960 and a disposal of 1,137 cases per judge in 1969. The number of cases instituted in 1969 was considerably more than the number disposed of. Therefore, although each judge was disposing of a larger number of cases, the pending files increased.**

A number of other measures can be suggested for expediting the legal procedure. It is important for judges to have stenographers. The judges should hear cases from day to day and, in any event, no adjournment for a period of more than 14 days should be given. Just as there are special commercial judges, Small Causes Court Judges and judges dealing exclusively with Rent Control matters, it is avoidable to classify the various types of civil suits and assign separate categories to individual judges. This will result in prompter disposal of cases, because each judge will be dealing continuously with the same type of cases, and most of the cases which will come before him will involve the same points of law.

Corruption is Recent

There should be provision for transferring pending cases from one court to another, so that hearing is not delayed by the accumulation of work in any particular court on a particular day. This system is practised in the High Courts and can well be extended to the lower courts. It may be argued that the judge, who hears the evidence, should ultimately decide the case. But in practice, due to unconscionable delays, before the case is ripe for judgment the first judge has either been changed in the mean time or he has forgotten the demeanour of the witnesses who gave evidence before him. He places his reliance only on the record of the evidence and it is not necessary that, to give a just and correct decision, he must himself have heard the evidence.

Above all, it must be remembered that, if there is a failing of the human factor, no reform of the procedural law will improve matters. There is really nothing fundamentally wrong with our legal system and it worked very satisfactorily when the judges were conscientious and earnest in attending to their business and when the canker of corruption had not afflicted the public services.

The present scandalous state of affairs is a matter of recent origin and cannot be cured by making fresh laws or abbreviating the judicial procedure only.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

How Impartial Are Our Judges?

by SUJATA MANOHAR

India has a long tradition of an apolitical and unbiased Judiciary. But in the present climate of corruption and dishonesty, we must guard against judges who are politically committed, who have regional and communal interests and who owe their appointment to the Executive, as they are unlikely to be true guardians of the people's liberty.

THE current *bete noire* of the power-seeking politician is the Higher Judiciary. After the decisions of the Supreme Court in the Golak Nath Case, the Bank Nationalisation Case and the Privy Purses Case, politicians have found in the Judiciary a very convenient scapegoat for the failure of their economic policies over the past two decades and more.

Yet this is the only institution in the public sector which is respected by the people for its honest and fearless administration of justice. "Indeed one is exaggerating only slightly, if at all, in observing that these judges are perhaps the only group remaining in the political system in whom trust can be placed, and whose motives and actions are publicly perceived as beyond reproach.

Evidence for these observations is extensive and easily located. Each time a demand is voiced for a judicial inquiry into a politically sensitive matter, the reputation of Judges as a special genre of decision-makers is confirmed."—"Indian Judicial Behaviour" by George H. Gadboi, *Economic and Political Weekly, Annual* 1970)

Though we have inherited our judicial structure from the British, our judicial traditions of fearlessness, honesty and integrity have deeper roots in the Indian soil. The reign of King Vikramaditya is known for the just treatment meted out to his subjects. The judicial traditions were so well established during his reign that, according to legend, even if a fool were to sit on his famous judgment seat, he would give the most just decisions. Another king whose name has become synonymous with justice is Jehangir. In more recent times, a great Judge Ramshastri sacrificed his life in maintaining judicial integrity when he convicted his Peshwa ruler of murder. Our Judiciary is heir to these worthy judicial traditions.

Who are the men who hold high judicial posts? Henry Cecil, who delivered the Hamlyn Lectures last year, has made an extensive study of the background and the habits of British judges. He came to the not so startling conclusion that they were no different from ordinary men in their tastes and hobbies. A survey of Indian judges made some time ago reveals that an average High Court Judge in our country is appointed to his post around the age of 47. He has studied either at one of the top universities of the country or at one of the Inns of Court in England; he has practised as a lawyer in the particular High Court where he is to be appointed for about 20 years and has not expressed any marked political views. Judges with a political background are extremely rare. This aloofness from the current turmoils of politics gives a judge a detached view of the situation confronting him and enables him to decide an issue impartially.

There are in India a large number of Courts. The High Courts of Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Allahabad, Patna and Nagpur were each established by a Royal Charter. Now, under Article 214(1) of the Constitution, there is a High Court for each State. The High Courts retain their existing jurisdiction under Article 225 of the Constitution and are the highest courts of their respective States. Below them, hierarchically, are the District Courts, Courts of Subordinate Judges and District Munsiff's Courts. (In Maharashtra, instead of the Munsiff's Courts, we have Courts of the Subordinate Judges, 2nd Class.) These Courts are established under Civil Courts Acts for each State.

In the Presidency towns there are Small Causes Courts with limited jurisdiction to try suits up to the value of Rs 3,000 only. Some have City Civil Courts whose limits of jurisdiction extend up to Rs 25,000. In these towns, there are separate Criminal Courts, called the Presidency Magistrate's Courts, from where criminal matters can go to the Sessions Court, and then to the High Court. At the apex of the judicial structure is the Supreme Court of India. Not only is it the final court of appeal, but (along with the High Courts) it can also issue various writs for the enforcement of Fundamental Rights and can judicially review our statutes, i.e., it can declare a law passed by the Legislature void for lack of either legislative power or for violating constitutional limitations.

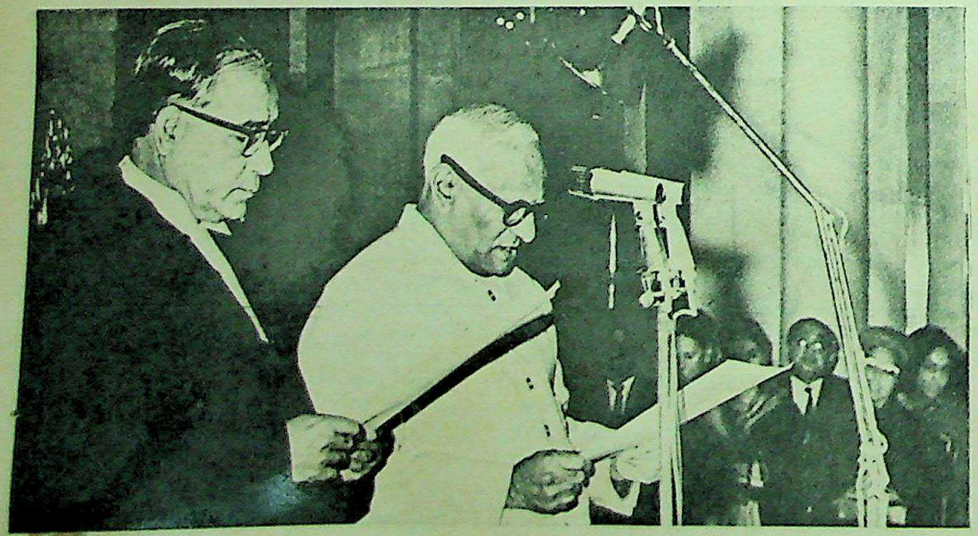
> *Father protested vehemently, waving a volume of Blackstone under the Justice's nose to emphasise his outrage.*
>
> *"Sit down, Mr Allen!" the Judge shouted. "I know the law."*
>
> *"Of course you do, Your Honour," Father replied. "I just wanted to read this to you to show you what a damned fool Blackstone was."*
>
> George E. Allen, "Presidents Who Have Known Me"

Supreme Court

Under the Constitution the Supreme Court is not, however, envisaged as a supra-legislature or a permanent third chamber revising the legislation enacted by Parliament. Hence the "due process" clause which has given wide political powers to the American Supreme Court has been deliberately omitted from our Constitution.

Our tradition of a non-political Judiciary, disciplined in the task of interpretation of laws passed by our Legislatures, is also a safeguard against the judges reading their own political philosophies into the Constitution.

Inaugurating the Supreme Court of India on January 26, 1950, the first Chief Justice of India, Harilal Kania, described the role that the Supreme Court was envisaged to play under the Constitution. He said: "In a democratic country the people make the law through their Legislature. It is not the function of the Court to supervise or correct the laws passed by the Legislature as an overriding authority...As it is often stated, in cases of hardship, the Court tries its best to do justice between the parties; but if a clear provision of law exists, it has to administer the law, and not to make one. The



THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF INDIA, Mr S. M. Sikri, was administrated the oath of office by President V. V. Giri at Rashtrapati Bhavan, New Delhi, on January 22, 1971.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Court is thus working always in cooperation with the Legislature, and at no time can its work be considered obstructive or its attitude antagonistic."

Referring to its role as an interpreter of the Constitution, he remarked: "The duty of interpreting that Constitution with an enlightened liberality falls on the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court will declare and interpret the law of the land; and with the high tradition behind the Judiciary of this country, we are convinced that the work will be done in no spirit of formal or barren legalism . . . The Supreme Court will stand firm and aloof from party politics and political theories. It is unconcerned with the changes in the Government. The Court stands to administer the law for the time being in force, has goodwill and sympathy for all, but is allied to none."

While a political party in power may be tempted to stretch its lawful powers or to pass laws for momentary gain or political expediency, an apolitical and unbiased Judiciary is the only body which can ensure that powers given under the Constitution are exercised within their limits and basic principles of our democratic system are not violated.

Justice Delayed Is Justice Denied

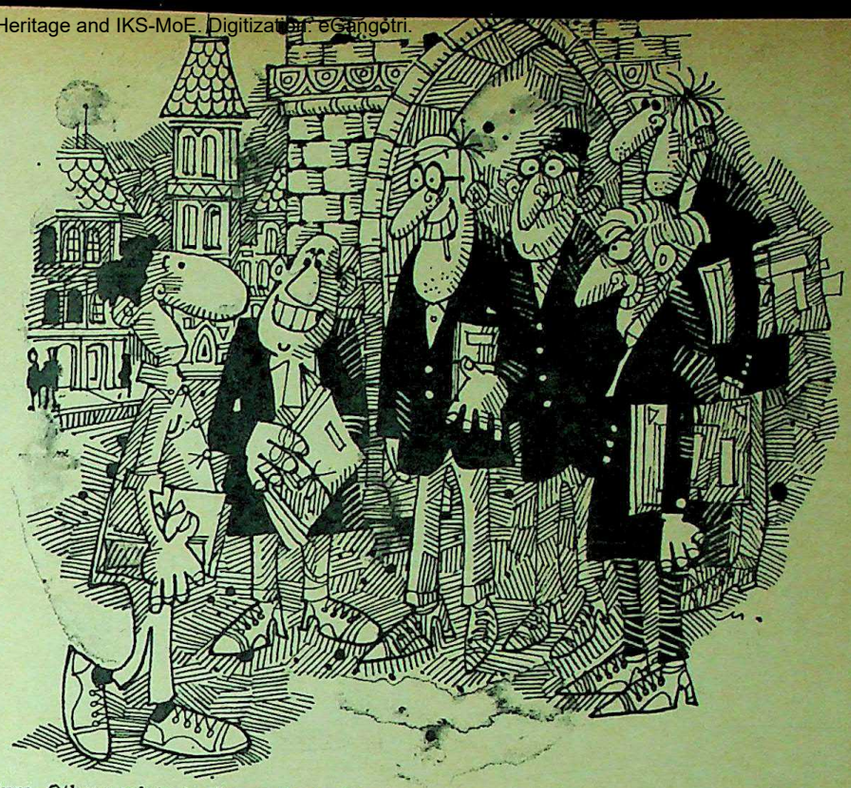
Though the common man has the highest respect for our Judiciary he is not necessarily satisfied with the way in which it works. The system is plagued by the obvious maladies of inordinate delays in disposal of cases and their high cost. Suits cannot be heard in the various High Courts for periods varying from 4 to 6 years. Appeals may take even longer. And they can cost a fortune. If justice is to prevail in any real sense of the term, these defects have to be speedily rectified.

As far back as 1954, the Law Commission investigated the entire juidical process. **It pointed out that nearly 36% of the cases available for disposal during the year remained undecided either for want of judicial personnel or for other reasons. This 36% of cases every year has added up by now to a substantial body of arrears in every court. Their disposal has now turned into a major problem.**

The detailed recommendations made by the Law Commission for eliminating various factors responsible for delay run into 224 printed pages! For instance, the Commission disapproved of the large number of appeals available to a litigant in every case. This is perhaps the only profession which is so diffident that it anticipates errors every time! There is no need for several appeals. They merely add to the length of each litigation.

The Commission also recommended a substantial increase in the number of judges. Though no systematic study has been made so far to determine the number of judges required in each Court for the disposal of the year's work, it is fairly obvious that the existing strength of judges and the staff available to them is inadequate to cope with the situation. The Executive is however reluctant to rectify this situation.

Several detailed recommendations involve amendments of existing laws. Some involve greater strictness on the Court's part in enforcing existing provisions of procedure. Others relate to the conduct of lawyers and litigants. Neither the Legislature nor the Executive on whom the main burden of rectification lies, nor the Judiciary nor the Bar Councils of various States have so far taken any substantial measures for implementing these recommendations. Instead the Government is content with appointing another Commission this year to investigate afresh the problem of delay.



Cost Of Justice

The problem of reducing expenses of litigation, though difficult, is not insoluble. It is also linked with delay in disposal of cases. But a suitable scheme for legal aid, bearing the country's economic condition in mind, can relieve a poor litigant's burden. The State can take the initiative by reducing the heavy court fees payable by each litigant before he can file his suit in Court. These fees amount to about 10% of each claim and net one State an annual revenue of about Rs 2 crores!

> *Madison proposed a toast to the Federal Judiciary in 1789: "May it remember that it is the Expositor of the Laws, not the Trumpeter of Politics."*
>
> John C. Miller, "Crisis in Freedom"

The most important task facing the nation, however, is the preservation of this only surviving public institution which is not corrupt or biased, the only institution in which people have confidence, the only institution to which people turn when they want an honest and impartial inquiry into any "affair". In the surrounding climate of corruption and dishonesty it is doubtful how long the judicial oasis will survive. The public must therefore learn to be vigilant about the appointment of new judges and the manner of their appointment. For there are reasons to expect a deterioration in the quality of judges who will be available in future to man our High Courts.

In recent years regional and communal influences have also vitiated judicial appointments and the best available talent has not always been utilised. As Motilal Setalvad points out in his memoirs, this has been particularly true of the Supreme Court which has not always been manned by the best judges available in the country.

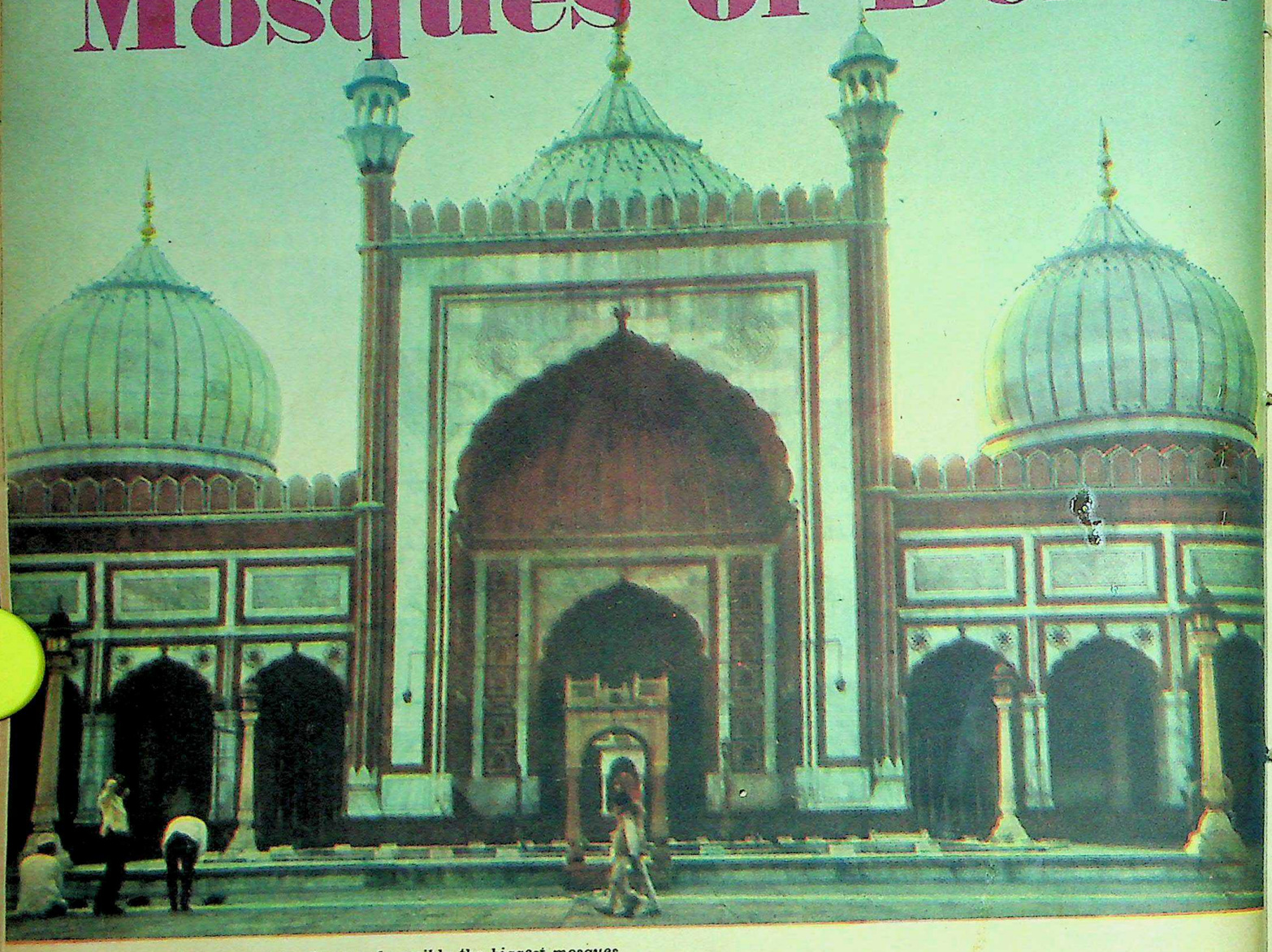
Executive interference in the appointment of judges has also led to a sharp decline in the quality of judges in various parts of the country. Bitter complaints were made to the Law Commission, not merely by responsible members of the Bar, but also by judges about Executive interference in judicial appointments. Though, under Article 217 of the Constitution, the President of India has to consult the Chief Justice of India, the Chief Justice of the State and the Governor of the State before appointing a High Court Judge, in practice the Executive sometimes makes its own recommendations to the Centre and gets them accepted over the head of the recommendations of the Chief Justice (Law Commission Report). Sometimes the Chief Justice concurs with the Executive to avoid conflict.

In any case, judges who owe their appointment to the Executive are less likely to show independence. Appointment of such judges, if made in large numbers, is likely to lower the prestige of the post they hold and will deter better men from accepting it. What is worse from the common man's point of view, unworthy or incompetent judges will not merely take a longer time to finish their work but will actually add to the workload by inadvertently encouraging worthless or dishonest litigation.

There is therefore every reason to beware of judges who are politically committed—men who owe their appointment to the political party in power, not to the excellence of their own qualifications. The only guardian of people's liberty is a court which is independent, honest and intelligent, not a court which obligingly reads the political philosophy of a party in power in the statutes it construes.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

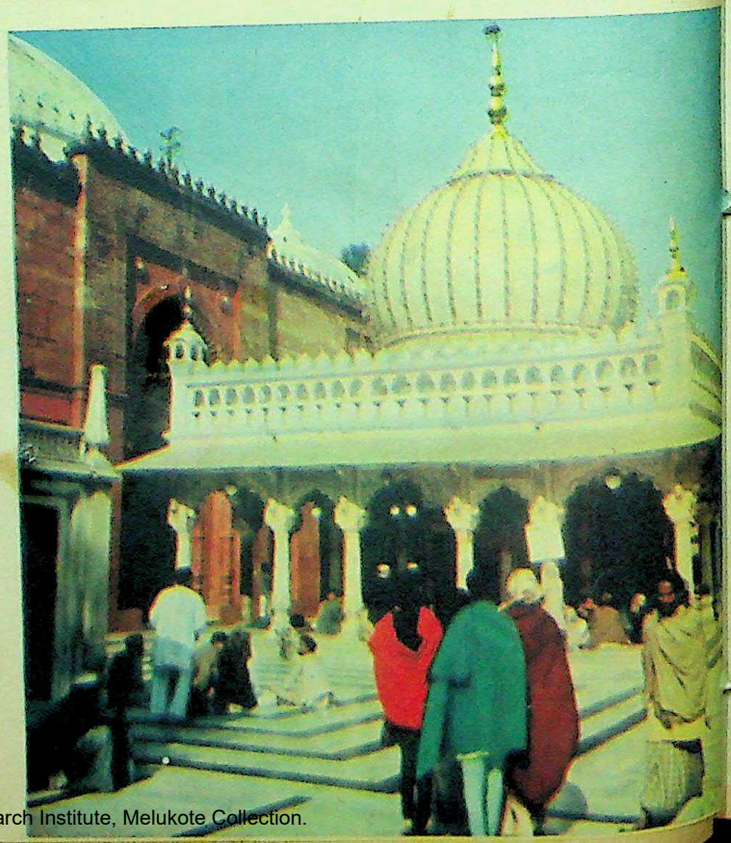
Mosques of Delhi



JAMI MASJID, one of the finest and possibly the biggest mosques of the world, was built by Shahjehan in 1650-58. Some of the other Great Mosques include the Shahi Masjid, Lahore, the cathedral mosques of Damascus, Rabat and Cordova (Spain), the Mosques of Ibn Tulun and Sultan Ahmed, Cairo, and the Jami Mosques of Isfahan (Iran), Turkey and Russia.

Photographs by T. S. NAGARAJAN

On April 27 the Muslims will celebrate Id-i-Milad-ul-Nabi, the Prophet's Birthday. Prophet Mohammed built the first mosque at Medina. He himself constructed the building with sun-dried bricks and palm fronds. The humble "abode of God" had no minarets, domes or arches which later characterised the Islamic architecture from Morocco and Spain to Siberia and India. Some of the old mosques of Delhi—built during the last 800 years—represent some of the finest styles of this architecture. But many such mosques are in a dilapidated condition and may soon vanish.



TOMB OF NIZAMUDDIN AULIA (1232-1324), one of the greatest mystics of the Chishtia Order and the patron-saint of Delhi. On the left stands the red sandstone Jamaat Khana Mosque, built during the reign of Alauddin Khilji. The tombs of the Hindi poet Amir Khusru and Mirza Ghalib are in the same complex.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-Mo

by S. RIFAQUAT ALI

THE Moorish traveller, Ibn Battuta, who came to India in c. 1325, called Delhi the most beautiful city in India. With the passage of time, a large number of monuments and mosques have vanished. Delhi is rapidly expanding. Some of the monuments on the outskirts, including the mosques, may disappear due to Governmental indifference. Many medieval mosques have been declared "dead" by the Government. Sooner or later they may be razed to the ground—unless the lethargic and soulless Muslims of Delhi rise collectively to renovate and revive them.

Fifty years ago, there were about 400 mosques in Delhi, some of them world-famous. About 100 or so are now nameless and are known after the localities in which they stand.

One of the earliest mosques of Delhi, Quwwatul Islam, was built by Qutubuddin Aibak in 1191 A.D. Verses 91-92 from Sura 3 of the Quran are inscribed in stonework on the inner lintel of its eastern gateway. In 1320, extensions were made by Altamash. Further additions were made by Alauddin. The last extension within its area was the incomplete *minar* projected by Alauddin. It was intended to double the proportions of the original *minar*.

Auliya Masjid, near Mehrauli, was also built in 1191. Khawaja Moinuddin of Ajmer and Qutub Sahib, two of the greatest Chishtia saints, offered their prayers in this mosque. It is believed that the original mosque, which has now vanished, was built by Altamash, though no authentic record is available. It is therefore difficult to say which was the first mosque built in India—Quwwatul Islam or Auliya Masjid.

The Jamaat Khana was built during the reign of Alauddin Khilji (1296-1316). It stands near Nizamuddin Auliya's tomb—a shrine visited by Muslims, Hindus, Sikhs and Western devotees of the 13th century saint.

The red sandstone Jamaat Khana Mosque has only a rectangular prayer hall with three shallow-domed chambers. According to a tradition, the central chamber was originally built by Khizr Khan, son of Alauddin Khilji, to serve as the tomb of a saint who, at the time of his death, expressed his unwillingness to be buried there. The building was, therefore, converted into a mosque.

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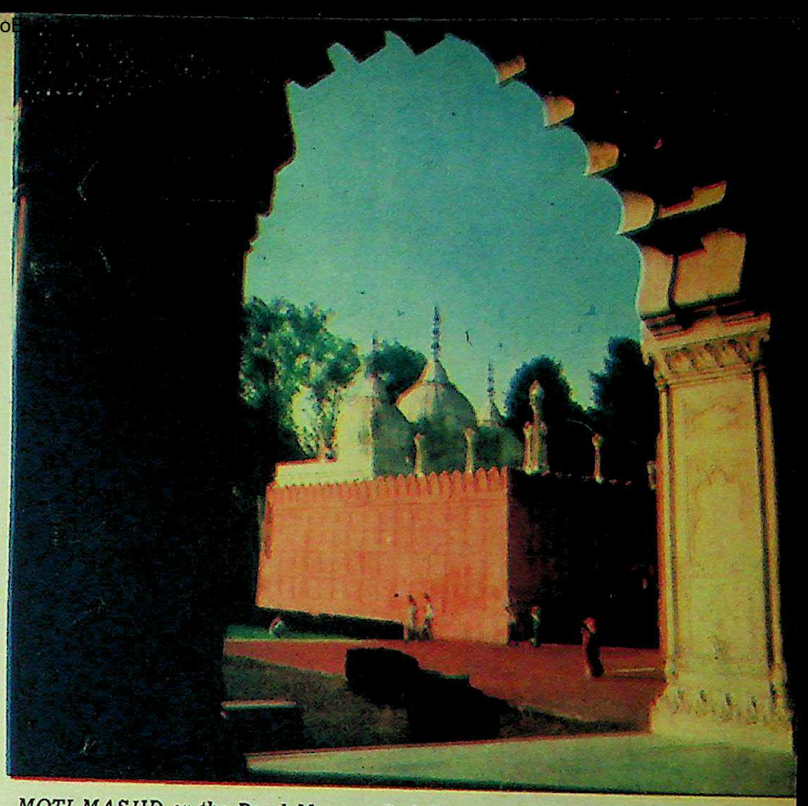
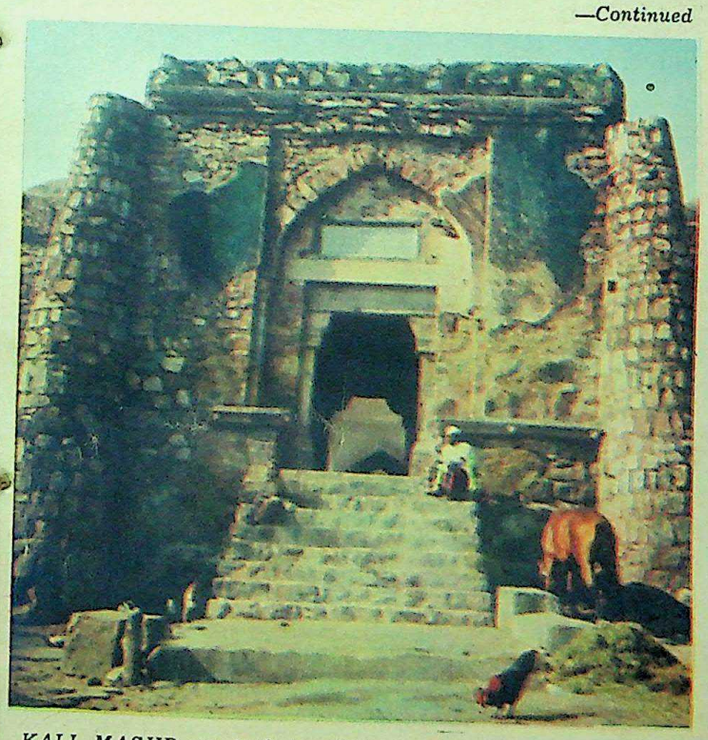
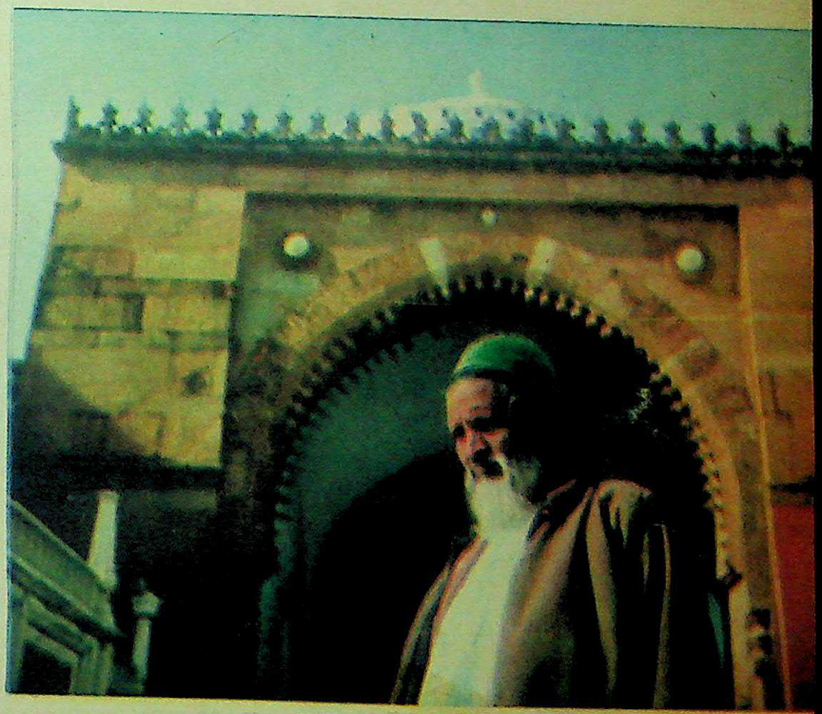


MOTI MASJID or the Pearl Mosque, Red Fort, was built by Aurangzeb in 1659 at a cost then of Rs 160,000. It was used as the private chapel of the Emperor when he was in residence at the Red Fort. The graceful mosque is built of white and grey-veined marble. The walls are decorated with low relief. Originally the domes were covered with gilded copper plates.



KALI MASJID was built in 1370-71 by Junan Shah Khan Jahan, Prime Minister to Feroze Shah Tughluq. A few years ago, the Government declared it a "dead" mosque but, despite police opposition and interference, the Muslims had it renovated and it is now once again used for congregational prayers. It can accommodate 8,000 people.



A SPIRITUAL TRADITION CONTINUES. Zahoor Hasan Nizami, of the Dargah Nizamuddin Aulia, near the Jamaat Khana Mosque. The old mosques and dargahs evoke those strange faraway medieval times when, both in India and in Europe, kings and barons ruled by the sword while the mystics made spiritual conquests through love. Saint Nizamuddin's tomb continues to be thronged by people of all religions and races.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Under the Tughlaqs (1320-1413 A.D.), particularly during Firoze Shah Tughlaq's reign, the style retained the earlier Islamic architectural form.

The Kali Masjid was built in 1370-71 by Firoze Shah Tughlaq's Prime Minister, Junan Shah Khan Jahan. Junan Shah was the son of a Hindu convert, Kattu, who embraced Islam in the time of Mohammed Tughlaq and was given the name "Maqbul" by the Emperor. Firoze Shah Tughlaq, on ascending the throne, made him *wazir* (minister) and gave him the title of Khan Jahan.

A few years ago, the Masjid was declared a "dead mosque" by Government. About three years ago, a group of Muslims got it renovated at a cost of Rs 80,000 and resumed offering their daily prayers in it. But before that the present Imam of the Masjid was thrice taken into police custody and later threatened by the police for reviving the mosque!

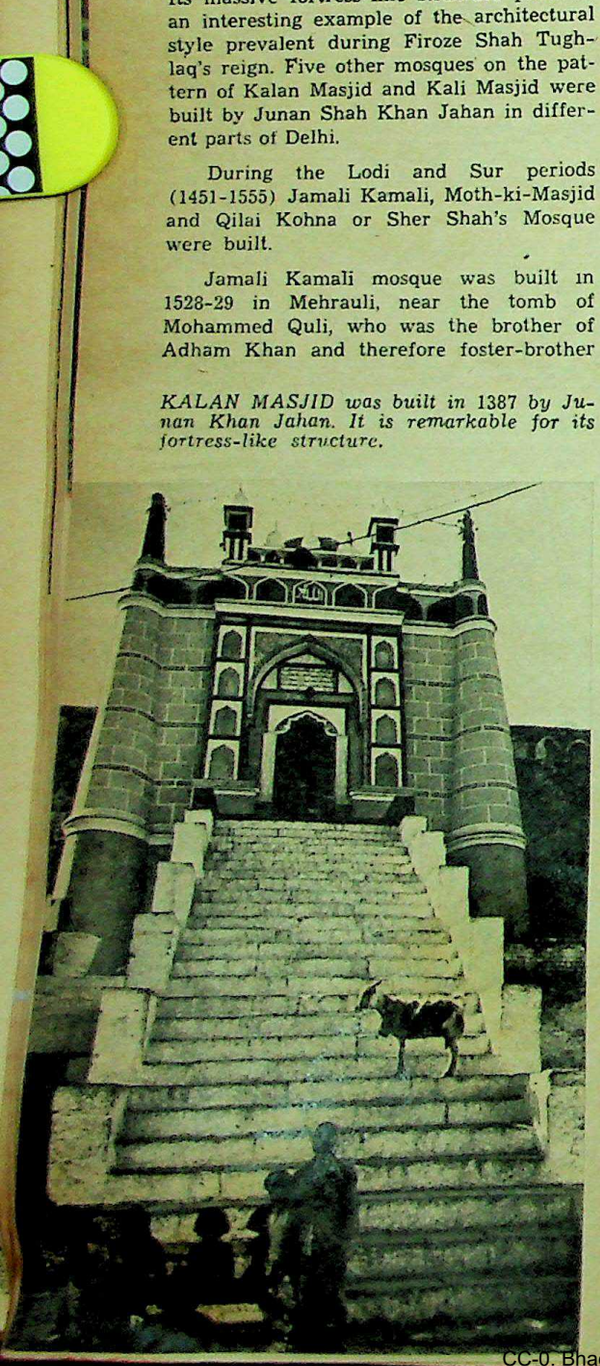
Pre-Mughal Mosques

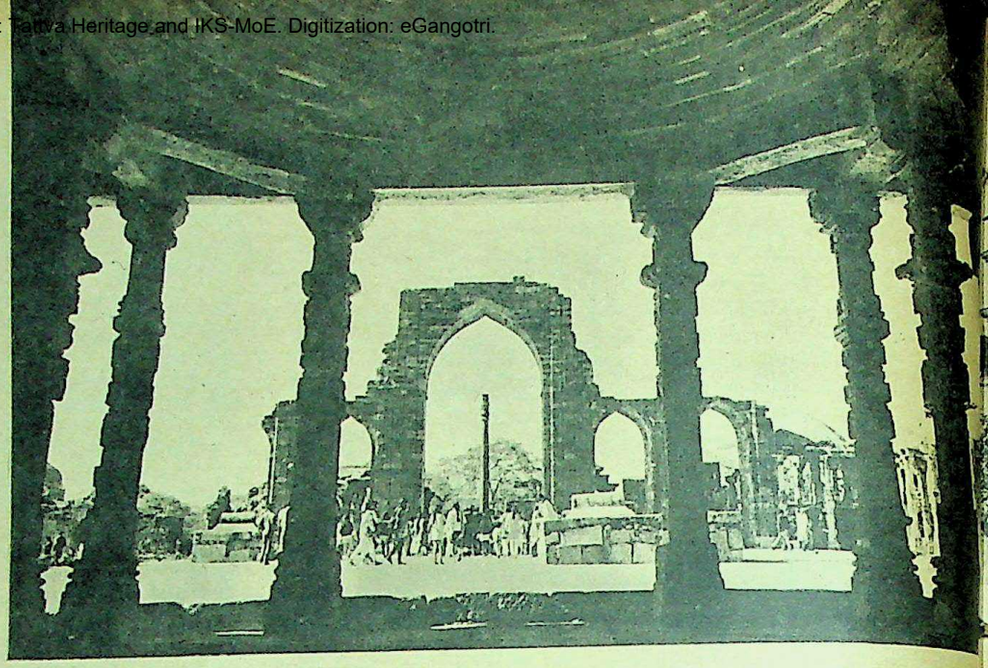
Kalan Masjid, in Turkman Gate, was built in 1387 by Junan Shah Khan Jahan. Its massive fortress-like structure provides an interesting example of the architectural style prevalent during Firoze Shah Tughlaq's reign. Five other mosques on the pattern of Kalan Masjid and Kali Masjid were built by Junan Shah Khan Jahan in different parts of Delhi.

During the Lodi and Sur periods (1451-1555) Jamali Kamali, Moth-ki-Masjid and Qilai Kohna or Sher Shah's Mosque were built.

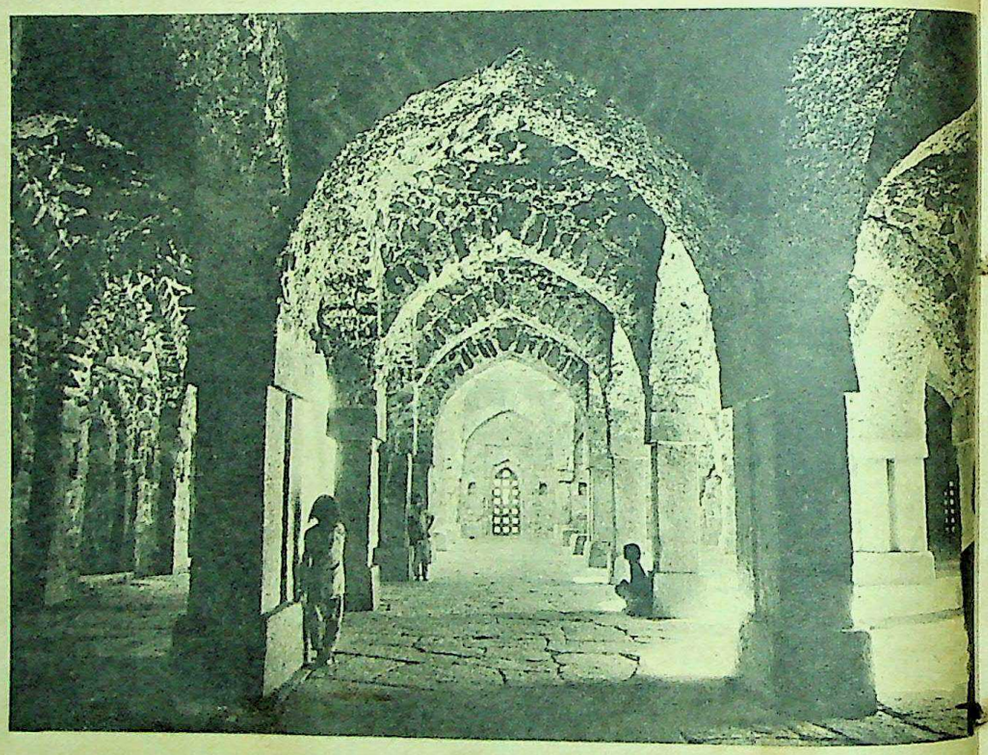
Jamali Kamali mosque was built in 1528-29 in Mehrauli, near the tomb of Mohammed Quli, who was the brother of Adham Khan and therefore foster-brother

KALAN MASJID was built in 1387 by Junan Khan Jahan. It is remarkable for its fortress-like structure.





QUWWATUL ISLAM MOSQUE, built in 1191 by Qutubuddin Aibak over a conglomeration of Hindu temples—hence the name: "Might of Islam". In the centre of the courtyard is the famous Iron Pillar, which has withstood the elements for several centuries. According to legend, Delhi derives its name from the Rajput king who was foolish enough to dig the foundation of the pillar—Kilee to dheeley bhaee: *"The nail became loose."*



INTERIOR OF KHIRKI MASJID, also built by Junan Shah Khan Jahan. Its acoustics are a feat of engineering. It was built of rubble masonry covered with plaster. It is a "dead" mosque situated in Khirki Village on the way to Qutub Minar.

to Akbar. The mosque is an interesting example of the Lodi style.

Moth-ki-Masjid, built by Miyan Bhoriya, a minister to Sultan Sikandar Lodi (1489-1517), has striking similarities with Qilai Kohna Mosque.

It is said that one day Sultan Sikandar saw a grain of *moth* lying in his Jami Masjid. He picked it up and gave it to Miyan Bhoriya. The minister thought that the grain which had been touched by the Emperor must have everlasting fame. He sowed it in an orchard attached to his house and the plant which grew from it yielded more than two hundred grains. They multiplied continually for several years, until from their produce he acquired a large sum of money which he spent in building an imposing mosque. The mosque was thereafter called Moth-ki-Masjid.

The Qilai Kohna Mosque in Old Fort is one of the best in Delhi. It was built by Sher Shah in 1541-42. There are beautiful inscriptions on its arches.

Ferguson is of the view that Qilai Kohna Mosque is "the most perfect building erected by Sher Shah". In its ornamentation "much gold, lapis-lazuli and other precious materials were expended". The method by which the domes are supported

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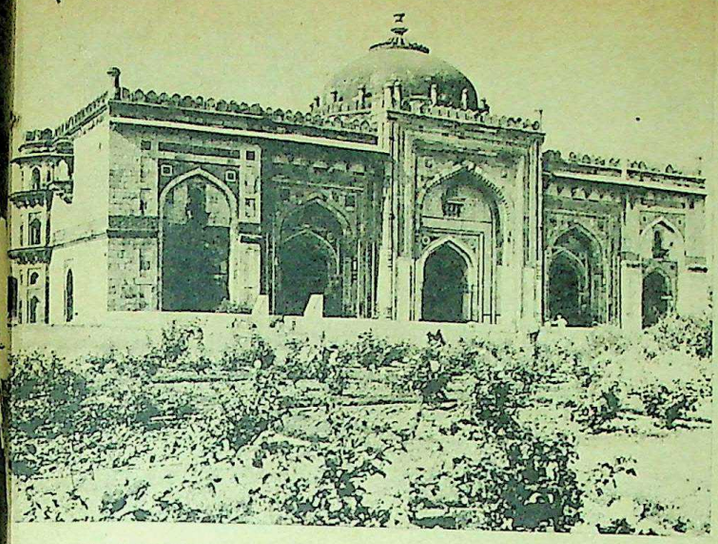
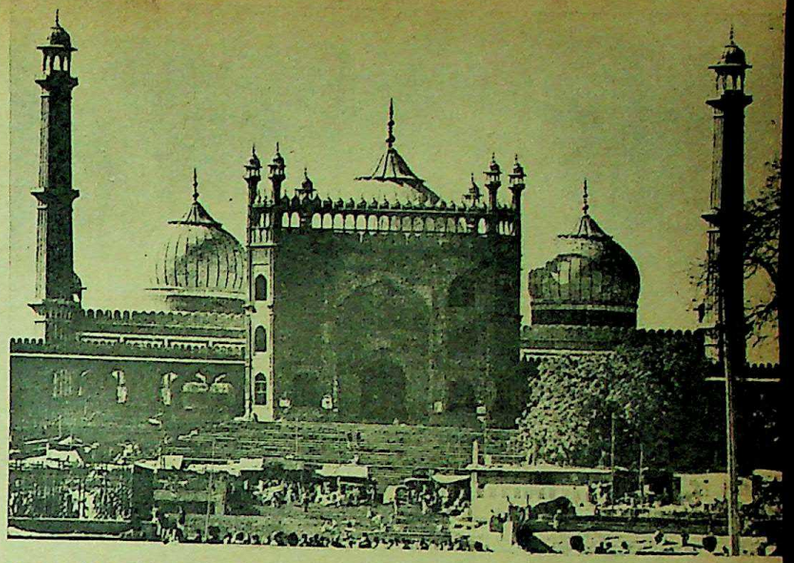


QILAI KOHNA MASJID (Old Fort Mosque), built by Sher Shah in 1541-42. It is built of black-and-white marble and red sandstone. It is also a "dead" mosque. Beside it is the library of Emperor Humayun, who fell to his death rushing down the stairs to answer the call to prayer (Azan) which rose from Sher Shah's mosque.



JAMI MASJID is a landmark of Old Delhi and its famous staircase and surrounding bazaar have a romance of their own. Its quadrangle has a marble basin and fountain and is surrounded by open sandstone cloisters. The inscription, Ya Hadi ("O Guide"—one of the 99 names of God), gives the date as 1658.

in this mosque is the same as adopted by Shahjehan in the erection of Jama Masjid.

In 1650 two cathedral mosques were built by Shahjehan and one of his wives, Fatehpuri Begum. Both represent the true Mughal architecture.

The Jami Masjid or Masjid-i-Jahan Numa was built by Shahjehan under direct supervision of his Prime Minister, Sadullah Khan, and Mir-i-Saman Fazil Khan. Five thousand men worked daily for six years on its erection at a cost of ten lakh rupees.

On the central arch of the mosque is inscribed, "O Guide" (one of the 99 names of God), in Arabic.

Near by is the grave of a famous sufi, Sarmad, originally a Jew who had embraced Islam. On the stairs of the imposing Jami Masjid, beggars squat; on Fridays, their number swells because thousands of Muslims offer their prayers there. At the foot of the mosque, the *kabaris* and *kababwallas*, *bhishtis* and cloth merchants and cobblers, *tongawallas* and tricksters provide a fascinating spectacle of the past and the present. The language of the people spoken around Jami Masjid reminds one of Ghalib's Delhi.

Fatehpuri Mosque—the second largest in Delhi—was also built in 1650 by Fatehpuri Begum.

On the way to Qutub Minar, Khirki Masjid was built during Firoze Shah Tughlaq's reign. Its acoustics are remarkable. The voice of the Imam can reach the worshippers at a great distance without diffusion.

There are three Sonehri or Golden Masjida. One is on the north side of Faiz Bazar and is also known as Qazi Zadon ki Masjid. It was built by Raushan-ud-Daula Zafar Khan in 1744-45. The second Sonehri Masjid is in Daryaganj. It was built in 1751 by Nawab Qudsiya Begum. The third Sonehri Masjid, in Chandni Chowk, was built in 1721-22 by Raushan-ud-Daula Zafar Khan.

Moti Masjid in Red Fort is resplendent with carved flowers which, from a little distance, look like parrots.

Prophet Mohammed built the first mosque in 622 A.D. in Medina. It had a square enclosure surrounded by walls of brick and stone. The pulpit was later introduced in the mosque built near Cairo in 642. Domes were already a popular architectural feature in Asia Minor, Armenia, Byzantium, Iraq, Iran and Rome. The Dome of the Rock at Jerusalem was built in the same year (642), when an aisled rotunda was evolved. The minaret and the prayer niche appeared in the same century. The Cathedral Mosques at Damascus (Syria), Qairwan (Tunis) and Cordova (Spain) were all built in the 8th century. Large college mosques came to include lecture halls, quadrangles and hostel rooms.

Islamic architecture flourished in five main schools: the Syro-Egyptian, Hispano-Moresque, Persian, Ottoman and Indo-Sarcenic. Each had its own characteristics—e.g. Persia had cylindrical minarets, while the Ottoman minaret was pencil-shaped. Persian and Turkestani mosques had bulbous domes covered with glazed tiles. This was also copied in India. Egypt's graceful minarets influenced the campanili of Italy and Wren's church steeples. In Deccan, Kashmir, Bengal, Gujarat and Jaunpur, the Indian style blended with the Turco-Persian. The mosques of China are shaped like the pagoda.

Since Islam forbade making of images, the mosques were decorated with stone ornamentation, filigree work, mosaic, stucco, Quranic inscriptions in geometrical arabesque, friezes, enamelled tiles, etc. A mosque has no holy-of-holies or altar. Instead, the congregation faces the prayer niche or mihrab, indicating the direction to Mecca. The courtyard contains a tank for ritual ablution.

The basic characteristic of a mosque is its spaciousness. However small or large, the mosque is always airy and spotlessly clean.—R.J.

KALI MASJID has all the haunting loneliness of a deserted, medieval monument. The row of domes was a feature of Tughlaq architecture. The mosque has grown black with age as it keeps its vigil on the way to desolate Tughlaqabad. Close by is a dam with elabrote sluice-gates and airy balconies built at the same time as the mosque.

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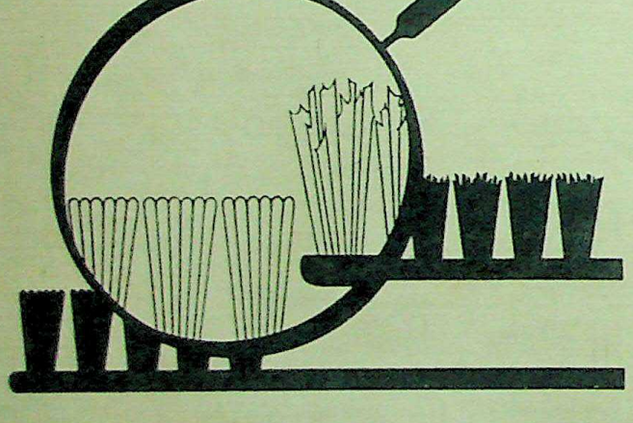

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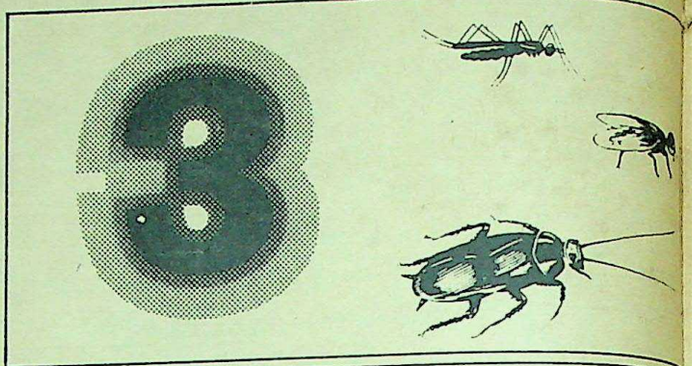

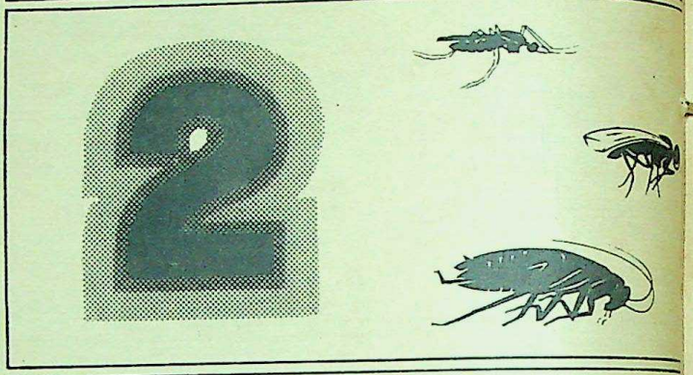

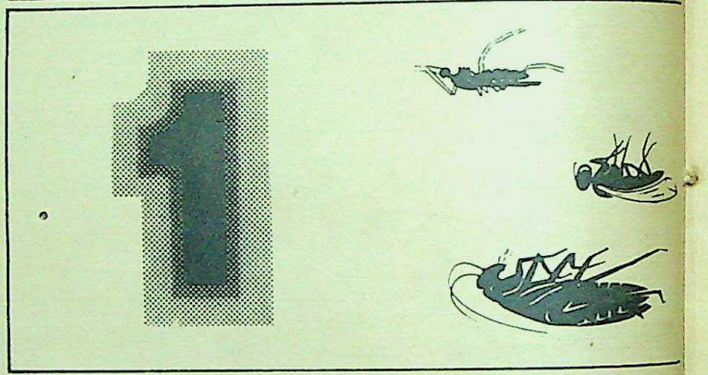

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How To Write Pornography

An avid reader of pornography need not necessarily be a good writer on the subject.

by S. TRIKANNAD

I HAVE only one question to ask of the Henry Millers, D. H. Lawrences and Emile Zolas of the world (the ones accepted by the reading, savouring public as well as those who maintain a pathetic faith of being in the same class—an opinion unshared by the great unwashed): How does one go about turning out a truly flesh-and-blood pornographic story? I do possess the basic requirements—to wit: a battered old machine, plenty of clean white typing sheets, a two-finger Columbus system cherished by all typists of indifferent touch and a lively imagination (I hope). Yet the sad fact remains: I have yet to write my first pornographic short story.

Being an avid reader of pornography, I believe I can conjure up a nice titillating 2,000-word manuscript about what happened that rainy night when the retired Army Colonel (pornography, I understand, invariably casts retired Army colonels into the role of Don Juans plus a Casanova) lured the unsuspecting Konkan belle into the traveller's bungalow. And how, when and all that sort of thing. Or, for a change of plot, a tidy 4,000-worder about the life and times of the evergreen widow, relict of the freedom fighter (who has since departed to earn his just deserts).

Four-Letter Words

Yet not a single four-letter word has been turned out by me. Or, for that matter, six-letter words either, though I believe it is always the tasteful use of four-letter words interspersed with asterisks that catches the imagination (and the discerning Editor's eye) while six- and eight-letter ones are mere chaff, take it or leave it.

It is not that I haven't tried. Heaven knows the half-typed bits that were strewn all round my desk the time when I sat down with a determination to get bustin' or be bust. The first time I tried and produced two initial paragraphs of what I believed (and still do) to be really juicy morsels of a pornographic story, a helpful colleague passed judgment where none was either sought or desired. That is not a proper construction, he said.

What is not, I asked, put out, as might be expected of any writer who had come a long way from his first classroom essay on *The Ideal Marriage*. Your opening para, he said. What's wrong with it, I asked, in simple rhetoric. Everything, he said. A dame with a come-hither look cannot be portrayed as wiggling her behind. You have to present the idea gradually. How do you expect him to see her come-hither whatever-it-is and her wiggle at the same time?

The second try (same place, same day, two hours later) 'lured' another colleague who has made it his second nature to look over shoulders (other people's). He gave a long lingering look at my opening paragraphs (there were four of them, poor things) and then became stern. In rapid-fire fashion, he asked me: Haven't you got sisters? (Yes) Haven't you got a wife? (Of course). Then how can you bring yourself down to churning out all this dirty stuff?

Where is the dirt, I asked. Look, he said, with a shaking accusing finger, that sentence where (I will suspect to my dying day that he paused at this stage to lick his upper lip) where you mention about frilly underthings. How can you look your womenfolk at home in the face after writing about women's legs and the rest of them? I pulled my chair back and stood to my full five-foot-two-and-half and drew in my middle age spread. Look here yourself, said I, wives and daughters, or sisters for that matter, have nothing to do with my story. I am writing on the *femme fatale*, understand?

It amounts to the same thing, he persisted. How? I asked. All women are the same, he said in smug ignorance. How do you know? quoth I. And now—getting in my stride—how many women have you seen at close quarters to consider yourself an expert on feminine measurements and what-else? He was nonplused for a moment and then reassured himself. No Editor in his senses would ever give a second look at your stuff. He then got off the tangent: 'tis men like you who spoil our Bharatiya culture. It is because of lewd minds like yours and the rest of your tribe of writers that India will sink deeper and deeper in the mire of sloth, in the pursuit of flesh, and miniskirts will go higher and higher. For some moments, I thought he was actually relishing the image he had drawn up of the Bharatiya culture to come.

Khajuraho et al

What about Khajuraho? (this was from me). Have you forgotten Elephanta? (his). Mahabalipuram? (mine). Devdasis of yore? (me). Ashoka and Chandragupta Maurya (he). Our discussion, at this interesting point of pooling our tourist know-how, having drawn the usual quota of office sepoys, a visiting delivery boy and Miss Da Costa, the typist, I concluded the subj. and tore off the Ms. with the four opening paragraphs. But my reputation was made that day. None else in the office, I knew, would ever trust his wife or sister to my care in future (not that anyone had in the past). As for Miss Da Costa, the boss's typist, she began to regard me as something left behind by an absent-minded cat.

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SAIGAL AS I KNEW HIM

by NAUSHAD

"Any honest appraisal of Saigal must take note of the fact that he was a victim of alcohol. There is no irreverence about it. Saigal was no less religious a man for that—for he regretted the weakness whole-heartedly."

TO speak about Kundan Lal Saigal is so very easy, because he needs no introduction. Saigal was a legend to me from the day I saw his *Pooran Bhagat* (1937). He had attracted me with the halo and glamour of the film hero, more so as he was a singing star singing in *sur*.

It was around 1946 that song-writer D. N. Madhok and I were at Kardar Studios discussing a point about a film we were engaged in. A tall, bald-headed figure with thick-rimmed spectacles entered the room. Madhok began to converse with him informally and I receded into the background. As their conversation progressed, Madhok saw that I tended to keep aloof and asked if I knew the gentleman. I told him I did not. Madhok looked at me in surprise: "Why, you don't know Saigal?"

I jumped up—Saigal was smiling at me! I offered my apologies, saying that his bald pate and thick-rimmed spectacles were far from the boyish idea I had of the great Saigal! There was hearty laughter.

His mannerisms were just plain. No affected accents, no studied poses. Just a plain gentleman from the Punjab. His soul was transparent—like his voice. He was simple in dress, style and song.

He hardly ever *acted*—either on or off the screen. He always went about his roles just as he behaved in real life. His singing too was marked with the ease of this very naturalness. And that was what was really great about his singing. That first meeting left a lasting impression on me. And when the occasion arose to work with him for the film *Shah Jehan*, my joy knew no bounds. It was an honour.

Singer of Spirit!

Before every formal occasion of singing, Saigal made it a point to pray. This I discovered during one of the recordings for *Shah Jehan*. As the time for the "take" approached, he would have a special mattress spread out—Saigal never sang standing or sitting on a chair. Squatting on the mattress, he would mutter some prayer with a *mala* rhythmically moving between his fingers.

A few minutes would pass. Then his personal assistant would take away the *mala*. Saigal would then look towards me to know if everything was all right. When I nodded my approval, he would turn aside and call: "Driver, get me a *kalee paanch*." Promptly his driver would appear, as if from nowhere, with a bottle of whisky, which he would casually pour out into a large glass and hand over to his boss. Saigal would empty it with amazing ease and begin singing the *sur*—an indication that he was coming into shape.

I recall all this because any honest appraisal of Saigal must take note of the fact that he was a victim of alcohol. There is no irreverence about it. It was a fact. He was no less religious a man for that.

I went on recording, "take" after "take", in an effort to get the finest results from the finest artiste. But I noticed that, with every "take", Saigal would have a fresh *kaalee paanch*.

As the "takes" began to mount one upon another, Saigal's sobriety began to dwindle. He could no more count the bars meant for interlude. He would come in singing either too early or too late. He would admit his error every time. He was not conscious of his growing unconsciousness.

His 'Shadow'

Saigal was a great artiste no doubt. But he was a great man too. It was this greatness that had attracted Dr Latif from Calcutta to become his closest friend and his personal physician. Dr Latif had left his wife and children, closed down his dispensary and thrown in his lot with Saigal. He literally moved with Saigal—stayed with him in the same room and carried his medical kit, day and night, from set to set, from studio to studio.

I had the chance once to witness the complete dedication of this man to Saigal. On the set the cry was heard: "Saigal Saab has fainted! Saigal Saab has fainted!" I reached the scene to find Dr Latif giving an emergency injection. After that the good doctor threw himself on the floor by Saigal's side, comforting him.

Once I had the chance to speak to Dr Latif. I asked why he loved Saigal so much —I knew Dr Latif had no liking for music or films. His reply was unique: "Saigal is a good man, a great friend who needs understanding."

As I continued to work with Saigal, I discovered that he was convinced about a false notion he had about himself: he thought he could never sing in *sur* without whisky! But I had—during rehearsals, for instance—noticed Saigal singing at his best when he was sober. I summoned the courage to tell him about this and requested him to let me have a "take" *without* the driver and the bottle. He said he would try but was resigned to the poor results he thought inevitable. But I insisted and he agreed—on one condition: there must follow a recording *with* the driver and the bottle!

We went through with both recordings. Both went off as I had expected. And when I played the two recordings back to Saigal and asked him to choose the one *he* thought to be the better rendition, he unhestitatingly picked out the really good recording done without drinks. The song:

Jab dil hi toot gaya
Hum ji ke kya karenge
Jab dil hi toot gaya...

—Brij Kumar Varma

THE AUTHOR. Naushad is the only composer still in the field for whom Saigal sang.

That Saigal had recorded a song without drinks was news. It spread like wildfire among music directors. Khurshid Anwar too tried it for *Parwana* and was successful. But then Dr Latif had to be by Saigal's side, always ready with injections.

I took the chance now to tell Saigal that someone had put a psychological fixation in him about alcohol and his singing. I insisted it was all simply untrue and that he had seen the results for himself. He looked at me wistfully and said: "What a pity, Naushad Saab... This good news is too late to be useful... Had I met you a little earlier, I might have been a different Kundan altogether..."

I wonder how many of Saigal's fans know what he thought about drinking. He regretted it whole-heartedly. There are many among us who like, admire and even imitate those who drink. But Saigal, though himself an addict, never approved of drinking. He would say: "We ought to imitate the good points in others, not the bad ones."

With the completion of *Shah Jehan*, I lost contact with Saigal. News of his death did not come to me as a surprise. I could imagine him on his deathbed with Dr Latif sighing: "*Mera Kundan... Mera Kundan...*"

During the funeral—as one of Saigal's relatives told me later—my "Jab dil hi toot gaya Hum ji ke kya karenge" was played by the band as per his wish.

It should not sound too effusive if I say, in conclusion, that Saigal outdid Tansen in popularity. Mian Tansen was, of course, the beloved of his times. But his voice was, in a way, imprisoned in the palace walls—there for only a select upper class. Saigal, on the other hand, had a whole nation behind him—as he was a music man of the millions. He was, in fact, their Tansen.

Saigal belongs to that category of human beings who defy Death. He is alive even today. We have proof that he is. His voice, his style, his intonation... they come alive every morning at 7.57—as his fans sit glued to the radio, waiting for the moment of moments... the moment of bliss, everlasting bliss!

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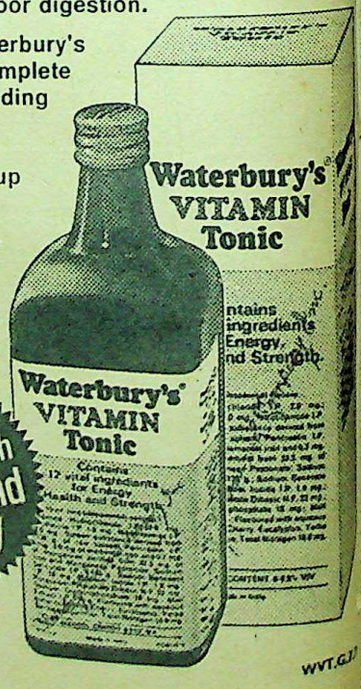

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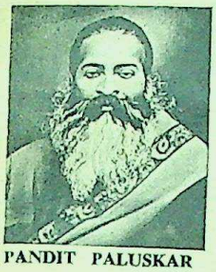
Vishnu Digambar Paluskar

by KUMUD MITTAL

Photographs by Avinash Pasricha

He was the first to realise that music would be respected as an art only if the common man learnt to understand and to appreciate it. Through his Gandharva Mahavidyalaya, he brought classical music to the people. His contribution to Hindustani Music is noted in this tribute appearing on the occasion of his 99th birth anniversary (August 18) and his 40th death anniversary (August 21).



PANDIT PALUSKAR

EIGHTY years ago, when the people of Baroda had gathered to listen to the enchanting music of a visitor at the temple, they did not realise that his eyes, which appeared so full of life, were almost blind; that, if it was not for this disability, he would never have taken up music. But this man, who put his soul into his music, was destined to become the Father of Hindustani Music.

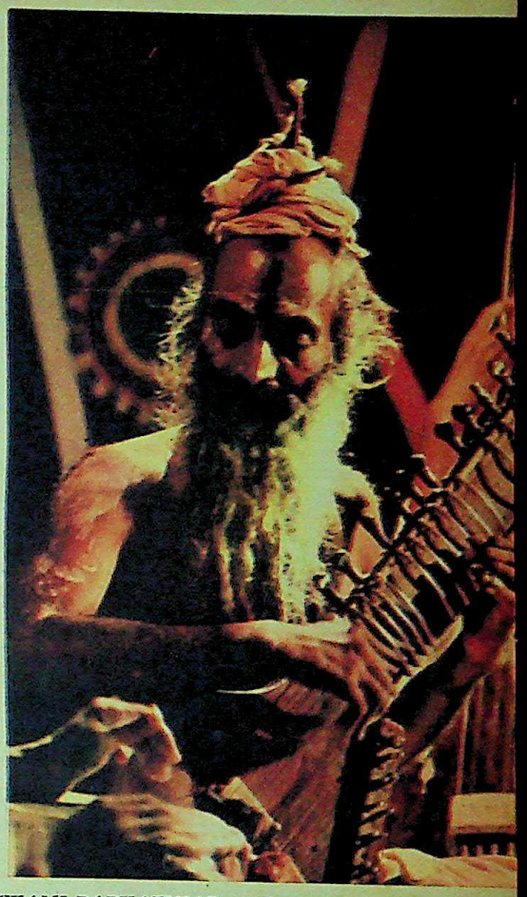
Pandit Vishnu Digambar Paluskar, born in the house of a *kirtankar* on August 18, 1872, had no intention of becoming a musician. He was studying to become a clerk but fate willed it otherwise. In his early teens, his eyes were severely damaged in an accident. He was not allowed to read any more. His elders advised him to take up singing. Till then Vishnu Digambar had had no education in music. Once in it, however, he worked painstakingly and soon excelled all his fellow students.

In Baroda the fame of his singing reached Maharani Jamnabai. An official invitation was sent to him to sing at the Durbar. Vishnu Digambar agreed and, on the appointed day, arrived with his party. The court musicians, eager to watch young Vishnu Digambar's technique, requested him to perform first. Paluskar accepted the challenge. Turning his *tanpura* to a pitch higher than usual, he started singing. **For more than two hours he sang in his deep, sonorous voice. The court was entranced.**

Then the court musicians showed their skill, one by one, but none could match Vishnu Digambar. Finally came the turn of Faiz Mohammad Khan, the best known musician in Baroda. This man let the *tanpura* remain at the same pitch as Vishnu Digambar. As it happened, even his polished voice was no match for the strong and stable one of the younger artist.

Vishnu Digambar won the contest and was heaped with gifts by the Maharaja. Later he was honoured by other princes too but his heart was heavy throughout. He saw that admiration for music was limited to victory in duels of vocal acrobatics. There was no respect for the art as such and the musician was treated as one inferior to the courtiers.

It was Pandit Vishnu Digambar Paluskar's keen desire that both music and the musician be respected. Once he was invited with his entourage to perform at a Nawab's place. He went in advance to supervise the arrangements, as was his practice. To his indignation the musicians were to sit on the floor, while the listeners would be seated on chairs all around.



SWAMI PARVATIKAR on the rudra veena. This was during the Vishnu Digambar Jayanti celebrations at Sapru House in New Delhi last year.

Panditji insisted that either there should be a dais or that chairs should be provided for the musicians as well. The Nawab was amused—this was the first time he had heard of musicians singing sitting on chairs but he gave in. **Vishnu Digambar said that, if he sang at the feet of the audience, he would be insulting the great art of music.**

He firmly believed that music was a method of communion between God and Man; and that therefore music belonged equally to all. For centuries high-class music had remained the preserve of *sanyasis* who renounced the world and sang in solitude. A branch of classical music was passed down in courts from one generation to another but this was meant only for select audiences. Another branch came down in the families—professionals who were patronised only by the very rich and were not welcome in society. **The man in the street never heard classical music. And a musician who lost the favour of his rich patron had no means of survival except begging the people to listen to him and give in return whatever they thought fit.**

Vishnu Digambar was determined that he would never let his art be cheapened this way. He felt that, if his art was good enough, people would themselves be attracted to come and listen to him. He started by singing at the temple. As he became popular, he arranged recitals in public parks and started charging an admission fee.

—Continued

PARWEEN SULTANA, who specialises in khayal, was another prominent performer at the Vishnu Digambar Jayanti. Today Pandit Vishnu Digambar Paluskar's Gandharva Mahavidyalaya is an institution that teaches some 15,000 students music all over the country. It was the first institution to offer degrees to music students.

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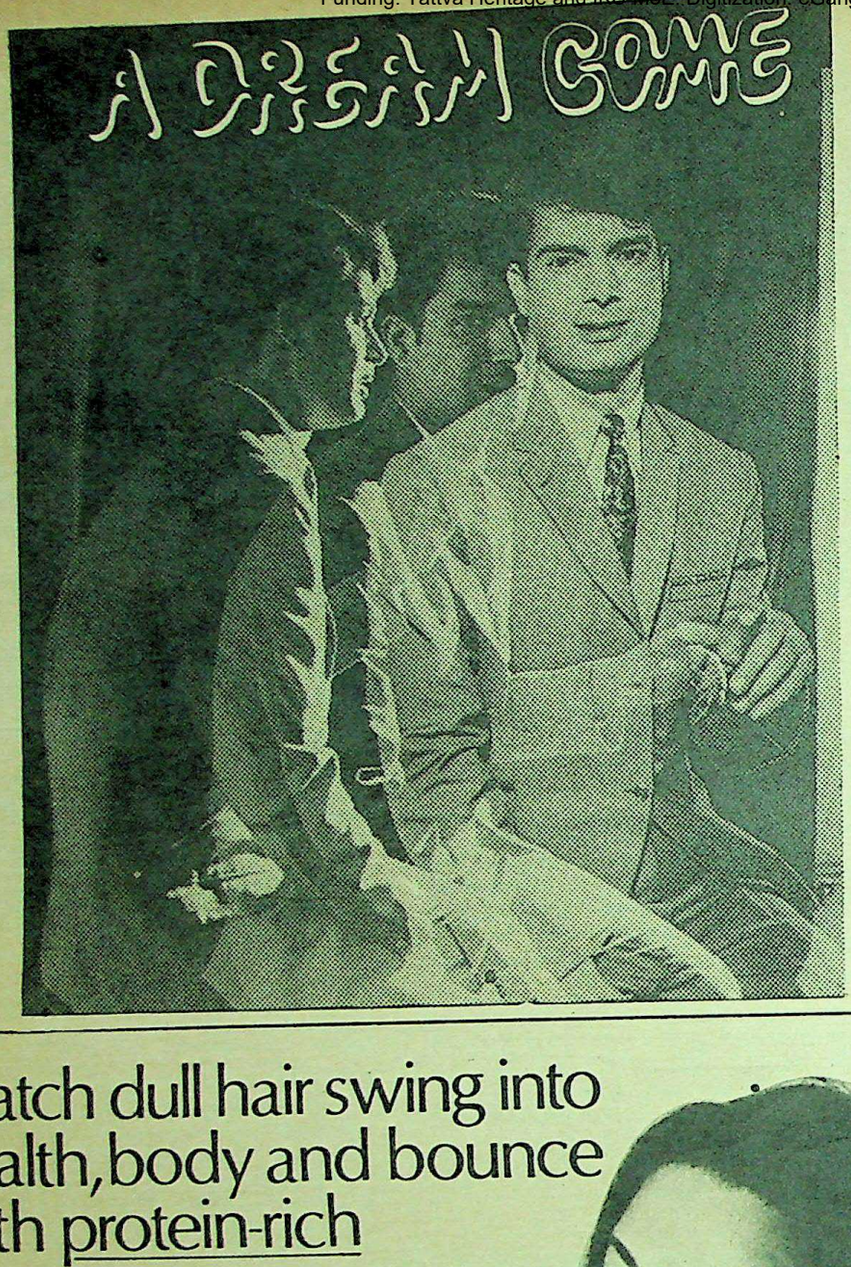
A Dream Come TRUE



Let the mind run on an idle reverie. Just dream of a suit—so soft, so light, so lovely to look at! Imagine, a suit which is **tops in fall, tops in feel tops in style!**

Now let the thoughts turn into a reality. Awake with a feeling of excitement when you see "featheron" pure "Terene" range in Shakti Topstyle Suiting. It makes a dream of a suit. Such variety of textures, colours, designs—you can dream a thousand dreams of a new look. Each dream, a new dream.

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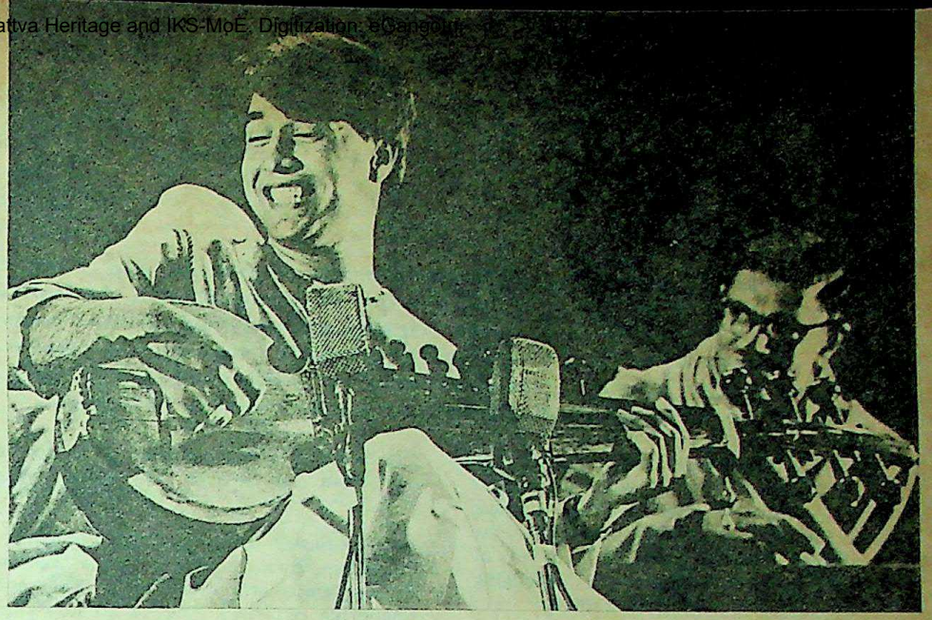
All the established musicians opposed Vishnu Digambar vehemently for commercialising the art but he was adamant. For the first time, anybody who liked music could pay for it and listen. Unlike other musicians, Vishnu Digambar did not have to depend on the patronage of the rich any more. He had the support of the public. Since people were ready to pay to listen to him, he was content in the knowledge that he was moving in the right direction in fulfilling his aim.

He was the first person to realise that music would be respected as an art only if the common man learnt to understand and appreciate it. He wanted music to become a part of the lives of labourers, soldiers, housewives and children. In those days, the idea of a lady showing interest in music was blasphemy. She was likely to be branded immediately as a prostitute. But Vishnu Digambar's motto was "Music for all". He meant to conquer the world by the strength of his *tanpura*.

As the first step towards democratising the art of music, he founded a school, the Gandharva Mahavidyalaya, at Lahore in 1901. This was the first school to be run entirely on public support. The few others running at that time were patronised by Maharajas.

Then Pandit Vishnu Digambar modified the outdated and ineffective method of teaching. In accordance with the *gurukul* tradition, students used to live with the teacher and serve him. When, what and how much to teach depended entirely on the whims of the *guru*. Everything was taught orally. There were no set lessons which a student could repeat, nor any text to help him. If he asked questions he was liable to be thrown out for showing disrespect to the teacher. Vishnu Digambar set about changing this deplorable situation. He studied ancient texts and, taking a few tips from Western Music, built up a simplified notation system. He chalked out syllabi for *Sangeet Praceshika* and *Sangeet Praveen* and wrote textbooks to suit these. For children he composed simple *sargams* with interesting variations in a joyous rhythm. He also compiled books like *Bal Sangeet* and *Vyayam Ke Saath Sangeet* to help children learn and enjoy music.



AMJAD ALI KHAN, the young sarodist from Delhi, was to the fore at the last Vishnu Digambar Jayanti. At the Gandharva Mahavidyalaya, where Pandit Paluskar trained anything up to a hundred students at a time, young learners received a thorough grounding in the art.

The Gandharva Mahavidyalaya at Lahore marked the most important development from the gurukul tradition to mass education. It was the first institution to offer degrees to music students. Nearly a hundred students were housed in it. All those who came to stay had to sign a bond for nine years. And Vishnu Digambar bore the full expense of their boarding, lodging and education. He trained his wife and his nieces to teach. So there were special classes for women as well.

Depending on their aptitude, some of the students were retained in the Vidyalaya to become artistes. Others were trained to become teachers. Yet others were sent out to different parts of the country as missionaries of music to open new vidyalayas.

Integration Through Music

In all the activities of the Vidyalaya, there was a certain sanctity. Panditji believed that, through music, it was possible to convey love, devotion and patriotism. He made his contribution to the Independence struggle through music.

With integration as his aim, Vishnu Digambar Paluskar studied Carnatic Music and published books on that subject. In his magazine, *Sangeetamrit Pravah*, he published many patriotic songs (like *Bharat hamara desh hai* and *Ghar ki phoot buri*) with notation. In 1907, when Lala Lajpat Rai and Ajit Singh were arrested, he popularised the songs: *Saare jahan se achcha Hindustan hamara* and *Pagdi sambhal O Jatta*. He also composed the tune of *Vandemataram* and started the tradition of singing patriotic songs at public gatherings.

Gandhiji's favourite, *Raghupati Raghava Raja Ram*, and the *Ram dhun* were sung to Vishnu Digambar's tune. In fact most *bhajans* set to attractive classical tunes by him became popular in his time.

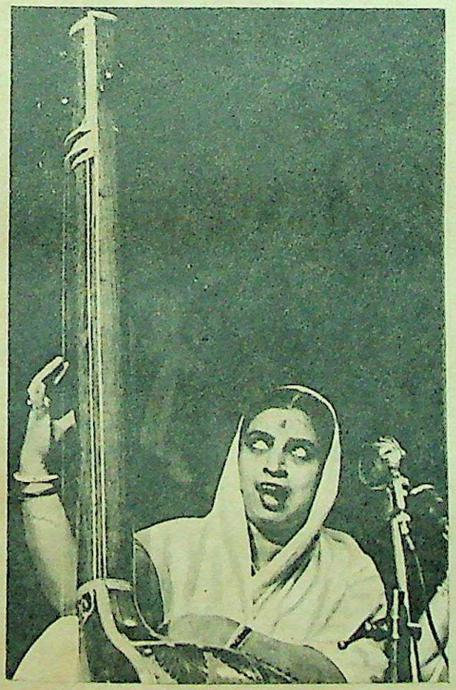
Vishnu Digambar's devotion to music was undoubtedly selfless but some of his ideas were impracticable and proved harmful to him. He expanded the institution by taking a large loan. When there was a boom in the prices of buildings, he was advised to sell off the building and move to new quarters. But he refused, saying he was no callous businessman.

Later, there was a slump in prices and Vishnu Digambar sank further into debt. Some of his friends said he could go scot free by declaring himself an insolvent. But once again he would not give in. He travelled around the country and gave recitals in an effort to clear his debts. He even learnt public speaking and gave discourses on the Ramayana. And when he died at Miraj on August 21, 1931, he did not owe a paisa to anyone.

Once, during his travels, Vishnu Digambar Paluskar was asked sarcastically how many Tansens he had produced in his great institution. He said: "The great Tansen himself could not produce another Tansen. But I have done something that even Tansen could not do. I have produced thousands of Kansens!" ("Good listeners of music").

The Gandharva Mahavidyalaya carries on the tradition of producing *Kansens* and, to some extent, Tansens as well. Omkarnath Thakur, Narayan Rao Vyas, V. N. Patwardhan and D. V. Paluskar are artistes of all-India repute.

There are more than 250 institutions affiliated to the original Gandharva Mahavidyalaya (which was shifted to Bombay in 1908), teaching nearly 15,000 students. The foremost among these is the Vidyalaya at Delhi with 400 students on its rolls. Under the guidance and dedicated efforts of the Principal, Pandit Vinay Chandra Maudkalya, it has been largely responsible for the cultural awakening in Northern India.



VOCALIST GIRJA DEVI was at her best on the occasion. In Paluskar's days, the idea of a woman performing in public was blasphemy. But Panditji's motto was "Music for all" and his Gandharva Mahavidyalaya turned out many a woman artiste of note.

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Sisters Murdered On The Beach

V. G. PRASAD RAO

Two teenage sisters left a marriage function at Nellore (in Andhra Pradesh) and went for a stroll on the Mypaud Beach, 15 miles away... Twelve days later, their highly decomposed bodies were found. 'Zamin Ryot', a Telugu weekly, made sensational disclosures about the missing girls and came up with vital clues which led to the arrest of a police officer and a relative of a film actor.

A LOCAL newspaper's disclosures forced the Government of Andhra Pradesh to rush a special team of C.I.D. officials from the State capital to investigate the mysterious disappearance (on June 6) of two young and vivacious sisters belonging to a well-known family of Nellore.

Then followed the sensational arrest of Sub-Inspector B. Manoharam and 35-year-old Kodali Purnachandra Rao, *abkari* contractor and brother-in-law of the late film actor, Nellore Kantha Rao. The arrests were made by the State C.I.D. on July 12, a few weeks after they had taken over the case.

Under a preliminary charge-sheet filed before a Nellore Magistrate on July 26, Purnachandra Rao and Manoharam have been charged with conspiracy, abduction, rape and murder as well as causing disappearance of evidence.

The Public Prosecutor told the court that the police had information that prior to June 6 Manoharam had made advances to one of the girls and had been rebuffed.

Daughters Of An Advocate

The two girls, Kala Rani (21) and Chandrika Rani (17), are daughters of an advocate, Mr. C. L. Sastry. Two elder sisters are married, two younger sisters are studying and they have also two brothers. The girls' mother is the daughter of the late Mr Chavali Nageswara Row, an artist who had settled in Bombay and painted the portraits of almost all the national leaders in the pre-Independence years.

Kala and Chandrika had a modern outlook and looked conspicuous in conservative Nellore, according to their fellow students, friends, teachers and others. They had boy-friends too. Kala had taken her B.Sc. degree and Chandrika was in the second year of B.Sc.

The Sastry family attended a marriage in Nellore town on June 6. While the rest of the family left after lunch, Kala and Chandrika remained. They were to return home in the night after dinner. The two girls apparently had other plans. They left the marriage pandal, ostensibly to have some soft drinks, but boarded a bus leaving for the popular resort of Mypaud, 15 miles away. They were seen going towards the beach around 6 p.m. (witnesses remembered transistor radios blaring News in English). That was the last time they were seen alive.

It was 12 days later, on June 18, that Mr Sastry identified some skeletal remains discovered on the beach as the body of the missing Kala on the strength of a ring said to have been taken from the body by a villager and handed over to the police through the village headman. The father also identified some underclothes, found in a heap a little distance away, as those of his daughter.

An aspect of the case that has drawn comment is the absence of any complaint to the police from the father about his missing daughters. It is understood that the family wrote to a number of relations in Calcutta and other places, inquiring if Kala and Chandrika were with them. The two girls, it seems, had on a couple of occasions gone visiting without informing their parents.

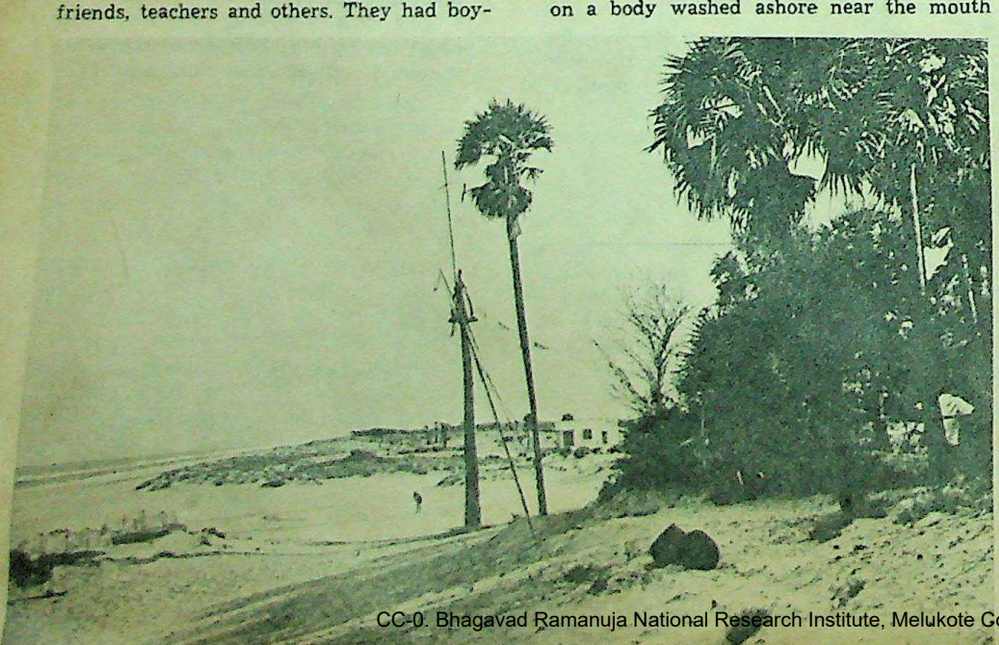
More Evidence

Some more days were to pass before a wrist watch and an ear-ring were found on a body washed ashore near the mouth of the Pennar River, further to the north. Two fishermen who took the watch and the ear-ring have confessed to the police that they pushed the body back into the sea. The body has not been seen again. It is surmised that it was Chandrika's.

A reconstruction based on the evidence gathered by the State C.I.D. and set forth in their earlier remand application filed before the magistrate shows that the two girls got down at the Mypaud bus stand around 6 p.m.

One has to cross the Buckingham Canal which runs parallel to the sea, to reach the beach. Between the canal and the narrow strip of sand is high ground covered by scrub jungle. On the sands to the south is a travellers' bungalow. To the left, in a clearing, is a fishing hamlet.

WITH BELL-BOTTOMS AND A MONEY PLANT. Chandrika Rani (17), one of the victims, was an accomplished dancer and a well-known socialite. Here she is seen at a fashion parade held in the D.K. Government College for Women at Nellore.



THE ONE WHO SAW IT ALL. On the evening when the murders were committed, six persons were seen wading across a shallow channel and getting into two jeeps. They are alleged to have threatened a villager who saw the goings-on and is now a witness in the case.

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WITH CHIEF MINISTER BRAHMANANDA REDDI. Kala Rani (third from right), *the other victim, was a vivacious girl in her twenties. She was President of the D. K. Government College Students' Union—in which capacity she is welcoming the Chief Minister at a function.*

The girls appear to have taken to the less frequented left path. The police have not said why Kala and Chandrika went to Mypaud—whether they had an appointment to keep with their boy-friends or were lured to the place.

The day was a Sunday. All the rooms in the travellers' bungalow were occupied by respectable people till 7 p.m., as the register showed. There was also a religious festival planned for the night at another fishing hamlet, about two-and-a-half miles away, near a place called Gangapatnam. There were people going along the beach towards the northern hamlet.

Sub-Inspector Manoharam's bailiwick includes the area between the two hamlets. Purnachandra Rao runs all the liquor shops in the area, including the two hamlets. He has servants to safeguard his business interests and his men are known to patrol the area in jeeps to keep a watch.

Kala and Chandrika apparently walked some distance along the northern path hugging the eastern bank of the Buckingham Canal. Around 6.30 p.m., the police say, a villager saw two jeeps going along a path in the scrub on the western bank of the canal, in the same direction in which the girls were presumed to be going.

An Eyewitness

Being curious, the witness followed the jeeps. By the time he reached them he found the vehicles empty. He waited. Around 7.30 or 8 p.m., according to him, six persons returned from the direction of the seashore and waded across the shallow canal to the jeeps. Some of them were drunk. One of of the men was Purnachandra Rao, the witness alleged.

According to the police, the six persons pushed the villager into one of the jeeps and dropped him at the Mypaud bus stand, after threatening him with dire consequences if he uttered a word about their presence on the beach. One of them thrust five rupees into his pocket before the party drove off in the direction of Nellore.

An hour or two after the jeeps left, the body of Kala was discovered on the beach of the fishing hamlet near Gangapatnam—roughly one mile to the north of the place where the six men were alleged to have been seen by the witness.

The festival procession with the deity, Chamundeswari, had arrived. On hearing about the sighting of the body, the priest and scores of villagers rushed to the water's edge with torches in their hands. The body was still in shallow water and some of the men pulled it ashore.

Body Had Injuries

According to eyewitness accounts, the body bore injuries on the forehead and on the thigh. The neck appeared swollen. The sari was missing and the underclothing bore bloodstains.

The next day, Sub-Inspector Manoharam arrived on the scene. He was accompanied by Purnachandra Rao and some others. The police official looked at the face of the girl and identified her as a "prostitute" from the North who had "committed suicide". One of the persons accompanying him was pointed out by the Sub-Inspector as the man who had brought her to Nellore. He was said to have scribbled a few lines by way of an inquest report, obtained the signatures of Purnachandra Rao, the Sarpanch and three others as panch witnesses and ordered the burial of the body.

No photograph of the body was taken nor was there any post-mortem—standard police procedures. The "first information report" was registered only on June 10 by the Sub-Inspector. While this was going on, the body of Chandrika was sighted by two fishermen, further north near the mouth of Pennar. As already said, this came to the notice of the police much later and the body had not been recovered at the time of writing.

Subsequent disclosures of the irregular conduct of the police official have shocked Nellore town and the entire district. It was a report in the 43-year-old Telugu weekly, *Zamin Ryot*, which gave the information and advanced the theory that the body of the fair girl could be that of the missing Kala and that Chandrika could have met a similar fate.

Local Police

The normally conservative *Zamin Ryot* started its own investigation and came up with clues and more information, beginning with its June 18 expose. There was a hue and cry. The local police higher-ups suspended Sub-Inspector Manoharam and requested help from the State C.I.D.

Meanwhile, prominent citizens from all walks of life, including three members of the Legislative Assembly, presented a signed petition to the Collector, expressing their shock and indignation at the negligence displayed by the local police.

The President, Mr V. V. Giri, was told of the case and of their misgivings about the suitability of the local police to handle the investigation. A request for the intervention of the Central C.I.D. was also made.

Purnachandra Rao and Manoharam were arrested on July 12. They were remanded into custody and bail was refused.

The Andhra Pradesh Home Minister, Mr J. Vengal Rao, flew to Madras and motored to Nellore on July 14 at the request of his Cabinet colleague from Nellore, Mr Anam Sanjiva Reddi. The Home Minister visited Mypaud, condoled with the grief-stricken parents, conferred with the C.I.D. officials and assured the press and a delegation of citizens that the culprits would be brought to book.

KALA RANI whose body was found about a mile from the scene of murder.

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U.G.H

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Love And Friendship

by GOPI GAUBA

It began when I was very young. Early one morning I looked above and sent up a small prayer. "Make people love me," I whispered. After a pause I added, "it makes no difference if I don't love them." He heard me, whoever it is who listens to such odd requests, and laughed: thunder that rumbled through the clouds gathered in my mind.

"SO now, tell me about this terrible thing called unrequited love," said Cousin Moo. He insists that he has loved me since I was fourteen.

At fourteen I was an ungainly colt, and far too unpredictable for everybody's comfort. My mother despaired of me. And I had not a single bosom friend. The three girls I had known since the third standard, Sita, Padma and Leela, were around and I met them as regularly as was possible. But, like my mother, they too seemed chary of me. They acknowledged my exuberance at the sight of them, but I could detect a certain reservation. I tried to understand why I was always on a different wavelength. In those days I must have been a puzzle even to myself.

> *Woman's vanity demands that a man be more than a happy husband.*
>
> Nietzsche

I could not even explain my stand on the rather ridiculous college strike the Sindhi girls had organised. Sundri, pretty and elegant, had been bothered by an ardent declaration of passion by a young Sindhi Muslim, and she had demanded that he be expelled. I liked Sundri. Had I been her friend, I would have advised her to accept graciously the courtesy of being considered beautiful, etc., and then forget the whole thing. For surely, an avowal of love is a compliment, not a slur. It is only when an outwardly correct gesture is, in reality, a deliberate insult—a hidden barb, or a bribe—that one should stare it coldly in the face and act accordingly. One did not have to possess a special perception to know what kind of love and friendship was being offered.

I must have had this attitude from an early age. Whenever I think of Homai I find myself wondering whatever happened to her. She was a dainty creature and I loved the way she was always so impeccably dressed. We were inseparable. And suddenly we were no longer friends. One appalling moment I realised that all day Homai had been moving away from me, which I would not accept, till Sarla explained the reason for it. Sarla is a gentle and loving woman, my friend of innumerable past lives and of many years in this one. Homai's older brother, Sarla told me softly, considered me too radical for his sister's good and had issued an edict that I be dropped. It was clear that Homai had not cared to put up a fight.

> *In love, one always begins by deceiving oneself, and one always ends by deceiving others; that is what the world calls a romance.*
>
> *Oscar Wilde*

By this time, fortunately, I was in my late teens and had begun to comprehend the complex nature of human relationships and to learn something that, later, I was to find so useful: the subtle art of travelling light.

Life, in those years, was like a fast moving river with the turbulent waters forever shifting from shore to shore and constantly emerging from dark whirlpools, to sparkle and sing in the sun. Each new day was full of fresh discoveries. To revel in a chance glance and fall in love with the most improbable people was an experience in itself. My body, too, was reaching its peak of physical strength and the final bone-and-muscle formation that, I noticed with some amusement, had begun to attract attention from roving eyes, including those of venerable gentlemen—who should have known better! This was the summit of my euphoric period. I could do anything: climb mountians, ford rivers, fight demons, charm monarchs. The world lay at my feet.

And yet I do recall an inchoate longing that inexplicably sprang up in the core of my being. I am uncertain where that core was, but its impact on me was definite and disturbing. Was it the result of my own fevered imagination or did this deadly germ actually reside in my skull, in a few red hot cells that moved within the folds of a sensuous grey mass we call the brain, percolating drop by lethal drop into my aching arms, chest and solar-plexus? It is the memory of those raw years that touches a tender chord in me when I gaze at the young of today. It wasn't easy to be so vulnerable.

> *The resistance of a woman is not always a proof of her virtue but more frequently of her experience.*
>
> Ninon de Lenclos

A woman's unexpressed yearning, whatever her age, is difficult to locate. Perhaps the secret lies in the womb which she carries in the dark regions of her body. It makes no difference if she is married, a widow, or a holy spinster. The womb ties her down, involves her in every passing whim, makes her subjective to everything that she does. The other day, an old and trusted friend asked me a question. He is a rare being, one of those analytical intellectuals who are also physically alive to the sight and sound of women. Hesitatingly he asked me if women also went through the all-consuming and fiery ordeal men suffered, which on a few occasions rose to dizzy heights of a near madness in their bellies. For a long moment I stood in silence, uncertain of how to reply. It had seemed a bizarre self-revelation of the man to me. I shook my head, sympathy flooding me in my entrails. Poor chaps, I thought, these males with their odd urges and the seven-year-itch. A nymphomaniac, I suppose, is a woman who simply behaves like a man in sexual matters. If she exists in India she hides herself well. I have not come across one.

In my view, a man and a woman are two halves of a whole. This constant chasing of a female by the male, and vice versa, is directed towards this search for the missing half, though most of us have been brought up to believe that for a man a woman is one of his many interests, while for a woman her man is everything. But, nature's biological force notwithstanding, one can only love a person, not a limb. At best, the human body will be a vehicle, a means towards an end, whatever the end desired. As for those loves born out of gratitude, loyalty and habit, they are but parodies of love. I would put them only a few steps higher than the degrading prostitution of submitting to power, wordly glory and affluence. Love cannot be bought, or even sought. It has to be given, unasked.

> *It goes far toward reconciling me to being a woman when I reflect that I am in no danger of marrying one.*
>
> Mary Wortley Montagu

At Santiniketan too, I could make no close friends. Chi borrowed my money without my permission while Na, a grand lady now, borrowed my chappals when we went on hikes. Balraj was there, as handsome and lovable as he is now, and it is possible I caught his twinkling eye, as I did of a blond German and a silent, beautiful Japanese. If any of them made a definite overture of friendship to me, I was, alas, unaware of it.

Lovers, like friends, must arrive at the destined hour, through a series of previous lives. With the constant influence of the Hindu theory of Karma on me, I cannot but believe that when one meets "a stranger across a crowded room" with whom one has immediate rapport, there has to be a link somewhere in the shrouded past. This is the only explanation I can give to Manmohan's assertion that he fell in love with me at first sight.

I was sitting in my father's office, in Hyderabad (Sind), dressed anyhow with my tousled head sunk in a pile of old files. This goodlooking young man, a very eligible bachelor (son of a famous personality of Lahore and a Maharashtrian lady from Kolhapur) said to himself, "Ah, here she is. I have found her at last." That evening, Manmohan sat down to write a letter. Rain in Sind was always an unusual event but it rained heavily in Hyderabad on the 12th of January. The roof of the old Dak bungalow,

—Continued

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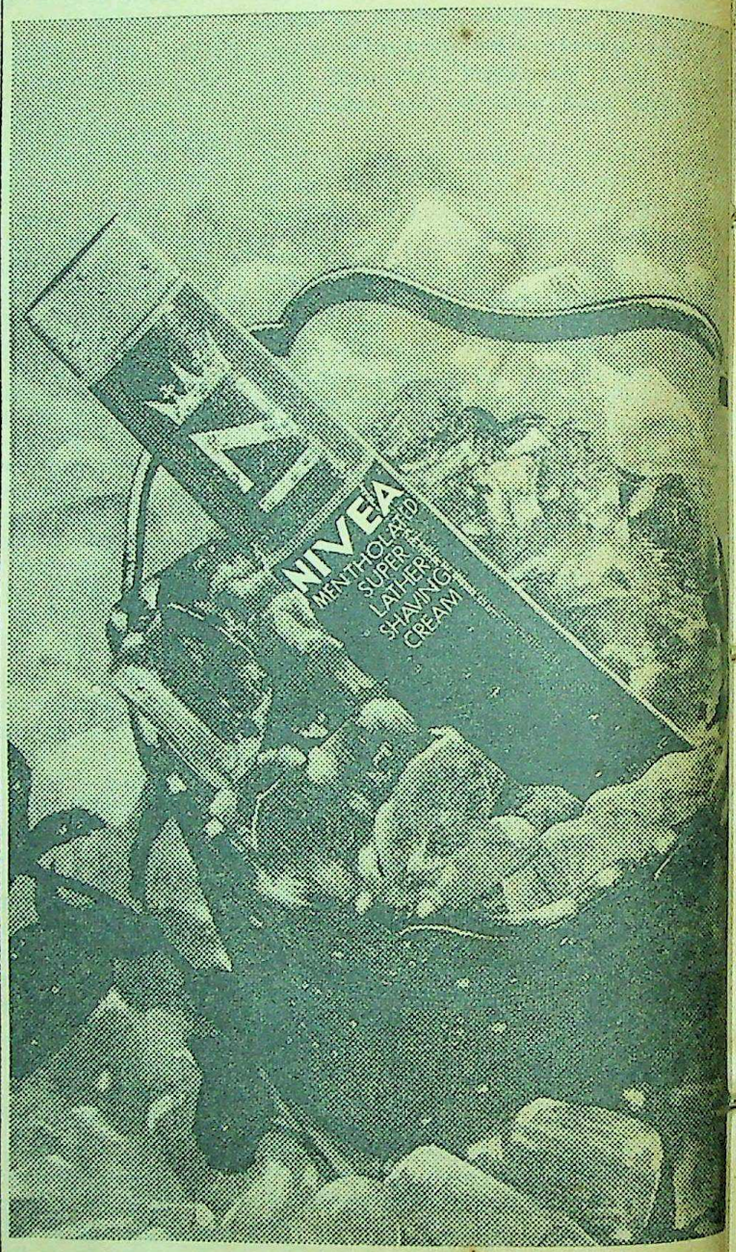

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proof only against dust-storms, began to leak; the lights went out. Manmohan took a cushion and a torch, and shifting to a corner, completed his three-page letter. His friend and companion, V.P., who happened to be my uncle's colleague at the office, was dining at our house. I am not sure what kind of a friend V.P. eventually turned out to be, but he did bring that letter to me, allowing me to read it only once and then forcing me to tear it up, in case his part in the budding romance was discovered. After nineteen months of badgering my parents and twenty-nine years of marriage to Manmohan, I would like to possess that letter addressed to "Dear Miss Mukhi"!

Can cowards become good friends? I suppose so; maybe not effective ones, but genuine enough. One does not have to be courageous to be a loving friend. It is only the cunning and the petty who cannot. No matter how insignificant a person may be, he is a loyal friend if he arrives unbidden to help you, to give you the best of himself, to listen to you and to be with you. I should add here, that pity and charity are fatal for true friendship, almost certainly for true love. for kindness is very often misplaced.

However, let no one be under the illusion that love is an eternal flame that cannot be extinguished, or that occasionally an old friendship cannot be soured. A wilful sting released in the heat of the moment, an incorrect tale circulated out of carelessness, a shrewd move for one-upmanship—these are minor pinpricks. But eventually they could grow to become weapons of destruction. I have come across many such games of chess, and am more than content to lose, when I suddenly get a glimpse of the clown behind the mask of a king. Time marches on inexorably and lost friends are lost for ever. A broken love or a healed friendship can somehow be patched up, but it is never the same. Recently, two good friends pulled me up for putting them through fire, 'like Ram did Sita', as a test of fidelity. I was aghast at myself, but how could I reveal to them that I had never been fully sure of their love? Of course I have loved and lost. Oh, countless times!

But I have also experienced those golden moments of happiness, when, standing within the gates of paradise, I have gazed rapturously at the enchanting mien of a true friend.

"This unrequited love you talk of," I told Cousin Moo, "is nothing but one's foolish ego that strains to express itself." One-sided love cannot exist; sooner or later it must perish. Poets use their grieving love as a polishing stone on which to shine their yearning, to build a bridge to reach their Beloved. It is a special kind of Separation which only the Sufis may comprehend and absorb: this ecstatic waiting for Reunion with God.

THE AUTHOR, Gopi Gauba, was born in Hyderabad (Sind). She is a free-lance writer, specialising in short stories. She has won a prize in an International BBC short story competition, and broadcasts frequently on All India Radio. Married, with two children, she lives in Bombay.

Cherish your love when it comes to you, my friend. It is the most precious possession in his ephemeral world of the Grand Illusion. Do not let it go, it may never come your way again.

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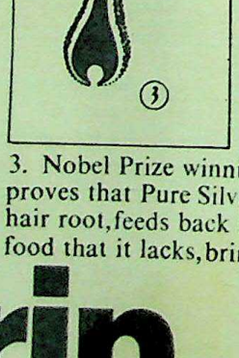

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Rashtrabhasha Today

by KAMLESHWAR

This is the first of a regular monthly feature on the state of literature in our Rashtrabhasha. Keep up with the trend-setters and their latest.

THE occasion was the annual All Oriya Writers' Conference, held on Baisakhi under the auspices of the Prajatantra Parishad (the daily *Prajatantra* and its publishers). Dr Hare Krushna Mehtab had invited me. I was to deliver the main lecture on short story-writing in India. Instead, I crossed over to Bangla Desh. After coming back, I visited Bhubaneshwar and Cuttuck. On reaching Cuttuck I discovered that the conference was over. The Oriya writers asked me to attend the Young Writers' Conference instead.

The posture of contemporary writing can only be identified through the writings of young writers. The only trouble with the new generation of writers in Hindi and other Indian languages is that their anger, happiness, hatred, love, all are a little overdone. In their writings too, words are a little in excess, and so is their boredom, their anger and their confusion.

Bursting Emotions

What is true in the case of Oriya, is true of other regional languages: the regional literature is unable to contain itself in its lingual boundaries. It spills over the entire land. Oriya writers know that their works are read by non-Oriya readers. Take the instances of Shantanu Acharya and Krishna Prasad Mishra. They are at once profoundly Oriya and yet their appeal is to the entire Orient. They do not write of miracles. Moreover, what they write is not just 'good and readable'. They discover a new vocabulary. Their stories create a tense atmosphere without ever labouring to do so. The authors reveal their true personalities without bothering about cultural effect.

Young Indian writers have rejected what they consider to be unnecessary accretions to literature. This is as true of the young Oriya as it is of writers of Hindi, Malayalam, Punjabi or Gujarati. The young Oriya writers are exploring the potentialities of their language. Bangla is a big barrier before them. They have, naturally, developed "anti-Banglaism". Somewhat the same thing happened in the Hindi world when it rebelled against English and Urdu.

This rebellion against another language is not the purport of creative writing in India. The new writing is outspoken about the disillusionment with the Nehru era. This is true not only of Hindi but new writing in other languages as well. The themes of many new short stories are disillusionment, protest and negation. As a result, we now have the image of the sub-human Indian. He is false, deceitful, cunning, impotent, indecisive, passive and altogether ludicrous. This exaggerated caricature of Indian character is ascribed to the breach of faith committed by the Nehruite professions of idealism and Nehruite chicanery.

Down With The Past

One effect of this attitude was a complete break with the past without the compensation of a hopeful future. For the new writers the immediate present became the only reality. Therefore, man in this literary world appeared to be idle and passive. After some time this same man became active within himself. Dr Rahi Masoom Raza (*Adha Gaon*), Shani (*Kala Jal*), Amritlal Nagar (*Amrit Aur Vish*), Shivprasad Singh (*Alag Alag Vaitarni*), Shrilal Shukla (*Rag Darbari*) are some of the prominent exponents of this mood. These novelists retain a certain nostalgia for the past. They are struggling to come out of this web of the bygone. However, the short story writer has freed himself from these manacles. His tone is as sharp as a blade. The disillusionment with the Nehru era is more clearly visible.

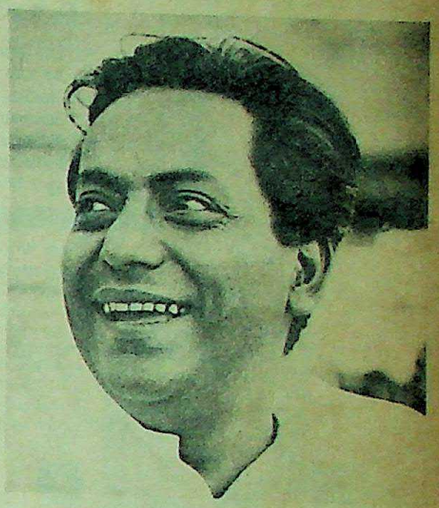
For instance, in *Chhuttiyan* (The Holidays), the young Hindi writer, Kamatanath, describes with great delicacy and without much sentimentality, the condition of a broken home, and a mother who has lost belief in religion, the social order and the future. Through the mother, her elder son working in the city and a vagabond younger son, the author unfolds the total picture of man. The image is of man as he is today in the threefold context of society, self and the all-embracing disenchantment with the world in which he lives.

This is the strain of almost all the stories of the younger generation.

Symbolically Ordinary

Two young writers, Ramesh Upadhyay and Hridyesh deserve special notice. *Chakrabaddha* by Ramesh and *Ganthen* by Hridyesh represent the quest of man for his lost identity. *Ganthen* (The Tumours) is a simple, unambiguous tale of our complete disillusionment with the Nehru era. Hridyesh is lucid and has succeeded in exploring new possibilities of language. The story disturbs and is devoid of all dazzling effects. It tells of a lower-middle class family and unfolds the tragedy of the common man who has lost all his hopes and beliefs and whose most sacred ambitions have been belied. Textured out of ordinary experiences, it arrives at ordinary conclusions of an ordinary people. Yet, it becomes the synonym for agony. The anguish is familiar and contemporary. Therefore its bite is multipronged and deep.

Among the readers many have become accustomed to pseudo-literary maxims,



THE AUTHOR, b. 1932 in Manipuri (U.P.), was educated at Allahabad University. He has written five collections of stories, five novels, two plays, and one critical study of the new Hindi short story. He has also translated Brecht's The Caucasian Chalk Circle *in Hindi, and has edited* Nai Kahaniyan. *At present, he is the editor of* Sarika.

philosophic postures and pseudo-Western mentality projected as "modernity". Then there are some whose knowledge is limited to the Indo-Anglian export literature produced in India. The readers of Indo-Anglian literature cannot but be pained if they have to understand the present posture of 'native' Indian literatures. To them Creations like *Ganthen, Chakrabaddha, Adha Gaon* and *Kala Jal* come as a pleasant surprise or they think such literary output to be extremely 'naive'. They live in a strange world of their own; they have lost touch with their own language. In the same manner, for readers of contemporary Indian writing, they are almost strangers. What happens in the case of Nirad Chaudhury when translated into Indian languages, would happen to contemporary Indian literature if translated into English.

If you want to gather information about the literature of a certain language, traslations can be helpful. But if you want to make an assessment and reach certain conclusions, it will be necessary to read it within the *milieu* of the language itself. Also, if contemporary writing is presented in English, it might seem naive and irrelevant to the Indo-Anglian readers. There is, today, a vast difference between the sensibilities of the two sets of readers.

Hindi was poor in biographical literature. But recently, two writers have filled this gap: Dr Ramvilas Sharma's *Nirala Ki Sahitya Sadhana* (the biography of the poet Nirala), the first two volumes of Dr Harivansh Rai Bachchan's autobiography, *Kya Bhooloon Kya Yaad Karoon* and *Need ka Nirmana Phir*. These three books have also defied Hindi conservativism and shaken its fossilised mentality.

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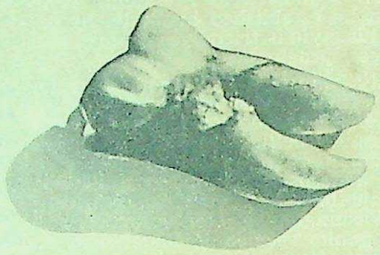

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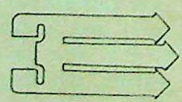

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Tragedies and Transitions

(*Continued From Page 37*)

similar Soviet Union policy announcement by Khrushchev, was perhaps the most distinctive new venture of the early months of his Presidency, but it too carried on in the direction started by Kennedy's strong and successful efforts to bring about the nuclear test ban treaty.

During his first weeks in the White House, President Johnson made special efforts to establish the informal understanding with the American people that is an essential part of any President's strength. In a crowded schedule of speeches, conferences with representative leaders and groups, press conferences, television interviews, trips out of Washington, and contacts with ordinary people arranged by the simple process of walking down to the White House gate, Johnson gave the country an impression of himself as President. As the cliche has it, he established his style. In personal terms his style is friendly, informal, optimistic, restless, pragmatic.

Politically Johnson's style combines vigorous use of official Presidential powers with unrelenting direct personal persuasion. Reluctant Congressmen, belligerent labour and management negotiators, militant civil rights demonstrators, and suspicious business men soon proved unable to resist what has long been known in Washington as "the Johnson treatment". The public seemed to understand and appreciate his efforts, for at the traditional hundred-day measuring point the opinion polls showed three quarters of the American people approving the way the new President was doing his job.

* * *

WHEN a change of Presidents occurs after a regular election many of the same transitional problems arise as in the case of a Vice Presidential succession, although there are significant differences. The problem is how to enjoy the benefits of regular free elections without paying too large a price in governmental instability. On the whole, the American political system has a reasonable solution to this classic problem. The main difference between a regular and a Vice Presidential transition is that there is time—ten weeks between election and inauguration day for the outgoing President to clean up his business, for the President-elect to make preparations, and for the two of them to take steps to safeguard the national interest. Great improvements in the use of this time have been made in the past 30 years.

When the incoming President is of the same political party as his predecessor—perhaps even has been a member of his administration—the turnover process may be quite simple. But if the new man is from the opposition, complications arise. In the latter case, until the 1930's, the outgoing President and his Cabinet, who had exercised only feeble political power in the months between election day and the installation of the new Chief Executive, simply walked out on inauguration day and the new President and his Cabinet walked in. Except for joint ceremonial appearances there was little or no contact between the two groups. Change at the top was soon followed by turnover by the second- and third-level Presidential appointees and several thousands of the principal departmental officials. The processes of government inevitably slowed down and it might take weeks or months to get them fully in motion again. The new administration had to start with little expert knowledge or advice on what had gone before.

Domestic and international crises in the 1930's made it clear that to meet rapidly moving events, a modern government required more continuity. Starting with Hoover and Roosevelt in 1932 all outgoing and incoming Presidents have met for discussion of the state of the Government. Such meetings require patriotic self-discipline when men are angry with each other over the recent campaign contest, as they were in the cases of Hoover and Roosevelt, and Truman and Eisenhower. These meetings are perhaps less important for the details of what the two men say to each other or agree about than as demonstrations of underlying American unity, and as an encouragement to fellow partisans and subordinates on the two sides to co-operate. With a framework of co-operation established at the top, aides can engage in the detailed discussion needed to maintain essential continuity and to make sure that the new administration has the information it needs for sensible formulation of its own policies. The goal is to get the incoming group fully informed without either transgressing on the authority of the outgoing administration before its term expires on inauguration day, or thrusting responsibility on the new administration before then.

In the area of foreign affairs, co-operation between the two parties begins even before election, before anyone knows whether or not there will be a turnover. Since World War II it has been customary during Presidential campaigns for the President to offer confidential briefings on the latest foreign policy, military and intelligence information to the candidate of the opposition (and to the candidate of his own party if the President, of course, offers the same courtesy). The purpose is to give both parties a reasonable chance to discuss the nation's foreign policy and international situation, and to caution the candidates against campaign statements based on erroneous information that might damage the national interest, or lead to courses of action that might embarrass them later.

This kind of co-operation is particularly important since the law of 1947, which put the Speaker and the President Pro Tem. in the line of succession, creates the possibility that under some circumstances the death of both President and Vice President would permit the Presidency to pass to the opposition party. This is because the Speaker and the President Pro Tem. are elected by the Congress, which is elected separately from the President and sometimes controlled by the opposition. Many people, including the author of this article, believe that the law should be changed to provide for succession from the Vice President to the Cabinet, as it was before 1947.

* * *

IN the old days, Presidents-elect did well to have their Cabinets selected by inauguration day, and the filling of other vacancies was likely to go on for weeks or months afterward. Since World War II, stabilisation of the upper levels of the civil service under the merit system has greatly reduced the number of people a new administration has to appoint. The permanent professional staffs in the Executive Office of the President are great resources at a new President's disposal, as are the comparable career staff groups that serve the department heads. A new administration now can effectively take direction of the Government with the appointment of about 200 top officials. (There may be several thousand "patronage" appointments later, but these are positions of lesser order and not crucial to the turnover problem. They include such posts as secretaries and aides to high-ranking officials, some postmasters. federal district attorneys and marshals and members of minor commissions.)

Modern conditions put great pressure on a President-elect to choose his key appointees as soon as possible after election so that they can conclude their private affairs, get to Washington. familiarise themselves with their future duties, consult the civil service and their predecessors, and be fully ready to assume responsibility after inauguration. General Eisenhower in 1952 set an important precedent by getting his Cabinet chosen in less than a month after election. Kennedy after his election in 1960 set up a special staff group known as the "Talent Scouts" to help him search the country for outstanding appointees. Kennedy also appointed a large number of temporary advisers, organised into "task forces," to make studies and recommendations in various policy areas. Many of these task force reports provided the bases for subsequent administration policy and legislative proposals.

This pre-inaugural work of the President-elect's personal staff, advisers and prospective appointees to the various departments is obviously important to a smooth transition but also very expensive. By 1960, financing this activity had become a serious problem. Most of the people involved held no official position but had to give up their jobs and come to Washington for several weeks before they were either released or officially put on the pay-roll after inauguration. The victorious party's exhausted campaign fund went deeper in the red for the most essential expenses, but most of the cost rested on individuals, many of whom could not afford it.

Public discussion of this specific problem led to deeper recognition of the importance of transitions generally, and in early 1964 Congress passed a law on this subject. It declares: "The national interest requires that.. transitions in the office of President be accomplished so as to assure continuity in the faithful execution of the laws and in the conduct of the affairs of the federal government, both domestic and foreign. Any disruption occasioned by the transfer of the executive power could produce results detrimental to the safety and well-being of the United States and its people." Accordingly, all officers of the Government are ordered to conduct their affairs and take all appropriate steps to promote orderly transitions. Specifically, the law provides that $900,000 in public funds be available to pay the expenses of the President-elect and his staff and advisers, and to help the outgoing President clean up his affairs after leaving office.

* * *

BRIEFINGS, consultations with the outgoing administration, and paid staff help will get the new President and his Cabinet into office with greatly reduced risk of hostile action from abroad or bungling on the home front, but it takes several months for the transition to be completed. Unlike a former Vice President who inherits an administration, the newly elected President must mould his several hundred new appointees (many of whom have never seen each other before) and the holdover civil servants into an executive team. The process may be painful, but at least the President starts with a top group of his own selection.

In his other areas of responsibility the newly elected President must go through much the same process as Johnson did, except that if he is of the opposition party he begins not with a commitment to policy continuity but with a commitment to change. In the area of foreign policy there is a long and firm tradition of bipartisanship, so that the changes are likely to be more of detail and emphasis than of essentials. Still there is an interim period until the new President makes his approach clear and occupies his place among the world leaders.

Especially critical to a new President are the relations he establishes with Congress. As he reveals his legislative programme and negotiates with Congressional leaders his campaign promises are fulfilled (or evaded) and the essential political complexion of the administration becomes clear. Success in these endeavours may put him in the history books as one of the "strong" Presidents.

How well he succeeds with Congress may depend on his success with the public. Almost as much as a Vice President who has been suddenly projected from the edges of power into the White House, the newly elected, newly inaugurated President must capture the public's attention and make himself the people's leader in fact as well as in legal theory. It is one thing for the people to see a man as a candidate, and even for over half of them to vote for him, but it is another thing for them to see and trust him as President. Since Franklin Roosevelt's famous "first hundred days", every new President has felt the imperative need for strenuous official and political activity to establish his leadership in the early months of his administration.

No political system can eliminate entirely the awkwardness and strain of installing a new leadership. But the American people feel they have good reason to be proud that in some 35 changes of Chief Executives there has been no bloody struggle for personal power, no question of legitimacy, no imprisonment or punishment of losers. For 175 years, since the adoption of the U.S. Constitution, the country has weathered shifts of parties and personalities with remarkable stability and without ever endangering the free, democratic basis of political choice. The peaceful and efficient transfer of authority following President Kennedy's assassination was no chance occurrence but the result of institutional safeguards which preclude arbitrary seizure of power and provide continuity of effective leadership in the Presidency.

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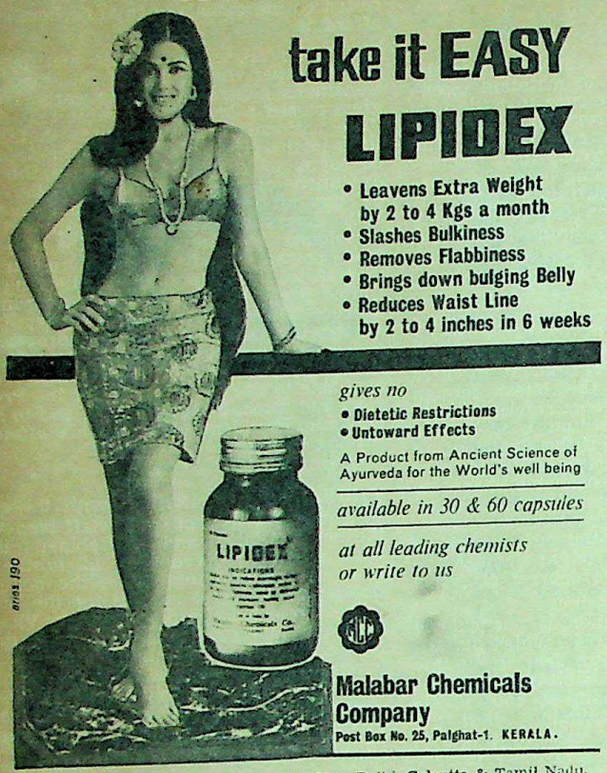

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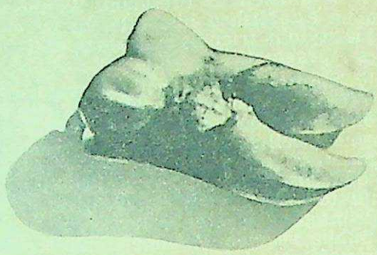

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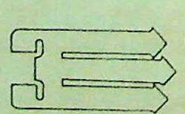

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Tragedies and Transitions

(Continued From Page 37)

similar Soviet Union policy announcement by Khrushchev, was perhaps the most distinctive new venture of the early months of his Presidency, but it too carried on in the direction started by Kennedy's strong and successful efforts to bring about the nuclear test ban treaty.

During his first weeks in the White House, President Johnson made special efforts to establish the informal understanding with the American people that is an essential part of any President's strength. In a crowded schedule of speeches, conferences with representative leaders and groups, press conferences, television interviews, trips out of Washington, and contacts with ordinary people arranged by the simple process of walking down to the White House gate, Johnson gave the country an impression of himself as President. As the cliche has it, he established his style. In personal terms his style is friendly, informal, optimistic, restless, pragmatic.

Politically Johnson's style combines vigorous use of official Presidential powers with unrelenting direct personal persuasion. Reluctant Congressmen, belligerent labour and management negotiators, militant civil rights demonstrators, and suspicious business men soon proved unable to resist what has long been known in Washington as "the Johnson treatment". The public seemed to understand and appreciate his efforts, for at the traditional hundred-day measuring point the opinion polls showed three quarters of the American people approving the way the new President was doing his job.

* * *

WHEN a change of Presidents occurs after a regular election many of the same transitional problems arise as in the case of a Vice Presidential succession, although there are significant differences. The problem is how to enjoy the benefits of regular free elections without paying too large a price in governmental instability. On the whole, the American political system has a reasonable solution to this classic problem. The main difference between a regular and a Vice Presidential transition is that there is time—ten weeks between election and inauguration day for the outgoing President to clean up his business, for the President-elect to make preparations, and for the two of them to take steps to safeguard the national interest. Great improvements in the use of this time have been made in the past 30 years.

When the incoming President is of the same political party as his predecessor—perhaps even has been a member of his administration—the turnover process may be quite simple. But if the new man is from the opposition, complications arise. In the latter case, until the 1930's, the outgoing President and his Cabinet, who had exercised only feeble political power in the months between election day and the installation of the new Chief Executive, simply walked out on inauguration day and the new President and his Cabinet walked in. Except for joint ceremonial appearances there was little or no contact between the two groups. Change at the top was soon followed by turnover by the second- and third-level Presidential appointees and several thousands of the principal departmental officials. The processes of government inevitably slowed down and it might take weeks or months to get them fully in motion again. The new administration had to start with little expert knowledge or advice on what had gone before.

Domestic and international crises in the 1930's made it clear that to meet rapidly moving events, a modern government required more continuity. Starting with Hoover and Roosevelt in 1932 all outgoing and incoming Presidents have met for discussion of the state of the Government. Such meetings require patriotic self-discipline when men are angry with each other over the recent campaign contest, as they were in the cases of Hoover and Roosevelt, and Truman and Eisenhower. These meetings are perhaps less important for the details of what the two men say to each other or agree about than as demonstrations of underlying American unity, and as an encouragement to fellow partisans and subordinates on the two sides to co-operate. With a framework of co-operation established at the top, aides can engage in the detailed discussion needed to maintain essential continuity and to make sure that the new administration has the information it needs for sensible formulation of its own policies. The goal is to get the incoming group fully informed without either transgressing on the authority of the outgoing administration before its term expires on inauguration day, or thrusting responsibility on the new administration before then.

In the area of foreign affairs, co-operation between the two parties begins even before election, before anyone knows whether or not there will be a turnover. Since World War II it has been customary during Presidential campaigns for the President to offer confidential briefings on the latest foreign policy, military and intelligence information to the candidate of the opposition (and to the candidate of his own party if the President, of course, offers the same courtesy). The purpose is to give both parties a reasonable chance to discuss the nation's foreign policy and international situation, and to caution the candidates against campaign statements based on erroneous information that might damage the national interest, or lead to courses of action that might embarrass them later.

This kind of co-operation is particularly important since the law of 1947, which put the Speaker and the President Pro Tem. in the line of succession, creates the possibility that under some circumstances the death of both President and Vice President would permit the Presidency to pass to the opposition party. This is because the Speaker and the President Pro Tem. are elected by the Congress, which is elected separately from the President and sometimes controlled by the opposition. Many people, including the author of this article, believe that the law should be changed to provide for succession from the Vice President to the Cabinet, as it was before 1947.

* * *

IN the old days, Presidents-elect did well to have their Cabinets selected by inauguration day, and the filling of other vacancies was likely to go on for weeks or months afterward. Since World War II, stabilisation of the upper levels of the civil service under the merit system has greatly reduced the number of people a new administration has to appoint. The permanent professional staffs in the Executive Office of the President are great resources at a new President's disposal, as are the comparable career staff groups that serve the department heads. A new administration now can effectively take direction of the Government with the appointment of about 200 top officials. (There may be several thousand "patronage" appointments later, but these are positions of lesser order and not crucial to the turnover problem. They include such posts as secretaries and aides to high-ranking officials, some postmasters, federal district attorneys and marshals and members of minor commissions.)

Modern conditions put great pressure on a President-elect to choose his key appointees as soon as possible after election so that they can conclude their private affairs, get to Washington, familiarise themselves with their future duties, consult the civil service and their predecessors, and be fully ready to assume responsibility after inauguration. General Eisenhower in 1952 set an important precedent by getting his Cabinet chosen in less than a month after election. Kennedy after his election in 1960 set up a special staff group known as the "Talent Scouts" to help him search the country for outstanding appointees. Kennedy also appointed a large number of temporary advisers, organised into "task forces," to make studies and recommendations in various policy areas. Many of these task force reports provided the bases for subsequent administration policy and legislative proposals.

This pre-inaugural work of the President-elect's personal staff, advisers and prospective appointees to the various departments is obviously important to a smooth transition but also very expensive. By 1960, financing this activity had become a serious problem. Most of the people involved held no official position but had to give up their jobs and come to Washington for several weeks before they were either released or officially put on the pay-roll after inauguration. The victorious party's exhausted campaign fund went deeper in the red for the most essential expenses, but most of the cost rested on individuals, many of whom could not afford it.

Public discussion of this specific problem led to deeper recognition of the importance of transitions generally, and in early 1964 Congress passed a law on this subject. It declares: "The national interest requires that.. transitions in the office of President be accomplished so as to assure continuity in the faithful execution of the laws and in the conduct of the affairs of the federal government, both domestic and foreign. Any disruption occasioned by the transfer of the executive power could produce results detrimental to the safety and well-being of the United States and its people." Accordingly, all officers of the Government are ordered to conduct their affairs and take all appropriate steps to promote orderly transitions. Specifically, the law provides that $900,000 in public funds be available to pay the expenses of the President-elect and his staff and advisers, and to help the outgoing President clean up his affairs after leaving office.

* * *

BRIEFINGS, consultations with the outgoing administration, and paid staff help will get the new President and his Cabinet into office with greatly reduced risk of hostile action from abroad or bungling on the home front, but it takes several months for the transition to be completed. Unlike a former Vice President who inherits an administration, the newly elected President must mould his several hundred new appointees (many of whom have never seen each other before) and the holdover civil servants into an executive team. The process may be painful, but at least the President starts with a top group of his own selection.

In his other areas of responsibility the newly elected President must go through much the same process as Johnson did, except that if he is of the opposition party he begins not with a commitment to policy continuity but with a commitment to change. In the area of foreign policy there is a long and firm tradition of bipartisanship, so that the changes are likely to be more of detail and emphasis than of essentials. Still there is an interim period until the new President makes his approach clear and occupies his place among the world leaders.

Especially critical to a new President are the relations he establishes with Congress. As he reveals his legislative programme and negotiates with Congressional leaders his campaign promises are fulfilled (or evaded) and the essential political complexion of the administration becomes clear. Success in these endeavours may put him in the history books as one of the "strong" Presidents.

How well he succeeds with Congress may depend on his success with the public. Almost as much as a Vice President who has been suddenly projected from the edges of power into the White House, the newly elected, newly inaugurated President must capture the public's attention and make himself the people's leader in fact as well as in legal theory. It is one thing for the people to see a man as a candidate, and even for over half of them to vote for him, but it is another thing for them to see and trust him as President. Since Franklin Roosevelt's famous "first hundred days", every new President has felt the imperative need for strenuous official and political activity to establish his leadership in the early months of his administration.

No political system can eliminate entirely the awkwardness and strain of installing a new leadership. But the American people feel they have good reason to be proud that in some 35 changes of Chief Executives there has been no bloody struggle for personal power, no question of legitimacy, no imprisonment or punishment of losers. For 175 years, since the adoption of the U.S. Constitution, the country has weathered shifts of parties and personalities with remarkable stability and without ever endangering the free, democratic basis of political choice. The peaceful and efficient transfer of authority following President Kennedy's assassination was no chance occurrence but the result of institutional safeguards which preclude arbitrary seizure of power and provide continuity of effective leadership in the Presidency.

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J. F. K. As I Saw Him

REPLIES TO THE EDITOR'S QUESTIONNAIRE

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

1. What do you think was the secret of Kennedy's unique hold on the imagination of people the world over?
2. If he were alive today, would he have remained as popular in the context of the increasing tensions at home and abroad?
3. What, according to your assessment, was the most significant achievement of the Kennedy administration?

by KAMALA MARKANDAYA

1. John Fitzgerald Kennedy was a dazzling figure. He had power—a power greater, possibly, than that held by any one man in the history of the world—but was neither to be subverted nor stampeded by it. He had a superb mind, good looks, youthfulness, a charm that took people under its spell, even at long range, even people who had never met him like myself. He gave fresh meaning to the half-forgotten conception of humanity in a world sick to death of inhumanity—the sick, senseless, cruel inhumanity of man to man, powerless to halt it. No wonder, then, that his brilliant sanity should have assaulted, captured and held the imagination of millions.

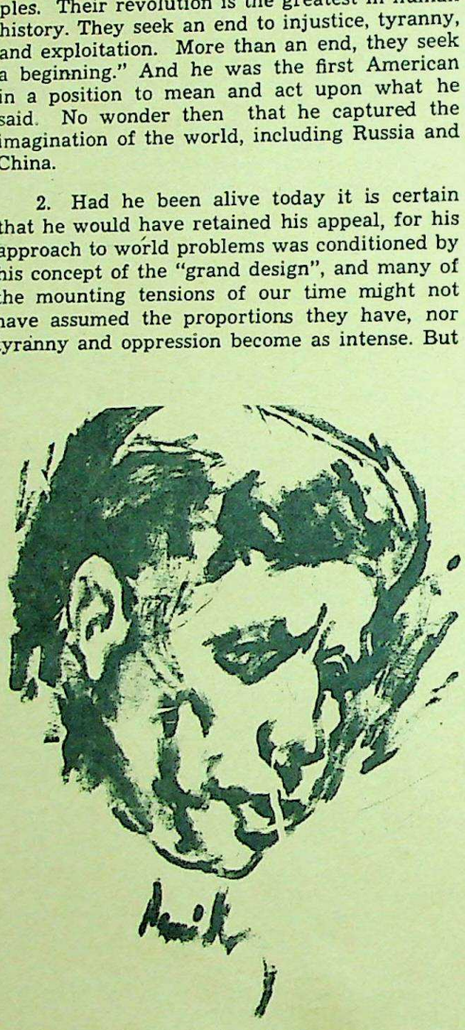
2. I think Kennedy would have consolidated his position as a strong and responsible world leader, and in doing so would have forfeited, perhaps, some of his popularity.

3. Perhaps the most significant achievement of the Kennedy Administration was its uncompromising declaration of human rights, the impact of which will be felt by many generations to come.

by AHMED ALI

1. The secret of Kennedy's appeal lay in his youth and the promise of peace and of tomorrow that came from him. He was a most un-American American, as a warmth and a light seemed to emanate from his words and personality. By looking back to the past he conformed to a tradition; by feeling for the downtrodden Negro of America and the struggling nations at large, he impressed everyone with his deep humanity; by his fascination with the vastness of space, as a poet dreaming of attaining things outside the realm of everyday preoccupations; by advancing the concept of a "grand design", as a reformer looking far beyond the shores of America. In his youth lay his charm; in his practical idealism his appeal; in his emphasis on peace and a happier world his contribution to the good of mankind. Though soft as a man awaking from sleep in taking an initiative, he was strong as steel in his convictions and deeds. No other American, perhaps, would have impressed the world with such sincerity as he did when he declared: "The great battleground for the defence and expansion of freedom today is the whole southern half of the globe—Asia, Latin America, Africa and the Middle East, the lands of rising peoples. Their revolution is the greatest in human history. They seek an end to injustice, tyranny, and exploitation. More than an end, they seek a beginning." And he was the first American in a position to mean and act upon what he said. No wonder then that he captured the imagination of the world, including Russia and China.

2. Had he been alive today it is certain that he would have retained his appeal, for his approach to world problems was conditioned by his concept of the "grand design", and many of the mounting tensions of our time might not have assumed the proportions they have, nor tyranny and oppression become as intense. But



—by K. C. S. Paniker

then, guessing what might have been may only belittle the memory of one who believed in the promise of tomorrow and who himself might have proved to be that promise—who knows?

3. It is certain that the lot of the Negroes of his country would have bettered by now under his initiative, decisive action and wise steering of the right of man to demand his rights. Not for nothing, therefore, the most outstanding act of the Kennedy Administration was the legislation of the Civil Rights Act. His words on the subject will ever remain memorable: "Privilege is not easily yielded up, but until the interests of a few yield to the interests of the nation, the promises and modernisation of our society will remain a mockery to millions of our citizens."

by M. CHALAPATHI RAU

1. Kennedy was a Lochinvar among political leaders. He was the symbol of youth, of spring among the seasons. He was hope and wonder and ardency of spirit; he had energy, charm, imagination and the gift of articulacy. He was a debater in a world of orators. The story of his struggle for nomination was an epic; by becoming the first Catholic President in American history, he showed the boundlessness of democracy. He was the future.

2. Kennedy's impact today cannot be measured. It is difficult to say what exactly he would have done; it is certain it would have made a difference. He would have thought of something which others could not and he would have explained it in a way which was beyond others.

The Kennedy policies are being pursued by President Johnson firmly and with mastery over Congress, but in a Johnsonian way. In South-East Asia, this is a rather crude, blunt way. Kennedy would have sought to contain international Communism in a sophisticated fashion. He would have made democracy look civilised, under any provocation, and superior. He had genius, backed by cold calculation, and he had style, backed by a superb imagination.

3. Kennedy's most outstanding achievement was to demonstrate the basis of American strength and the will to use that strength for collective peace and security. Kennedy also succeeded in adding personality, gathered from the reserves of American culture, to the impersonal power of the U.S. President, and in making all Americans remember they also had a revolution once.

by KHUSHWANT SINGH

1. The secret of Kennedy's hold on the imagination of the people of the world was a unique combination of three qualities: transparent integrity, cultured sophistication and virile youthfulness.

Kennedy belonged to the breed of men like Lincoln and Gandhi, who infused the masses with confidence in the honesty of their purpose and so endued worn-out platitudes about serving mankind with robust freshness. They made politics respectable.

Kennedy, like our own Jawaharlal Nehru, was a living example of Plato's philosopher king. He was deeply conscious of the civilising influence of literature, art and music on the life of a nation. He said, "When power leads man towards arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations... When power corrupts, poetry cleanses... We must not forget that art is not a form of propaganda: it is a form of truth." It took a Kennedy to invite Robert Frost to recite at his inauguration, to have Pablo Casals perform at Presidential receptions and to throw open the hospitality of the White House (restored according to the classic American tradition by his wife) to men of letters, painting and music.

Above all, it was Kennedy's good looks (pairing with those of his beautiful Jacqueline) that made him the Prince Charming to women and the handsome, not-to-be-rivalled younger brother to men all over the globe. The Scottish poet, G. S. Fraser, described him as the "blunt-faced young lion". Vernon Watkins summed up Kennedy's appeal admirably:

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Consistently his courage fought
Contempt of colour, creed or race.
The single faith his youth had brought
Was written on his face.

2. No, of course not! No one can ever be as popular alive as he is dead. Kennedy is no exception. And Kennedy made many mistakes which we tend to forget, *e.g.*, the Bay of Pigs adventure in Cuba, the shabby handling of the Polaris affair with England. But Kennedy took the bull by the horns and did not wait for the crises to overtake him. He was a great one for "getting things off the dead centre" and for personal initiative—"free-wheeling". He reduced tension with Russia by meeting Khrushchev. If he had been alive today, he would have been in Hanoi talking bluntly to Ho Chi Minh, not bombing and gassing the North Vietnamese.

3. Making the establishment of peace the personal responsibility of every citizen. This is the basis of the Peace Corps. He emphasised the obligations each of us owe to the society in which we live. His immortal words should be the Indian's motto: "Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country."

by GANGADHAR GADGIL

1. Kennedy was the Prince Charming of the hardboiled and sinister world of politics. He was brave, intelligent, self-assured and bubbling with energy. There was a compelling magic about his personality; and he gave the impression of being on the top of the problems that confronted him (except in his first meeting with Khrushchev and during the Bay of Pigs disaster). But above all he radiated a conviction that it is possible to build a world order in which every man (including the Asiatic and the African) can live in peace, prosperity and freedom; and fashioned more rational, sophisticated and sane policies for building the new order. Even the ordinary man could somehow perceive that he had taken politics to a higher level of rationality and sanity.

2. Time and familiarity wear out to a certain degree the personal magic of any great leader. This would have happened to Kennedy as well. And he was not the kind of leader who would have kept out of storms and controversies to sustain his popularity. He was too big a man to adopt this cowardly recipe. He would thus have had to face harsh criticism and bitter opposition from time to time. But every crisis would have added to his stature and popularity if he was really the kind of man I believe he was.

3. Cuba, of course. In Cuba he once and for all called the Russian bluff. He tore apart the slippery sophistications of the advocates of appeasement, without yielding to the stupid inflexibilities of the advocates of the hard line, and displayed the effectiveness of the new, complex and more rational attitudes and techniques he was trying to introduce in politics. In concrete terms, he achieved more through his stand on civil rights and the bold policy of tax cuts. But he laid the foundations of something far more vital and bigger in Cuba.

— by N. S. Bendre

by G. V. DESANI

1. I do not like the look of the first question and want to avoid the sequel: to wit, argue the word *"secret"*, define *"unique hold"*, appraise *"the imagination of people..."* and essay *"...the world."*

Since nearly all the facts concerning the late President have been communicated by canny and highly paid agents, including the details of his personal *pluses*—his youth, gusto, looks, style, eloquence, candour, the million-dollar fund from his father, and Mrs. Kennedy's obvious gifts, and her cultural background, her high dress sense, her patronage of creative artists, musicians and others—and a good deal about his aides, too, his obliging Press Secretary and the talented speech writer, Mr. Sorensen—I shall content myself with offering two glaring generalisations.

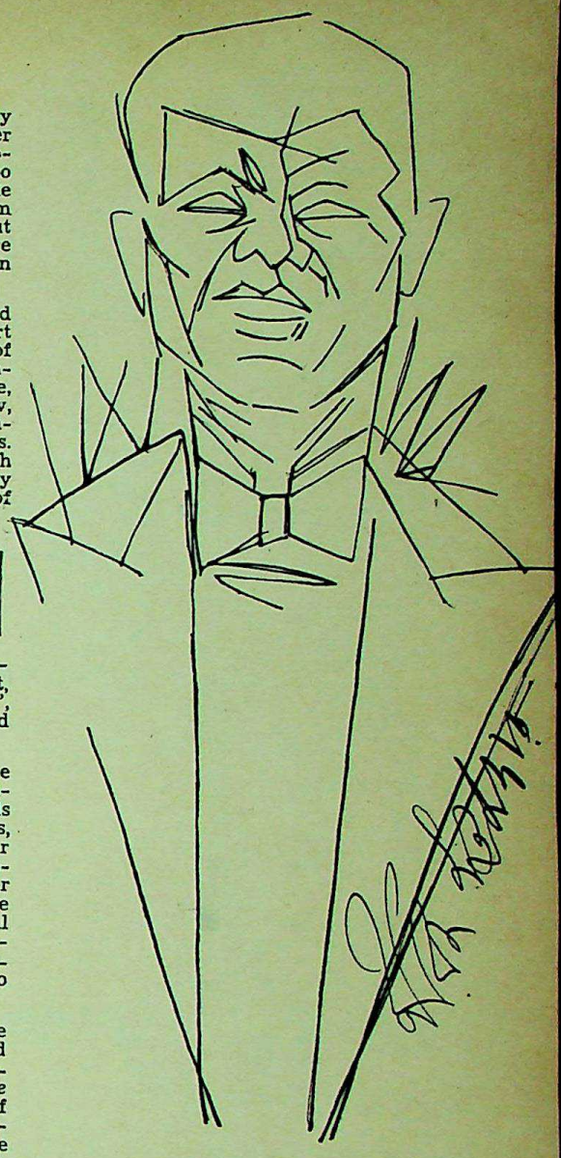
American affairs and Presidents fascinate because the world is fascinated by royalty, and wealth, power, success, dominance, action. Being so fascinated is a means of *coping with the anxiety* (caused from displays by royalty, of wealth... etc.) *by "participation"*. An anticipating Indian lady doctor flying post-haste from India to London—as the Queen was expecting a baby—was seen cutting circles around Buckingham Palace. On being asked why was she so conducting herself, she replied, "I want to be there when it happens." She was, without knowing it, *"participating"*: or, as Jimmie Durante used to say, "getting into the act" (...into somebody else's act).

Anyway, a President, who tells his enemies of not long ago, "...The U.S. would risk its own cities to defend yours" (J. F. Kennedy, at Frankfurt, during his 1963 triumphant European tour), or exclaims to the fold in Cologne, "...Cologne, where the Romans marched when (we) Bostonians were in skins", and ends with a hurrah for Cologne, or assures the Berliners, in their own tongue, "I am a Berliner!"—not forgetting the gay events in the land of his forefathers—would have *"the secret"* of a *"unique hold on the imagination of people the world over"*. (The audience, graphically and photographically familiarised with these and other episodes would be *"people the world over"*.)

My second generalisation concerns a form of clashing called challenge. Often a prelude to a conflict, *challenge* is a means of capturing attention (or imagination). Kennedy lived in stirring times and his post-World War II *challenges* to the Russians would further prove the point. (One such, revealing the strength of his character, was the naval blockade of '62, which caused Mr. Khrushchev to ship the Russian missiles from Cuba to Russia.)

2. Although—China excepted—there was world-wide grief at Kennedy's tragic death, it would be difficult to concede *"popularity"*. (One might have tapped opinion, in the late President's day, or may tap it today in—say—Cuba, Panama, Moscow, Pnom Penh, Peking or Hanoi.)

Actually, the tensions at home are lessening tensions. President Johnson—voted in by the largest-ever popular vote—has had no trouble with big business such as Kennedy had with the steelmen. Kennedy's sponsored Civil Rights Bill is law and Mr. Johnson has squarely faced the (contemporaneous) aftermath. The tax-cut bill is passed. (Kennedy had fought for this, as he had for the Civil Rights Bill.) Last year's threatened rail strike was ably averted by Mr. Johnson. His relations with Congress are better than Mr. Kennedy's were. He has avoided an incident similar to the Bay of Pigs, and he resolved, with credit, the Gulf of Tonkin action and so far (in spite of the reaction abroad, particularly from the latterly-thawed Russians) the Viet Nam situation. (From the United States point of view: relative to the *American interest*.)



— by Nirode Mazumdar

Speaking of the tensions abroad, General de Gaulle has not yet signed the test-ban treaty, has accepted the Chinese-asserted European independence of the United States, toyed with the notion of a French-led Third Force, and has made overtures (in person) to the Latin Americans (the Monroe Doctrine notwithstanding). If that is not enough, he has said (complains the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Fulbright) "the nastiest, meanest things about us" (Americans). The Indonesians, the Arabs, most Africans (including Mr. Nasser and excluding the unsinkable Monsieur Tshombe), Ceylon (the last but not the present government), Prince Norodom Sihanouk Varman, nurse little or no goodwill for the U.S. Among the associates and juniors, the Persians, the Turks, King Hussain, the Greeks, and the SEATO- and CENTO-committed (defensive alliances with the United States against China and Russia) Pakistanis—annual U.S. aid $ 400 million—are not so staunch and some have hiked as far as Peking and Moscow "seeking friendship with all countries" (President Ayub Khan, back from his tour of China and

(Please Turn To Page 43)

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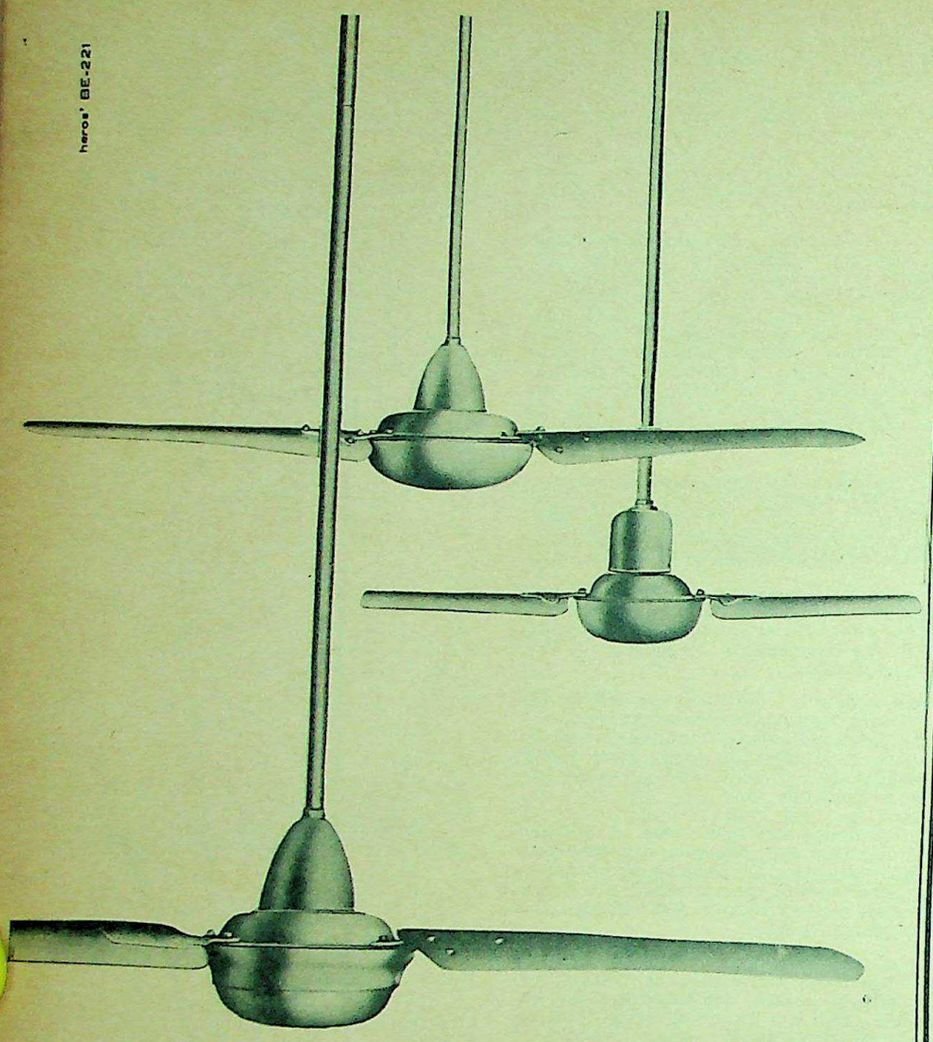

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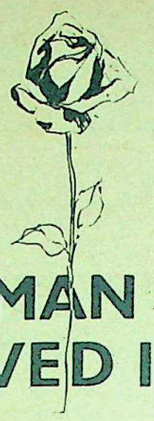

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- Rare photographs of Mr. Nehru : a two-page photo-feature.
- An inspiring article on the women in Mr. Nehru's family by Mrs. L. B. Mehta, with colour sketches of Smt. Swarup Rani, Smt. Kamala Nehru, Smt. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit and Smt. Indira Gandhi.
- An interview with Mr. Nehru little-known associates.
- And other contributions by D Ram Dhari Singh Dinka Bachchan, Dr. Nagendra, He Barua, Prakash Vir Shast Hebbar, K. L. Mishra Prabha kar, P. D. Tandon, Veerendr Mishra, S. Sanyal, Kamlapa Mishra, Vishnu Prabhaka Manmohan Saral, Chetan Anand, Naa. Parthasarathy Nutan, Ashok Kumar, Rajban Khanna, etc.

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J. F. K. As I Saw Him

(Continued From Page 41)

Russia). Latin American relations are not what they might be and a North Viet Nam spokesman has addressed the most stable and desired currency in the world as "stinking dollars" (reacting to a billion of these offered by President Johnson). The Indians have published fewer anti-American notes, statements, aide-memoires (not so much from agreement with the Americans, but rather from disagreement with the Chinese and their land survey). The British, and the Australians, although cordial, continue to trade with China and Cuba.

A conclusion that an impartial observer might draw from this situation is that most people require of the United States to be consulted (with the right to veto) about such issues as the European alliance, South Viet Nam agreements, the Malaysian Federation, Israel, the Congo, Cyprus, arms supplies to Pakistan (the late Indian Prime Minister had strongly objected), arms supplies to India (Pakistan strongly objects), the U.S. intercontinental-missiles programme, the disposition of the American armed forces and fleets, the kind of gas used in Indo-China and its chemical composition (all these matters merited sharp speeches from the late Indian Prime Minister and one recently from the present Prime Minister) instead of letting the United States go about its business, which is—first and foremost—*self-interest*, the American pragmatism (and, incidentally, the American idealism).

The U.S. has security agreements with over 40 countries. (It takes two to conclude an agreement. There is no evidence of coercion by the American ambassadors or consular personnel to terrorise people into signing such agreements.) The admitted purpose of these security concerns, in the strict political sense of the day, is the containment of the Communists (Russia, China, and the satellites).

—by P. T. Reddy

The strategy is directed to filling vacuums on land, on the high seas, in and around the continents, wherever needed, and in the air, and to place absolutely all the vulnerable points of the earth, and in the space above the earth, within the reach of American arms. In pursuing this task, the American assumes a more or less unavoidable imperial posture (*to wage war or to enforce peace*).

There is also the posture inspired by the American idealism—with its roots in Greece, in Christianity, and in the European and the American free thought of the century—dedicated to overcoming poverty, disease, want, need, hunger—the hunger for knowledge included—and freedom from fear and political tyranny in certain special areas. Obviously, no country can possibly assume so much responsibility and not arm. The Defence Secretary, Mr. McNamara, testifying before the Armed Forces and Joint Atomic Energy Committees, has provided certain estimates. The United States nuclear weapons alone, reckoned in megatons—a megaton equals roughly 1,000,000 tons of exploding TNT—is something absolutely beyond the wildest reach of the imagination of any conqueror known to history. (The Russian-owned arsenal, and Russia's equally amazing technology, the Chinese infantry potential and other Chinese accomplishments are not relevant to this Questionnaire.)

As sheer *achievement*, this is an entirely exciting thing, even a *heroic* thing. An offspring of this prodigious effort is the wonderful space programme and the innumerable discoveries, the ceaseless search after understanding and mastering Nature's laws, not forgetting the most vigorous pursuit of the creative arts and the new art forms and techniques. The fruits of this effort by the twentieth-century man, exerting himself in Europe and in America, are available to a future government of the world; and are, today, to the world. (The *world* is here reckoned as the underdeveloped countries of Asia and Africa—omitting some Latin American and European countries to which the description *underdeveloped* might apply.)

Bent on *participation*, the late Indian Prime Minister and others—before the Bandung meeting and after—had tried to organise and federate into the so-called Afro-Asian Third Force, to brave and stand up to the Two (the American-led Western and the Russian-led Eastern). The bases of the organisaton were emotional (not real). The two things in common which the members, so-called Afro-Asian, had was their backwardness and poverty and the then-justifiable anti-colonial passion. (Most of them had been the victims of European political and economic domination, and their leaders, of imprisonment and affront.) None among the active members, including China had—or has today—economic self-sufficiency or anything like a European or an American standard of living.

Regardless of the ebullience—the Indian spokesmen were most vocal and convincing—the organisation lacked any genuine basis because (apart from lacking any real force, *power*) it ignored the areas of disagreement among the Asians and Africans themselves: historic, ethnic, religious, cultural, linguistic. No effort was made to bridge those differences or even to acknowledge their existence or to investigate them. They did not show among the leaders—most of them educated and brought up in the Western traditions—but the differences among the masses were and are real.

The differences—"the way of life"—could mean such divergences as the legitimate Chinese stomach for beef and pork, and the emotional crisis—for instance—the prime Hindu of his day, Mahatma Gandhi, underwent after discovering that his wife had had some beef tea. He "preferred death". The Hindus and the Muslims had killed and maimed an estimated 750,000 people at the time of the partitioning of India—Mahatma Gandhi's pleading and Mr. Nehru's pacific presence notwithstanding. Hindu-Muslim battles, murderous forays, kidnapping of women, of minors, raping and throwing of children into wells, used to take fire from such occurrences as playing music "loudly" outside a mosque in Lahore, or from a cut of beef thrown inside a Hindu temple in Kanpur. Pakistani-Indian, Chinese-Indian, Indonesian-Indian relations (between *bhais*, brothers, now "neighbours and enemies") are worse today than they were at Bandung ten years ago. (One can list similar smouldering possibilities all over Asia and Africa.)

An offshoot of the Afro-Asian Third Force emotionalism—based on looking big, and the infantile *I take orders from nobody! I am my own master!*—is the naive notion of "non-alignment" (with the United States or the Communists). There is the complacency, by association, automatically "aligning" one; and "independence" is a shoddy fallacy if you are begging for food and other succour, year after year, and from those you are "independent" of. A more senile and retarded notion is that "non-alignment" is achieved by taking aid from both sides. (Quite apart from the questionable ethics of such intentions and conduct, and the resulting "peace" or "friendship" without *honour*, with one or both.)

—by Paritosh Sen

Such attitudes are acquired in the bazars of Asia and Africa—bluffing, hedging, scolding, preaching peace, cadging, occasional subversion, confiscation, rioting, "student demonstrations", opportunism, not honouring one's word, etc., such means and techniques are not worthy of nations which must needs build up credit—to say the least. Political morality yields dividends, as does any sort of morality. "Honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none", is not a quotation from Nehru or the recent Ayub Khan, but from President Jefferson of the United States. Such an aim—the ideal of national independence—would need economic strength and the power of arms to uphold it. "Peace"—comparative, absolute—as a basis of a nation's foreign policy, or that of a combination of nations, is assured by military, political and economic

(Please Turn To Page 45)

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

1. What do you think was the secret of Kennedy's unique hold on the imagination of people the world over?
2. If he were alive today, would he have remained as popular in the context of the increasing tensions at home and abroad?
3. What, according to your assessment, was the most significant achievement of the Kennedy administration?

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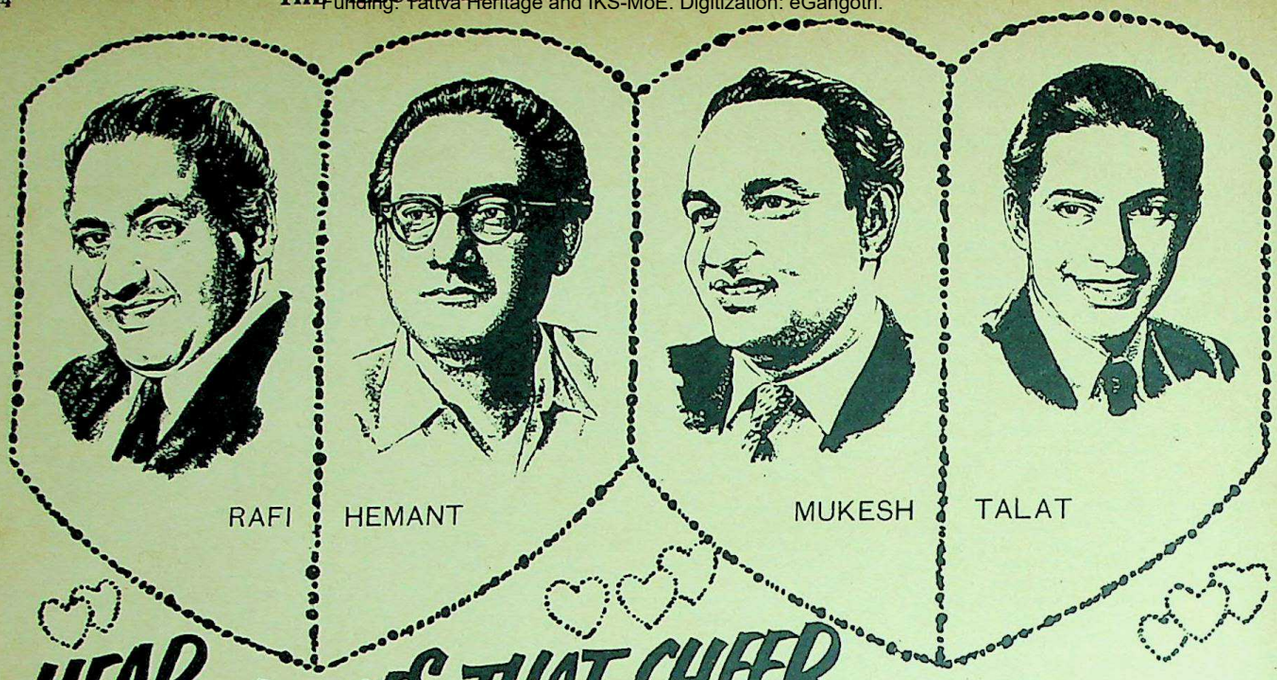

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— by Gopal Ghose

safeguards against this new tyranny—the rule of a politically illiterate electorate which is blind to self-interest (and that includes, *definitely*, checking its numbers).

All these issues are directly related to the post-World War II United States and to its worldwide commitments. Responsible public spokesmen have suggested to the U.S. administration that it should drop Asia and Africa from its aid programme or, to a country like India—which goes on adding to its population without any restraint or direction from the Government—grant conditional aid.

3. Mr. Kennedy was President for not quite three years. He was campaigning for re-election, and so much was left undone as a consequence of his assassination.

Able American commentators have considered the nuclear test-ban treaty as Kennedy's most significant achievement. If one were to gloss or doctor that judgment, it is that half or near-half of that achievement is Russian (Mr. Khrushchev's, who is no longer on the scene). Kennedy had described the test-ban treaty as "an important first step" to world peace. (*Only the strong may make peace.*)

Another thing—incidentally, a fit issue for the award of a writ mandamus to somebody or other from an international grand jury—worth pondering might be the dictum: *If you want peace, prepare for war.*

J. F. K. As I Saw Him

(*Continued From Page* 43)

power, and the will to survive with honour, and to that end lives are honourably risked and lost, often with one's comrades and allies.

The so-called Third Force had no binding conditions, moreover, and it had no sort of an expression of collective security, such as even the most powerful nation of its day, Germany *pre*-World War II, sought of Italy and Japan (after managing a near-neutralisation of Russia and the United States). The Allies, arrayed against Germany, ceded a similar need. (*Only the strong can wage war or make peace.*)

The spokesmen of the so-called "non-aligned" countries pronouncing themselves on disarmament—among them the Indians were foremost — had not understood the concepts, "*deterrent*" and "*preparedness*". "Smaller warships... smaller wars. No warships might mean no wars"—thus Walter Lippmann. "The theory," wrote Mr. Lippmann, in 1943, "is applicable, if at all, to Tibet, which has no foreign relations, cannot be invaded, is not worth conquering, has no outlying commitments..." The Tibetans, at home and in exile, and others, can better judge these words in 1965, and their obvious implication.

Lastly, the untaught and uninformed millions—the population, the so-called "strength" of the Third Force—is as unreal an issue today as it was at Bandung. Actually, it is the "self-made" amateur, the ambitious politician, the corrupt official, the unscrupulous profiteer, and the speech- and statement-maker—allowing for some powerless idealists—who make up the new Asian-African ruling class, which has access to the masses, and which perpetuates itself, election after election, sometimes indulging in paternal domination, but often, as a class, succumbing to greed and acquisitiveness, and it is likely to exact a toll as any imperial or colonial power might.

THE NEW CAPITALISTS

The pattern can be seen in the voting by the masses. Mr. Nyerere and Mr. Nasser drew 98% plus of the total vote. There is today, in too many Asian and African countries, a one-man and one-party rule. And there are arrayed against the masses the new capitalists (who have replaced the European capitalists, and most among them, and the worst, have not even the *pseudo*-Christianity of their predecessors). This is a new curse, a ruthless minority that preys—in the last analysis—on the hungry and the destitute, and, sooner or later, must and does oppose the governments which support it. A multi-party system of government, and a loud opposition, a free press, and an independent judiciary appear to be the only

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Newsletters

KARACHI

by AHMED ALI

The Eliot Legend

NOW that Eliot is dead he is being lionised in the subcontinent. Not that he was not held in high esteem during his life; but today it is the Eliot legend that is becoming the lion. And Karachi University in collaboration with the local British Council and the Congress for Cultural Freedom held a seminar on the poet in the second week of April. It obviously did need 'aid', for the organiser of the seminar, the professor who heads the department of English at the University, offered me a small fee for reading a paper which, for obvious reasons, I declined.

The papers, all read by the University teachers with the sole exception of one contributed by an American, dealt with "Eliot and Modern English Sensibility", "Eliot as Critic of Dickens", "Hamlet and the Family Reunion", "Impact of Eliot on Bengali Criticism", "The American in Eliot", and the "Impact of Eliot on Urdu Literature". Apart from the frightfully bad English of some, no more need be said about them.

During a subsequent discussion, the professor raised the question of the diffidence of people to talk about Eliot's early life, and mentioned names on every *litterateur's* tongue.

"I suppose there is nothing much to talk about," I told him. He was, however, worried and cited the instance of Eliot's sojourn in Geneva for "treatment". "What is back of your mind?" I asked him then. It transpired that he was intrigued by Eliot's love life and its influence on his later development. "As for that," I replied, "one need not ask people for the details of what is obvious. A poet incorporates his experiences in his poems; and the more successful he is in objectifying them, the more lasting his poetry becomes. Moreover, Eliot has himself told us everything about the nature of his experience that was worth knowing."

The point is that with all his awareness of the present and the past, his sensibility and seeming universality, the nature of his experience is subjective. He tries to hide the personal behind imagery of the post-war and inter-war world, with all its conflicts and confusion, loss of faith and worship of Mammon. No better structure could be found for the expression of Eliot's own confusion than the "Love Song of Alfred J. Prufrock", through whom he expresses his own emotions and experience. For his first and only love remains unrequited. Having been brought up in strictly religious and conservative surroundings, unfamiliar with the psychology of women, and falling head over heels in love with a person older than himself who does not reciprocate his feelings, he is incapable of understanding her equanimity in the face of the storm raging within his soul. He is full of inhibitions and dreads the prospect of his secret becoming known even to the woman he loves. Inner compulsion forces him to express his passion, yet he is afraid of giving the impression of wearing his heart upon his sleeve. He therefore tries to laugh it away through ridicule:

I grow old, I grow old.
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

This had two advantages: of startling the reader by the familiarity yet strangeness of this ordinary act, and of concealing his sentimentality.

Coming in the wake of Ezra Pound's shaking cantos which echoed much of the past and the present, and having been schooled by Laforgue and the French Symbolists and steeped in later Elizabethan drama, Eliot brings a new awareness to his poetry and invents a unique machinery for expressing the complex structure of his feelings and the frustrations of an intellectual, born of unrequited love. The whole scene is presented through a kaleidoscope which filters the emotions through intellect. If in passing he records the commonly uncommon detail and the uncommonly common reactions of a sensitive person to things in relation to the sentiments, the poem becomes the more mature in semblance and bearing.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo

subtly evokes the theme of the creation of Adam.

Along with the love theme and the frustrated emotion, the sex motif raises its head and subsides in the image of:

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

The feeling of loneliness, the braggadocio of the adolescent, the indecision, the fear of being rejected, the self-pity and the futility of it all, are all there, merged with the intensity of feeling, as well as the attempt to laugh the whole affair away so as to displace the image already created and to hide the bitterness of rejected love. This is dream imagery, and the subconscious plays as much part in this as it does in James Joyce.

There are no happy poems in this group, *Poems* 1909-25, except perhaps "La Figlia che Piange", with its vision of flowers and sunlight—old love re-striking after the reconciliation with one's own self—a happy moment of calm though not without regret, a pure subjection and love transcending the sense of failure.

Through the feeling of eternal boredom in the "Preludes" and of inevitable oldness in "Gerontion"—"the old man with wrinkled dugs" (the man and woman theme)—and the disillusionment which must necessarily follow, the eventual reaction sets in and finds expression in the satires and sex poems, Mr. Eliot's "Sunday Morning", "Burbank with a Baedeker" and "Sweeney Erect" and "Among the Nightingales". These are rather destructive emotions, and Eliot was a man of poetic vision. Therefore sublimation follows with the introduction of religion in "The Hippomatamus" which revives hope and faith in life.

An experience of the intensity of the "Love Song" must remain a life-long *grand passion* for a poet of Eliot's sensibility. His mind is complex and his personality a sharp one which does not wish to reveal the inner motives like a dream. The emotional-intellectual disillusionment persists, but its scope is widened in "The Waste Land" to include a whole tradition and culture, that of Europe. What was personal expands in one direction to include the experience of a whole generation, that of the after-war world; and on the other a whole civilisation seeking the lost peace of Christianity in the *shanti* of the Upanishads *via* Gautama's Fire Sermon and the machinery of decaying life and the dying gods of Europe.

With the elegy of "The Hollow Men", he bids the contemptuous world farewell and finds his lost love-ideal in the inner world of religion, and submits himself in "Ash Wednesday" and the "Four Quartets" to the beatitude of mysticism, though not without a sense of regret in "Ash Wednesday":

Although I do not hope to turn again
Although I do not hope
Although I do not hope to turn
Wavering between the profit and the loss
In this brief transit where the dreams cross...

Eventually the single line expands and is submerged in the tranquil correspondences of Nature:

...the lost heart stiffens and rejoices
In the lost lilac and the lost sea voices
And the weak spirit quickens to rebel
For the bent golden-rod and the lost sea smell
Quickens to recover
The cry of quail and the whirling plover
And the blind eye creates
The empty forms between the ivory
And smell renews the salt savour of the sandy earth.

It will, thus, be clear that Eliot's subsequent development is the direct outcome of his first experience. Since he was a man of great sensibility and awareness of the past and the problems of the present, and endowed with poetic insight, he objectified his emotions and let them widen out within the context of his own civilisation. None the less, being fully alive to the needs and shortcomings, the conflicts and confusion of the world he lived in, he could not but include them within the gamut of his experience. It was a matter of honour for him to hide the true nature of his original experience, which, as it were, becomes associated in his subconscious almost with original sin, and he took care to conceal it even from himself, as he did his real personality behind the impeccable appearance and perfect manners of a prosperous business man. In this attempt at "displacing" the dream content of his poems and distracting the attention of the reader lies the secret of his silence about his life, which, all the same, echoes the music of his innermost emotional conflicts. Otherwise, he has told us all that we know or need to know about him—enough to understand and appreciate his poetry.

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"I do not think there is a very high standard of writing coming from British writers just now. Much more promising work comes from the United States, in my opinion. This competition is intended to encourage new talent, though previously published writers are also eligible.

"Peter Owen will publish the winning manuscript in a hard-back edition. Mayflower subsequently will produce a paperback and Chilton Books in the United States have taken an option for American publication rights.

"A condition of the Award is that entries must be in English. It is thus open not only to the United Kingdom but also to the British Commonwealth and its associated countries, as well as the United States. There will be three independent judges—their names will be announced later—and the criterion to be set is high literary quality. The sponsors reserve the right to withhold the Award if a sufficiently good standard is not reached."

—Editor

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DELHI

by AMITA MALIK

Facing The Kutch Crisis

THE Kutch crisis has been so much on everybody's minds that other events have faded very much into the background.

The Delhiwallah, whom people in other parts of India seem to envy because of his closeness to what they call "the centre of things", is naturally closest on occasions like this. I remember the traffic policeman at Vijay Chowk (what used to be known as Great Place) stopping traffic in both directions last week as a small car passed by with the Prime Minister. A passer-by remarked: "Poor man, what *he* has to bear." And that, I think, sums up how Delhi faced the crisis. There was very little of self-pity in it. Anger, perhaps, and even frustration over the whole business, a good deal of arm-chair talk about what the army should have done or not done, or, even more, what they wanted to do and were allegedly not allowed to do. Anger was vented on the politicians, although there were sober elements which were sad at the breakdown of neighbourly relations and wondering when all this madness would end. But there was certainly no evidence of panic or of loss of nerve nor, indeed, of confidence.

The international activity which went on, with be-flagged cars driving up to the External Affairs Ministry in South Block, Pressmen flocking round eagerly for news, then Press parties flying off to meet our jawans on the Kutch Front—not since the Chinese invasion can I remember such a flurry of activity. Not even the fact that summer had suddenly burst upon us, with the dust-laden hot *loo*, a harsh white glare seeping in through ventilators, and car carburettors suddenly giving seasonal trouble, could divert the Delhiwallah's attention from the crisis that faced the nation.

* * *

And in the middle of it all, life otherwise remained dully normal. Handloom Week and a Leather exhibition, both with the stress on rural workers and cottage crafts, were characterised by the usual long speeches carrying the same old platitudes and statistics which never seem to come to life. Both exhibitions were singularly unimaginative with the Handloom exhibition taking the prize for bad display—a sort of combination of over-crowded pavement stall and bureaucratic lethargy. The leather goods, for instance, were sadly lacking in anything approaching a modern slant or imaginative design. In fact, I think for display, full marks should go to the humble wayside potter, who comes into his own round about summer, and whose lovely, earthy terra-cotta *surahis* and water jars still provide Delhi with cold water during its perennial summer illness—lack of a decent water supply. Already people living on first floors and above are rising early, filling up every available vessel in the house with water before sunrise, and hoping for the best.

In addition to Delhi's chronic water supply problem in summer, those with even the simplest of electric gadgets, such as refrigerators, are already dreading the damage that will be done to their machines by fluctuating electric power. A friend of mine who has a fine collection of records has now calculated that long-playing records with a speed of 33-1|3 run at something like 27 r.p.m. in summer. Bass voices go even more bass and some of the shrillness of *filmi geet* gets toned down by the drop in speed. Those who can afford it buy what I believe are known as boosters to keep their electric supply at a constant voltage.

Meanwhile, I think the worst publicity for India is the capital's airports. I was interested to find that in her presidential address to State Information Ministers recently, Mrs. Indira Gandhi has suggested a bright magazine publicising India such as is commonly found in airports all over the world. Until this magazine comes along, and it is greatly overdue, I suggest we do something to brighten up our airports themselves. For instance, the sort of junk which we display as an apology for Indian handicrafts at Palam and Safdarjung are a disgrace.

The lounge at Palam is still grossly over-crowded, with inadequate seating accommodation and dreary restaurants serving still more dreary food. There is a general air of lethargy, especially in the incomprehensible announcements made over loud-speakers from time to time, which add to the general gloom. If we must have dull bureaucratic architecture, at least let us brighten it up with some reasonably cheerful and modern decor.

Artists such as Satish Gujral have already taken a hand in decor for cinemas and other public buildings. Striking murals by Husain, which adorn Air India's offices in so many parts of the world, could surely add grace to Air India's and other counters in India itself. The drive from Palam airport of New Delhi, happily, is one of the few pleasant drives from an airport in India. As planes bank over New Delhi and then land at Palam, visitors first get a lovely aerial view of the capital and then get into the right receptive mood as they drive past lovely little ruins set amidst near-rustic scenery at its best until they come into official Delhi with its gracious bungalows and broad vistas.

What a shame that those who merely pass through Delhi's international airport get such a poor view of India through the drab airport, made still more drab and uninviting through the counters that blot the lounge.

I wish Mrs. Indira Gandhi's airport magazine all success. But I hope someone will make our airports worthy of it first, otherwise it will lie covered with dust on some neglected counter.

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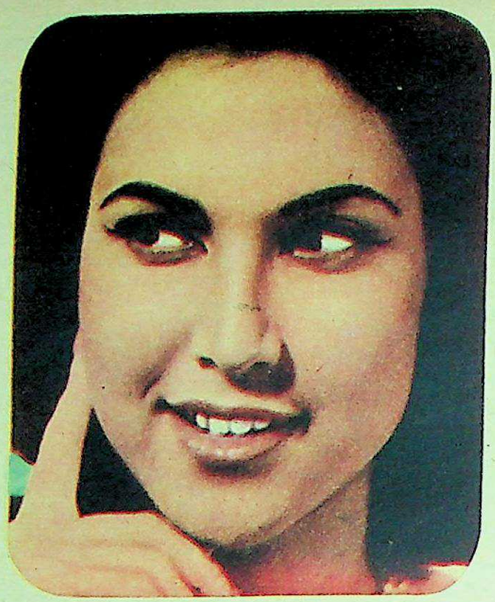

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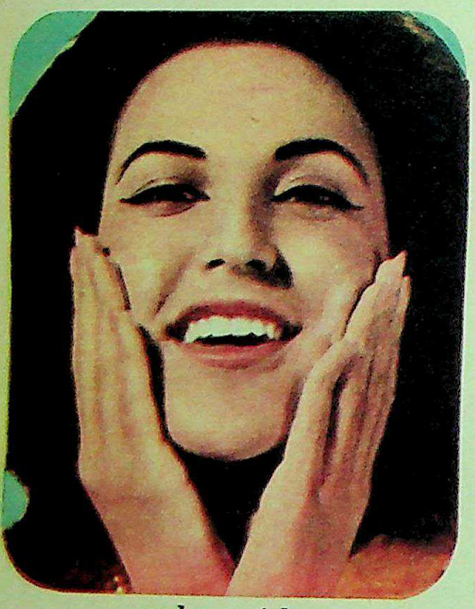

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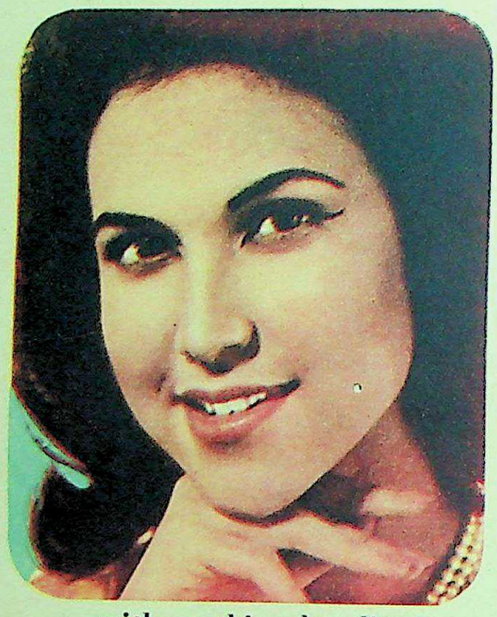

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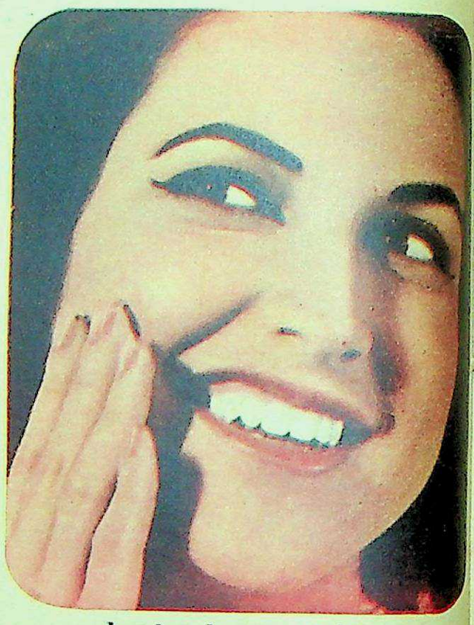

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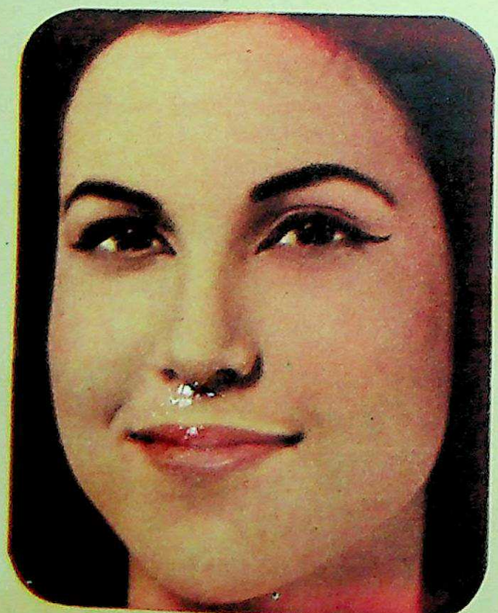

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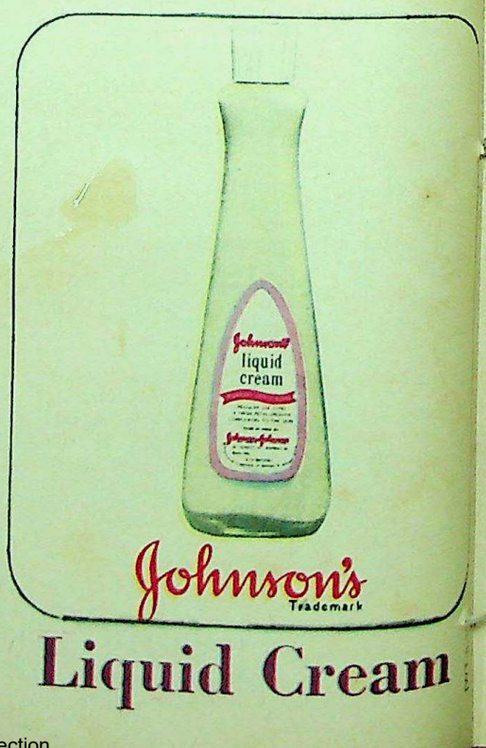

Liquid Cream

JOHNSON & JOHNSON OF INDIA LIMITED, 30, Forjett Street, Bombay 26

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outside, vendors, cadgers, housewives and children. He seemed to be working desperately hard. He said he was preparing for an exhibition.

• • •

DARKNESS fell on the city. It fell so quietly, naturally, and with such ineluctability, that Amla accepted at last that this was the true colour of Calcutta, and that the luminous island she had visited, where goose feathers shone like white china and each fold of a rolled *pan* leaf was sharp in clarity, was only a portion of a dream-world, real only by reflection. It had not been illumined by the cheerful sun of her childhood but by the supernatural vision of those who live always underground, in the dark. Now she awoke to reality, and the curiously lustrous and isolated world of Dharma retreated to a bitter latitude.

She could not rid herself of the sense that, however intangible, she belonged to it still, that she existed in the real world of the city only as an observer, that she could never truly inhabit it. So, when she heard Jit's invitations over the telephone, she always replied, "Thank you so much, but I'm afraid—" and went home, instead, to brood alone in her room or in the still garden, while her aunt paced the veranda like a grounded bat.

One day, as Amla came trailing up the marble stairs, her aunt could no longer restrain herself and burst out, "I don't like to say anything. I can see you're in no mood for talking. But, Amla, it's wrong."

Amla started like a ghost disturbed in its prowling, and frowned. "What is?" she asked, so flatly as to make it quite clear that the answer was of no consequence to her.

"To waste—" Her aunt's large, bony hands shook and scattered the grey stillness in her effort to be coherent and to impress. "To waste—all this spirit and youth and intelligence in yourself—please don't go away, stay with me."

"No."

"But listen, child, listen. Your mother is away on her mountain-top, too busy looking after her orchids to give a thought to what you are going through..."

"Do you know what I am going through?"

"Yes, I know," her aunt pleaded, rough and intense. "I saw my daughter suffer through it, Amla, don't forget. She wasted years of her own spirit and independence in those few weeks of her marriage. You must have heard how it ended, with that other woman..."

"Yes, Aunt, but I haven't such problems, not being married."

"What is the difference?" she cried. "Women place themselves in bondage to men, whether in marriage or out. All their joy and ambition is channelled that way, while they go parched themselves. My Rita broke away—I made her and I'm not sorry. Read her letters and you will see how she has grown young again, how her life has expanded."

"Yes, yes, and what do you think I should do?" Amla cried in irritation, shaking the chair that she had held on to while she stood listening.

"Give it up. Break it off."

"What?"

"This, this man, Amla. Don't be annoyed with me for knowing."

Amla looked up at her face that was lined with intensity, and saw neither busy philandering there, nor idle curiosity. She looked down at the two rows of her knuckles laid on the back of the chair, and said flatly, but gently, "What if he is worth it all, Aunt? Not just another third-rate fraud like Rita's husband was, but a—a very fine artist, a very great man who saw something in me that—directly inspired his work..."

"But don't you see then?" her aunt interrupted harshly. "He uses you, something in you that he needs. But the rest—what does he care for that?"

"I don't know."

"Yet you want to hang on and wait to find out?"

"Yes, I think that is what I am doing."

The old woman leapt out of her chair, her very bones jarring with rage. "What is the good of it all?" she said desperately. "What is the good of our growing old, suffering and working in order to show you what we've learnt by our experience? Every generation is as foolish as the last, and yours is surely the most foolish of all, the most selfish and frivolous. We at least were dedicated to a very great movement outside our own immediate wants and whims, and we won you your freedom; but what do you do with it? Give it back to the old, dying generation to hold and look after while you carry on with your petty affairs, too timid and hopeless to concern yourself with anything bigger."

"Im only a girl, Aunt. I'm only one person, not a whole nation you have to bully and prod into health and prosperity," Amla shouted, and went up the stairs to her room in cold anger. Her aunt followed her to apologise, but then found herself too proud, too thoughtful and too tired to do so, after all.

• • •

WATCHING her, Nirode grew steadily more depressed. It unsettled him to think that a matter of so little inherent consequence as the change in Dharma's style had caused him so much astonishment and pleasure. He had imagined he could observe all change, for better or worse, with unshakable equanimity, and he disapproved of the delight he had felt in looking at those pictures. Similarly, he was disturbed to find that Amla's sick, gaunt looks did more than offend him, actually involved him and made him realise that she suffered. He had imagined that he had climbed into a superior latitude where such things, the affairs of his and other people's hearts and bodies, did not matter, and was now dismayed to find that such things could indeed still distract him and pierce his cool, painless insularity. It was necessary to repair this breach, to seal it up and reinforce it with his cynicism and his philosophy. In order to do this, he had to be rid of the cause of this unhealthy distraction, and it was for this reason, rather than to help Amla, that he went to Dharma, determined to make him settle the matter.

He was perfectly aware of the ludicrousness of the situation, and it made him skittish. He was relieved to find Dharma as busy as a fowl feathering its nest, with new canvases, and when Nirode saluted him by asking, "No more young models in thrall, Dharma? Did Amla frighten you off?" he barely noticed.

After a while, however, he put away his brushes and took Nirode for a stroll around the pond, and said, "Ask her to come and see me, Nirode, I should enjoy that. All this madness of work, these hundreds of new paintings, this art that is destroying me with its power and its demands—all this is the young woman's doing. Or is it? Since she came to model for me, I have not had the time to sit down here, in my garden, and think about it, as it deserves to be thought about. When the exhibition opens, all my old friends and my enemies—the critics—will wonder and ask, What made him change? How did this come about?' There are many answers I could give them, and the easiest and simplest, would be: 'A young girl sat for me—a young girl more transparent than the finest leaves and gauziest webs I have painted in all these dusty years. Every dream of hers, dreamt since childhood, has moulded and coloured that loveliness of hers. She made me see what the subconscious does to an impressionable creature, how much more power it has on her than sun and circumstances put together. And this is the revelation that made me clean my paint-brushes, freshen my palette, choose a clean canvas and begin on a new era, the one you have come to see.' Do you think that would satisfy them, Nirode? Does it satisfy you? Or does it not seem the whole truth after all? There must be more to it—of course there must—and perhaps the change would have come even if I had not met her. Probably other forces would have operated to make me stop my old game and begin the new one..."

"It's not only your painting that has changed, Dharma," Nirode said, a trifle drily, finding something unpalatable in this discourse of Dharma's. It seemed to him that a new self-centredness was eclipsing Dharma's once brilliantly clear and detached vision. "You've taken to talking, suddenly."

Dharma laughed. "That's my old age, Nirode, that's only an old man's senile garrulousness. I wouldn't ascribe anything so boring to your young sister. She's all candour and grace and balance. Ask her to come and see me."

"Will you paint her again?"

"Oh, no, no. Not just now. I have quite enough for my new exhibition, and at the moment it is the working classes that interest me. I had not thought that they dream at all; but I was wrong, quite wrong, quite wrong." He placed his hands behind his back and paced with calm stateliness, seeming to be no longer aware of Nirode, who glanced at him sideways—a discretion that had not formerly been necessary.

"All this portraiture is making a more sociable man of you, isn't it?" Nirode asked at last, bluntly.

Dharma paused at the edge of the still pond and began to smile as he saw his white

(*Please Turn Over*)

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Voices In The City

(CONTINUED)

geese swim silently across it, their rounded breasts parting the pond's ceiling of paludial flat weeds and leaving a wake of disturbed glassiness behind them. He watched them waddle up the bank, fussily shaking the muck from their waxed feathers, before he spoke: "So it has, Nirode. Like you, I find myself inexorably drawn away from my island, back to the mainland again. Tell me, did you feel a certain small but quite definite relief at going back to the amenities, the relaxations, that society provides?"

"Amenities?"

"The not having to think solely about one's own state of mind, the dealing with the problems not too close to one's own heart, but at a more comfortable distance?"

Stiffly, Nirode replied, "I haven't crossed any such margin, nor do I plan to," and he refused an invitation to dinner with Dharma and two fellow artists who were expected to arrive soon. When he slammed the green door shut behind him and walked down the lane, he felt too offended to be able to think but, rattling home in the bus, he felt oddly disconsolate. He wondered if man did not lose something of himself in this quarrel with his instincts, and if, in being a victor, there was not also a part of him—a part that had been made remote, curious and unique—that was vanquished. And if it was not better therefore to be—to be—what? What can a man be if he is not a freak? If he journeys, his body and mind will suffer expenditure, and perhaps the moral of it all is not to avoid the expenditure, but to make the journey worth it.

• • •

ONE evening, when Bose dropped in and was boring him with interminable tales of indifferent, ill-mannered, commercial-minded publishers, he was struck with inspiration and, jumping off a tower of old books, he bundled Bose out of the room, into a bus and so to his aunt's house. The suggestion he put to Bose and Amla, out on the veranda there, was received by Bose with incoherent but total optimism; but Amla was sullen and refused to bring out her drawings. All they could persuade her to do was to read the manuscript Bose hopefully left behind. It kept her awake half the night with its sweet, jumping delight that had somehow escaped from the tedious old man's brain, like children long locked up and now set free in a glorious garden of mud puddles, burrows and low-hanging trees. Almost without conscious effort, her crayons raced and tumbled in an effort to match the marvellous frolic of these little creatures that had jumped out of the restrictive jingles of the *Panchatantra* into a complex, brightly-coloured prose of which no one had imagined that Bose could be the creator.

She was surprised, next morning, to find herself still excited about them and eager to show them to the writer of this so unexpectedly wonderful manuscript. In the noisy coffee house where she met him during the lunch break, she readily agreed to a partnership.

• • •

BORNE on the high tide of this novel activity, she even went to visit Dharma once again. On her journey to that island house, she felt her very life blur and dim into the creeping swamp of farewell. She prepared to meet the flurry of activity of which Nirode had warned her—the waxing stream of visitors, admirers, agents, promoters, buyers and models. This made her proud and irritable all the way in the bus; but when she entered the studio, she found this facade not, after all, necessary.

"You've come at the right time—this is the lull before the storm. Your instincts are as mysteriously accurate as a butterfly's," Dharma told her. "How does a butterfly, sitting on a leaf, know when a nasty boy creeps up with his fingers flexed to grasp its wings? Somehow it knows, and flies away, laughing, the split second before the fingers close over it. You have the insect's instincts yourself. You know when you must fly, when you can rest, where you are going and how to return."

Amla found the smile on her face turned into an independent creature, aching with the effort to remain where it was, and conscious of the pain and the rigidity this involved. "To be called an insect—that is praise from one who has loved and painted them so often, in the past."

"I still do," he said, waving his hand at the new canvases, glazed with wet paint, on some of which worms twisted, butterflies basked and snails raised their tentative antennae. "Of course there is a change in the manner in which I paint them."

"Yes. In the old pictures you seemed to love them for themselves—their quaintness and complexity—but here they are symbols of other matters, not all of them loved. How much your style has changed!" she said, biting on the words and finding them tart, cold to her teeth.

"So has yours. I find you changed in these weeks I have not seen you," he said, more reflectively. "Come, let us go out and sit on the veranda. I shall make you the best *pan* you can find in Calcutta, and I'll tell you how you are changed."

There followed a long pause in which they moved and settled, admired the winter mists rising about the pond, the white flowers starring the shrubbery, and the dull silver glints of flitting moths. Dharma opened his silver box and became engrossed in a ritual in which he showed a sensuous absorption. When he spoke again, he kept his eyelids lowered and said something that astounded her: "You are now grown very much like my daughter during the last days she spent in my house, and you arouse in me the same feelings that she did at that time."

"What were they?"

"Impotence. Helplessness. I never wanted her to change. I wanted her the same, always the same, beside me. But, like her, you too are slipping out of the chrysalis—what a marvellous, soft, sleepy state of being that is, neither of you realised. I see you also turning into a bright insect, attracting trouble wherever it flies, throughout its brief days. What can I do to prevent the change?" His voice was even but heavy, as though it dragged upon the earth. "I hate to see that change."

"But she was ill—how could she help it?"

"She was not ill! Who told you that?" He raised his lids now and the china-white pupils flashed. He stabbed a silver pin through a green cone held between his fingers, with savagery, she thought.

"I don't remember, but I've heard it said she died of—cholera."

He stared at her, but Amla knew instinctively it was not her face he was studying, but the collective face of society, the weak, amorphous, irresponsible face he hated so much. "Poor girl!" he said softly, at last. "Mrinalini—Shonalini. That is her fate, then. To be dismissed as dead while she still lives."

"Still lives?"

He shrugged and dropped his eyes, assuming the rhetorician's discursive manner once more. "So I assume. But perhaps I am wrong and you are right. You probably know as much of the recent years of her life as I do, or as little. When she left me, it was a final parting in every sense. Her mother still cries for her, keeps her old clothes locked in a box under her bed, but I do not. When she left the house, I told her she could not return."

"Why?"

"Because she left at the age of fifteen, because she left together with her first cousin, my sister's son, a boy whom I had brought up as her brother, a weak, brainless and conceited boy of sixteen. Do you think I could forgive her that disgrace?"

• • •

AMLA feared she was going to giggle, out of sheer hysteria. Was this revelation tragic? Or ludicrous? Did it prove Dharma a single-minded and saintly ascetic who had avoided the slightest touch of taint? Or a self-righteous, blind, unfeeling zealot? What was it in society that he truly hated—the rules and restrictions that he verbally opposed, or their transgression that he secretly feared and loathed? How much that she had seen in the man remained true still, how much had turned false and uncertain? Before her eyes he became one of the models of his own paintings—the mandarin eyes shadowed with secrets, the mouth tightly closed to danger, the outlines blurring into a landscape that was at once recognisable and unreal, a nightmare that had obsessed her in her sleep but became formless and nondescript on waking. She stared and stared, but the wavering lines would not fix and settle again, and their constant movement made her feel sick.

"Then that is why you left the city and began to paint those queer, underworld paintings," she said at last.

He smiled a strangely caustic smile. "Young people of the scientific era like to reduce things to pat solutions—x plus y equals z—don't they? But these scarcely ever fit. As it happens, I was prepared to continue working and living exactly as I had always done—indeed, I thought it a matter of principle to do so. It was my wife who could not bear the house where my daughter was born and lived, with her cousin, for those fifteen years. She begged me to leave the house and city, but since I could not bear to go very far from Calcutta, we came to this suburb. I believe this move saved her sanity, and I am glad I made it. She is afraid to meet anyone, her family or old friends who knew our daughter. I no longer am—nothing that concerns my daughter concerns me. But I have promised her I will deal alone with any people this new exhibition of mine may bring to our house—she need never meet anyone she fears or do anything that causes her strain."

Almost in response to his pious declaration, Gita Devi's brass bell began to ring, her conch to moan, and from the window incense curled in loops of sweetly cloying blue. The ominous noises of the call to prayer came to an end, and the recitation began, low and urgent. Out on the verandah where the damp from the garden made visible coils of its own, soft and serpentine, Amla and Dharma listened dumbly to prayers that were meaningless to them.

"I don't know if this exhibition pleases her. The paintings she has never even looked at."

(Please Turn Over)

Aghast, Amla watched the horses pile into a conglomeration of black and chestnut at one corner. (Illustration by Kavadi)

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"Not even the old ones?"

"No. Nothing ever distracted—or distracts—her attention from our daughter."

"Does she—does she sympathise with you, or with the girl?" Amla whispered the question, half-ashamed. It was their solitariness on that soft, green island that had made such a question possible.

Another glint of his pupils, like the insides of orange peel, fresh and moist. Amusement in that strange twist of the lips. "Our relationship is not so straightforward and pat—married relationships never are. There is the matter of loyalty, habit, complicity—things I couldn't talk to you about till you married and knew for yourself."

Amla shrank against the wall. If Dharma locked her out, it was her fault for having tried to enter—but she had not thought him capable of such a rejection, not gentle Dharma with his broad, sensitive finger-tips and always low voice. It was time now, certainly, to rise and leave, but she could not do it. She could not go, leaving Dharma on the other side of the margin, drawing the curtains on his privacy with his wife with whom he had committed the terrible sin of casting out a young daughter, and who, unlike his wife repenting in the bubbling prayer of a sinner in despair, would not retract. He was solid and immovable against the blue and mauve and grey of the evening. For a few moments she had been revolted by the immobility, the permanence, of his dark and unkind position. During those moments she felt herself to be the daughter, the outcaste. But seeing his hands stroke the silver floriated box at his knee, she was no longer his by blood, she was the lover again, quivering from one blow and yet unable to forgo the next.

"And why do you compare me with your daughter as she was during the time of your estrangement?" she asked, smiling—the smile had become a nervous symptom, living an uncontrolled life of its own.

"Because you came here today as rebellious as she and, like her, with the same expectation of parting."

Those broad-tipped fingers, in following the intricate pattern of the filigree, had followed the intricate convolutions of the heart again, as they had often done in the days when she posed for him. Here, once more, was that uncanniness, that eeriness about him that set him apart from the humdrum and invested him with all the glamour of mystery, the glamour that lured young girls to his studio, then turned them into white geese forever paddling on his secret pond...

Like the enchanted maiden of yore, she had willingly let herself be lured. She had revelled in the enchantment, been grateful for its joy. What was it now that made her jump to her feet, hurry to say the farewell he had predicted, rush through the door to the wild and well-known world again? Perhaps a scarlet surge of family blood, always as bright and quick and responsive in her as in her brother and sister. Or the realisation that the chalk line of division had been drawn between her and Dharma, and to defy and cross it would mean, as in some half-understood ritual of black magic, destruction. Or the newly imposed sense of Gita Devi on the other side of the wall, saying her prayers in her kitchen-temple of polished brass and incense, braziers and hibiscuses, whom Dharma was bound, by his inhuman act of rejecting their joint child, to shield and protect from further distress and possible insanity. Gita Devi appeared now to Amla as the base of all Dharma's actions, the spread lotus that bore the weight of the god absorbed in his meditation and the spinning out of his *karma*. A combination of all these revelations and inspirations filled her, expanded her, made her rise and float, and on its drift she left the house, feeling as emptied out, frangible and exhausted as if a high fever had drained her.

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THE opening day of Dharma's exhibition was heralded by posters in dramatic ash-grey and scarlet, pasted on walls that were daubed with spittle and reeked of urine. Amla, who had torn up her invitation to this event, went instead to the races with Jit. While earnest young men in shabby white jostled each other for a view of the startling canvases, and the painter smiling stilly in the centre, Amla jostled too—against her will she jostled as Jit led her to the marquee, out of the marquee, into the stalls, out of them, to the betting booths and away from them, always in the thick of overdressed and over-excited crowds, crying, sometimes, "But the horses, where are the horses?" "They'll come, they'll come," he smiled, meaning that they were incidental but took her, all the same, to the paddock. Here the crowds were composed of emotionally involved gamblers to whom the nervous quivers of a horse's knobby knees meant portents of an earthquake, the set of their fly-troubled ears the position of the world to come. Too many heads, black and glistening with sweet oil. Too many stains of perspiration on the backs of men struggling towards the booths or up a tree, and in the arm-pits of silk-swathed women whose eyes were tigresses prowling behind their dark glasses. Too much strain and hostility, too much noise.

Fighting through it, they made their way to the stairs and stumbled past aisles of afronted knees before Jit could find her a seat of her own where she could sit with her arms wrapped tightly about her as though to hold herself safe, as one would hold a child out of a mob. But here, in the Members' Enclosure the mob was discreet, the gentlemen took fond care of their fine suits and raw-silk ties, and the ladies of saris especially worn to flower in the sun, for clusters of tropical blossoms unwound from hem to hem, brilliantly coloured. Here there was leisure in which to mark one's little programme, to smile at the fanciful names of the horses, to look out across the trim and measured green and red whorls of the racecourse to the tufted trees at the edge of the Maidan, the squat dome of the Victoria Memorial, the solitary, ominous finger of the Ochterlony Monument, and the grey mass of the city beyond, working and pleasing itself to a quick death. These Amla scanned with narrowed eyes, looking, she said, for horses.

It was the birds that caused the quick movement of her eyes to halt and, had Jit looked closely, he would have seen, reflected in the deep brown of her irises, those great-bodied rain-trees at the edge of the course, alive and tossing uneasily with the excited stirring of huge flocks of birds. So restless and impatient was their movement that the stillness of the reflecting eyes was broken and rippled into many silent quivers of apprehension.

"How strange!" she said, to herself.

"What?" asked Jit, smiling, satisfied, indulgent.

"Those birds. They stay in the trees in spite of all the crowd around them, all that shouting and jumping and pushing. They won't give up their trees. They're not afraid. Isn't that strange?"

"Observant brown eyes," said Jit, a fond, middle-aged lecher. "You should make me a good partner. Come, help me choose a winner."

Another time Amla would have dealt him a nicely pointed rejoinder, but now she was anxious and in a great hurry to turn her mind to something else. She did not trust it at all today, not at all. "Yes, let's see, let's see," she said and, chewing a pencil, she read the names from the booklet Jit gave her. "Ranjit, Dixieland, April Shower, Jhansi-ki-Rani, Tara, Hi Jinks, Nature Boy," she recited in a chanting, ritualistic tone that was lost in the roaring of the gambling crowd. She chanted like a child left in the dark, trying to frighten away a vision of disaster symbolised by the stirring of the birds who were not afraid, who waited. These were city birds, belonging to death's city, where funerals were processions that celebrated the city's chief deity, Kali, that fed her fires with its quickly rotting offerings draped with garlands of marigold and tuberose. These were birds that knew such processions, associated them with the burning-ghats, that were not afraid of the sweet-fleshed corpses burning there, for they fed on them. Amla feared them today. She chanted, "Toofan, Chanchal, Zulfiqar, Rio Rita..."

• • •

FROM this massed impatience, and lust of the mob, the horses burst forth like glorious streaks of freedom—the free instincts, bodied in shining chestnut and glossy black, liquid-eyed and with their tails and manes flying. They streaked over the trim course, flashed past neat, white fences as though released from the very hearts of the men who watched. Amla had laid no bet, but she found herself on her feet, taut with longing, her hands clenched. She wished these horses to flee—or not to turn each fenced corner, not to keep to the channel of brown dirt between the mown green—but to fly straight on, over the heads of the lusting mob, clean over their heads, over the city and up into the clear, pale sky where lust did not exist and there was only space—wind and space. She urged them to be free, with every throb of blood in her body. Aghast, she watched them pile into a conglomeration of black and chestnut at one corner, almost cried aloud, "Don't stop! Straight, straight ahead!" The horses themselves seemed to have stumbled upon this obstacle of conflicting instincts—to turn? to fly? what?—for they tangled, and the speedy fluidity of their race clogged suddenly. One horse tripped on this invisible web of conflict, slid, fell and rolled. Another hesitated, dipped, stopped short. The others reared, whinnied, pranced on delicate hooves in their frenzied confusion, and then, urged by their screaming jockeys, resumed the race, flew on. The crowd, roaring for continuity, for action, fell back into an attitude of prayer.

But the horse that fell—it lay at the corner in a kicking fury. Amla saw its nervous legs thrashing. Then it was hidden by a thick, dark screen. Amla saw what this screen was—it was the descent of the birds, who had risen, crying in triumph, from the trees, risen like a fine-woven net against the opalescent sky and, net-like, descended on the flailing horse, poured and swarmed about it, with beating wings and tearing claws, to jab and tear, jab and tear at the feast for which they had waited. All within seconds this happened. Within seconds a white van marked with a blue cross was speeding towards it. Its neat body of white paint and bright metal obscured the terrible sight from Amla. If there was a gunshot, it was silenced before it spoke, buried under the din of gambling, and when the van moved away, leaving nothing on the track but some dark patches in the disturbed dust, the horses had flown up into sight again.

Cheering—the crowds were cheering. Leaping up and down and apart, they cheered and cheered. Why? Because one of those fleeing, escaping creatures had been caught and sacrificed? Because its blood and torn flesh lay in the dust for the birds to feed on? No, no. They cheered, they cheered—the favourite, the favourite had won! The horse that had died was only an outsider.

"Come on, Amla, come on!" Jit was yelling. "Let's collect our little bit—won't be much, but, dammit, it's a win!"

Amla sat down in her chair. She refused to move.

(To Be Continued)

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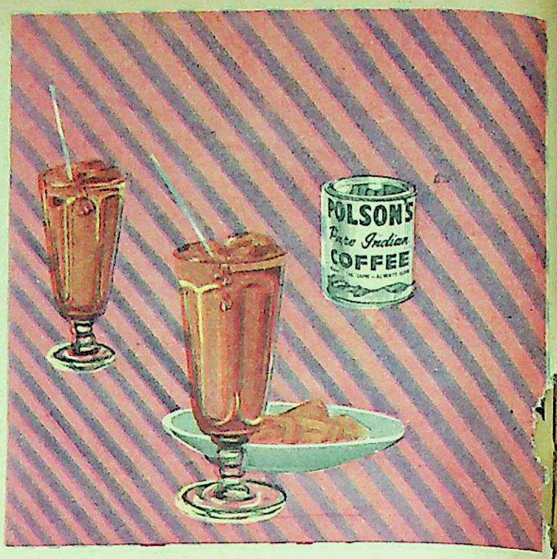

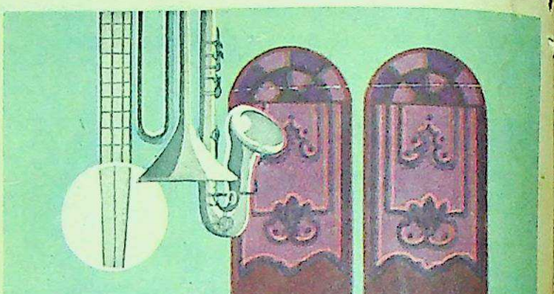

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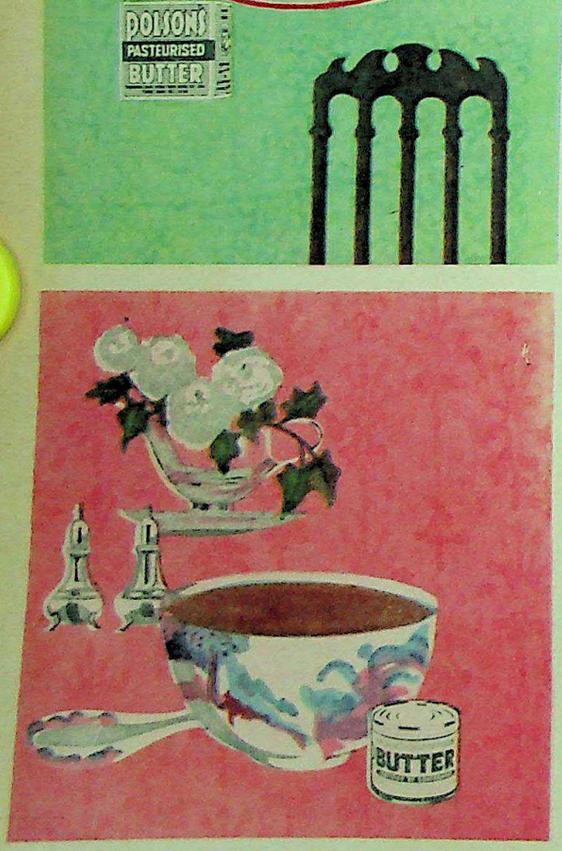

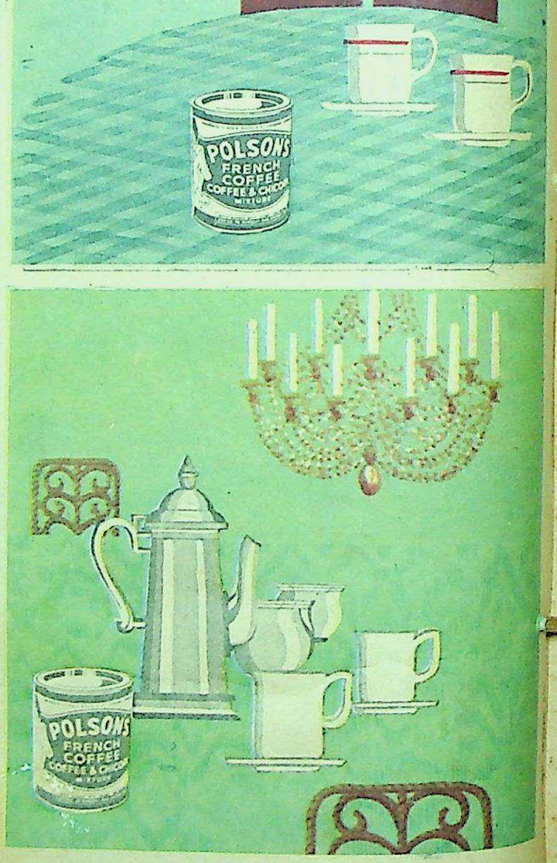

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कुचक्रों का शिकार : उर्वसीयम्

● गणेश मन्त्री

मुस्कान : मातृभूमि की रक्षा करते हुए शत्रु पर विजय का संयत उल्लास

आये कि फिजो कम्युनिस्ट चीन चला गया है और वहांके शासकोंसे नागा-विद्रोहके लिए साज-सामान जुटानेका प्रयत्न कर रहा है। अन्तमें १९६० में भेद खुला कि राष्ट्रमण्डलीय देश भारतके विरुद्ध विद्रोहका यह नकली नेता राष्ट्रमण्डलके सिरमौर ब्रिटेनमें अस्थायी पर-

द्वारा निर्धारित कार्यप्रणालीका उल्लंघन करके, भारत सरकारके ऐतराजके बावजूद फिजोको ब्रिटेनकी नागरिकता प्रदान कर दी।

तबसे अब तक फिजोका ब्रिटिश प्रवास उसकी भारत-विरोधी गतिविधियोंका मूल आधार रहा है। ब्रिटेनके कतिपय प्रभाव-

भुट्टो और भूटान : पेकिंग-पिण्डी धुरी का एक असफल अभियान

हमारे उत्तर-पूर्वी सीमांचलमें पाकिस्तान, चीन और ब्रिटेनके मिले-जुले कुचक्रोंका एक और पहलू पिछले दिनों सामने आया है। छम्ब-जौरियां क्षेत्रमें पाकिस्तानके हमलेके बाद चीनी विदेश-मन्त्री मार्शल चेन यी और उनके पाकिस्तानी हमजोली भुट्टोकी एक गुप्त बैठक कराचीमें हुई थी। सतर्क राजनीतिक प्रेक्षकोंका विश्वास है कि उसमें पेकिंग-पिण्डी धुरीने एक संयुक्त भारतविरोधी कार्यक्रम तैयार किया था। इस कार्यक्रमका लक्ष्य था भूटान। उस समय पेकिंग और पिण्डीके महाप्रभुओंमें यह अफवाह जोरोंपर थी कि भारत छम्ब-जौरियां क्षेत्रका प्रतिशोध लेनेके लिए जल्दी ही पूर्वी पाकिस्तानकी ओर सेना भेजनेवाला है। कहते हैं कि इस अफवाह को बुनियादपर ही भुट्टो और चेन यीने यह तय किया कि जैसे ही भारत पूर्वी पाकिस्तानकी ओर बढ़े, पेकिंग भूटानके भगोड़े प्रधानमन्त्री लेण्डुप दोरजीके गिरोहसे भूटानमें उपद्रव पैदा करवा दे और वहांपर एक झूठी-सच्ची 'क्रान्तिकारी परिषद्' स्थापित कर दी जाये। स्पष्ट था कि इस स्थितिमें भारत भूटानके साथ अपनी सन्धिके अन्तर्गत भूटान के महाराजकी रक्षाके लिए अपनी सेना अवश्य भेजेगा। उस स्थितिमें क्रान्तिकारी परिषद् भूटानकी रक्षाका नारा लगायेगी और 'मित्र देशों' से मदद मांगेगी। तब पूर्वी पाकिस्तानसे पाकिस्तानी और भूटानके उस पारसे चीनी सेनाएं आगे बढ़कर भूटान तथा पूर्वी पाकिस्तानको अलग करनेवाले ६० मीलके टुकड़ेपर अधिकार कर लेंगी और इस प्रकारसे भारतका असम और उर्वसीयम् वाला क्षेत्र शेष भारतसे बिलकुल कट जायेगा। लेकिन हाय बदकिस्मती जनाब भुट्टो-चेनी यी साहबकी, न भारतीय सेनाएं पूर्वी पाकिस्तानकी ओर बढ़ीं और न भूटानमें बगावत हो पायी! खिसियाये हुए चीनियोंने अन्त में सिक्किमके पास तथाकथित चीनी सीमामें खाली पड़े हुए सैनिक पड़ावों, चन्द भेड़ों और याकोंकी आड़ लेनी चाही, परन्तु उसमें भी वे विफल हुए।

उल्लेखनीय बात यह है कि पेकिंग-पिण्डीके इस खयाली भूटान अभियान के मुख्य खलनायक लेण्डुप दोरजी इन दिनों लन्दनमें हैं और कहा जाता है कि इन दिनों उसकी ब्रिटेनके सरकारी क्षेत्रोंसे अच्छी पट रही है। ● ●

वादी व्यवहारकी कटु आलोचना की है, वहां ही ब्रिटिश पासपोर्टसे फिजोने नागा क्षेत्र में अशान्ति बनाये रखनेके लिए पाकिस्तान और अमरीकाकी महत्वपूर्ण राजनीतिक यात्राएं की हैं, भारतविरोधी शक्तियोंसे सांठ-गांठ की है, और वक्तन-फक्तन वहकम्युनिस्ट चीनसे मदद लेनेकी धमकी देता रहा है।

विद्रोही नागाओंको सहायता देनेके प्रश्नपर पाकिस्तान भी ब्रिटेनसे किसी प्रकार कम नहीं रहा है, शायद दो कदम आगे ही रहा है। स्वाधीनताके आरम्भिक वर्षोंमें ही पाकिस्तानने असमके पहाड़ी क्षेत्रोंको अपने साथ मिलानेका मनसूबा बनाया था और इसके लिए पूर्वी पाकिस्तानने असमकी आर्थिक नाकेबन्दी करने का भी षड्यन्त्र रचा था। तब पाकिस्तानको उम्मीद यह थी कि इन आर्थिक प्रतिबन्धोंसे परेशान होकर उर्वसीयमकी गारो, खासी और लुशाई जन-जातियां मजबूरन पूर्वी पाकिस्तानके साथ विलयकी मांग उठाएंगी। लेकिन जब पाकिस्तानका यह मनसूबा पूरा नहीं हुआ, तो उसने स्पष्ट और खुले रूपमें नागा-विद्रोहियोंको प्रोत्साहन देनेकी नीति अपनायी। भारतके सीमावर्ती क्षेत्रोंमें सदैव संकट बनाये रखनेकी इस पाकिस्तानी नीतिके अन्तर्गत पूर्वी पाकिस्तान तो भारतीय कानून और व्यवस्थासे भोगनेवाले नागा-उपद्रवकारियोंका शरण-स्थल ही बन गया। अभी १६ अप्रैल, १९६५ को ही भारत सरकारने पाकिस्तानसे स्पष्ट कहा था कि पूर्वी पाकिस्तानमें लगभग १५०० नागा-विद्रोहियोंको गुरिल्ला युद्धका प्रशिक्षण दिया गया है और उन्हें नये हथियारोंसे लैस करके वापस भारत भेज दिया गया है। पूर्वी पाकिस्तानमें प्रशिक्षण पाने वाला यह चौथा नागा दस्ता था। इस सम्बन्धमें एक उल्लेखनीय तथ्य यह है कि पिछले दो-तीन वर्षोंसे पूर्वी पाकिस्तान कम्युनिस्ट चीन और पाकिस्तानके सैनिक गठबन्धनका मुख्य केन्द्र है। सितम्बर, १९६३ में ही पूर्वी पाकिस्तानकी मैनामती छावनीमें चीनी सैनिक विशेषज्ञों द्वारा पाकिस्तानी सैनिकोंको गुरिल्ला-युद्धका प्रशिक्षण देनेके समाचार मिले थे।

● शेष पृष्ठ ४७ पर →

मिट लेकर ठहरा हुआ है, जहां कतिपय ईसाई पादरी और फालतू वक्तके राजनीतिज्ञ नागालैण्डकी स्वतन्त्रताके लिए फिजो के आन्दोलनके पक्षमें पहलेसे ही राजनीतिक वातावरण बना रहे थे। नवम्बर, १९६१ में ब्रिटेनने १९४८ के 'ब्रिटिश नेशनेलिटी ऐक्ट'

शाली, परन्तु भारतविरोधी अखबारोंके माध्यमसे जहां एक ओर फिजोके समर्थकोंने नागा-प्रश्नपर भारतके तथाकथित उपनिवेश-

सत्यम्, शिवम्, सुन्दरम् :
देश के निष्ठावान प्रहरी

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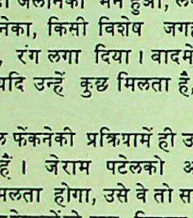
जेराम पटेल के नये चित्र

काठ, टिन और कीलों की करामात

• प्रयाग शुक्ल

काठकी सतहको खरोंचकर, उसमें छेदकर (आरपार नहीं), उसे जलाकर, जेराम पटेलने चित्र बनाये हैं। यानी यह सब कुछ करनेके बाद, जो कुछ बच रहता है, उसे वह चित्र कहते हैं। पहले भी वे इस तरहके कई प्रयोग कर चुके हैं, जिसमें उन्होंने काठ, टिन और कीलोंके अलावा दूसरी वस्तुओंका (भी) सहारा लिया था। ऐसे प्रयोग उनके लिए और यों भी 'नये' नहीं हैं। और हालमें 'धूमीमल कला-कक्ष' द्वारा आयोजित उनके चित्रोंकी प्रदर्शनीमें अधिकांश चित्र काठकी सतहपर ही हैं। रंगोंके बिना बनाये गये इन चित्रोंके अपने रंग हैं– जली हुई लकड़ीका रंग, लकड़ीका अपना रंग, कहीं लकड़ी ज्यादा जल जानेके कारण गाढ़ा काला रंग और कहीं फीका काला! कुछ चित्रोंमें उन्होंने रंगोंका प्रयोग भी किया है– काठकी मोटी परतपर, रंगकी मोटी परत! पता नहीं जेराम पटेल चित्रोंको 'मांसल' बनानेके कारण ऐसा करते हैं, या किसी अन्य कारणसे, पर उनके चित्र लगते 'मांसल' हैं। यों जेराम पटेलका कहना यही है कि वे चित्रों (उनकी सामग्री) के साथ 'खेलते' हैं या कुछ भी करते हैं– जब कभी लकड़ी जलानेका मन हुआ, लकड़ी जला दी, जब कभी रंग लगानेका, किसी विशेष जगहपर रंग विशेष लगानेका मन हुआ, रंग लगा दिया। बादमें जो कुछ बना या 'बचा', उसमें यदि उन्हें कुछ मिलता है, तो उसे वे रख लेते हैं।

जलाने, नष्ट करने, निकाल फेंकनेकी प्रक्रियामें ही उनके अधिकांश चित्र तैयार होते हैं। जेराम पटेलको अपने (बच रहे) चित्रोंमें जो कुछ मिलता होगा, उसे वे तो समझ पाते होंगे, पर उनके चित्र देखनेवालोंको क्या मिलता है– मिलता होगा– कह पाना कठिन है। क्योंकि चित्रोंको 'पढ़ने' के लिए ज्यादा 'सूत्र' हाथ नहीं लगते। जहां तक सिर्फ देखकर पढ़नेवाले 'प्रभाव' का सवाल है, यही कहा जा सकता है कि वह इस तरह नहीं पड़ता कि उसे 'पढ़ा' या जल्दी-से पहचाना जा सके।



और जेराम पटेलके ये नये चित्र 'प्रभावित' तो नहीं करते।

१९३० में जन्मे जेराम पटेल, बम्बईके जे. जे. स्कूल ऑफ आर्टसे डिप्लोमा प्राप्त करनेके बाद, १९५५ में इंग्लैण्ड फ्रांस और जापानका दौरा कर चुके हैं। और देश-विदेशमें इनकी तीन-चार एकव्यक्तीय व सामूहिक प्रदर्शनियां आयोजित हुई हैं। कई कला-गैलरियों और निजी संग्रहोंमें इनके चित्र संग्रहीत हैं और इन्हें दो बार ललित कला अकादमी का राष्ट्रीय पुरस्कार मिल चुका है। नवयुवक कलाकारोंकी संस्था ग्रुप १८९०' के प्रवर्तक-सदस्योंमेंसे एक, जेराम पटेलने शुरूमें अपने चित्रों द्वारा पर्याप्त ख्याति और प्रशंसा अर्जित की थी और अमूर्त चित्रकलाको कई स्तरोंपर 'उद्घाटित' किया था। लेकिन इस हालकी प्रदर्शनीके चित्रोंमें या तो उन्होंने अपनेको दुहराया है या फिर अपनेको इस तरह 'व्यक्त' किया है– चित्र बनानेके समय मनकी इच्छाओंको इस तरह उतारा है– कि काफी कुछ अमूर्त ही नहीं, अनसुलझा और पहुंचके परे हो उठा है।

'आदमी केवल नष्ट कर सकता है।' में विश्वास करने वाले जेराम पटेलके ये चित्र, क्या 'नष्ट' करते हैं यह भी (कई बार) पता नहीं चलता। 'नष्ट करते हुए किसी चीजको भूलनेवाले' जेराम पटेल भूलनेवाली चीजको इन चित्रोंमें कहां, कब, कैसे, भूलते हैं, इसकी खोजबीन भी चित्र देखने वालोंको कठिन लगती है। जेराम पटेलके इन चित्रोंके (पहले की तरह ही) शीर्षक नहीं हैं, उनकी क्रम-संख्याएं भर हैं।

लेकिन जेराम पटेलके ये चित्र निराश करते हैं–कहनेके बजाय, यह कहना ज्यादा सही होगा कि वे अपने प्रति 'उदासीन' करते हैं। उनकी 'मांसलता' में एक प्रकारका आकर्षण जरूर है, पर यह मांसलता कोई 'रुचि' नहीं पैदा करती। कुछ एक चित्रोंमें, जली लकड़ीकी सतहपर गाढ़े रंग थोपकर वह कुछ 'इच्छाओं' को आमने-सामने रख पाये हैं। रंगों के बिना और 'रंगोंके बिना भी नहीं' के ये चित्र इच्छाओं की टकराहटके रूपमें देखे जानेपर शायद कुछ कहते नजर आयें।

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हमारा रंगमंच राष्ट्रीयता और स्वातन्त्र्य भावना का वाहक रहा है

• रणवीर सिंह

भारतने अपनी आजादीके लिए संघर्ष किया। सारे देश के साथ लेखकोंने भी उस संघर्षमें योग दिया। उस समय की पत्रकारिता तथा कहानी, उपन्यास, नाटक आदिमें स्वतन्त्रताकी भावना स्पष्ट दिखायी देती है।

नाटक प्रचारका सशक्त माध्यम है। किसी नाटकका एक सफल प्रदर्शन सौ भाषणोंसे कहीं ज्यादा प्रभावशाली होता है और यही वजह थी कि १८७६ में 'नील दर्पण' के सफल प्रदर्शनोंसे तंग आकर ब्रिटिश राज्यको 'ड्रामेटिक परफारमेन्स एक्ट' पास करना पड़ा।

हिन्दीमें भारतेन्दु हरिश्चन्द्रके नाटकोंमें भी राष्ट्रीयता देशप्रेम, अत्याचार और कुशासनकी निन्दा आदिकी भावनाएं झलकने लगी थीं। उनके 'भारत दुर्दशा' नाटकमें उस समयके देशकी दासताजन्य दुर्दशाका चित्रण है और 'अन्धेर नगरी' नाटक में उस समयके कुशासनपर व्यंग्य किया गया है।

शैदा, आगा हश्र कश्मीरी, बेताब और राधेश्याम आदि व्यावसायिक रंगमंचके लेखकोंके कई नाटकोंमें आजादीकी भावना झलकती है। कहीं यह भावना पौराणिक कथावस्तु के माध्यमसे व्यक्त की गयी है, तो कहीं व्यंग्यके द्वारा। मगर सबसे पहले बंगला रंगमंचमें ही आजादीकी भावना तीव्रतासे प्रकट हुई।

शायद "भारत मातार विलापे" ही पहला नाटक था, जो राष्ट्रीय भावनाओंको लेकर लिखा गया था। इसे 'नेशनल थियेटर' ने १५ फरवरी, १८७३ को हिन्दू मेलेमें खेला था। सत्येन्द्र नाथ टैगोरका लिखा मशहूर गीत "मलिन मुख-चन्द्रमा -भारत तोमारी" अर्थात् ऐ भारत माता, तुम्हारा चांद जैसा चेहरा दुखसे ढका हुआ है, इसी नाटकमें शामिल था। भारत माताने गीतको सुना और दुखमें डूब गयी। उसने भगवानसे प्रार्थना की कि वह उसके पुत्रोंको सद्बुद्धि और शक्ति दे, ताकि वे अपने पैरोंपर खड़े हो सकें और गुलामीके बन्धनोंसे अपनेको मुक्त कर सकें। इस नाटकने और खास तौरसे टैगोरके गीतने दर्शकोंकी भावनाओंको आन्दोलित कर दिया।

भारतेन्दु हरिश्चन्द्र

द्विजेन्द्रलाल राय

● सन् १८७५ में 'ग्रेट नेशनल थियेटर' ने ३ अक्तूबर को "पुरू विक्रम", ७ नवम्बरको "भारते यवन" और २६ दिसम्बर, को "बागेर सुखवासन" नाटक खेले। "भारते यवन" में दिखाया गया था कि मुसलमान आक्रमणकारियोंका पृथ्वीराज चौहानने किस बहादुरी और दिलेरीसे सामना किया। "बांगेर सुखवासन" नाटक बख्तियार खिलजीकी बंगालपर जीतपर आधारित था। "पुरूविक्रम" पोरसकी कथापर आधारित था। राष्ट्रीय भावनाओं वाले दो सुन्दर गीत इस नाटकमें थे, जो काफी मशहूर हुए। एक गीतमें– भारत माता, उसकी धरती, हिमालय, सावित्री, शर्मिष्ठा और दमयन्ती जैसी देवियों तथा द्रोण-भीम और अर्जुन जैसे वीरोंका गुणगान किया गया था।

दूसरा गीत उस समयके लिए रखा गया था, जब पोरस अपने सिपाहियोंसे सिकन्दरकी सेनाका सामना करनेको कहता है और उन्हें याद दिलाता है कि अपनी भारत मांके प्रति उनका क्या कर्तव्य है। गीत बहुत ही जोश दिलानेवाला है और भारतकी सीमामें घुस आनेवाले यवनोंके खिलाफ देशके सपूतोंको जगाता है और उनसे अनुरोध करता है कि वे एक होकर फौरन देशको आजाद करें। उसमें कहा गया है कि आजादीके बिना जिन्दगीकी कोई कीमत नहीं। लोगोंसे प्रार्थना की गयी है कि वे आजादीका झण्डा लिये हुए आगे बढ़ें। गीतमें यह भी बताया गया है कि गुलामीकी जिन्दगीसे सौ कसम खानेको कहता है कि या तो वे जीतकर रहेंगे या मर जायेंगे और यवनोंको मार डालेंगे या खुद जान दे देंगे।

इन नाटकोंके बाद राष्ट्रीय भावनावाले कई नाटक एक के बाद एक खेले गये, मगर दीनबन्धु मित्रका 'नील दर्पण' नाटक सबसे ज्यादा कामयाब रहा। यह नाटक १८६० में लिखा गया और उसी साल खेला गया। जैसा कि नाटक के नामसे पता चलता है, नाटकमें नीलकी खेती करनेवालों का ही जिक्र है। यह नाटक किसी राजनैतिक उद्देश्यसे नहीं लिखा गया था, परन्तु फिर भी–उसने जो हलचल मचायी, वह अद्वितीय थी। हालांकि यह नाटक १८६० में लिखा गया था और न जाने कितनी बार और कितनी जगहोंमें खेला गया, मगर लोकप्रिय सन् १८७३ में ही हुआ, जब गिरीश घोषने उसे प्रस्तुत किया और स्वयं अभिनय भी किया।

सन १८७५ में 'ग्रेट नेशनल थियेटर' उत्तरी भारतके दौरेपर निकला और जहां-जहां वह गया, 'नील दर्पण' ने धूम मचा दी। लखनऊमें तो मामला काफी संगीन हो गया। नाटकमें एक दृश्य था, जिसमें दिखाया गया था कि नील-खेतीका मैनेजर मिस्टर रोज, खेतमणि नामकी मजदूर कन्याको जबरदस्ती अपने कमरेमें ले जाता है। खेतमणि रोते हुए मिस्टर रोजसे कहती है, "साहेब तुमी आमार बाबा", मगर रोज उसे घसीटकर यह कहते हुए अपने कमरेमें ले जाता है, "तोमार छेलेर बाबा हेयते इच्छा होये छे" इतनेमें तोरप और नवीन माधव खिड़की तोड़कर कमरेमें दाखिल होते हैं और लड़कीको बचाते हैं। तोरप मिस्टर रोज साहब को तमाचे और ठोकरें रसीद करता है। इस दृश्यको देखकर विलायती दर्शक बिगड़ कर उठ खड़े हुए और उन्होंने एक तरह से रंगमंचपर हमला बोल दिया और मोतीलाल सूरको, जो तोरपका अभिनय कर रहा था, मारना-पीटना शुरू कर दिया। जिला-घीशने खेल बन्द करवा दिया और नाटक पार्टी को पुलिसकी निगहबानीमें कलकत्ता भेज दिया।

'नील दर्पण' की इस घटना और 'सरोजनी नाटक' 'सुरेन्द्र विनोदिनी', 'बंगेर पराजय' आदि नाटकोंकी सफलताने सरकारके कान खड़े कर दिये। कानूनसे बचते हुए नाटककारोंने ऐतिहासिक नाटक लिखना शुरू कर दिया, जिनके जरिये उन्होंने जनताको एक होने और अपने वतनकी आजादीके लिए लड़नेको उकसाया। गिरीश घोषने ७ सितम्बर, १९०५ को 'सिराजुदौला' नाटक लिखा। इसमें दिखाया गया था कि सिराजुदौलाको बंगालसे कितना प्यार था। बंगालके बंटवारेके ठीक पहलेका एक और नाटक गिरीश घोषने लिखा था, जिसका नाम था "मीर कासिम"। इस तरह इन नाटकोंने बंगालमें राष्ट्रीय आन्दोलनको काफी बढ़ावा दिया।

बीसवीं सदीकी शुरुआतको आसानीसे "राष्ट्रीय नाटकका युग" कहा जा सकता है। डी. एल. रायने 'राणा प्रताप', 'दुर्गादास', 'मेवाड़ पतन' और 'शाहजहां' नाटक लिखे। 'शाहजहां' में डी. एल. रायने अपना एक प्रसिद्ध गीत "आमार जन्म" लिखा, जिसने अपने समयमें काफी धूम मचायी। 'सीताराम', 'दुर्गेशनन्दिनी' और कुछ दूसरे उपन्यासोंको सफलताके साथ नाटक-रूपमें प्रस्तुत किया गया। शरतचन्द्र चटर्जीका राष्ट्रीय भावनासे भरपूर उपन्यास 'पाथेर देवी' को ब्रिटिश सरकारने जब्त कर लिया था। १९३९ में जैसे ही उसपरसे रोक हटा ली गयी, वैसे ही १३ मई, १९३९ को उसे नाटकके रूपमें प्रस्तुत कर दिया गया।

इस तरह हम देखते हैं कि भारतके नाटककारोंने नाटकों के माध्यमसे राष्ट्रीय आन्दोलन और आजादीकी लड़ाई में काफी हाथ बंटाया। उन्होंने इसी लक्ष्यको रख कर जोरदार नाटक लिखे और जनताकी भावनाओंको जगाया, ताकि वह आपसमें एक होकर मातृभूमिकी आजादीके लिए लड़े। आज फिर उसी जागरूकताकी आवश्यकता है। ●●●

CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja National Research Institute, Melukote Collection.

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शैलीकार और शब्द पारखी : बालमुकुन्द गुप्त

(जिन्होंने आधुनिक हिन्दी का निर्माण किया)

● डॉ. रामविलास शर्मा

रायकृष्णदासजीने जब आचार्य महावीर प्रसाद द्विवेदी से पूछा : आपकी रायमें सबसे अच्छी हिन्दी कौन लिखता है ? तब उन्होंने उत्तर दिया : अच्छी हिन्दी बस एक व्यक्ति लिखता था– बालमुकुन्द गुप्त।

गुप्तजीने भारतेन्दु-युगके वातावरणमें हिन्दीकी सेवा करना सीखा था। वह प्रतापनारायण मिश्रके सहयोगी थे। उन्होंने "भारत मित्र" में द्विवेदीजीकी रचनाएं छापी थीं। "गुप्तजी व्यंग्यकार, शब्दोंके प्रयोग और व्याकरणके सूक्ष्म तत्वोंके विशेषज्ञ, इतिहास और राजनीतिके विद्वान, जीवनी-लेखक, हिन्दी भाषाके अधिकारोंके लिए निरन्तर संघर्ष करनेवाले सैनिक और अपनी पत्रकार कला द्वारा जनता में नवीन राष्ट्रीय और जनतान्त्रिक चेतना फैलानेवाले लेखक थे। उन्होंने अपना जीवन उर्दू पत्रकारके रूपमें आरम्भ किया था। वे अन्त समय तक "जमाना" जैसे पत्रोंमें भी लिखते रहे। उन्होंने साधारण शिक्षा पायी थी, किन्तु अपने अध्यवसायसे उन्होंने बंगला, अंग्रेजी, संस्कृत आदि भाषाओंका ज्ञान भी प्राप्त किया। उनका मुख्य कार्य-क्षेत्र कलकत्ता रहा। "भारत मित्र" के साथ गुप्तजीका नाम वैसे ही जुड़ा है जैसे "सरस्वती" के साथ द्विवेदीजीका। वे धार्मिक वृत्तिके लेखक थे, किन्तु विचारोंमें अत्यन्त उदार थे। यद्यपि उर्दूके विरुद्ध और नागरीके पक्षमें उन्होंने बहुत कुछ लिखा था, फिर भी वे हिन्दी-उर्दूकी बुनियादी एकताके प्रबल समर्थक थे। अपनी उग्र राजनीतिक चेतनाके कारण वे भारतेन्दुसे अधिक बालकृष्ण भट्टके निकट हैं। उनका गद्य ललित और सरस है, इस दृष्टिसे वे भारतेन्दु हरिश्चन्द्र और प्रताप नारायण मिश्रकी शैलीके अनुवर्ती हैं। किन्तु उनका-सा पैना व्यंग्य उस युगके भी किसी अन्य लेखकमें नहीं है। वाद-विवादको कलात्मक बना देनेमें वे अनुपम थे।

गुप्तजीका व्यापारी वर्गसे घनिष्ठ सम्बन्ध था। अपने दृढ़ चरित्रके कारण उन्होंने अपनी नीति व्यापारियोंके प्रभाव से मुक्त रखी। इतना ही नहीं, वे उनकी आलोचना भी करते रहे। "जमाना" सम्पादक दयानारायण निगमने कलकत्तेके व्यापारियोंका जिक्र करते हुए कहा था कि वे कहते हैं, "हमने सबको अपना बना लिया, किसीको खुशामदसे, किसीको रुपयेसे, किसीको नीति-निपुणतासे, परन्तु हमारा जादू नहीं चला, तो एक बालमुकुन्द गुप्तजी पर !"

"हिन्दीकी उन्नति" शीर्षक लेखमें उन्होंने "मातृभाषा पर अनन्त अनुराग, अनन्त प्रेम, अनन्त भक्ति" की चर्चा की थी। यह अनुराग, प्रेम और भक्ति उनमें विद्यमान थी। उन्होंने अपने जीवनका प्रतिदिन देश और हिन्दीकी सेवा में लगा दिया। सवेरे आठ बजेसे अखबारका काम शुरू करना, भोजनके उपरान्त फिर दफ्तरमें आ जमना, रातको भी लिखना, विज्ञापनसे लेकर पत्रव्यवहारका सारा काम देखना– उस समयके पत्रकारका जीवन सुगम नहीं था।

गुप्तजीको अपने पत्रसे बेहद प्रेम था। "बेंकटेश्वर समाचार" के स्वामीने उन्हें दूने वेतनपर अपने यहां बुलाना चाहा, लेकिन उन्होंने अस्वीकार कर दिया। हैदराबादके वजीर महाराजा सर कृष्णप्रसाद उन्हें बुलाना चाहते थे। गुप्तजीने अपने मध्यस्थ मित्रको लिखा, "मेरे "भारतमित्र" पत्रको दो रुपये वार्षिक देकर जो ग्राहक पढ़ता है, वही मेरे लिए महाराजा कृष्णप्रसाद है। यदि महाराजको मुझे जानना है कि मैं क्या हूं, तो उनसे कहिए कि दो रुपये वार्षिक भेजकर "भारतमित्र"के ग्राहक बनें और उसे पढ़ा करें। मुझे आनेका अवकाश नहीं है।"

गुप्तजीने हिन्दी गद्यके साथ पत्रकारकी स्वाधीन चेतना और निर्भीकताका आदर्श भी देशके सामने रखा। राजा रामपाल सिंहने उन्हें 'हिन्दोस्थान" पत्रसे अलग कर दिया था, "कारण गवर्नमेण्टके विरुद्ध बहुत कड़ा लिखते हैं"। राजाओं और धनकुबेरोंके साथ निभ जाये, गुप्तजी ऐसे पत्रकार न थे। उनके लिए मातृभाषाकी भक्ति और देश-भक्ति, दो चीजें न थीं। वे जनतामें स्वाधीनताके भाव जगा कर अपनी भाषा और साहित्यको समृद्ध कर रहे थे।

"शाइस्ता खां का खत" नामके व्यंग्यपूर्ण निबन्धमें उन्होंने अंग्रेजी राजके शोषणके बारेमें लिखा था, "जहां तुम्हारी हुकूमत जाती है, खाने-पीनेकी चीजोंको एकदम आग लग जाती है। क्योंकि तुम तो हम लोगोंकी तरह खाली हाकिम ही नहीं हो, साथ-साथ बक्काल भी हो। उस अपने बक्कालपनकी हिमायतके लिए ही हमारे जमानेको बंगालमें खेंचकर लाना चाहते हो। जो बादशाह भी है और बक्काल भी है, उसकी हुकूमतमें खाने-पीनेकी चीजें सस्ती कैसे हों ?'

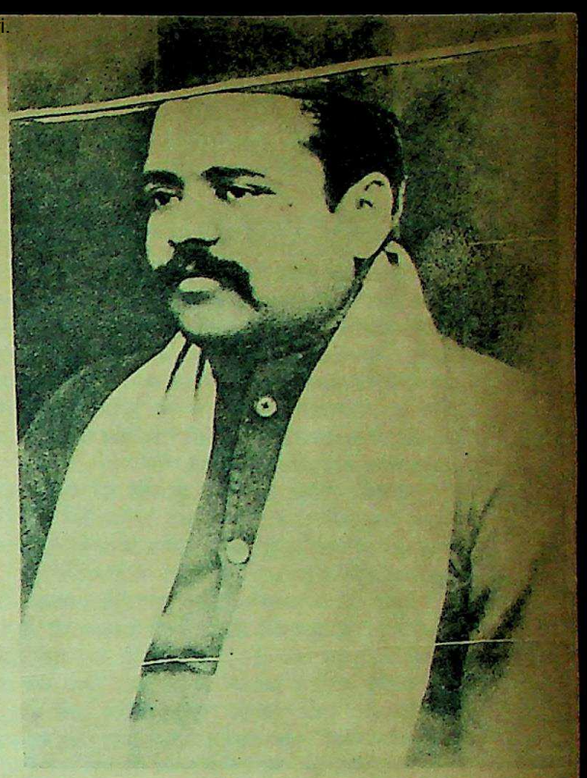
भारतीय राजनीति में एक नया स्वर

"शिवशम्भुका चिट्ठा" व्यंग्यपूर्ण राजनीतिक निबन्धों का सिरमौर है। इतने कलात्मक ढंगसे ब्रिटिशराजकी आलोचना बहुत कम लोगोंने की है; इसमें लार्ड कर्जनको लेकर अद्भुत परिहास है; जगह-जगह परिहासकी जगह लेखकका रोष उदात्त रूपमें प्रकट होता है। उनकी कल्पना नये और अनुपम चित्र प्रस्तुत करती है, उनका देशप्रेम जहां-तहां कवित्वपूर्ण ढंगसे प्रकट होता है।

"कितने ही राजा, नवाब, बेगम आपके दर्शनार्थ बम्बई पहुंचे। बाजे बजते रहे, फौजें सलामी देती रहीं। ऐसी एक भी सनद प्रजा-प्रतिनिधि होनेकी शिवशम्भुके पास नहीं है। तथापि वह इस देशकी प्रजाका यहांके चियड़ा-पोश कंगालों का प्रतिनिधि होनेका दावा रखता है। क्योंकि उसने इस भूमिमें जन्म लिया है। उसका शरीर भारतकी मट्टी से बना है और उस मट्टीमें अपने शरीरकी मट्टीको एक दिन मिला देनेका इरादा रखता है।... गांवमें उसका कोई झोंपड़ा नहीं है। जंगलमें खेत नहीं है। एक पत्तीपर भी उसका अधिकार नहीं है। पर इस भूमिको छोड़कर उसका संसारमें कहीं ठिकाना भी नहीं है। इस भूमिपर उसका जरा स्वत्व न होने पर भी इसे वह अपनी समझता है।...

"विक्रम, अशोक, अकबरके यह भूमि साथ नहीं गयी। औरंगजेब, अलाउद्दीन इसे मुट्ठीमें दबा कर नहीं रख सके। महमूद, तैमूर और नादिर, इसे लूटके मालके साथ ऊंटों और हथियारोंपर लाद कर न ले जा सके। आगे भी यह किसीके साथ न जायेगी, चाहे कोई कितनी ही मजबूती क्यों न करे।"

इस देश-प्रेमका जवाब नहीं है। कैसा अटूट आत्मविश्वास जनताकी अपराजेय शक्तिमें है। धरती जनताकी। उसका मालिक कोई राजा नहीं हो सकता, चाहे वह देशी हो, चाहे विदेशी। बालमुकुन्द गुप्तने अपने कुल और वर्गके संस्कारोंसे बहुत ऊंचे उठकर देशभक्तिको नया अर्थ दिया। उनके लिए देशका अर्थ है, देशकी निर्धन जनता। वे उन लोगोंके प्रतिनिधि बनकर बोले हैं, जो स्वत्वहीन हैं, जिनका अपना कोई झोंपड़ा नहीं है, एक पत्तीपर भी जिनका अधिकार नहीं है। किन्तु सारा भारत इन्हींका है, भविष्य इन्हींका है। भारतीय राजनीतिमें यह नया स्वर था जिसे प्रेमचन्द और निराला जैसे साहित्यकारोंने आगे चलकर खूब समर्थ बनाया।

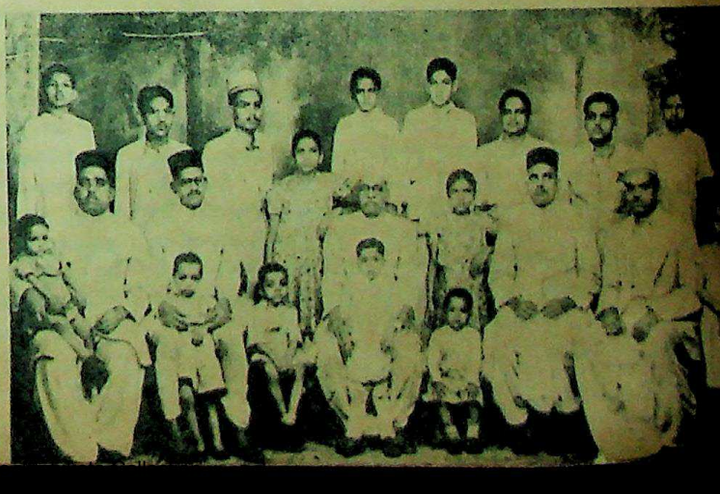


स्वर्गीय गुप्तजी (जन्म : सन् १८६५, निधन : सन १९०७)

भारतेन्दु हरिश्चन्द्रने जिस हिन्दी आन्दोलनका सूत्रपात किया था, वह राष्ट्रीय और जनतान्त्रिक था। बालमुकुन्द गुप्तने साहित्यमें जिस धाराका विकास किया, उसमें महत्व राजाओं और नवाबोंका नहीं था, महत्व था देशकी साधारण जनता का। देवनागरी लिपिका प्रश्न, हिन्दी भाषाका प्रश्न, अंग्रेजी की जगह हिन्दीको राष्ट्रभाषा बनानेका प्रश्न, इस जनताके भविष्यके साथ जुड़ा हुआ था और आज भी जुड़ा हुआ है।

जिन्होंने अंग्रेजीको राष्ट्रभाषा बनाया था, उन्होंने ही जनताका सत निकालकर उसे भाग्यके सहारे गलियों और सड़कोंपर मरनेके लिए छोड़ दिया था। दिल्लीके उन अंग्रेजी-प्रेमी मठाधीशोंसे बालमुकुन्द गुप्त कहते हैं :

"इसी कलकत्तेमें, इसी इमारतोंके नगरमें माई लार्डको प्रजामें हजारों आदमी ऐसे हैं, जिनके रहनेको सड़ा झोंपड़ा भी नहीं है। गलियों और सड़कोंपर घूमते-घूमते जहां जगह देखते हैं, वहीं पड़ रहते हैं। पहरेवाला आकर डण्डा लगाता है, तो सरककर दूसरी जगह जा पड़ते हैं। बीमार होते हैं, तो सड़कोंपर पड़े पांव पीटकर मर जाते हैं। कभी आग जलाकर खुले मैदानमें पड़े रहते हैं। कभी-कभी हलवाइयोंकी भट्टियोंसे चमटकर रात काट देते हैं। नित्य इनकी दो चार लाशें जहां-तहांसे पड़ी हुई पुलिस उठाती है। भला माई लार्ड तक उनकी बात कौन पहुंचावे ? दिल्ली दरबारमें भी, जहां सारे भारतका वैभव एकत्र था, सैकड़ों ऐसे लोग दिल्लीकी सड़कोंपर पड़े दिखायी देते थे, परन्तु उनकी ओर देखनेवाला कोई न था। यदि माई लार्ड एक बार इन लोगोंको देख पाते, तो पूछनेकी जगह हो जाती कि वह लोग भी ब्रिटिश राज्यके सिटिजन हैं या नहीं ?"



सन् १९५० में स्व. बालमुकुन्द गुप्त स्मृति समारोह के अवसर पर लिया गया चित्र। प्रथम पंक्ति में (बायें से) श्री जगदीशप्रसाद (पौत्र), परमेश्वरीलाल (तृतीय पुत्र) नवलकिशोर (ज्येष्ठ पुत्र) वंशीधर (भातुष्पुत्र) हरिकृष्ण (पौत्र)। पीछे खड़े हुए (बायेंसे) महेन्द्र कुमार, राजेन्द्र कुमार, ओमनारायण, शकुन्तला, महाबीर, ओमप्रकाश, सावित्री, रमण प्रकाश, रत्न प्रकाश, आनन्द प्रकाश, दर्शना। (पौत्र एवं दौहित्र)

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

जिन अंग्रेजोंने भारतीय जनताका शोषण इस प्रकार किया था, उन्हींकी भाषा स्वाधीन भारतकी असली राष्ट्र-भाषा बनी रहे, इससे अधिक अपमानजनक परिस्थिति दूसरी हो नहीं सकती।

भाषा और लिपि के बारे में गुप्तजी के विचार

बालमुकुन्द गुप्त उस युगके लेखक थे, जब हिन्दीको राष्ट्रभाषा बनानेके लिए अहिन्दी प्रदेशोंमें जोरदार आवाज उठने लगी थी। "बंकिम बाबूके समयके बंगदर्शनने, 'भारत एकता' नामके लेखमें हिन्दीको ही सारे भारतवर्षकी भाषा होनेके योग्य माना था।" इस बंगला लेखमें कहा गया था, "हिन्दी भाषार साहाय्ये भारतवर्षेर विभिन्न प्रदेशेर मध्ये जांहारा ऐक्य बन्धन संस्थापन करिते पारिबेन तांहारई प्रकृत भारत-बन्धु नामे अभिहित हइबार जोग्य।"

दुःखकी बात है कि अनेक प्रदेशोंके अंग्रेजी पढ़े लोग भारत एकताकी वह बात भूलते जाते हैं। गुप्तजीने मद्राससे निकलनेवाले एक हिन्दी पत्रका उल्लेख किया था, "जिसको एक मदरासीने जारी किया है और वही उसका एडीटर है।"

हिन्दीकी व्यापकताके बारेमें गुप्तजीने लिखा था, "अधिक क्या मन्द्राज जैसे विकट देशके नगरोंमें भी हिन्दी समझी जाती है।" १२–१३ साल बाद यही बात गान्धीजीने भी लिखी थी। गुप्तजीका विचार था, "हिन्दी अब भी भारतव्यापी है। हिन्दुस्थानके किसी विभागमें चले जाइए, वहां गांववालोंकी भाषा समझना कठिन होगा। पर बड़े-बड़े नगरोंमें रहनेवालोंसे बातें करनेमें विशेष कठिनाई न होगी।"

जनताने अपने अन्तर्जातीय सम्पर्ककी समस्या बहुत पहले हल कर ली थी। लेकिन जो आई. ए. एस. की परीक्षा पास करके कलक्टर-कमिश्नर बननेका सपना देख रहे हैं, उन्हें जनताका रास्ता पसन्द नहीं है। जनतापर हुकूमत करने के लिए वे अंग्रेजीको आवश्यक समझते ह। सरकारी नौकरियोंके उम्मीदवार उस समय कोई बहुत बड़े देशभक्त न समझे जाते थे। गुप्तजीने हिन्दीके पक्षमें बढ़ते हुए जनमतको लक्ष्य करके लिखा था, "यद्यपि बंगला, मराठी आदि भारतवर्षकी अन्य कई भाषाओंसे हिन्दी अभी पीछे है, तथापि समस्त भारतवर्षमें यह विचार फैलता जाता है कि इस देशकी प्रधान भाषा हिन्दी ही है और वही यहांकी राष्ट्रभाषा होनेके योग्य है।"

हिन्दीके प्रसारका मार्ग सुगम नहीं था। परिस्थितिका एक पहलू यह था, "जितने लोग भारतवर्षमें हिन्दी बोलते हैं, यदि उनमेंसे चौथाई भी नागरी लिख पढ़ सकते, तो हिन्दी भाषा सबसे आगे दिखायी देती।" जो लोग पढ़े-लिखे भी थे, वे अक्सर कैथी, मुड़िया, आदि लिपियोंका व्यवहार करते थे। इसीलिए हिन्दी प्रचारका आन्दोलन नागरी लिपि के प्रचारका आन्दोलन भी बन गया। नागरी लिपि हिन्दीभाषी जातिके गठन और उसके सांस्कृतिक विकासके लिए आवश्यक थी। इसके सिवा गुप्तजीके लिए देवनागरीके प्रचार-पर ही हिन्दीका राष्ट्रभाषा बनना निर्भर था। "देवनागरी अक्षरोंका जितना अधिक प्रचार होगा, उतना ही भारत-व्यापी होने योग्य भाषा हिन्दीका अधिक प्रचार होगा।"

परिस्थितिका दूसरा पहलू यह था कि उर्दू प्रेमी समुदाय देवनागरी और हिन्दीका प्रबल विरोधी था, किन्तु यदि जनताके हितोंको ध्यानमें रखा जाये और सरकारी अफसरोंकी सुविधाके लिए भाषा-नीति निर्धारित न की जाये तो किसी भी समस्याका सही समाधान ढूंढ़ निकालना कठिन नहीं है।

हिन्दी उर्दू के प्रश्न पर

परम आस्तिक बाबू बालमुकुन्द गुप्त हिन्दू धर्ममें पूर्ण आस्था रखते हुए और इस्लामको एकदम भिन्न धर्म मानते हुए हिन्दी और उर्दूको दो भाषाएं न मानते थे। वे स्वयं उर्दूके लेखक थे। उन्होंने शेख सादी और मौलवी मुहम्मद हुसैन आजादपर प्रशंसात्मक लेख लिखे थे। किन्तु धर्मके आधारपर भाषाओंका विभाजन भी हो सकता है, यह सिद्धान्त वे न मानते थे। उनका मत यह था, "हिन्दी और उर्दूमें केवल संस्कृत और फारसी आदिके शब्दोंके लिए भेद है और सब प्रकार दोनों एक है।" "इस समय हिन्दीके दो रूप हैं। एक उर्दू, दूसरा हिन्दी। दोनोंमें केवल शब्दोंका नहीं, लिपि-भेद बड़ा भारी पड़ा हुआ है। यदि यह भेद न होता, तो दोनों रूप मिलकर एक हो जाते।"

"उर्दूवालोंको देखिए कि उनकी भाषा हिन्दी है, उर्दू-हिन्दीमें कुछ भेद नहीं है, इतना होनेपर भी देवनागरी अक्षर न जाननेके कारण हिन्दीसे वह उतने ही दूर हैं, जितने बंगाली और मन्द्राजी।"

हिन्दीके सम्मुख जो अपार बाधाएं थीं, उनको दूर करनेमें बालमुकुन्द गुप्त और उस युगके लेखकोंने अभूतपूर्व त्याग, साहस और लगनका परिचय दिया। गुप्तजीके लेख पढ़नेसे उन युग-निर्माताओंकी छवि आंखोंके सामने घूम जाती है।

मेरठके गौरीदत्त– उमर साठ सालके ऊपर, चेहरेपर झुर्रियां, "तिसपर भी देवनागरीके लिए व्याख्यान देते समय इतना जोश था कि लड़कोंकी भांति उछल-उछल पड़ते थे।... आप धनी नहीं हैं, लखपति नहीं हैं, तिसपर भी ३२ हजार रुपये नागरीके काममें आपके परिश्रमसे व्यय हो चुके हैं।.... यह नागरी ही लिखते हैं, नागरी ही पढ़ते हैं तथा नागरी ही में गीत गाते हैं, भजन गाते हैं, गजल बनाते हैं। नागरी ही में स्वांग-तमाशे करते हैं, नाटक खेलते हैं। जब सारा मेरठ-शहर नौचन्दीकी सैर करता है, तो वह वहां देवनागरीका झण्डा गाड़ते हैं।"

देवकीनन्दन तिवारी– "अपनी बनायी पोथियोंकी गठड़ी बगलमें रखते थे, उनको बेचते और बांटते भी जाते थे। एक मोटी 'कमरी' पहने हुए थे, सिरपर एक गोल बड़ी भद्दी टोपी थी, जो उस प्रान्तके पुरानी चालके ब्राह्मण बहुधा पहना करते हैं। उनके वेश आदिसे उनकी गरीबी जाहिर होती थी, पर बड़े तेजस्वी थे।"

प्रतापनारायण मिश्र– "हमने उनके मुंहसे उनके लड़कपनकी कितनी ही बातें सुनी है। सुनकर बड़ी हंसी आती थी.. पढ़नेमें परिश्रम उन्होंने कभी न किया और न कभी जी लगा कर पढ़ा।... फारसी गजलोंपर अपने मिसरे लगा-लगाकर बहुतसे मुखम्मस बनाये थे। उनमें कितने ही ऐसे थे कि सुनकर हंसते-हंसते आंतोंमें बल पड़-पड़ जाते थे।... हिन्दी किताबें और हिन्दी अखबार वह दिन-रात पढ़ा करते थे। जो पोथियां या अखबार रद्दी समझकर फेंक दिये जाते थे, उन्हें भी वह पढ़ डालते थे।"

अम्बिका दत्त व्यास, जिनकी मृत्युसे पहले "दो बार मरनेकी खबर भी उड़ चुकी थी... कितनी ही भाषाएं जानते थे। हिन्दी-भाषाके जाननेवालोंमें तो वह अद्वितीय थे ही, संस्कृतके भी अच्छे पंडित थे।"

पाण्डे प्रभुदयाल– प्रतापनारायण मिश्रके शिष्य, पांचसाल तक बंगवासी में गुप्तजीके सहयोगी, "हिन्दीके व्याकरण विषयमें उनकी पहुंच बहुत बढ़-चढ़ कर थी।"

बाबू रामदीन सिंह, जिनके लिए प्रतापनारायण मिश्रने कहा था, ऐसे रामदीन हितकारी। अपने मित्रके नामपर उन्होंने खड्गविलास प्रेस कायम किया था और यहींसे भारतेन्दु ग्रन्थावली प्रकाशित की थी। "मुखमण्डल सदा प्रसन्न रहता था। सबसे हंसकर बातें करते थे।... पुस्तकोंके ऐसे प्रेमी थे कि शरीरकी धूल न झाड़ते थे और पुस्तकोंकी धूल झाड़ते थे।"

अमृतलाल चक्रवर्ती– हिन्दी बंगवासीमें गुप्तजीके सहयोगी, गुप्तजीके साथ एक ही मकानमें रहनेवाले, नगरमें घण्टों साथ घूमनेवाले, हाईकोर्टके पास गंगाके किनारे चबूतरे पर बैठकर गप लगानेवाले चक्रवर्तीजीने लिखा है, "हिन्दी बंगवासीका आर्डर देनेके दिनको हम तीनों साथ रहकर 'कतलकी रात' बनाते थे। भाषा-निर्माणके लिए हमारी लड़ाई ऐसी गहरी होती थी कि किसी-किसी दिन सारी रात बीत जाती थी। किस प्रान्तके किस शब्दको कहां जोड़नेसे भाषाका समुचित लालित्य होगा, इसपर बड़ी जोरदार बहस होती थी।"

अमृतलाल चक्रवर्तीको "एक बार एक स्वजनका जामिन बनकर उनके कर्ज अदा करनेमें असमर्थ होनेसे दीवानी जेल जाना पड़ा था।" उन्हें देखने गुप्तजी गये। चक्रवर्तीजीने अपने मित्रकी भावुकताके बारेमें लिखा है, "हृदयकी वेदना लेकर वह जेलखानेके दरवाजेपर पहुंचा और हृदयके मर्मस्थलसे निकलते हुए अश्रुजलसे भीगता हुआ अधूरी बातोंमें कहने लगा, "आपकी यह दशा सही नहीं जाती।" बस गला रुक गया। कण्ठकी बात कण्ठ ही में रह गयी।... केवल उस अश्रुजलसे ही बाबू बालमुकुन्द गुप्तका मुझपर वह करुण वेग समाप्त नहीं हुआ, उनके प्रबन्धसे न उस कारागारमें मुझे भोजन शयनादिका कोई क्लेश रहा और न मेरे परिवारके लोगोंको ही अन्न कष्ट भोगना पड़ा।"

माधवप्रसाद मिश्र–"कड़ी समालोचना लिखनेमें वे बड़े ही कुशलहस्त थे। अति तीव्र और जहरमें बुझे लेख लिखनेपर भी वह हंसीके लेख लिख कर पाठकोंके चेहरेपर खुशी ला सकते थे। लिखनेमें वह बड़े ही निडर और निर्भीक थे! हिन्दी इतनी अच्छी लिखते थे कि दूसरा कोई उनके जोड़का लिखनेवाला नहीं दिखायी देता।"

एक बार हरियानेके दोनों वीर लड़ गये। गुप्तजी उन दिनोंकी याद करके लिखा, "इस नाराजगीके दिनों कभी-कभी मिला करते तो कहते– 'बस, अब यही बाकी कि तू मर जाये तो एक बार तुझे खूब रो लें और हम मर गये तो हम जानते हैं कि पीछे तू रोयेगा।' आज पहली नहीं, पिछली बात हुई! याद करते-करते आंसू निकल पड़े। अब नहीं लिखा जाता!"

गुप्तजीकी जन्म शताब्दीके अवसरपर उनके समस्त मृत्युंजयी सहयोगियोंको हम नतमस्तक होकर अपनी हार्दिक श्रद्धा अर्पित करते हैं। उनका चरित्रबल, प्रतिभा, साधना हिन्दी भाषा और साहित्यके इतिहासमें अमर हैं।

शब्दों के बेमिसाल पारखी

गुप्तजी कलाकार थे। वे शब्दोंके अनुपम पारखी थे। हिन्दीके साधारण शब्द उनके वाक्योंमें नयी अभिव्यंजना-शक्तिसे दीप्त हो उठते थे। जो लोग अंग्रेजीकी व्यंजनाशक्तिके कायल हैं, वे इन वाक्योंका अनुवाद करें––'भारतकी लाटगिरीका पक्का पट्टा, विलायतके ईटन कालिजके लड़कोंके नाम लिख देना चाहिए।' ––'वह उड़े तो आसमानके तारे तोड़ ला सकता है, और नीचेकी तरफ जाये तो समुन्दरकी काई निकाल ला सकता है।' '––वह (शिक्षित लोगोंकी बोलचाल) खूब गठीली और चुस्त होती है, गुट्ठल और बेडौल नहीं होती।' '––अब प्रश्न करनेवाले एक प्रश्न कर सकते हैं कि क्यों द्विवेदीजीको इस प्रकार अचानक लाल-बुझक्कड़ बनकर इस खुदाकी सुरमादानीका पता बतानेकी जरूरत पड़ी। –(शासक और नरेश) थोड़े-थोड़े दिन अपनी नौबत बजा गये, चले गये।'

–'यह आपकी बुद्धिकी सस्त बहादुरी है।' '–आपकी लियाकतके झण्डे गड़ गये।' '–जब खातापर खता देखी तो उनका कलेजा पक गया।' इस सरस और रोचक भाषाको लोग समृद्ध करनेमें लगे हैं! गुप्तजीकी भाषाको देखकर विद्वान कह सकते हैं, इसमें क्या है? इसे तो कोई भी लिख सकता है। लेकिन विद्वानोंके ग्रन्थोंमें ढूंढ़िए तो ऐसे वाक्य ऐसे न मिलेंगे, जो गुप्तजीके ग्रन्थोंसे टक्कर ले सकें।

गुप्तजी हिन्दी भाषाकी प्रकृतिको बहुत अच्छी तरह पहचानते थे। वह अनगढ़ भाषाके कट्टर शत्रु थे। अनस्थिर शब्दको लेकर उन्होंने आचार्य महावीर प्रसाद द्विवेदीके विरुद्ध जो लेखमाला प्रकाशित की थी, उसका व्यंग्य और परिहास तर्कमें उनकी सूझबूझ शब्द और व्याकरणकी समस्याओंपर सरस वाक्य-रचना, सब कुछ अनूठा है। वाद-विवादकी कलाके वह आचार्य हैं।

उनके वाक्योंमें सहज बांकापन रहता है। उपमान ढूंढ़नेमें उन्हें श्रम नहीं करना पड़ता। व्यंग्यपूर्ण गढ़ंत उनके उपमान विरोधी पक्षको परमहास्यास्पद बना देते हैं।

–"आपके हुक्मकी तेजी तिब्बतके पहाड़ोंकी बरफ पिघलाती है, फारिसकी खाड़ीका जल सुखाती है, काबुल के पहाड़ोंको नर्म करती है।"

"समुद्र, अंग्रेजी राज्यका मल्लाह है, पहाड़ोंकी उपत्यकाएं बैठनेके लिए कुर्सी-मूढ़े। बिजली, कलें चलानेवाली दासी और हजारों मील खबर लेकर उड़नेवाली दूती।"

अपने व्यंग्यशरोंसे उन्होंने प्रतापी ब्रिटिश राज्यका आतंक छिन्न-भिन्न कर दिया। साम्राज्यवादियोंके तर्कजाल की तमाम असंगतियां उन्होंने जनताके सामने प्रकट कर दीं। अपनी निर्भीकतासे उन्होंने दूसरोंमें यह मनोबल उत्पन्न किया कि वे भी अंग्रेजी राजके विरुद्ध बोलें।

गुप्तजीने हर्बर्ट स्पेन्सरके बारेमें लिखा था, "उसने कभी कोई उपाधि न ली, कभी राजाका दर्शन करने न गया, कभी धूनीकी सेवा न की और न किसी सभाका सभापति हुआ।" इन शब्दोंमें उन्होंने स्वयं अपने जीवनका आदर्श प्रस्तुत कर दिया है। उन्हें लोकगीतोंसे विशेष प्रेम था और उन्हींकी तर्जपर उन्होंने तीखी राजनीतिक कविताएं लिखी थीं। कविता, इतिहास, आलोचना, व्याकरण, उन्होंने जो भी लिखा, उसमें

● शेष पृष्ठ २५ पर

CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja National Research Institute, Melukote Collection.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

पृष्ठ १३ का शेष

इस कवि सम्मेलनमें जनता और कविका आमना-सामना इस दृष्टिसे और भी महत्व-पूर्ण हो गया था कि "इस समय युद्ध विरामपर है और यह समय शक्तिको बढ़ाने और संवारनेका है। वे भाग्यवान हैं, जिन्हें राष्ट्रकी चेतनाको जगानेका और जागे हुए राष्ट्रको बलिदानके लिए प्रेरित करनेका दायित्व मिला है। ये सरस्वतीके वरद्पुत्र देशमें 'एक राष्ट्र' की भावनाको दृढ़ करें तथा जनता को विघटनकारी प्रवृत्तियोंसे बचायें। एकता और आजादी एक ही तत्वके दो नाम हैं। हमें दोनोंकी रक्षा करनी है।" (स्वागत भाषण)

काव्य साधना यों भी हर एकके वशकी चीज नहीं और फिर ऐसे कठिन समयमें तो वाणीको वशमें रखना और भी मन-स्विताका काम हो जाता है। उधरसे जब कविको मालूम हो कि हजारों आदमी उसकी कृतिकी परख उसी दिन कर डालने को तैयार बैठे हैं, तब उसके अन्दाजे क्या पर एक और बोझ आकर बैठ रहता है—लोकप्रिय होनेका बोझ।"

जब तक युद्ध नहीं हो रहा था, राज-नीतिज्ञोंसे ज्यादा उत्साहसे प्रेमके गाने कवियोंके यहां गाये जा रहे थे। यह प्रेम, कहना न होगा, ज्यादातर हवाई होता था, क्योंकि सचमुचका प्रेम करनेके लिए आदमी को पहले आदमी और साथमें हो सके तो कवि होना चाहिए, जबकि हमारे अधिकांश गायक कवि पहले कवि हैं फिर कुछ और। इस तरहके प्रेम काव्यने भाषाके साथ रन्दे का सा सलूक किया है और सब जगह एक सी भावनात्मक प्रतिक्रियाओंका सपाट, पनीला, सलोतर साहित्य पैदा हुआ है।

लालकिलेके कवि सम्मेलनकी कविताएं इसी सलोतर भाषाके चंगुलमें फंसी हुई थीं। कुछ कवियोंमें इससे छूटनेकी वीरोचित छटपटाहट थी, कुछमें इसीको अपने नये कथ्यके साथ निवाहनेकी मजबूरी थी, कुछमें ये दोनों परिस्थितियां नहीं थीं और एक बिल्कुल ताजा साक्षात्कार युद्धसे था—पर तब ऐसा न था कि उनकी कृतियां भाषाकी सशक्तताका दावा करती ही हों। निस्सन्देह एक बड़ी बात हुई—किसी कविपर आवाजें नहीं कसी गयीं, किन्तु इस घटनापर तो वह कहावत लागू होती है कि ताली एक हाथसे नहीं बजती—कुछ कविता ने मोहित किया और कुछ जनताने आखिरी वक्त तक उम्मीद रखी। श्रोताओंका काम, कुल मिलाकर, खरा रहा। वे बहुत कुछ चाहते थे, पा भी सकते थे, किन्तु यदि सब कुछ न पाकर भी वे शान्त रहे, तो इसीलिए कि उन्हें कवियोंकी राष्ट्रीय मनोबल बढ़ाने की इच्छामें सन्देह न था, सामर्थ्यमें पूरा विश्वास चाहे न हुआ हो।

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ये कविताएं सुनते हुए मुझपर जिस चीजने सबसे ज्यादा असर डाला, वह थी कवियों और युद्धके बीचकी वह दूरी जो आज भी, उसकी सारी ईमानदारीके बावजूद बनी हुई है। युद्धक्षेत्रका वर्णन करने योग्य भाषा न पाकर ही शायद खड़ी बोलीके किसी कविने इसका कोई स्पष्ट प्रयत्न नहीं किया। ब्रजभाषाके कवि श्री रामललापर ही यह काम पड़ा और उन्होंने बखूबी निभाया। माना कि उनका अमृत ध्वनि छन्द प्राचीन युद्धकी स्मृति जगाता था, परन्तु यह भी कुछ कम न था। वास्तवमें यह बहुत ही बड़ी उपलब्धि थी, क्योंकि जिस लय ताल पर आजकी अनुभूति गति पाती है, वह उसमें मौजूद थी, कई अन्य कविताओंकी घूम-घूमकर एक ही टेकपर आने वाली रेतती हुई गतिसे वह मुक्त थी।

श्रीमती लक्ष्मी त्रिपाठीकी कवितामें कथावस्तु—एक वीर गति प्राप्त सैनिककी वापसी—एक बहुत अछूती चीज थी। यह कवयित्री औरोंके मुकाबले युद्धके कुछ अधिक निकट जान पड़ी। इन्होंने भावावेग और उत्साहवर्द्धन जैसे सर्व-सुलभ उद्देश्योंको छोड़कर युद्धकी एक कथा कहनेका प्रयास किया था। कितना अच्छा होता, यदि ऐसी और भी कविताएं सुननेको मिलतीं—जरा बन्दिश और कसी होती तो हर्ज न था। इस दृष्टिसे डॉ. आनन्दकी कवितामें भी काफी वर्णनात्मक तत्व था और वह रचना इसीलिए प्रभाव डालती थी कि उसमें केवल आवेश नहीं, कुछ ठोस जमीन भी थी।

एक और प्रकारकी कविताने इस कवि सम्मेलनमें अपना रूप प्रकट किया—वह थी आन्तरिक द्वन्द्वकी कविता। राधेश्याम प्रगल्भकी रचना, जिसमें कवि पहले ही प्रश्न पूछता है कि यह लड़ाई कैसी है कि मन्दिर, मस्जिद और गिरजाघर, गुरुद्वारे सब उसके शिकार हैं, युद्धकी आवश्यकतापर सन्देहकी दृष्टि नहीं डालती थी, युद्धके अन्तिम उद्देश्यके प्रति पहले जिज्ञासा और फिर निश्चय प्रकट करती थी। राष्ट्रीय एकता अर्थात् आजादी के लिए उसमें जो ललक छिपी थी, वही कविताके शरीरको लावण्य देती थी—कवि को बल खाते छन्दों और लचकती आवाजका सहारा नहीं लेना पड़ा था। परन्तु इस प्रबुद्ध स्वरकी रचनाओंमें एक और उदाहरण, कुछ दूसरे ढंगका उल्लिखित किये बिना चित्र पूरा नहीं होगा। कविवर श्री भवानी-प्रसाद मिश्रने कहा—

जब आकाश घिरा हो, और भयंकर लगता हो
जब रह-रह कर कम्प तुम्हारे मन में जगता हो
पांवों के नीचे की धरती खिसक रही-सी हो
आसपास की सारी दुनिया सिसक रही-सी हो

ऐसे समय अकेले ही तुम गाकर तो देखो
तूफानों पर अपने स्वर को छाकर तो देखो
कण्ठ खोलकर गाने से सब सम्भव होता है
हाहाकार बदल कर बरबस कलरव होता है

जड़ में चेतन में स्वर-अंकुर फूट-फैलते हैं
और कि उसके स्वर लद-लदकर टूट फैलते हैं
इतना गलत प्रभाव कभी भी उगा नहीं कहीं
जिसकी सन्ध्या में पंछी की स्वर-झंकार नहीं।

सम्पूर्ण आयोजनके पीछे छिपी हुई जन शक्तिका अच्छे-से-अच्छा उपयोग आयोजकों और कवियोंने किया था—यानी जैसा वे आयोजक अपने साधनों और सदिच्छासे तथा ये कवि अपने काव्यसे कर सकते थे। आयोजकोंने कवियोंको जनताके आमने-सामने खड़ा कर दिया था। और सभापति श्री बच्चनके एक छोटे, परन्तु मार्मिक भाषणने उन्हें आजकी आवश्यकतासे परिचित करा दिया था। यदि सभी कवि उस जनतासे घनिष्ठ सम्पर्क नहीं स्थापित कर सके, तो कहीं-न-कहीं अनुभवकी सच्चाईमें कोई कमी अवश्य रही होगी। राष्ट्रकवि दिनकरकी

● शेष पृष्ठ ३३ पर

● युद्ध-सन्दर्भ : तीन कविताएं

पुरुषार्थ

● श्रीकान्त जोशी

भीतर ही भीतर बहा
कहने की जगह भी न कहा
दर्द वह, रक्त में सन कर
पुरुषार्थ-वेश में आ गया है
भुजाओं में भुजा, वक्ष में वक्ष बन कर।

जो दृष्टि छूती रही
निरन्तर छूती रही
अन्तर-सिन्धु-तल
मुंद कर
अब आकाश को भेदती है
निश्चय से, दृढ़ता से,
अग्नि-स्फुलिंगों से खुल कर।

क्षमा के लिए बने हुए हाथ
लेते हैं शस्त्र
व्यापक क्षमा के लिए
चारों तरफ अनसुना कोलाहल है
और मुझे सूझते नहीं हैं शब्द
घबराये हुए लोगों की उपमा के लिए।

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मुर्गे-पैगम्बर

● कैलाश वाजपेयी

फेंके गये दानों पर पला हुआ
एक मुर्गा बहुत अर्से से
सारी रात शेखी के साथ बांग देता था!
कूड़े के ढेर से अलग
(मौका देख कर)
कभी इधर उधर भी चोंच मार लेता था।

बस्ती के अधसोये अधजागे लोग,
मुर्गे को पैगम्बर कहते थे
कुछ सचमुच कहते थे
बाकी—सहते थे!

यह सिलसिला काफी दिन तक
चलता रहा
लोग सोते रहे—मुर्गा पलता रहा।

लेकिन जब पैगम्बर बहुत सख्त
सरदर्द बन गया
झल्ला कर मैं घूरे तक गया
पंजों और पंखों पर लगी
बीट झाड़ कर
ले आया मुर्गे की दुम उखाड़ कर!

उस दिन के बाद से
लोग रात भर चैन के साथ सोते हैं
और उस कूड़े के ढेर पर
सुनता हूं कुत्ते रोते हैं।

●●

शोक

● श्रीकान्त वर्मा

यह वक्त मेरा वक्त
नहीं था
नहीं था
ठिकाना
दिन
जा कर छू आता है
ज्वर में
तपते हुए
पहाड़ों का माथा
या पेड़ों को
कन्धों पर
उठाये बन्दूक-सा
गाता है
गुजरते हुए सैनिक का
गा———
फटता है
बम!

मैं चिल्ला कर
कहता हूं—
मैं था जो
जा कर कहीं और
फूट
पड़ा हूं!

कोई यकीन नहीं करता!
मैं अपनी युवावस्था के
शव को
उठाये हुए
अपने
कन्धों पर
घूम रहा हूं

देश-देश में
(मैं सोच नहीं पाया
मैं असल लगता हूं
किस वेश में)
झरने में गिर कर
हो जाती है
झरने की
मेरी यह परछाईं!

अपने किस परिचित नगर को
आवाज दूं?

काले पहाड़ को
बांध कर भुजा पर
ताबीज-सा
चला आ रहा है
यह आसमान
—देख रहा हूं कब से?

दरें-दरें में
किसी के न आने की
छाप है
मेरी कविता में
सन्ताप है
शोक है—

वहां पर! न जाने कहां पर
डूब रहा है
जहाज!

●●

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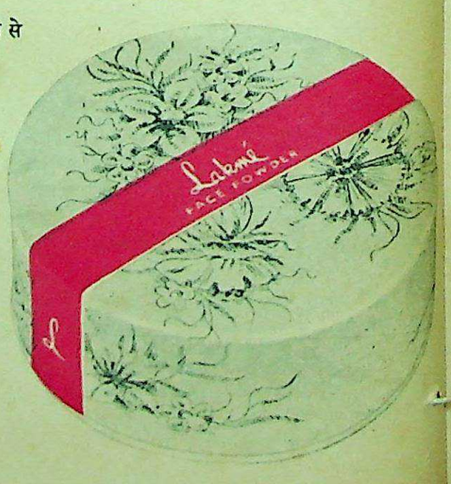
मॉडेल : एयर इंडिया के सौजन्य से

फूल की पाँखुरी...सुन्दर सुकोमल रूप के लिये ...

लक्मे फ़ेस पाउडर लगाते ही रूप में एक अनोखा आकर्षण उभर आता है, त्वचा कांतिमान हो जाती है। आपके चेहरे की त्वचा के अनुकूल यह ८ आकर्षक रंगों में मिलता है जिससे आपकी सुन्दरता में चार चाँद लग जाते हैं। त्वचा पर उभर आनेवाली चिकनाहट को दूर करने के लिये यह बहुत ही उपयुक्त है। अपने रूप को फूल की पाँखुरी सा सुकोमल और सुन्दर बनाने के लिये लक्मे फ़ेस पाउडर लगाइये।



लक्मे फ़ेस पाउडर

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Drawing by K. C. S. Paniker

foreword

by The Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson
Prime Minister of the United Kingdom

10 Downing Street
Whitehall

I share with other contributors to this special issue of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" the most stimulating memories of John F. Kennedy. The tragedy of his death is still remembered with horror in all parts of the world and the work that he began is seen as a great pioneer enterprise.

You will remember that in his first State of the Union message, he said: "The hopes of all mankind rest upon us, not simply upon those of us in this chamber, but upon the peasant in Laos, the fisherman in Nigeria, the exile from Cuba, the spirit that moves every man and nation who shares our hopes for freedom and the future."

His life and death gave an impetus to the course which, above all others, will be associated with his memory—the fight for human rights, the assertion of human dignity and equality against the loathsome doctrine of racialism. It was he who provided the inspiration, and his successor, in a contribution which history will not fail to equate with that of President Kennedy, has courageously, and with decisive leadership, turned that impetus into an historic act of legislature.

The United States—and we ourselves in Britain—have responded—and by our actions throughout the world are still seen to respond—to the youthful voice of John Kennedy. His memory will endure.

HAROLD WILSON

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— Gopal Ghose

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

1. What do you think were the most endearing facets of Kennedy's personality and character ?
2. If he were alive today how far do you think he would have succeeded in :
   (a) solving the colour problem at home ?
   (b) easing international tensions ?
3. What is your assessment of the impact that Kennedy's work will make on the future leadership of America ?

J.F.K.: Some Impressions

REPLIES TO THE EDITOR'S QUESTIONNAIRE

by Field Marshal ABDUL SALAM MOHAMMED ARIF
President of Iraq

I am glad that *The Illustrated Weekly of India* has offered me the opportunity to pay my tribute to President Kennedy. Your decision to issue a special number on the occasion of his 48th birth anniversary is splendid and I am sure that it will be a fine memorial to a man who regarded the whole world as his concern.

1. President Kennedy was a man of deep convictions, and yet he was not rigid. Unlike the professional politician, the Tammany Hall boss, he held strong views on colonialism, civil rights and social justice. He did not try to trim his sails to international power politics, or to pander to local politicians. The cases of the Congo and Palestine may be taken as examples. In the Congo, he recognised that Belgian colonialism had left so deep a scar on the country that it had to go. He had no taste for Katanga separatism, which he rightly recognised as a ruse to preserve the rights and economic interests of certain foreign powers, and he felt that quislings have no place in the new Africa. As regards Palestine, he was conscious of the deep injustice inflicted on the Arabs in that tortured country. Amid the welter of American local politics and Zionist pressures, he tried to save something for the American conscience. In the United Nations session held a fortnight before his death, the American delegate voted, no doubt on instructions from the President, in favour of a motion for the right of the Arab refugees to return to their homeland. The Zionist propaganda organs were, of course, furious. It may be of some significance to point out that Radio Israel was attacking Kennedy just the night before he was murdered!

2. (a) President Kennedy was, of course, the initiator of the Civil Rights Bill. Although his tragic death made the enactment of the Bill a certainty, there is no doubt that were he alive he would have pursued all means to see it through Congress. He himself sprang from a religious community denied, for a long time, the highest offices of the country. We must remember, too, the zeal with which his brother Robert, then Attorney-General, clamped down on all aspects of race discrimination.

b) As I have said, President Kennedy was a man of deep convictions, but he was flexible. In the Cuba crisis of October, 1962, he displayed all his skills as a negotiator and saved the world from war while achieving the maintenance of the old balance. President Kennedy contributed thereby immensely to the easing of international tension.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

3. There is no doubt that President Kennedy set an example for the future leadership of America, both at home and abroad. Future and present leaders of his country must always keep in mind the image of the tragic President: courageous in his belief, flexible in purpose, and a seeker after social justice.

by KEITH HOLYOAKE
Prime Minister
of New Zealand

I met the late President Kennedy only twice, but the meetings were lengthy and intimate ones, during which our personal discussions roved over many topics. I was immediately impressed by his youthfulness, by his vigour and his drive, by his blend of idealistic fervour with practical common sense, by his quickness of intellect. Here, I felt, was a leader of world stature, whose qualities of mind and heart were backed by such strength of purpose that he could, and would, continue to influence for good his own country's affairs and those of the world for a generation to come, whatever position he might hold.

I see no reason to doubt that, had he lived, he would have continued to dedicate himself zealously to these high principles. In the event, I feel that his three short years of office, his ceaseless striving for new standards, new levels of excellence in his own leadership and conduct, and new conceptions of social and racial justice, made an impact in America and internationally which is still felt throughout the world.

by WILLY BRANDT
Governing Mayor
of West Berlin

1. The fortitude with which he bore his serious illness. The ethical and moral principles with which he directed his actions in the world. His constructive political vision. His strong formative will and his pronounced sense of political realities.

— Laxman Pai

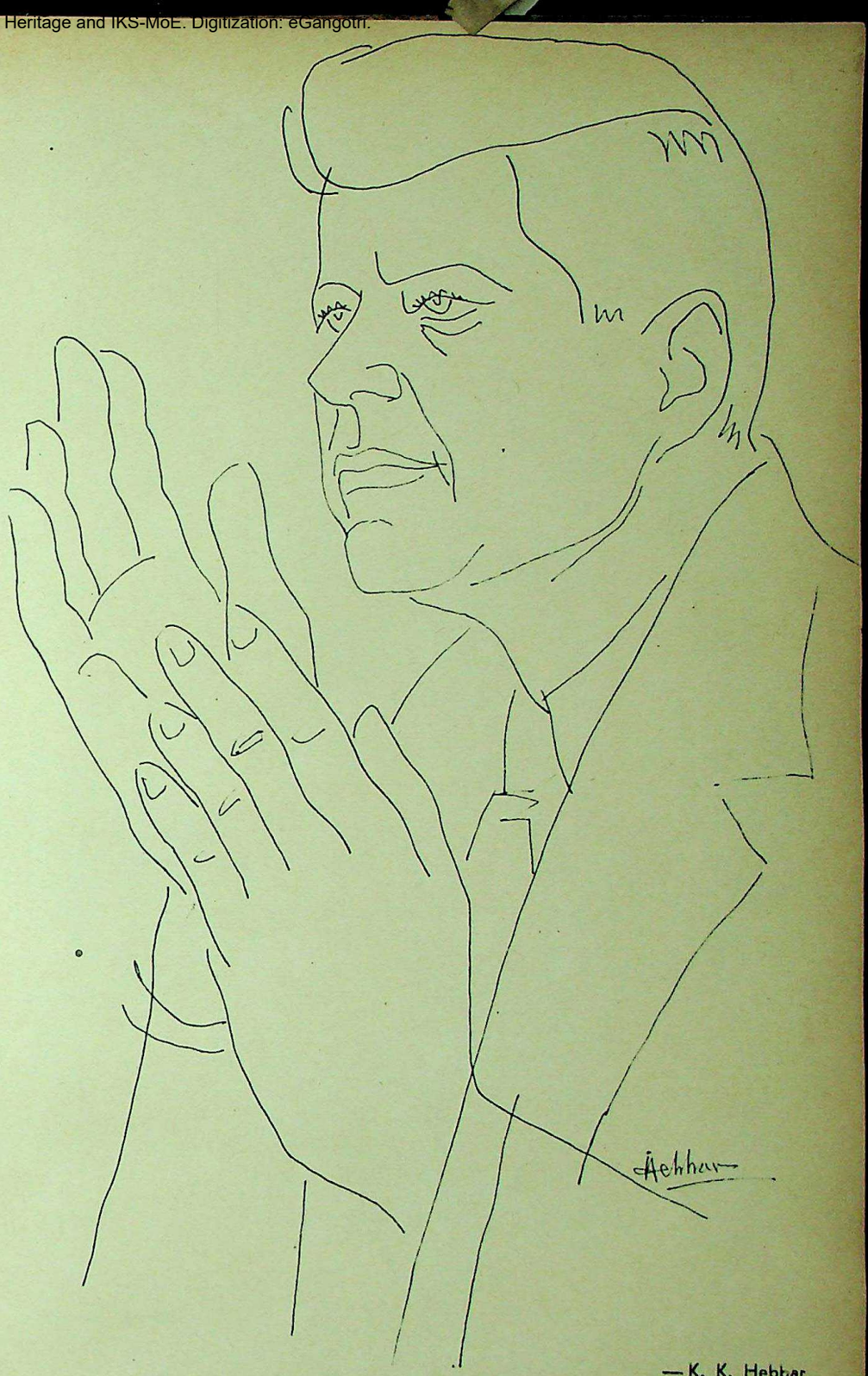
2. As a responsible politician I am not in a position to reply at present. This has to be left to the historians.

3. Kennedy was a representative of the American generation which has learned from bitter experience that threatening with force no less than evading the use of force can lead to war. His style and his methods in politics are still influencing ruling circles widely, for Kennedy was consciously living in the inter-planetary age.

The ideas of John F. Kennedy could not be killed at Dallas, for they are the rational expression of a hope for a world which will not surrender to the problems created by human beings but will conquer them.

Kennedy was a model showing how to stand square on the ground of facts—yet he did not become the prisoner of his times. He showed what it means to see the world as it is, yet to think far beyond mere defence: to do all that is necessary for security, but to shape this for a world of better collaboration among peoples. Kennedy also practised the rule that a state cannot exhibit a strength externally which it does not possess internally.

The example of this great President has given its essential political expression to the progressive American generation which urges towards responsibility, or is living in it already.



— K. K. Hebbar

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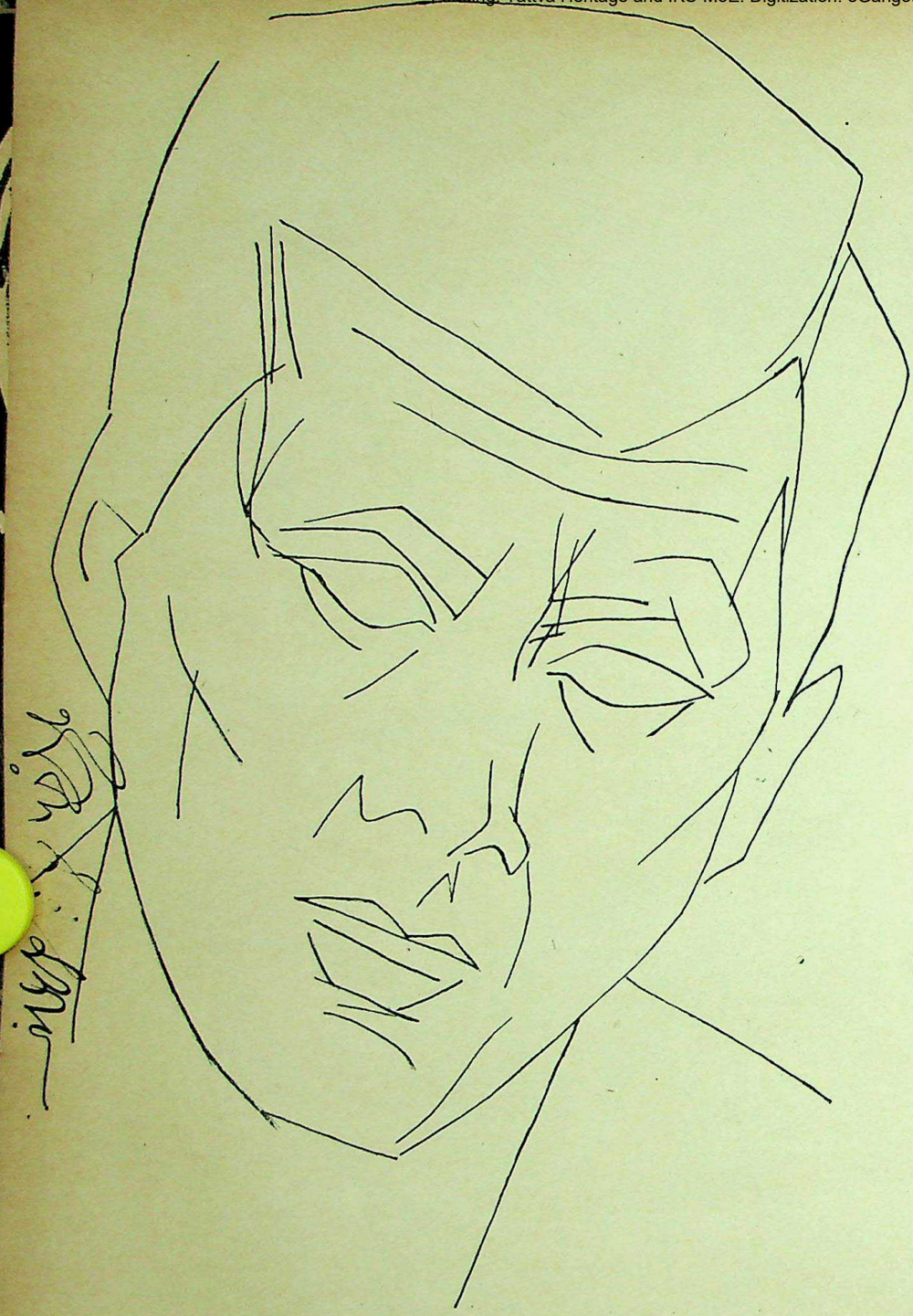

— Nirode Mazumdar

J. F. K.: Some Impressions

(CONTINUED)

by ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

1. To the young, all over the world, President Kennedy stood for hope, courage and energy. They felt that he cared about mankind's future, and that he had devoted his life to doing all that he could for his fellow human beings.

2. Impossible to answer.

3. The achievements of the Kennedy administration were mostly incomplete at the date of the President's death.

by Sir HERBERT READ

1. President Kennedy had very obvious assets: youth, good looks, great wealth, and a superb publicity organisation. There is no doubt that, in addition, people throughout the world imagined that he had a sincere desire to establish peace.

2. This illusion survived the Cuban crisis, in spite of Kennedy's ambiguous handling of that crisis, which was forgiven because most people were willing to believe that he had inherited a commitment from which he could not withdraw. The test would have come over the Viet Nam crisis, and I doubt if in this he would have acted any differently from President Johnson, whose aims are now seen to be uncompromisingly aggressive. It is difficult to conceive of President Kennedy dropping (or authorising the dropping of) napalm bombs and poisonous gases which fall indiscriminately on the armed forces and the innocent civilians of North Viet Nam; but it is equally difficult to believe that he would have had the will or the power to dismiss those military advisers who are responsible for the present disastrous policy in South-East Asia.

3. A small but significant achievement: the recognition that the arts have an essential place in the life of a nation.

by V. S. PRITCHETT

1. Youth, and his courageous handling of the Cuba question.

2. At home, yes, on the racial question; abroad, not so likely. American foreign policy has the inevitable ambiguities.

3. The use of intelligence, so rarely visible in the confusion of American politics.

by YEHUDI MENUHIN

1. That he was pursuing ends beyond the narrowest national ones. Respect for other nations, their nature, their accomplishments, respect for artists, writers, and craftsmen.

2. It is sad that mass tensions narrow the vision.

3. Breathing new conceptions and goals into our educational system in all fields. In fact, this recasting of the whole educational programme will be the longest-lasting tribute to the late President Kennedy.

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

1. What do you think was the secret of Kennedy's unique hold on the imagination of people the world over?
2. If he were alive today, would he have remained as popular in the context of the increasing tensions at home and abroad?
3. What, according to your assessment, was the most significant achievement of the Kennedy administration?

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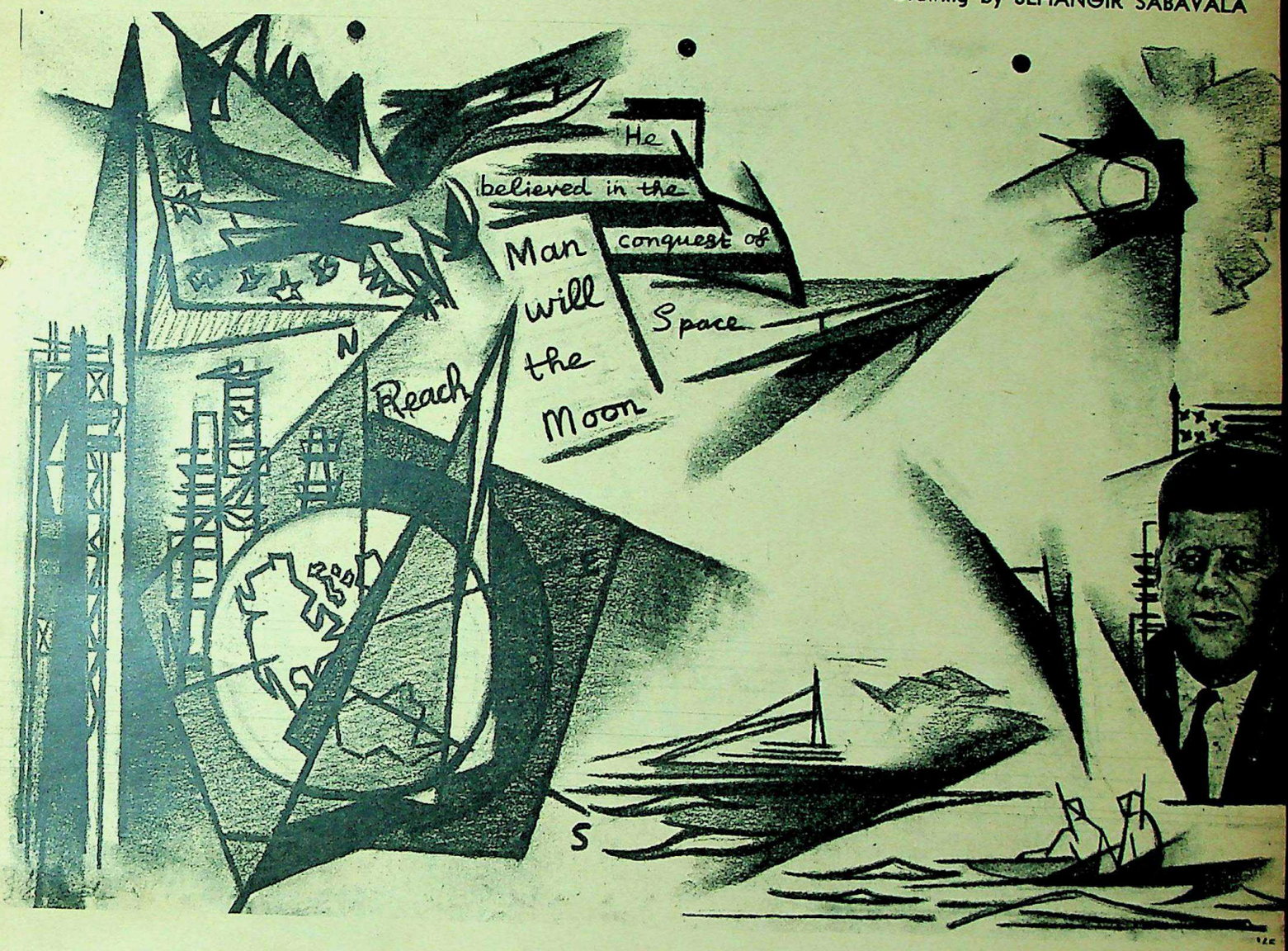
Kennedy's Dream

Drawing by JEHANGIR SABAVALA



PEACE- AND SPACE-MEN

Adventure in the dark, the void of Space,
contrasts with light in minds and hearts of friends.
Distinguish Astronauts' from Peace Corps' ends!
Refined by others, genius has its place
in either. Must it be the all-pragmatic,
not what the earnest choose, but diplomatic
through feature-building? Love is here to use
men's care for knowledge. That is meet to choose!

Kennedy saw the young as self-inspired
to merge themselves in higher fields of choice.
Where Great Wheels turn in Washington, the voice
of spirit dies—as yields new life desired.
The Lonely Crowd by cameras is battered;
The Corpsman ploughs in fields where ego's scattered
in broadcast waste. Loudspeakers, over-primed
take Lord-alone-knows what damned peak as climbed . . .

EVELYN WOOD

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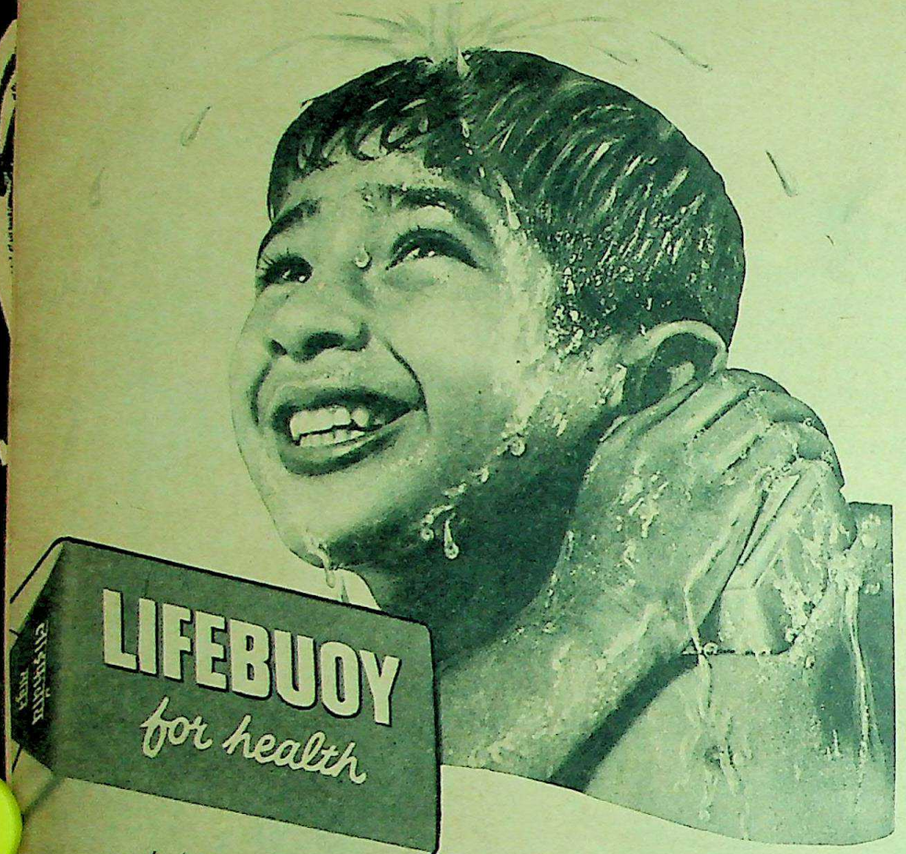

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"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

His Master's Voice

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The Kennedy I Knew

Here is an exclusive article written for this issue
by ROBERT McNAMARA
U.S. Secretary of Defence

IT was my distinct honour to be among the first men asked by President-Elect John F. Kennedy in late 1960 to join his Cabinet. This was the beginning of a deeply rewarding association with a truly remarkable man.

Before we met, John F. Kennedy was already something more, in my mind, than an average man in politics. His book, *Profiles In Courage*, which focused my attention on him for the first time, was produced during his convalescence from life-or-death surgery to correct a war injury. The book and the circumstances under which it was written underscored his genuine personal courage and his admiration for it in others.

A theme stressed in his book, and which may have led to the title, suggests the philosophy he followed as a public figure. He said, "In the days ahead, only the very courageous will be able to take the hard and unpopular decisions necessary for our survival in the struggle with a powerful enemy—an enemy with leaders who need give little thought to the popularity of their course, who need pay little tribute to the public opinion... who may force, without fear of retaliation at the polls, their citizens to sacrifice present laughter for future glory. And only the very courageous will be able to keep alive the spirit of individualism and dissent which gave birth to this nation..."

John F. Kennedy had wide appeal to many people throughout the world and not only to citizens of the United States of America. Certainly people were attracted by his exploits as a war hero and his courage as a statesman, and because they knew him to be a witty, fun-loving man of great charm. But his popularity, I think, was due in no small part to his broad understanding of the other man's point of view, and his remarkable ability to be graceful under pressure.

In this connection I recall an occasion during the Cuban situation when I was at the White House for a meeting with the President. It was about six o'clock in the evening. As I approached his office he came out and saw his daughter, Caroline, running into the house, apparently going to have her dinner. He called out to her: "Caroline, have you been eating candy?" She may not have heard; in any event, she paid no attention to him and ran on. Again he called, "Caroline, answer me! Have you been eating candy? Yes, no, or maybe?" You see, he understood quite well that even for a child it is not always possible to respond to a question with simply yes or no.

Much has been said about his talent for rapid reading and that he read nearly everything he saw—books, magazines, newspapers, memoranda, anything. It is true; he was an omnivorous reader, perhaps owing to his immense curiosity about everything. But he had the even greater ability to retain selectively from what he had read. Out of the pool of knowledge he stored up from his reading he was able to dredge truly pertinent facts which allowed him to stay a full step ahead of most of us. Perhaps more importantly, his vast appetite for reading had contributed to his knowledge and understanding of history. It was this understanding which he was able to bring to particular situations and thereby anticipate what actions should take place, usually with hairline accuracy, I might add.

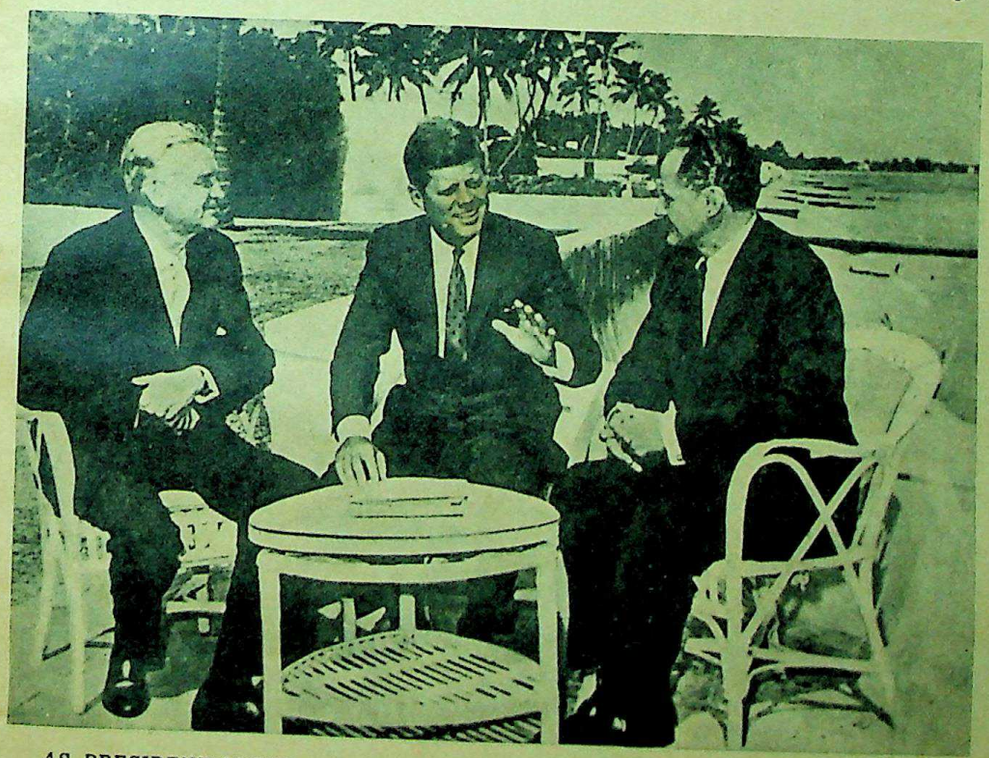
VISITING the underground headquarters of the U.S. Strategic Air Command, at Omaha, Nebraska.

President Kennedy was a phenomenal man in many ways. Here was a man raised in wealth, educated in the most expensive traditions, and who had circulated from childhood among diplomats and statesmen. Yet his largest appeal was to ordinary people around the world. For instance, when President Charles de Gaulle arrived to attend President Kennedy's funeral he said quite simply that the "little people" of France had sent him. And during a time of considerable tension in Berlin, when he told the German people, "I am a Berliner!" he conveyed to them better than anyone could have that here was a true champion, that they were not alone.

He was deeply concerned with the standards of living, the quality of life enjoyed by people wherever they might be —in his own country, in Europe or Asia, or wherever. Because of this, he was absolutely devoted to attaining and maintaining peace—he knew these are the people, the ordinary families of the world, who suffer most in war. One of his proudest achievements was the ban on atmospheric testing of nuclear devices which the U.S. signed with Soviet Russia, preventing further pollution of the air we breathe. It will be an enduring monument.

Concerned as he was with test bans and disarmament in general, however, he was not blind to the need for free men to have forces capable of answering aggression at any level.

Some writers have seen fit to compare the lives of President Kennedy and President Abraham Lincoln. They have been able to draw some remarkable parallels, but I do not think that President Kennedy need be compared to anyone for us to appreciate his greatness. His tragically early death was a sad loss to men and women everywhere.



AS PRESIDENT-ELECT, Mr. Kennedy poses at Palm Beach, Florida, with week-end guests Democratic Senators George Smathers (right) and Stuart Symington, then Chairman of a Committee appointed to report to the President on plans for reorganisaton of the U.S. Department of Defence.

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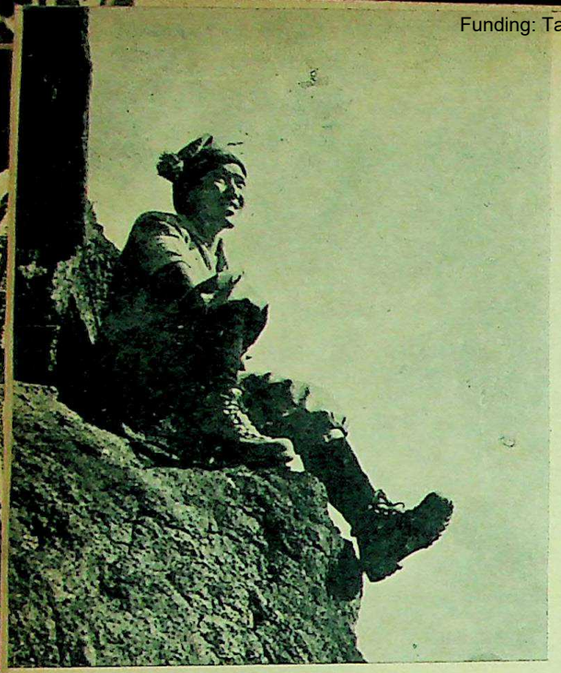
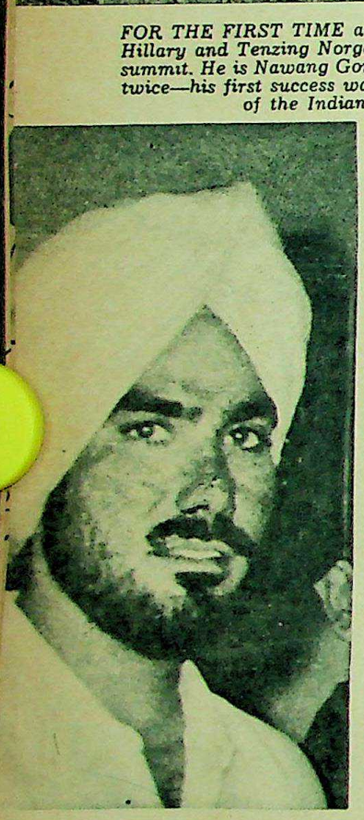
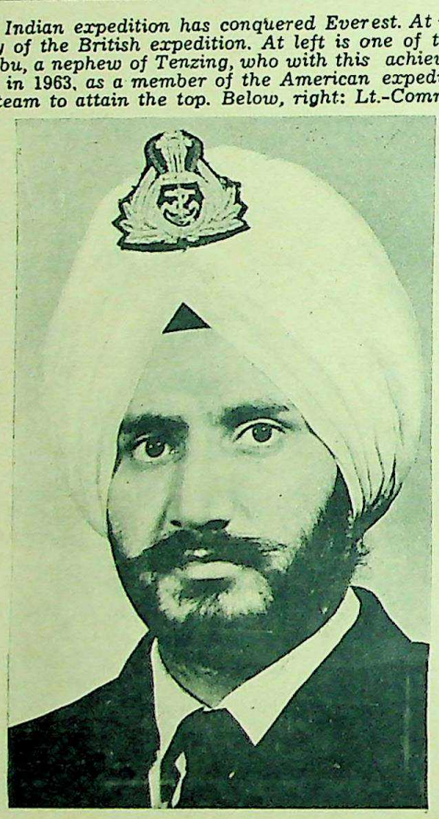


FOR THE FIRST TIME an Indian expedition has conquered Everest. At right is a view of this peak, first climbed in 1953 by Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay of the British expedition. At left is one of the two members of the Indian team who ascended to the summit. He is Nawang Gombu, a nephew of Tenzing, who with this achievement has the distinction of having climbed Everest twice—his first success was in 1963, as a member of the American expedition. Below, left: Captain A. S. Cheema, the second member of the Indian team to attain the top. Below, right: Lt.-Commander M. S. Kohli, leader of the expedition.

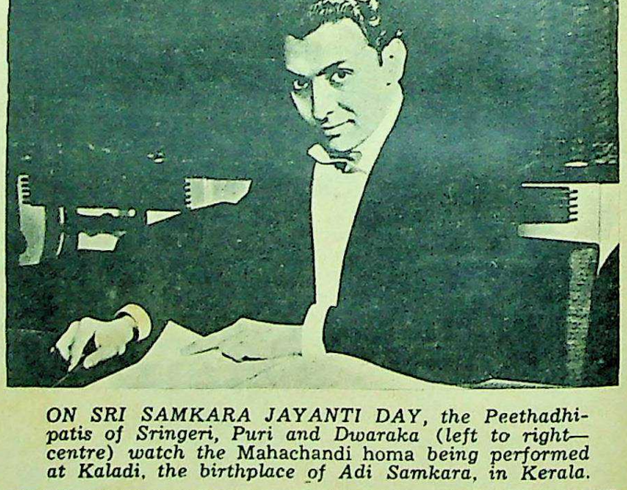




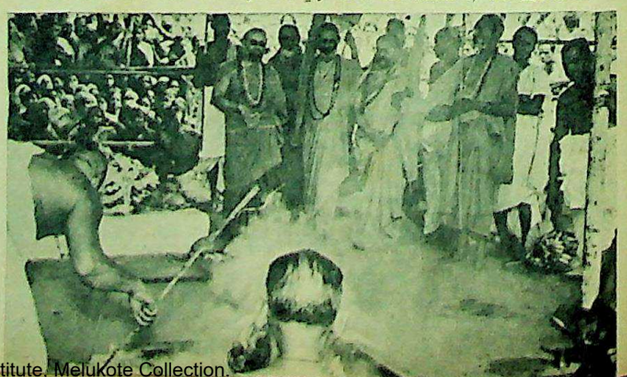
In The News

PRIME MINISTER SHASTRI who has returned to India from a very successful visit to the Soviet Union is seen at the beginning of his tour, in Moscow, receiving a warm welcome from Prime Minister Alexei Kosygin, local citizens and Indian nationals.

NOTED INDIAN CONDUCTOR Zubin Mehta will participate in the forthcoming International Music Festival in Prague.



ON SRI SAMKARA JAYANTI DAY, the Peethadhipatis of Sringeri, Puri and Dwaraka (left to right—centre) watch the Mahachandi homa *being performed at Kaladi, the birthplace of Adi Samkara, in Kerala.*



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Chiaroscuro

by A.S.R.

The Time: May 27, 1964—3:30 p.m.

The Place: Mambalam, a suburban railway station in Madras.

The Scene: I have just got off the train which I boarded at Chromepet. Packed with home-coming clerks, workers and others in tears, trying to dry their eyes with their thumbs or forefingers, she has to jog along mournfully to Beach, the terminus.

My destination is Mount Road. But not a single taxi has its fare-meter up. Rickshaws, jutkas and buses are off the road too. Groups of crack Congress volunteers wearing black arm-bands can be seen moving about briskly demanding the closure of shops, restaurants and offices. Crowds keep collecting in Panagal Park and in front of "coffee-clubs" in the hope of hearing special broadcasts. But the radio sets are all dumb—apparently struck dumb by the tragic news of the day. There is a crush in temples teeming with people, young and old, high and low, believing and non-believing. They are all there to participate in solemn *bhajans* and *poojas*.

But my problem is: How to get to Mount Road? I have to be in my local office in order to see to the creeding of my copy to Bombay. At last I see a taxi with a fare already inside. To the chagrin of the swearing volunteers, the taximan offers to give me a lift, if I wish to go to Mount Road. The volunteers surround the vehicle and threaten to burn it down along with the driver and his fare. I plead with the highly but rightly worked up college students, insisting all the time that if they let me go, their purpose will have been best served. Impressed, they give us the clearance thus: "All right. Go. But we can't guarantee your safety *en route*. God save you!"

"Thanks."

* * *

THE introductions are over. We three are now well poised for an attack on Nehru and Kennedy, whose peace seems to mean nothing to us. Muthu, the taxi-driver is a daredevil, voluble type. My fellow fare, Mr. R, teaches Economics in a local college. He is no less voluble than Muthu. But then this afternoon is not like any other afternoon. Today, in this sedate town, everybody is voluble, everybody is hysterical. Mr. R lives in Triplicane. He is returning from his friend Mr. B's house in Saidapet, where he had looked forward to enjoying a sumptuous South Indian meal on the occasion of the first marriage anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. B. The feast was interrupted by the news of the ghastly event.

Muthu has President Kennedy smiling at him all the time from a heavily gilded frame. The glass on the portrait bears a rash of dots and daubs made with turmeric, *kumkum* and sandal paste.

"Muthu," asks Mr. R, "don't you wish to display a Nehru picture also?"

"Oh, yes. I must find a good one, you see. But it will be smaller than this."

"Why?" asks Mr. R teasingly.

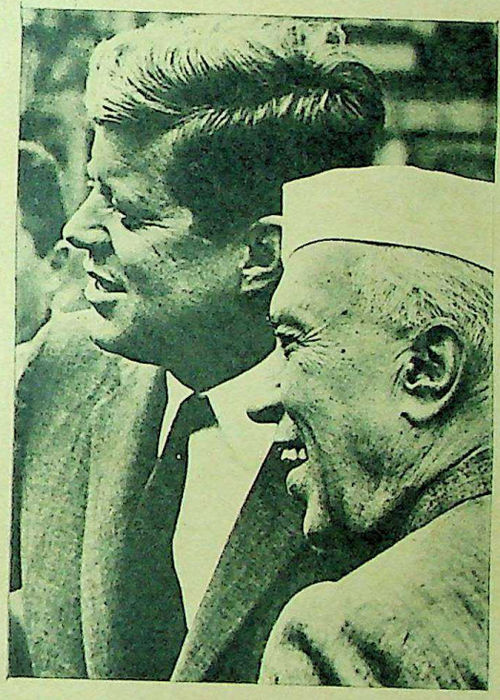
"Because I liked Kennedy better."

"I don't understand you. You never saw Kennedy."

"Never, if you mean physical seeing. But I used to see him all right—in my own way. We always thought he was a member of our family."

"And Nehru?" I query, intrigued.

"Of course, he was also one among us. But there was this difference between the two. Panditji was like my grandfather, and Kennedy, like my brother. One can't be very fond of one's grandfather. But grandfather is grandfather."



PRESIDENT KENNEDY with Jawaharlal Nehru during the late Prime Minister's visit to the United States in November, 1961. Our cover this week, specially painted by K. K. Hebbar, is based on this exclusive photograph.

"What was your immediate reaction to the news of Panditji's death?" I ask out of curiosity.

"Oh, I felt very bad. I at once put my hand on my chest—just to make sure that my heart was still beating."

"So you do miss your grandfather," says Mr. R.

"Of course, of course. As I have already said, grandfather is grandfather. But I miss Kennedy very much. Shall we be able to say the same thing about Panditji six months later? Losing a brother is different from losing a grandfather, you see. Don't you think so, Professor?"

"I don't know. Panditji was more like a father to us than like a grandfather, wasn't he?"

"Oh, please, please, don't remind me of my father. He was a very bad type—stealing, drinking, gambling, swearing all the time. When he died in the gutter five years ago, I just shed a son's tears. No more, no less."

"Muthu, you forgot to adjust the fare-meter correctly," I say, in a vain bid to bring him down to earth.

"Don't worry, sir. You know the fare from T'Nagar to Mount Road. But today you are both my guests. I am supposed to observe hartal, you see. Anyway, I am on my way home. As I was saying, when my father died, believe me, I just shed a son's tears. No more, no less. Please don't call Panditji father. Call him grandfather."

"Why do you say that Kennedy was like your brother?" asks Mr. R inquisitively.

"Because he was like my brother. How can I explain? I like my brother very much, sir. He is brave, handsome, intelligent and noble. I mean, my brother Raju. He is a medical student. I educate him. He will one day become very great, I am sure... Sir, you are a big professor. I want to ask you one question. You alone can answer it. Can you tell me, sir, why our Government has not so far issued a postage stamp with the Kennedy picture on it? I don't think there is even a single street anywhere in India named after Kennedy. Correct me, sir, if I am wrong."

"Muthu, you are right I think," says Mr. R.

"Please, sir, don't get me wrong. I am not trying to prove that Kennedy was greater than Panditji. All that I have been trying to say is this—I liked Kennedy better. If you ask me why, I have no answer. Perhaps I liked his face better. Panditji also had a most beautiful face. But somehow it made no impression on me. Maybe because of my youth. Panditji was a very, very great man, no doubt."

"What makes you say that?"

"Oh, you are a professor, sir! Good at asking questions. Because he did so much, not only for India but for the whole world. Thank God there is no traffic on the road today! Otherwise, you would have joined Panditji and Kennedy! Perhaps not. I would have concentrated on driving, you see. Sir, normally I don't talk to my fares. It is just not possible."

"You said Panditji did so much for the world. Did he?"

"That is what the newspapers say. By making India strong, was he not trying to make the world strong?"

"He was, he was. You are politically very sound, I must say."

"Am I not the undisputed D.M.K. leader in my ward?... We are now on Mount Road. Where exactly does Iyer want to go?"

"To Whites Road, Muthu."

"Right. I drop you first and then 'Sir' at Triplicane..."

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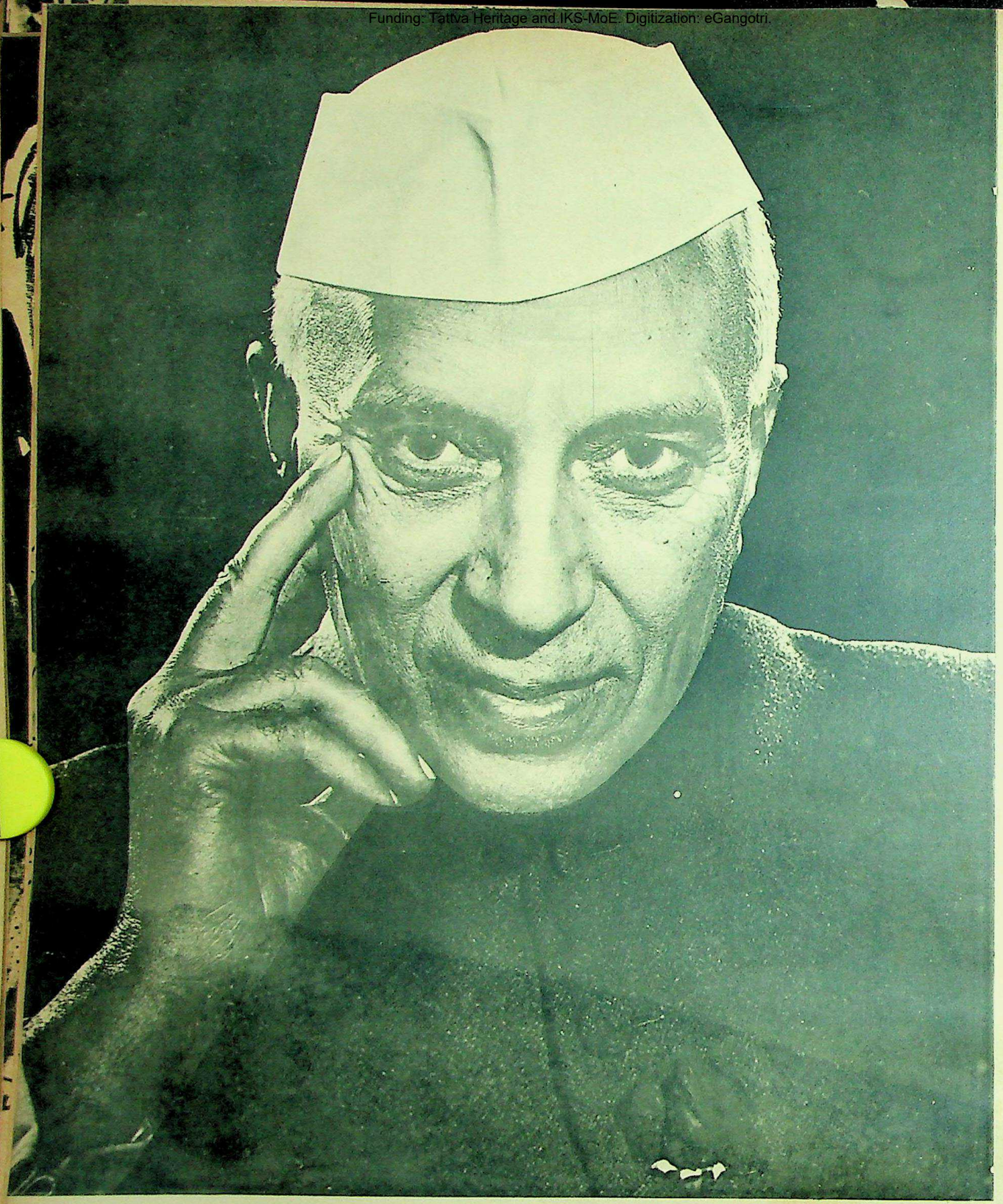
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.



—Karsh of Ottawa

"Some national leaders—and it is a source of pride to us as Americans, that some American leaders have had their fame and their reputations spread across their national frontiers and boundaries, and their reputations and the affection in which they are held have become worldwide—Lincoln, Roosevelt, our earlier leaders—and you, Prime Minister, and your illustrious leader in the fight for Indian independence, Mahatma Gandhi, your reputation, the things for which you have stood, things with which you have been identified in your long career, all these have spread your fame and your reputation beyond the borders of your own country and have been identified with the great aspirations of people all over the world.

"India and America are separated by half the globe, but I think that you are aware, as you surely must have been aware, during the long days of your struggle for independence, of the great well of affection and regard for which your country and people are held in this country—a great affectionate regard which belongs to you particularly in these difficult days."

—John F. Kennedy in his address of welcome to Jawaharlal Nehru in Washington (November, 1961)

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

"Wealth and prosperity came to his own country. To these, President Kennedy added a deeper human and moral outlook which embraced in its scope the peoples of the world. To these great causes he dedicated himself, and the picture of a great President emerged which brought a measure of hope to the peoples of the world. To his high office he gave lustre and grace and people in distant parts of the world looked upon him with hope and affection."

—Jawaharlal Nehru, November, 1963

—Karsh of Ottawa

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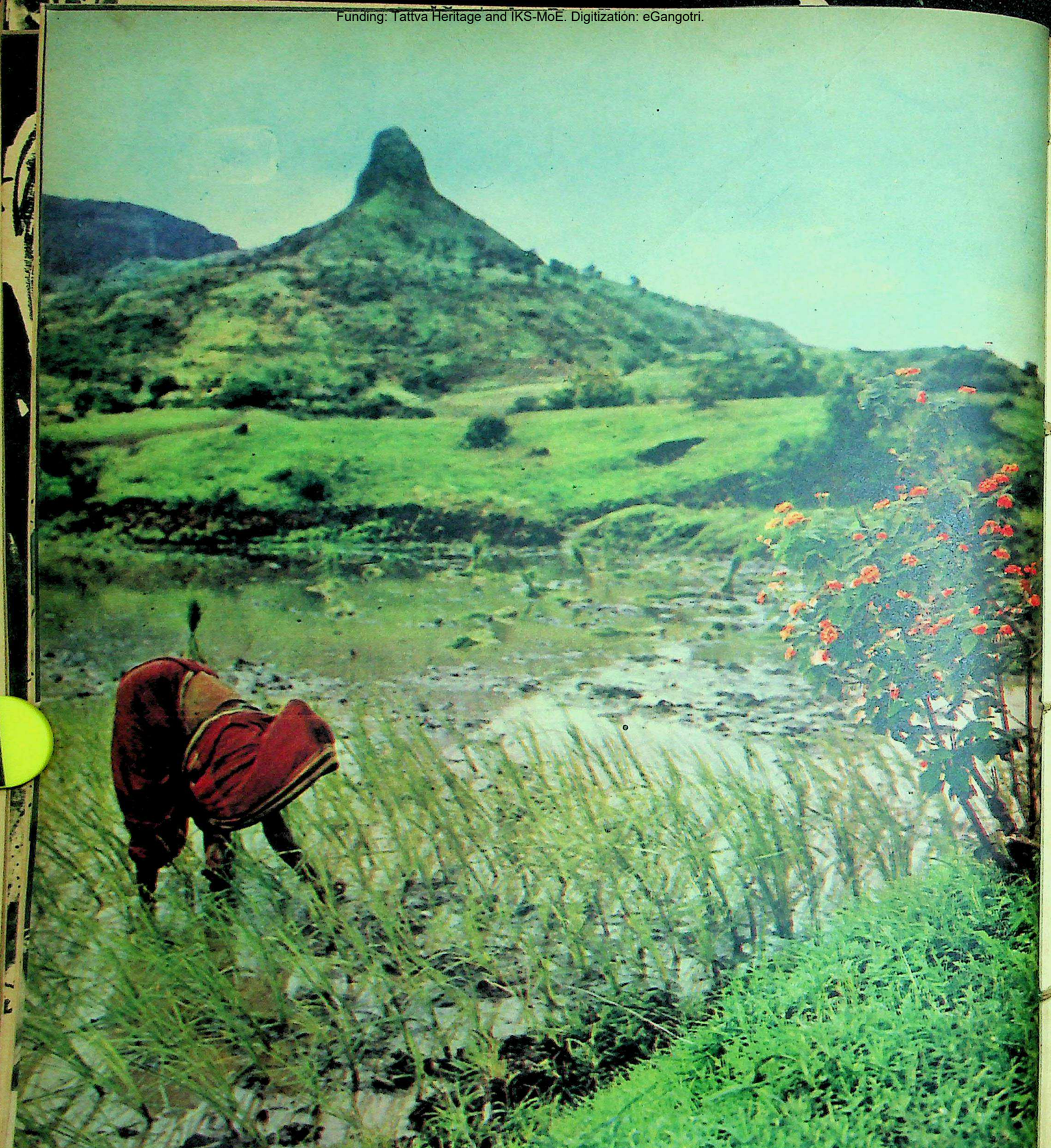

Green Acre

by INDRAJIT NALAWALA

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

A LETTER FROM TRINIDAD

by V. S. NAIPAUL

A West Indian Culture?

THE inter-island student debate at the University College—in the old days the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture: spacious lawns, creepers on old *samaan* trees, verandahed bungalows, lily-spangled ponds in landscaped gardens—was on an old issue: was there a West Indian culture? The Barbadian team was to say no, the Jamaicans were to say yes. At eight, the appointed time, we assembled in the hall. It had been permitted to run down; the paintwork had grown grimy. At a quarter past eight the debaters, in red gowns, appeared on the platform. The leader of the Barbadian team had prepared his case well. He sought to define culture, quoting authorities whom only students appear to know (and such authorities are almost invariably knights). He said that the culture of the West Indies was only modified European or modified Asian or modified African; each island differed from its neighbour. Something so haphazard and heterogeneous could not be called a culture.

It was not a bad speech, but it got him little applause. Applause went to the pretty girl from Jamaica who, becoming excited as she spoke, abandoned precise enunciation—it being easier for the West Indian to say *wit* for with and *tin* for thin—and at times dropped into dialect. There was definitely a West Indian culture, she said. She defined culture, quoted another knighted authority. Culture could be a matter of unpunctuality. West Indians were never on time; look how late the debate itself had started. West Indians did not talk English English or American English; they spoke it in their own way; she gave examples of local idiom, and the audience shrieked. West Indians preferred irregular and numerous sexual unions to marriage. West Indians were lazy, thriftless, working only for the day, looking forward only to the *bram* or fete. West Indians were corrupt: just look at the politicians. West Indians loved noise. And so it went on: like a catalogue of immigrant vices which in England would have drawn protests from organisations working for Anglo-Caribbean understanding, but here was received with applause and approving laughter, which sometimes made the speaker herself laugh.

* * *

AGAINST this the scholarly Barbadian, in his red gown and with his scroll like something in an advertisement for an American academy, did not have a chance. Speeches from the floor followed. An Indian from British Guiana, intelligent and academic, made the audience restless. A West African, heavily negroid in feature, began by saying—so badly did he misjudge a West Indian group—that man was distinguished from the animal not only by his appearance but also by—and it was some time before the laughter subsided. Another speaker, dressed like a calypsonian, indirectly abused those of us who had come to the debate in jacket and tie; and directly abused some foreign students who had complained to the university authorities about nightly music in the hostels.

The old arguments about West Indian culture were never like this. It is Independence which has brought about this type of buoyancy, this assertion of values which ten years ago would have been considered lower-class. It is an assertion of smallness, perhaps the only assertion possible for a small, independent West Indian island which lies in the shadow of the United States.

It might have been otherwise. Trinidad, with an area of 1,800 square miles and a population of just under a million, was to have been part of a West Indian Federation. But Federation collapsed and Trinidad is on its own, Jamaica is on its own, and the group of impoverished and cantankerous small islands known as the Little Seven are on their own. Trinidad seeks to attach Grenada to itself. But this is only racial politics: Grenada's population is mainly Negro, and in a unitary state of Trinidad and Grenada there will always be a Negro majority. Grenada, overpopulated and very poor, will increase the difficulties of an independent Trinidad; it will not lessen the problems of smallness.

* * *

SLAVERY, exploitation followed by neglect: I begin to wonder whether these are as important as smallness, and whether what is now acknowledged in Trinidad as the psychology of the colonial might not also be in part the psychology of the small-islander. To be happy, the first requisite is to be born in a famous city: this, I have read, was a saying of the Greeks. Some West Indians have tried to find resemblances between the Greek city-states and the Caribbean islands. But the world, I believe, has moved on since those days. To be born in a Greek city was to be at the centre of everything. To be born in Trinidad was to be aware from the first of one's unimportance. Everything we used, every film we saw, every book we read came from remote cities that were truly famous. To be in Trinidad was to be nowhere. And we could not make up for our colonial unimportance by a colonial bigness and brashness. There were no frontiers to be pushed back. The island confined us, turned us into domestic creatures who could travel no more than thirty or forty miles in any direction, gave us rivers which to the people of Guiana were little better than canals. We expected no one to have heard of us and were surprised and grateful when someone had. We were greatly excited by the tourist ships that took to calling in for a morning or so.

If, as has been said, a landscape does not exist until it has been recorded by artists and a society has no meaning until it has been written about, so we felt we existed only when we were known by others. We were truly dependent. To know ourselves, to get a necessary self-esteem, we did not need writers. We required tourists: the psychology of the colonial and the small-islander came together. Writers occurred; but they became real and acquired value only after they had been acknowledged abroad and often after they had gone abroad. They sublimated the tourist-complex, the desire to be known, to *exist* in the way that other countries existed; they provided the camouflage of phrases like "the search for identity". ("Is it true that you are engaged in the search for identity?" the shy student voice often asked on the telephone.) Politics had a similar sublimating effect: the intellectuals and the proletariat were at last bound by a cause.

Self-discovery went hand in hand with that other discovery, from the north, of the West Indies as that crazy resort place. We became exotic even to ourselves. The exotic was not the middle-class colonial culture of club, sport and food—"They eat well" is still an approving assessment; the exotic was the local *patois*, the calypso, the steel band—lower-class creations in which meaning had suddenly to be discovered. So, in independent Trinidad, English deteriorates in the law courts, in university debates; a labour movement, newly aware of its power, becomes perverse. "Massa day done" sums up the mood. Yet the larger dependence always remains. Is there a West Indian culture? Yes; and the tourist sees the truth.

* * *

ONCE the steel band was considered a nuisance, something to telephone the police about. Now it is more than an economic asset. You put up with it or you move. A house had been pulled down on the street where I lived and where my mother still lives; on the empty lot, hung with banners and electric-flex extensions from accommodating neighbours, a "youth movement" practised on the pans every evening. Carnival was a month away. But the newspapers had been full of it for two months. Bigger than the news from Mississippi or Viet Nam was the controversy about a band that wished to masquerade as Hindu gods. The government stepped in and said no; there were photographs of the saddened band-leader and reports of band-members in tears. But Carnival is Carnival: a time for energy. A new idea, new costumes; and a new band was soon ready.

The hotels filled up; rooms were going for as much as fifty U.S. dollars a night. Carnival had become a Trinidad industry. To the festival, once so local and low-class, had been added refinements from the north: the "Jaycees", members of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, organised a competition for a beauty queen. Carnival had been taken off the streets. You could no longer wander through the city to look at bands. To see the bands and the beauty queen you had to buy a ticket in the enclosed stands and sit, like a stranger in your own country, among the cameras of the tourists.

That crazy resort place: there could be worse types of dependence. And Trinidad is spared much. It is too far to the south; it is washed by the muddy flood waters of the Orinoco and has few beaches; it will not become an Antigua or a St. Lucia; it will not be parcelled up into "beachettes" and sold to wealthy tourists. On one island, with a population of 30,000, something like 700 building plots have been sold to Americans; on some of the Bahama islets the only natives are servants. A second dispossession is coming to West Indians on their islands. This time the subjection is voluntary. In the West Indies tourists are required.

(*For our regular Newsletters, please turn to pages 57 and 59.*)

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The Buddha at Anuradhapura, Ceylon

by **MURLIDHAR JALAN**

"The conception of the Buddha, to which innumerable loving hands have given shape in carven stone and marble and bronze, seems to symbolise the whole spirit of Indian thought, or at least one vital aspect of it... The ages roll by and the Buddha seems not so far away after all; his voice whispers in our ears and tells us not to run away from the struggle but, calm-eyed, to face it..."

—Jawaharlal Nehru

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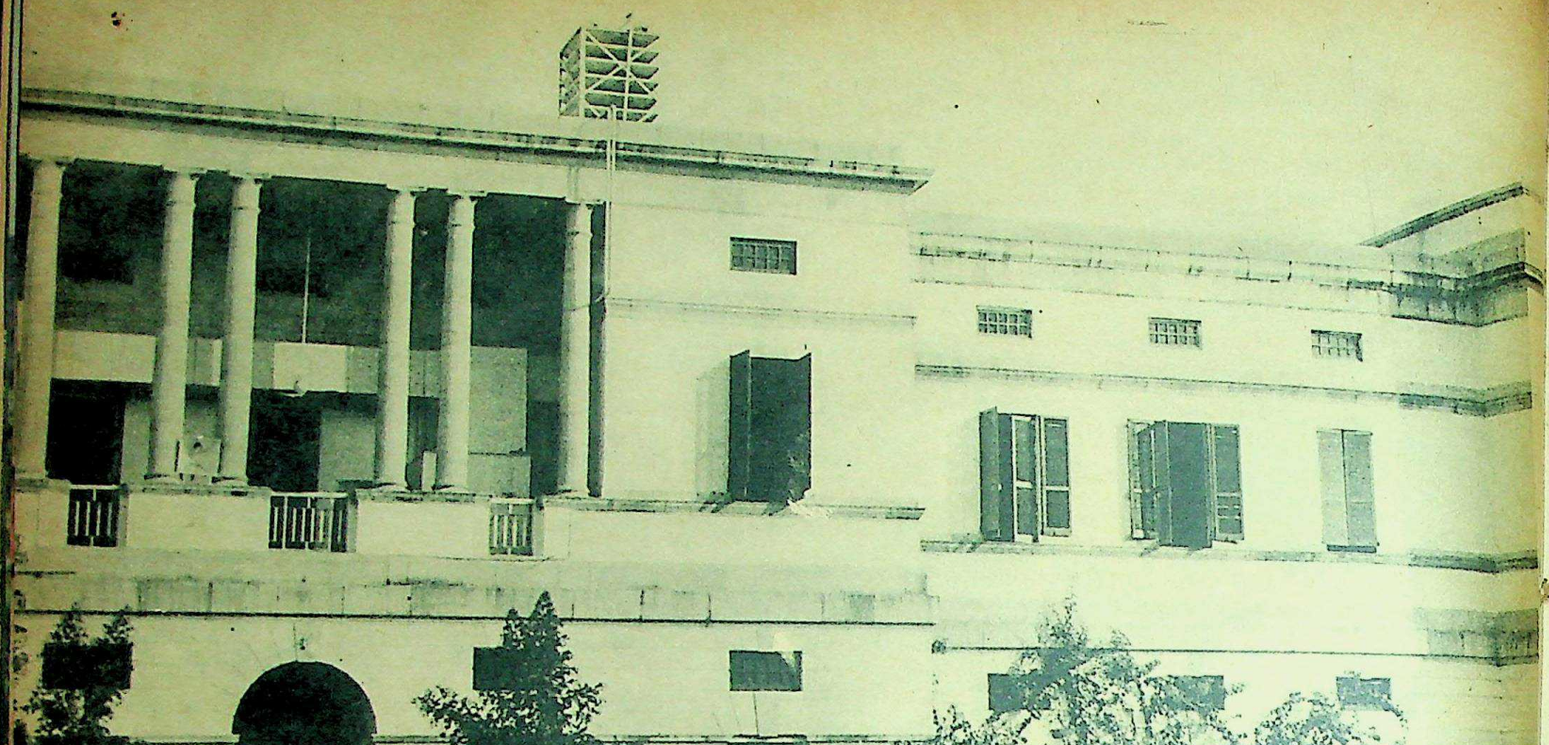
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MC

"I d[illegible]mber when I [illegible]ing the rose as a b[illegible] hole... [illegible]ress used to be [illegible] to the point of dra[illegible] that I th[illegible] good to bring in [illegible] colour into it."

— Jawaharlal [illegible]

(Photograph by R. S. CHOPRA)

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.



—Jitendra Arya

WALKING OUTSIDE THE PRIME MINISTER'S HOUSE

—P. Ramou

"A nation's work never ends. Men may come and go, generations may pass but the life of a nation goes on."

A Nehru Portfolio

This feature commemorates the first death anniversary of Jawaharlal Nehru.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

—Jitendra Arya

first

Nehru.

"When I think of India, I think of many things: of broad fields dotted with innumerable small villages; of towns and cities I have visited; of the magic of the rainy season which pours life into the dry parched-up land and converts it suddenly into a glistening expanse of beauty and greenery; of great rivers and flowing water... of people, individually and in the mass; and, above all, of the Himalayas, snow-capped; or some mountain valley in Kashmir in the spring, covered with new flowers, and with a brook bubbling and gurgling through it. We make and preserve the pictures of our choice, and so I have chosen this mountain background rather than the more normal picture of a hot, subtropical country."

More Pictures Overleaf

ON HOLIDAY IN KASHMIR —Michael Peto

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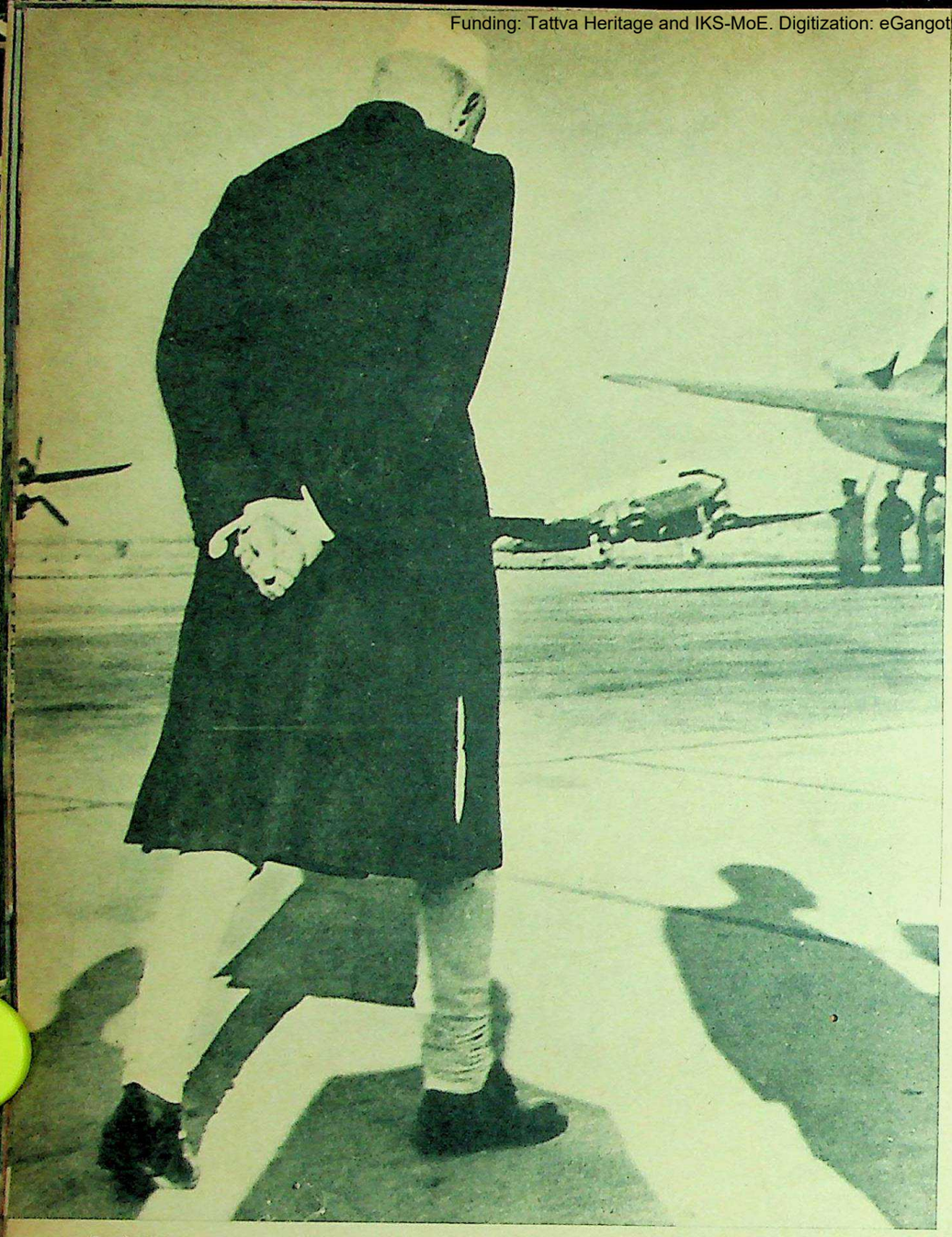


—R. Satakopan

AFTER THE CHINESE BETRAYAL. Right: On the bridge of the I.N.S. Delhi.

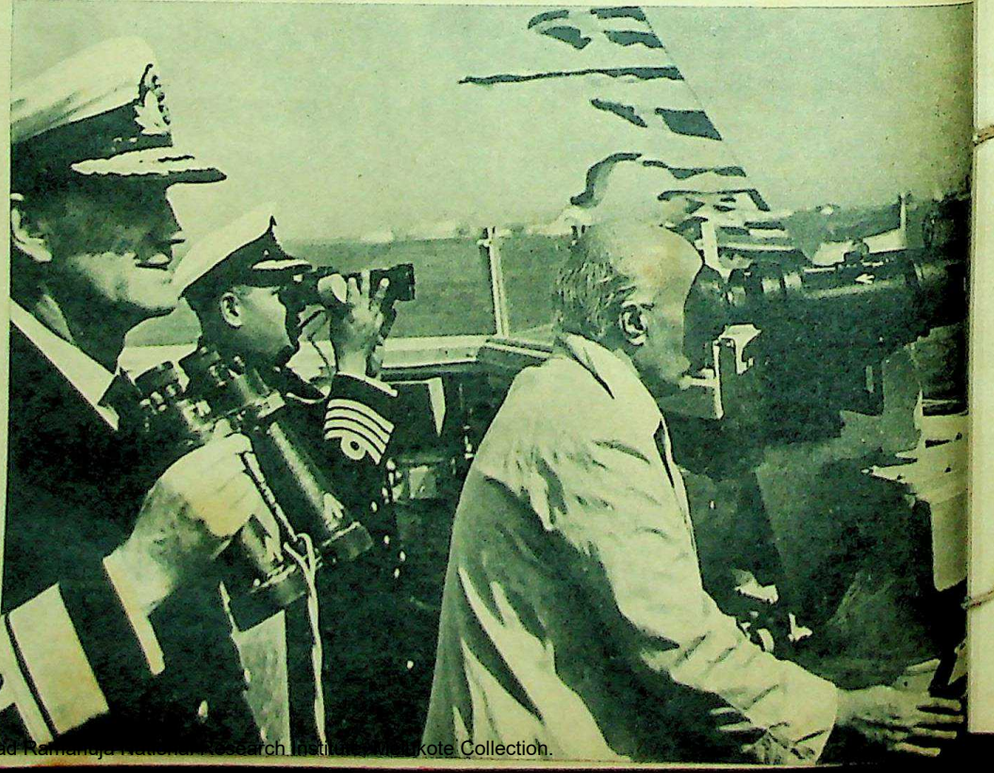
A VIEW OF THE RUSSIAN UNDERGROUND? On the Moscow Metro, with Mrs. Indira Gandhi, during his visit to the Soviet Union in 1955.

"If I am confident about India, that confidence depends more on the spirit and unity of our people than on other factors. If that is weak, for me it just does not matter how many tanks or how many aircraft we may put in."

—Jitendra Arya

A Nehru Portfolio

(CONTINUED)



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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

ERGROUND?
ndira Gandhi,
nion in 1955.

at confidence
unity of our
hat is weak,
many tanks
put in."

—Jitendra Arya

ON THE NAGIN LAKE, KASHMIR.

—T. S. Satyan

PAYING HOMAGE AT RAJGHAT

—S. P. Sabni

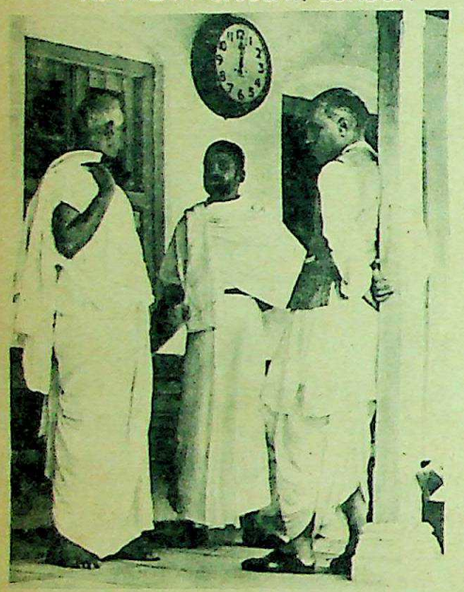
"The light that has illumined this country for these many years will illumine this country for many more years, and a thousand years later, that light will still be seen in this country and the world will see it and it will give solace to innumerable hearts."

WITH LAMAS IN LADAKH

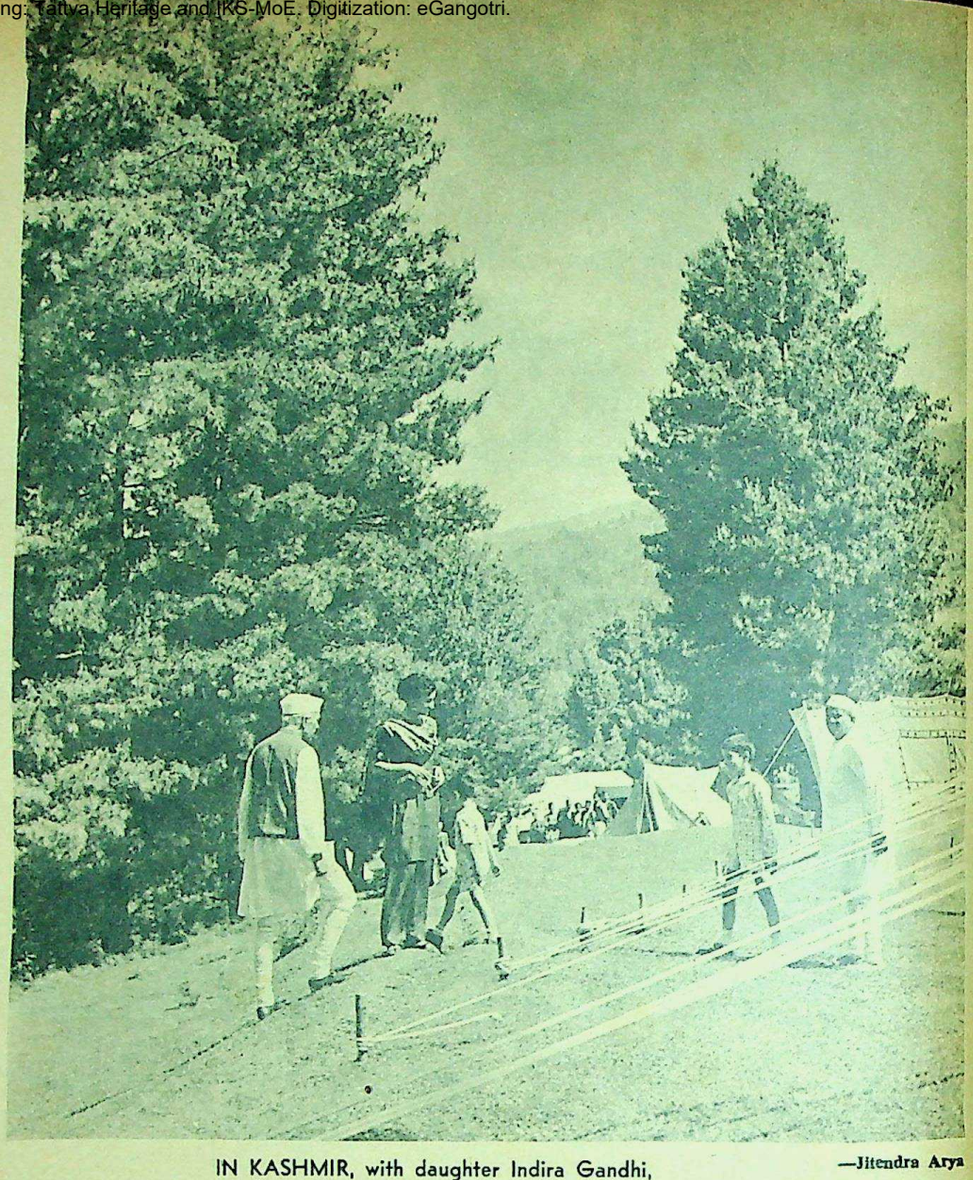
(More Pictures Overleaf)

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

AS A LAW STUDENT, LONDON



A CHARACTERISTICALLY thoughtful Nehru with Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya and Mr. Shankerrao Deo.



IN KASHMIR, with daughter Indira Gandhi, and grandsons Rajiv and Sanjay (then eight and five years old respectively).

—Jitendra Arya

A Nehru Portfolio (*Continued*)

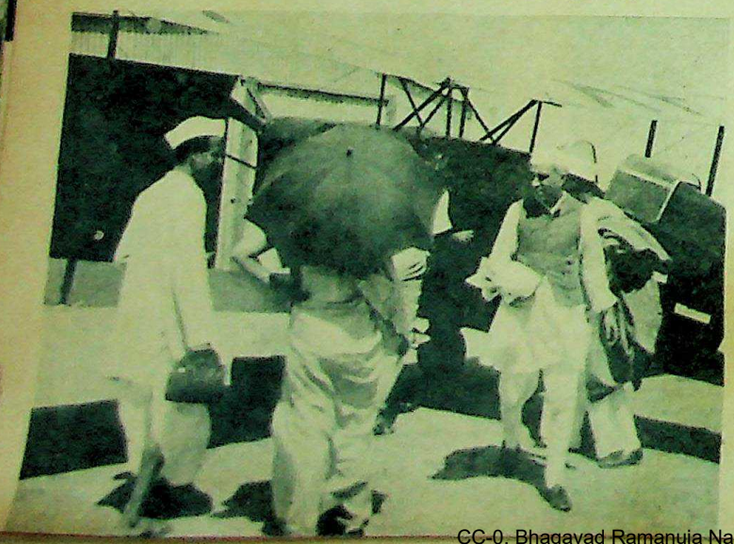
THESE THREE PHOTOGRAPHS relate to Nehru's election tour of the Punjab by plane in 1937. Below he is seen at Budaun. Under the umbrella is Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit. At right is a memento to the pilot, Captain P. D. Sharma. Right, below: The air ticket, showing the various towns on the tour.

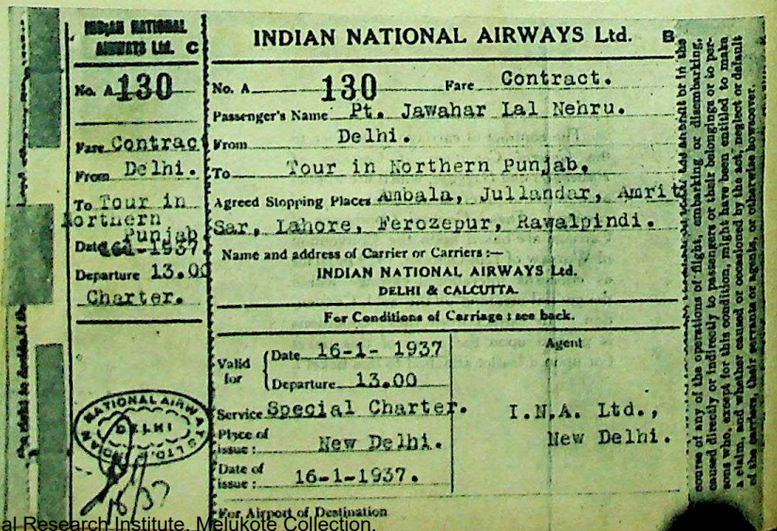
In memory of a tour by air over the Punjab.

Jawaharlal Nehru

On board The Dragon January 18. 1937

—Balkrishan





INDIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS LTD. C

No. A 130

Fare Contract

From Delhi.

To Tour in Northern Punjab

Date 16-1-1937

Departure 13.00

Charter.

INDIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS Ltd. B

No. A 130 Fare Contract.

Passenger's Name Pt. Jawahar Lal Nehru.

From Delhi.

To Tour in Northern Punjab.

Agreed Stopping Places Ambala, Jullandar, Amritsar, Lahore, Ferozepur, Rawalpindi.

Name and address of Carrier or Carriers:—
INDIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS Ltd.
DELHI & CALCUTTA.

For Conditions of Carriage: see back.

Valid for { Date 16-1-1937 / Departure 13.00

Service Special Charter.

Place of issue: New Delhi.

Date of issue: 16-1-1937.

Agent

I.N.A. Ltd., New Delhi.

For Airport of Destination

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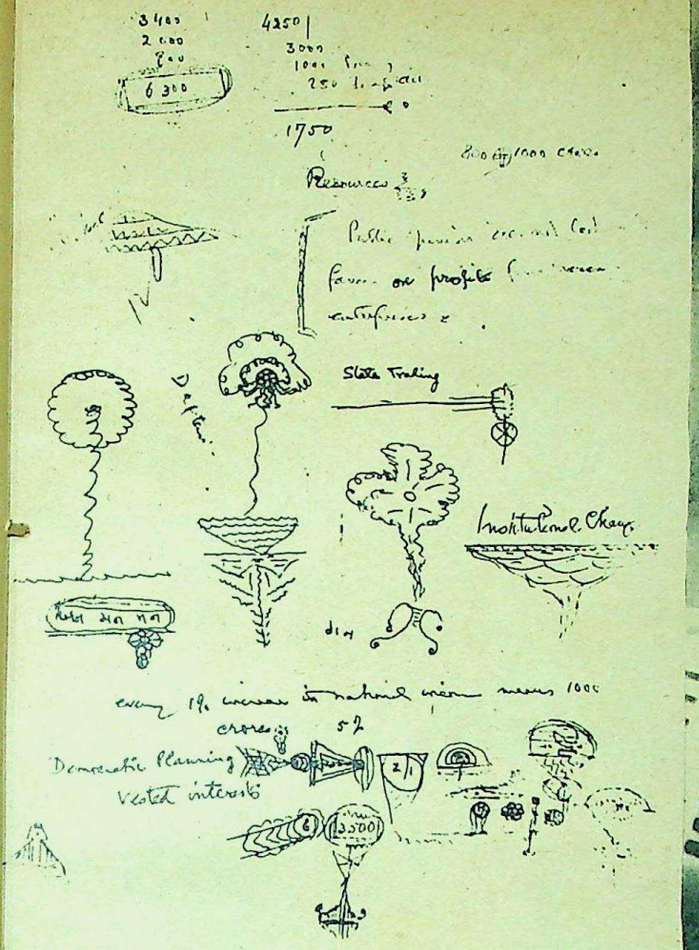
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitizing


3400
2000
800
6300
4250
3000
1000
250
1750
Resources
Public
Profits
State Trading
Democratic Planning
Vested interests
5%
2%
1%
1%
1

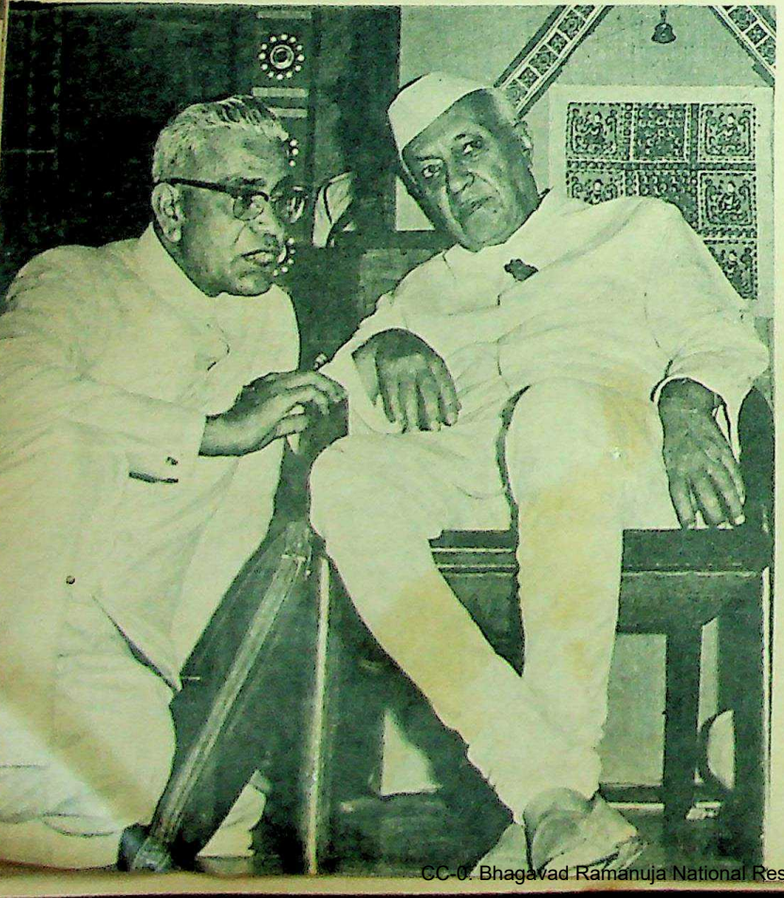
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

A Nehru Portfolio

(Continued)

"... I eat little because in my opinion almost all stomach troubles arise from overeating. Not eating too much is more important than eating a particular thing. And when a person gets used to eating within reasonable limits, he cannot do overeating. I eat almost whatever is served. I am not at all used to chillis, nor do I like too much ghee or preparations made in ghee."

—Jitendra Arya



BREAKFAST AT RAJ BHAVAN, BOMBAY. Beside Mrs. Indira Gandhi are Mr. Ajit Hutheesing (Mrs. Krishna Hutheesing's son) and his wife Amrita. This, one of the last photographs of Nehru, was taken during his visit to Bombay shortly before his death. Left: With Mr. V. P. Naik, Chief Minister of Maharashtra—this picture was also taken during the late Prime Minister's last visit to Bombay. Facing page: As the train carrying Nehru's ashes speeds past, an old woman rushes up to have a fleeting darshan.

"Many have been admired, some have been revered, but the affection of all classes of the Indian people has come to me in such abundant measure that I have been overwhelmed by it."

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

-Jitendra Arya

Mrs. Indira
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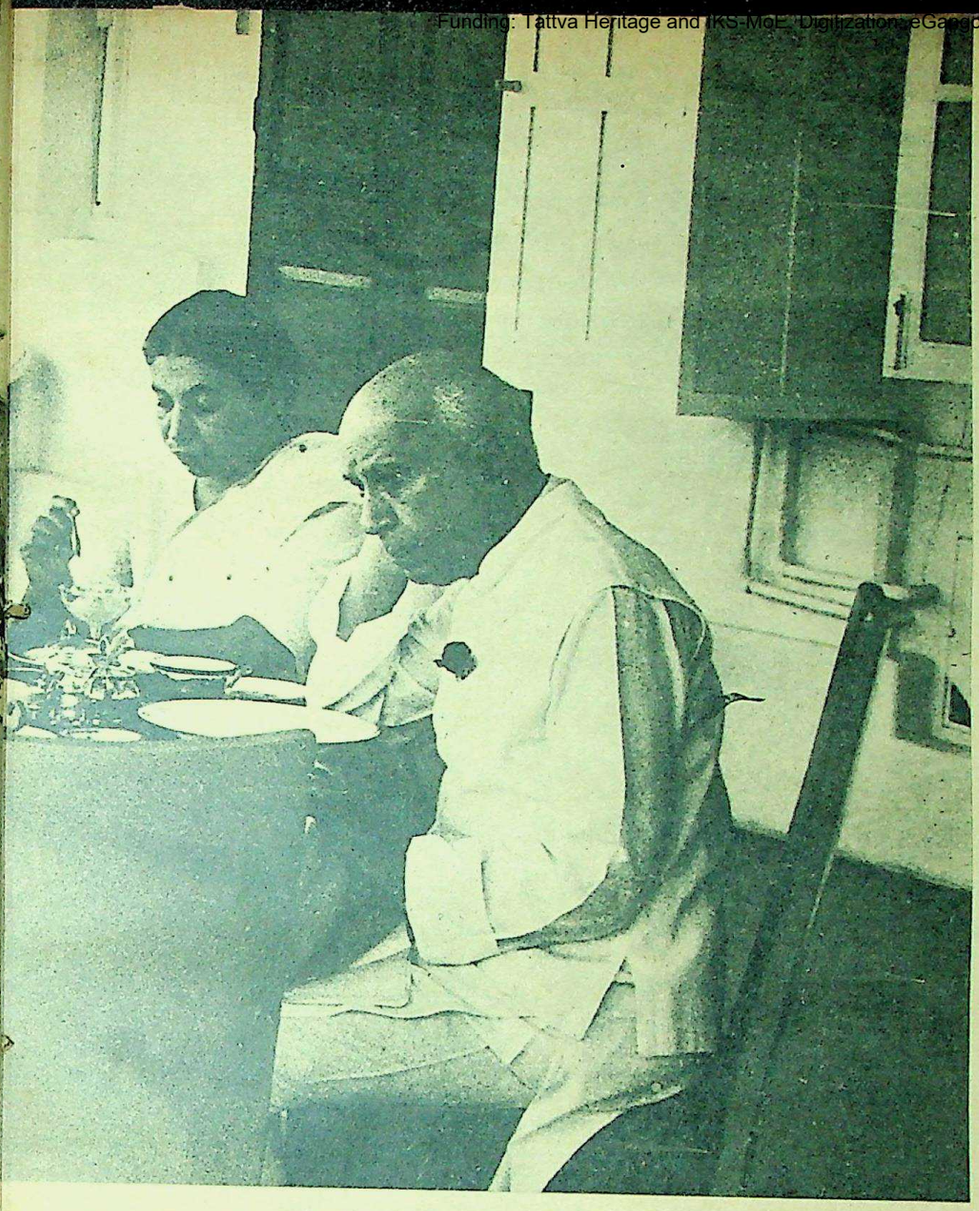

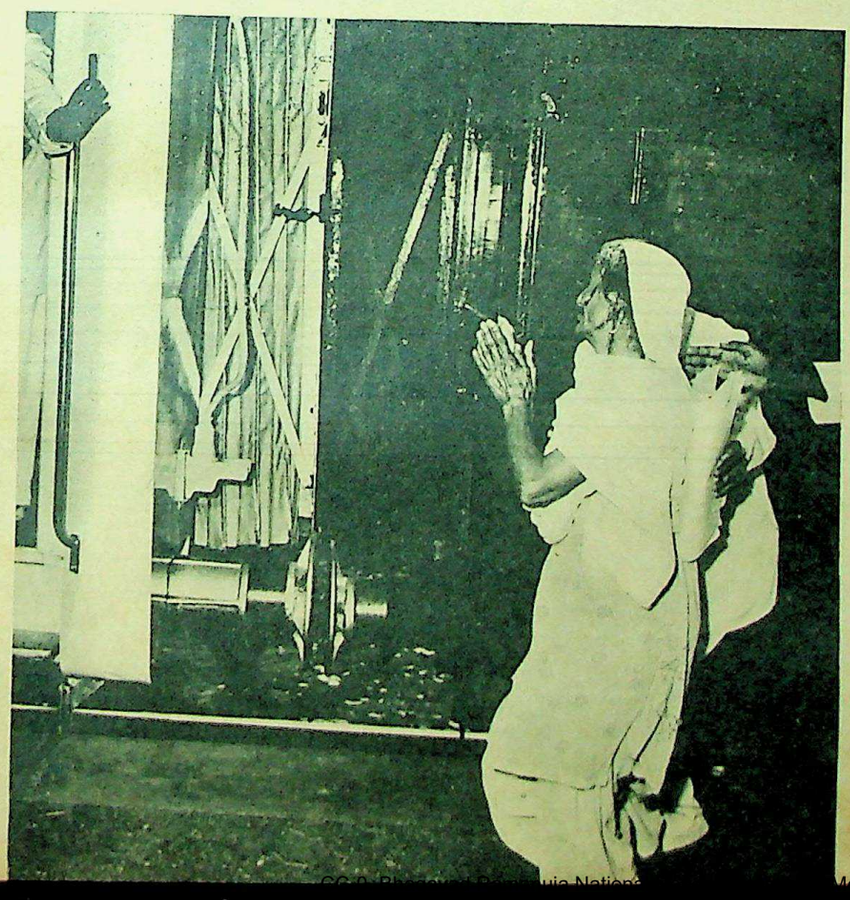

HIS COUNTRYMEN have sought numerous ways in which to commemorate him. Here a baby is named after him.

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THIS WEEK'S READING

The Mind Of Nehru

DOROTHY Norman is a well-known American journalist. For many years she wrote a column, "A World to Live In", in the *New York Post*. A gifted writer, she has commented extensively both on political happenings and on events in the art and literary fields. She has always been a friend of India and played in the past a prominent part in familiarising the American public with the cause of Indian independence. An admirer of Nehru, she has followed his writings ever since she became interested in our freedom movement. She met Nehru for the first time, in New York, in 1949, and thereafter was able to establish a close personal relationship with him, which gave her deep insight into his political ideas.

The late Prime Minister invited her to New Delhi as his guest, for the formal inauguration of the Republic of India in 1950. The whole atmosphere on that historic occasion greatly moved Mrs. Norman. She also saw Nehru at close quarters and realised as never before how genuine was his humanism. One day she enquired of him whether he was working on some new publication. He laughed and said, "How could I be? I have not been in jail of late."

In a moment, Mrs. Norman realised that Nehru was lost to the world of letters; with the tremendous responsibilities that the new position imposed on him, it would be impossible for him to do any more writing. She, therefore, decided to collect into a single work extracts from his writings and speeches, so that people everywhere might be made aware of the significance of a life—to quote the words of Dorothy Norman — "dedicated to the struggle for independence from colonial rule; to democracy and equality of opportunity; to the obliteration of communalist hatred, and of poverty and hunger; to concentrated effort to reduce internation misunderstandings and tensions; above all, to humanism: to the dignity of man."

The thought of such a collection haunted her thereafter and the more she read Nehru's almost daily utterances as the Prime Minister of India and the more she pondered over his writings and speeches during the days of our struggle against the British rule, the more it struck her as singularly unfortunate that so much of what Nehru had said should remain unknown to the world at large. She therefore decided to present the history that Nehru had both made and written in a single work, so that it might indicate the manner in which his political philosophy had developed over the years.

The two volumes entitled *Nehru: The First Sixty Years* (Asia, Rs. 60 per set) are the result of the grand effort made by Mrs. Norman with such missionary zeal and painstaking research. They contain signficant passages from Nehru's writings, speeches, statements before the court, press conferences, conversations, interviews and other documents from the days of his youth up to the founding of the Republic of India in 1950. In his foreword, Jawaharlal Nehru himself admitted that he had no conception of how arduous was Mrs. Norman's undertaking. As he put it:

> She referred to me from time to time to find out some fact or to verify what she was collecting. I discovered then that she had cast her net rather wide and that her work was much more difficult than I had imagined. During these years she has laboured hard and has discovered many statements made by me which I had almost forgotten.

Mrs. Norman has done her job excellently; the two volumes—produced most artistically—are a tribute to her scholarship and her penetrating insight into Indian affairs. She has arranged her material essentially in chronological order, but, wherever necessary, she has grouped certain sequences according to their subject matter. Brief historical summaries have also been interpolated throughout the text and even notations relating to individuals have been provided. There is also a glossary.

Though necessarily a disjointed and incoherent work, there is a continuity of interest because of the central figure, who dominates every page of the two volumes. When one reads what Nehru has had to say, year by year, one realises what a giant of a man he was, in every sense of the word! And what an artist with words! And how different from the others with whom he had to work! And how his whole life was nothing but a preparation for the final role that he was to play. He was a restless soul, caught in "storms and tempests", but who neither desired a haven for himself, nor ever worked towards that end, for as he has said in his *Autobiography* "the tempests within me" were "as stormy as those outside".

Mrs. Norman has rendered a great service to India by her timely publication, which will make us better understood by the rest of the world, for we have had no finer interpreter of our hopes and aspirations than this jewel of a man, whom Gandhiji found "truthful beyond suspicion". Mrs. Norman should complete the work by bringing it right up to the time of Nehru's passing away. The publication of a third volume by her is, therefore, essential, which should cover the last fourteen years of that many-splendoured life, which became richer and richer as the years rolled on.

R. Z.

On Religion

THE avowed aim of the author of *Ancient Beliefs and Modern Superstitions* (Perennial Books, 12s. 6d.) is to "defend" religion against scepticism. Martin Lings's method, however, is a negative one. He attempts to discredit the modern man's anti-theological approach by proving that the superstitions of science and sociology are as grave as those alleged to have been perpetuated by religion. The author claims that he is out to "restore the balance"; but surely it is a somewhat unconvincing way of correcting an error to point to other errors of a different kind.

The author says: "The modern world is full or ironies, and not the least of them is that the most ardent champions of the twentieth century are of all men the blindest to its real assets." But what *are* the real assets of our age? The author himself seems wholly concerned with the limitations.

This book, however, comes as a much-needed warning against the tendency to glorify the modern man's supposedly rational and objective attitudes as against the dogmatism and irrationalism of the ancients. The author, with his wide knowledge of the evolution of religion as well as science, shows in many interesting ways that rationalism is by no means the monopoly of the moderns, nor dogmattism of the ancients.

V.S.N.

An Abnormal Affair

A NATURAL alliance like a marriage has enough to contend with, but Neville Jackson shows in his outspoken novel, *No End to the Way* (Barrie & Rockliff, 21s.), how almost impossible it is for an abnormal relationship between homosexuals to survive even if their attachment is deep and genuine.

In a moving fashion, Neville Jackson tells the story of Ray Wharton, an advertising agent in Western Australia, who is a homosexual "perfectly adjusted to his maladjustment". At a very early age Ray was indoctrinated into these unnatural joys by Uncle Kev, his father's youngest brother, and after Kev's untimely death it was Sid Needham who initiated Ray into adult exploits. Ironically enough, it is Sid who introduces Ray to Cor, a young Dutchman who looks like a Greek god. They meet in a bar frequented by their kind and the strong mutual attraction is at first purely physical. There is an excellent description of how Ray reacts to Cor's good looks, while at the same time he is afraid, as is usual in such adventures, that after their affair he will be either robbed, held up to ridicule or blackmailed by his new friend. Actually they find each other entirely '*simpatico*' and there grows between them a deep love that transcends their differences of temperament and background, in spite of the the furtive way in which they have to conduct their affair because of the dictates of Australian society. To complicate matters, not only is Cor married to a Dutch girl called Mia, who is pregnant, but he also has a homosexual protector in the influential Hamilton, who, out of jealousy, does all he can to break up the new relationship. Moreover Cor's early traumatic experience with Henk, another Dutchman whom Ray resembles, has left Cor with an insecure complex.

The locale is excellent and the love story is at times more touching than any normal one. All the characters are entirely convincing.

I.T.

ACTOR AND AUTHOR. Sir Laurence Olivier (right), well-known actor and Director of the British National Theatre, in conversation with the distinguished American playwright, Arthur Miller.

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BHARATA NATYAM TODAY

Photographs by R. KRISHNAN

The Younger Artistes—5

SUCHARITA *SU*

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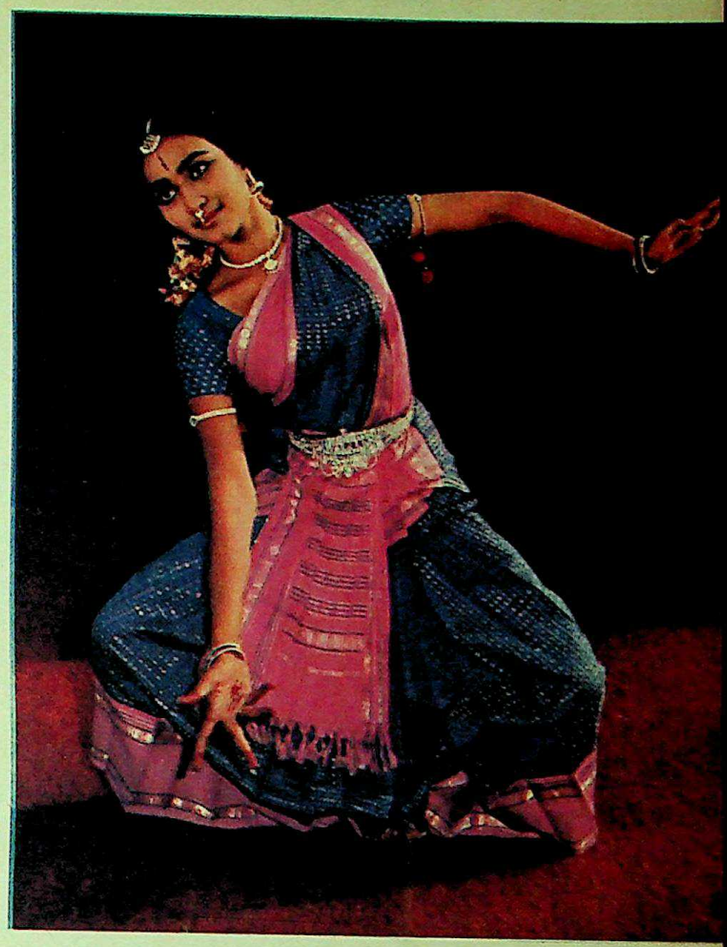

(*Please see also page 49*)

...A SUCHARITA SUBRAMANIAM

At least one accomplished artiste from the younger set of Bharata Natyam exponents has no intention of making a career out of art—and she is Sucharita Subramaniam, a student of Pandanallur Chokkalingam Pillai.

After her arangetram at the age of 8, Sucharita Subramaniam has often been seen on the dance stage—here and abroad—and has given nearly a hundred recitals, mostly in aid of charities.

Awarded a Government of India scholarship in 1962, Sucharita Subramaniam has also been honoured by the Indian Institute of Fine Arts, thus confirming the general estimate of her as being one of the most promising among rising Bharata Natyam artistes.

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President Kennedy:

We reproduce here a selection from readers' tributes to John F. Kennedy, based on the Editor's Questionnaire.

1. John F. Kennedy had the gift of presenting a set of values—peace, decency, humaneness—so articulately and sincerely that they appealed and mattered to millions. In so doing he restored purpose to the lives of large numbers, especially of young people, both at home and abroad. He did this in such a way that a Boston taxi driver was, in my opinion, essentially correct when he remarked to me last November: "Kennedy gave the whole country *style*."

2. My crystal ball is too cloudy to let me see the answer to this question.

3. (*a*) The creation of the Peace Corps and the successful conclusion of the nuclear test-ban treaty.

(*b*) His never-faltering belief in and support of U.S. technical and financial aid to India; the promptness with which he provided military support when India was invaded by China.

Kennedy's interest in India antedated his assumption of the U.S. Presidency. In a letter to me (we were class-mates at Harvard), written in March 1959, J. F. K. said:

"I have also been impressed, at long range, by the significant stirrings which are taking place in the village life and attitudes in India. I feel convinced that the United States and other Western nations are fully capable of providing for India that level of loan and agricultural assistance which is necessary for a sustained rate of growth. I only regret that we have been so slow in putting together a long-range program, but there are several of us in Congress who will try to keep this question high on the agenda of our concern."

(Kennedy was then a U.S. Senator, and, in this as well as in every subsequent letter which he wrote to me, he spoke of his hope of personally visiting India, a hope which he would undoubtedly have fulfilled had it not been for the ruthless abruptness with which the assassin's bullets cut short his life on that tragic day in Dallas.)

ARTUR ISENBURG
New Delhi

• • •

1. The secret of Kennedy's charm lay in his dynamic personality. His smile and his humour were always there, no matter how heavy the responsibility.

2. I feel certain that, if he were alive today, his popularity would have more than doubled, in the sense that Kennedy was very liberal with his time even in moments of preoccupation. He always tried to see things by putting himself in the other man's position.

At home, he would have continued fearlessly to defend and formulate laws for the protection of Negroes and their right to vote.

3. (*a*) Kennedy spread his goodwill internationally through the Peace Corps. He never believed in negotiating out of fear, nor in fearing to negotiate. He was a champion in the maintenance of the freedom of any country that wanted his help.

(*b*) The amount of U.S. assistance that was given during his lifetime is unfathomable, covering various fields, which in turn accelerated India's development.

Miss NAFIA JAMAL
Madras

• • •

The secret of his charm?
As well ask the sea
Why its face contorts into storm,
Or enslave the tree
To let the root go free!
Compound the courage of a grown man
And the built-in hope of the new-born,
To arrive at the winsome Kennedy grin!

What if the world's tensions mount,
And its skies of peace perpetually rent?
The Kennedy charm, not being superficial,
Would have been a match for the ugliest squall!
He was the type tailored for a time of troubles,
And his popularity would have grown rich in fables!

As for the contribution to international goodwill and peace,
It is as simple as his vibrant voice and craggy face
That could cut through the politician's expert knots
To reach the warm interiors of the simplest hearts.
As for his gift to India's economic development,
Richer than dams or dollars was his consignment
Of an honest understanding of our cruel predicament!

K. RAGHAVENDRA RAO
Dharwar

• • •

1. Kennedy's short but forceful and meaningful speeches, his youthful appearance, his heart-warming smile and his congenial family life were his great attractions.

2. Kennedy would have remained still popular and loved everywhere, because his ways of dealing with difficult problems, with the advice of his specialists, his party and opposition leaders, were entirely different from those of others.

3. (*a*) The establishment of the Peace Corps, and the signing of the nuclear test-ban treaty.

(*b*) The Kennedy-Sherman Cooper recommendation in the Senate of massive aid to India, with the guarantee of continuity, was decisive, and Kennedy did everything possible to implement this as President.

I. F. BARRETTO
Bombay

• • •

1. His courage and resolution in times of crisis, his unstained faith in democracy, his dynamism in economic policies, his fight against racial discrimination, his love and sympathy towards the underprivileged people of the whole world, without any power-bloc prejudice, were the secrets of Kennedy's charm.

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Readers' Tributes

2. Yes. He would have remained very popular both at home and abroad.

3. (*a*) His confrontation of the Soviet ships carrying missiles and armaments to Cuba.

(*b*) His commitment to aid, in the form of loans and grants, India's Five-Year Plans on a long-term basis, with liberalised terms of interest and repayment of loans. More significantly, his offer of dollar aid worth one billion, and his challenge to the other members of the Aid India Club to commit themselves to an equal amount.

M. CHICKANNAIYAPPA
Tumkur

• • •

1. Youth, sincerity of purpose, genuine desire for peace and undying faith in humanity.

2. The American people would certainly have endorsed his policies, whatever they might be, in Viet Nam or elsewhere. But, at home, the story would have been different. Kennedy did not make much headway on the Civil Rights issue, and one doubts if he could have achieved as much as President Johnson has done. However, his popularity as a person would certainly have remained undiminished.

3. (*a*) Kennedy's greatest achievements were the nuclear test-ban treaty and the Peace Corps.

(*b*) Kennedy was sincerely interested in our welfare, and, in spite of the Cuban crisis, he rushed to India's aid in her darkest hour. American collaboration and economic aid to India increased greatly during his Presidency.

VIJAY SHROFF
Calcutta

• • •

1. Kennedy had a vibrant personality whose impact was soon felt in the entire world. The secret of his unusual charm lay in his keen sense of responsibility, unflinching courage, amazing tact and tenacity of purpose. His young age and benign looks were no less charming.

2. Despite new leaderships Russia, Britain, Japan and India have not changed their foreign policies. The present explosive situation in Viet Nam is not worse than the Cuban confrontation. The internal political situation has remained more or less the same. Hence Kennedy would have remained as popular.

3. (*a*) By his stern demonstration of American ideals in Cuba and Viet Nam, and through it arresting the growth of Communism and wanton armed conflicts elsewhere, Kennedy made a definite contribution towards international peace.

(*b*) Under his policy of increased aid to underdeveloped nations, this country has received huge capital loans, technical aid and food grains which have helped us build a better India.

A. SURYANARAYANA CHARY
Suryapet

• • •

1. His cheerful, youthful face.

2. He had a novel way—"the forward look"—of dealing with situations, and nothing was beyond his grasp. He would have gained in popularity today, for he knew how to tackle the tensions of political conflict.

3. (*a*) The day he was assassinated he was to have said that his country's strength would always be used in pursuit of peace. He visualised, too, a significant new role for the U.S.A. in the world. Thus his most significant achievements will always relate to the decisions and actions that safeguarded freedom and ensured peace.

(*b*) Kennedy paved the way for greater American aid to India. Describing India as an extremely large and important country, he said: "It is free, and it is non-Communist... I think it is in our interest to support it."

P. K. NIYOGI
Burnpur

• • •

1. Kennedy's informal manner was perhaps his greatest personal asset. Whether at work or at play, his smile reflected his frank, cordial, let's-get-together attitude.

2. Certainly. His firm, just handling of the race problem at home, coupled with his desire for peace even to the extent of considering accommodating unfriendly nations, would, if anything, have increased his popularity, both at home and abroad.

3. (*a*) Kennedy knew that, more than on a political plane, international goodwill can be gained by a heart-to-heart approach. In promoting the idea of the Peace Corps and giving it tangible shape, he helped other nations—not as Rich aiding Poor, but as *partners* in search of a better life.

(*b*) Perhaps his greatest achievement was in persuading Congress to sanction economic aid during the Chinese invasion without even hinting at the political surrender that some of them insisted on.

P. J. MOHAN RAM
Trichur

(Please Turn Over)

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

1. What, according to your assessment, was the secret of Kennedy's charm?
2. If he were alive today, would he have remained as popular, in the context of the increasing tensions at home and abroad?
3. If you were asked to mention two of his most significant achievements, with particular reference to (a) international goodwill and world peace and (b) India's economic development, what would be your answer?

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Kennedy: Readers' Tributes

(CONTINUED)

1. Kennedy's idealism was the real secret of his magnetic personality—the idealism which lent a meaning to the gleam in his eyes, to the generous smile on his face. Though it soared high like Shelley's skylark, it was yet tempered by a strong sense of reality.

2. "If he were alive..." is a hypothetical way of looking at it. Popularity cannot be measured by votes. As the months passed, he worked more and more for peace and prosperity, and his popularity increased immensely. We can only guess that his peace-loving spirit would have abstained from Viet Nam and the like.

3. (*a*) At the time of the Chinese aggression of October 1962 against a militarily non-aligned India, it was the brave and generous Kennedy who came to our rescue.

(*b*) P.L. 480. India has been struggling against heavy odds in an effort to reach a "take-off" stage in economic growth. What more could any country have done than what Kennedy did for us here?

SUKETU S. DAVE

Baroda

• • •

1. The vitality—the life-affirming, life-enhancing vitality—of his personality was indeed the secret of Kennedy's charm.

2. If he were alive today, the international situation, one feels, would have been different, for he had the courage and the wisdom to tackle boldly the challenge posed by tensions at home and abroad. Certainly he would have remained as popular.

3. (*a*) The Peace Corps—with its dedicated workers consisting of doctors, technicians, teachers and economists, striving to spread goodwill among nations.

(*b*) He offered India assistance mainly on the food front. P.L. 480, founded by him, is a live reminder of this fact.

M. RADHA DEVI

Calicut

• • •

1. Kennedy's charm lay in the youthful vigour of his personality, with which generally went a boldness of spirit and action, and a transparent straightforwardness. Another factor was his earnest devotion to the cause of humanity.

2. Yes. He held firmly that progress of humanity could only be achieved through peace and peaceful co-existence. His sudden death was a bolt from the blue for the peace-loving nations of the world. Were he alive today, Kennedy would have definitely facilitated a solution of the Viet Nam imbroglio. We cannot forget how firmly, and yet without any sense of vainglory, he tackled the Cuba problem.

3. (*a*) His championing of equal rights for Negroes, and his successfully persuading belligerent countries to sign the nuclear test-ban treaty.

(*b*) He was ever eager to help India in terms of defence, dollars and technical know-how.

SHALINI R. ABHYANKAR

Ahmedabad

1. Kennedy's charm was no secret. For it was evident that he was young, gay, alert, eloquent, graceful, elegant, handsome, vigorous—and all these qualities combined to make him a charming personality.

2. When Kennedy took over as President, he was not readily accepted by many of his countrymen, and was little known abroad. But to every problem that he tackled he brought a touch known as The Kennedy Touch, which is what made him as popular as he came to be. If he were alive today, he would be even more popular.

3. (*a*) His most significant achievement, with reference to international goodwill, was the establishment of the Peace Corps. He recognised clearly that political independence meant little without economic independence.

(*b*) His appointment of Professor J. K. Galbraith as Ambassador, and the many Foreign Aid Bills he presented to Congress, are ample proof of what he did for India's economic development.

M. CHANDRASEKARAN

Bangalore

1. Courage blended with grace and humour.

2. Yes. With him around, the present-day tensions might never have arisen.

3. (*a*) The nuclear test-ban treaty.

(*b*) The arms aid immediately after the Chinese aggression, but for which the economic development of India could not have proceeded at an even pace.

G. K. PADHI

Parlakhemundi

• • •

1. Sincerity.

2. He would have been more popular, because sincerity, necessarily slow in getting across the hurdle of the modern world's crooked diplomacy, is irresistible in its abiding influence.

3. (*a*) He has promoted international goodwill and world peace through his sincerity, radiant and forthright.

(*b*) His sincerity opened out the bounty of the U.S.A.'s aid to India.

ROBERT JACOB

Kolhapur

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

1. What, according to your assessment, was the secret of Kennedy's charm?
2. If he were alive today, would he have remained as popular, in the context of the increasing tensions at home and abroad?
3. If you were asked to mention two of his most significant achievements, with particular reference to (a) international goodwill and world peace and (b) India's economic development, what would be your answer?

1. The secret of Kennedy's charm lay in his happy home life, in the way he spoke and acted. He loved all people. He brought new hope to a fear-ridden, frustrated and poverty-stricken world.

His warm, informal nature and his sense of humour always helped him preserve a cheerful exterior even in the face of a serious situation.

2. His popular objectives, for which he was preparing his own country during his first term as President, were all taking shape. He was a leader who had seen a vision of greatness far beyond that which his country had ever achieved. A firm believer in doing right, he put the American foreign aid programme on a rational footing. He would, had he lived, have seen that independent nations got every help to overcome poverty and misery.

3. (*a*) His achievements, with particular reference to international goodwill and world peace, were the successful handling of the Cuba crisis and promotion of friendship with Russia.

(*b*) His vigorous propagation of foreign aid to India helped our economic development immensely.

Mrs. P. NIJHAWAN

Jamshedpur

1. Kennedy dreamt of a better world, talked inspiringly of his dreams, and acted with resolution to give them shape. This was the secret of his charm.

2. He had won his popularity by handling with deep understanding just the sort of tensions that plague the world today. At home, it was legislation on the anvil then; it is the enforcement of the same legislation now. Abroad, it was the Congo and Cuba then; it is South-East Asia now. If he were alive today, his handling of the current tensions could well have earned him more popularity.

3. (*a*) His most significant contribution to international peace and goodwill was his success in weaning his people away from the Dullesian fallacies of other days and inducing them to seek possible areas of understanding with the Communists, and more fruitful co-operation with the non-aligned countries.

(*b*) In relation to India, his greatest achievement was to get his people to realise that the best aims of their policy in Asia could be better served by helping India's economic development than by getting her aligned with them militarily.

R. C. ROY

Gwalior

1. The secret of President Kennedy's charm was his youth and idealism.

2. I doubt whether Kennedy would have remained as popular today in the context of the increasing tensions at home and abroad. President Johnson's basic policies, which, I think, are an extension of Kennedy's policies, are not as popular, especially in world affairs, as the Americans would wish them to be.

3. His most significant achievement, with reference to world peace and international goodwill, was the initiation and signing of the nuclear test-ban treaty.

As for 3 (*b*), not being an Indian, I do not think I can do justice to this question.

SHYAM BAHADUR

Katmandu

• • •

1. Frankness and sincerity.

2. Yes. If Kennedy were alive today, he would have contributed substantially to a solution of some of the ticklish problems facing the world. We have seen how he eased the cold-war tension and hatred. Alive, he might have tackled Red China also in the same effective manner.

3. (*a*) The Cuban blockade, which averted a world war, in the sense that Russia and America learnt to respect each other's strength.

(*b*) Kennedy always pleaded for increased aid to India, so that the threat to democracy in Asia should be successfully countered by the planned progress of this country.

SHIVAJI BHATTACHARJEE

Chandigarh

• • •

1. His youthful personality.

2. Perhaps not. The very act of his assassination makes one feel that he would have had to face a strong wave of opposition to some of his policies at home. Abroad, he would have been strongly criticised, as is President Johnson today for the U.S. policy in Viet Nam.

3. (*a*) The signing of the nuclear test-ban treaty and the acknowledgment of the validity of the policy of non-alignment.

(*b*) During India's Third Five-Year Plan, he advocated immediate assistance to bridge the foreign exchange gap, and, at the time of the Chinese aggression, he rushed massive military aid to our country.

PRATIBA BAOKER

Ujjain

• • •

1. The secret of Kennedy's charm lay in his indomitable courage.

2. If he were alive today, he would have definitely proved his stature as a world leader by contributing substantially to the easing of international tensions.

3. (*a*) His most significant achievement designed to promote international goodwill was the establishment of the Peace Corps.

(*b*) For India's economic development, he made available men, material and money unstintingly.

J. N. BIDANI

Kanpur

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1. Kennedy's appeal and popularity lay no doubt in his youth and good looks; but more than that there was his intellectual quality. And, as Jawaharlal Nehru once remarked, "There is no magic in the world except the occasional magic of the human personality and the human mind."

2. J.F.K.'s two goals were peace and progress. Thus, he was a strong supporter of the Civil Rights Bill in America, as a means of ending all racial discrimination and inequality. In foreign affairs, again, he strove for peace, and therefore, with the freedom-loving people of the world, he would still have remained popular as an advocate of justice and liberty.

3. (*a*) His two most outstanding achievements were the nuclear test-ban treaty and the Peace Corps.

(*b*) Both as Senator and President, Kennedy was keenly aware of India's economic problems. Thus he established the Development Loan Fund. Secondly, in the field of education, American men and money went to the formation of an educational consortium to assist in developing institutions, such as the Indian Institute of Technology, Kanpur. Thus he helped India to preserve her independence through self-development and to advance in growth through education.

LYLA GEORGE
New Delhi

* * *

1. It was not by his soaring idealism, indomitable will and glowing Profile in Courage that he endeared himself to one and all. It was not even by his faith in himself, his country and God, immense as these were, but by his general temperament, pleasant manners, transparent sincerity and readiness to identify himself with and appreciate the difficulties of the common man.

2. Undoubtedly he would have remained ever popular. He was a resolute leader and his understanding of the needs of the underdeveloped but resurgent nations would have ensured increasing popularity.

3. (*a*) The signing of the nuclear test-ban treaty, brought about mainly by his persistent and persevering efforts, stands out as his signal contribution to the cause of peace and international goodwill.

(*b*) The Food for Peace Programme (Public Law 480), given a vigorous impetus by President Kennedy, not only meets our perennial food deficit but its rupee proceeds and other grants come in handy for other developmental activities.

D. SUBRAHMANYA JYOTI
Hyderabad

* * *

1. In the words of a popular song, Kennedy possessed that "certain smile" which could disarm his political opponents and his bitter critics at home or even abroad, for that matter. His personality was both dynamic and vibrant, and he epitomised the most admirable qualities of the American people. His "style" enchanted his people at home as much as it did people abroad.

2. Yes, and for the following reasons: with his gifts of personal charm, intellect and purpose, and the high hopes he had set on winning a second term as President, what further great and lasting ends might he not have forged for the good of humanity and the peace of the world?

3. (*a*) Two of his greatest contributions to international goodwill and peace were the signing of the nuclear test-ban treaty, and the naval blockade of Cuba and the subsequent removal of the missile bases there, which had brought the world almost to the brink of a thermonuclear war.

(*b*) During the term of the late President, India received very large financial aid for the development and prosecution of her various five-year projects. This has helped to increase the agricultural and industrial potential of our country.

S. H. KING
Bombay

* * *

1. The rare combination of youth and wisdom, attended by other attributes such as integrity of character, was the secret of Kennedy's charm.

2. National and international tensions being the outcome of leadership deficiencies and ideological differences, I believe Kennedy would have remained popular by virtue of his strong and dynamic personality and basic democratic outlook, at least with a majority of humanity, if not with the entire world.

3. (*a*) Signing of the nuclear test-ban treaty and a positive approach in improving relations with Russia.

(*b*) His championing of restoration of the cut in aid to India and extension of the® P.L. 480 agreement.

M. SRINIVASAN
Calcutta

* * *

1. The secret of Kennedy's charm lay in his capacity to radiate confidence and promote understanding, coupled with a spontaneous friendliness.

2. If he were alive today, he would be more popular than ever. I feel that by this time international tensions would have been minimised to a large extent.

3. (*a*) The unique idea of starting a Peace Corps won him much acclaim, prompting other prosperous nations to take part in this noble attempt to create long-standing international goodwill. The speedy manner in which he arranged the acceptance of the nuclear test-ban treaty by the saner governments of the world was a positive step towards fostering international goodwill and world peace.

(*b*) The prompt assistance he gave to India at the time of the Chinese aggression. If this had not been forthcoming, India's economic development would have received a crippling setback.

D. V. RAMADAS
Visakhapatnam

* * *

1. The secret did not lie in his virtues nor in his vision of the future. It was in his image which emerged out of the background of the world situation, filled with disorder and anguish. This image had an expression of energy, confidence and goodwill.

2. Yes. He would have always remained popular, because he believed in a policy of malice towards none, but, at the same time, was prepared to fight any just battle.

3. (*a*) His most significant achievement was the nuclear test-ban treaty, which, although it did not go far enough, certainly paved the way for attainment of peace.

(*b*) The part played by him in establishing the Aid India Club to ensure the sound economic development of this country.

W. P. THATTE
Indore

* * *

1. The secret of Kennedy's charm lay in his magnetic personality. His youthful looks, dynamism, oratory and persuasive ability worked wonders with people.

2. President Johnson's smashing victory at the polls, after affirming his determination to pursue the policies of Kennedy, establishes that the latter, if alive, would have remained as popular today. He would, indeed, have handled such current issues as the Viet Nam situation more skilfully than the present U.S. administration.

3. (*a*) His most significant international achievement was the signing of the nuclear test-ban treaty. It was the first firm step, in years, towards a lessening of tensions and the promotion of peace in the world.

(*b*) Kennedy's profound interest in the economic development of India is now common knowledge everywhere. His piloting of the massive Aid India Bill as a Senator; and later, as President, his determined efforts to ensure a steady flow of the promised aid, are gratefully remembered by all Indians.

K. RAMASWAMY
Bombay

* * *

1. The most significant secret of his charm was his courage, especially political courage. Kennedy himself wrote about courage thus: "Today the challenge of political courage looms larger than ever before." His was indeed a Profile in Courage.

2. If he were alive today he would have certainly remained popular both at home and abroad. His internal policy towards desegregation was a bold one, motivated by the lofty ideal of equal rights for all citizens. And, as a man of vision, he would have positively contributed to the lessening of tension in this troubled world.

3. (*a*) In the field of international goodwill and world peace, Kennedy had several shining achievements. He stood squarely for peace and the shaping of a firm yet friendly policy towards the Soviet Union. This, with the establishment of the Peace Corps, may be cited as two of his outstanding achievements.

(*b*) Kennedy was deeply interested in the economic development of India, since he believed that such help would go a long way towards strengthening democracy and democratic traditions and principles. He once said: "If India's Third Five-Year Plan fails, then India and Asia fail."

ABHAY KUMAR SINGH
Jagadhri

1. Kennedy's charm lay in the picture of happy domestic life that he presented to the world. His romantic appearance, with Jacqueline and his two lovely children, and a Kennedy legend to serve as a family background, drew him to the hearts of many.

2. Yes. And it is because, like Nehru, he would have succeeded in solving the many problems of the tense world of today. His approach, humane rather than political, would have made him more popular than ever.

3. (*a*) By taking advantage of his friendship with Khrushchev, he tried to bring the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. closer. Also, there was his successful attempt at achieving a nuclear test-ban treaty.

(*b*) The Aid under P. L. 480, CARE and the defence equipment made available to India in spite of her policy of non-alignment.

P. K. SUNDARARAJAN
Tiruchirapalli

* * *

1. The secret of Kennedy's charm lay in his youthful appearance, his moral courage and his broad-based patriotism, which reflected a supreme respect for the whole of mankind.

2. I feel that Kennedy would surely have been able to retain the popularity he had gained. He had the courage of his convictions and this would have always gained him respect throughout the world.

3. (*a*) In the international sphere, his contributions towards disarmament and the reduction of tensions, as evidenced by the nuclear test-ban treaty and the spreading of goodwill among nations—for instance, through the Peace Corps—were most notable.

(*b*) With regard to our own country, I am positive that he had acknowledged the fact that economic aid to India was essential not only for India's sake but also for the sake of freedom for democracies from Communism and dictatorships the world over. With this outlook he became the strongest possible advocate of the Aid India concept, even in the face of a certain hostile Senate section in his own country.

SURESH N. UPPONI
Bombay

* * *

1. His youth, his dynamic personality and his home-loving spirit.

2. He would have been more popular than ever.

3. (*a*) His major role in the signing of the nuclear test-ban treaty to prevent the proliferation of atomic weapons.

The courage with which he came forward with stern measures to guarantee Civil Rights to the Negroes, which was really a noble contribution towards international goodwill.

(*b*) His spontaneous assistance to India in her hour of crisis, when she was confronted by a major Chinese attack in October 1962.

As a Senator, Kennedy, in 1959, was mainly instrumental in getting Congress to take cognizance of India's development plans. Thus he became the chief architect of all future U.S. aid to India.

K. R. MANI
Madras

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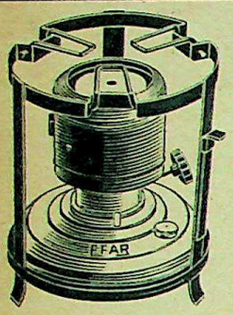

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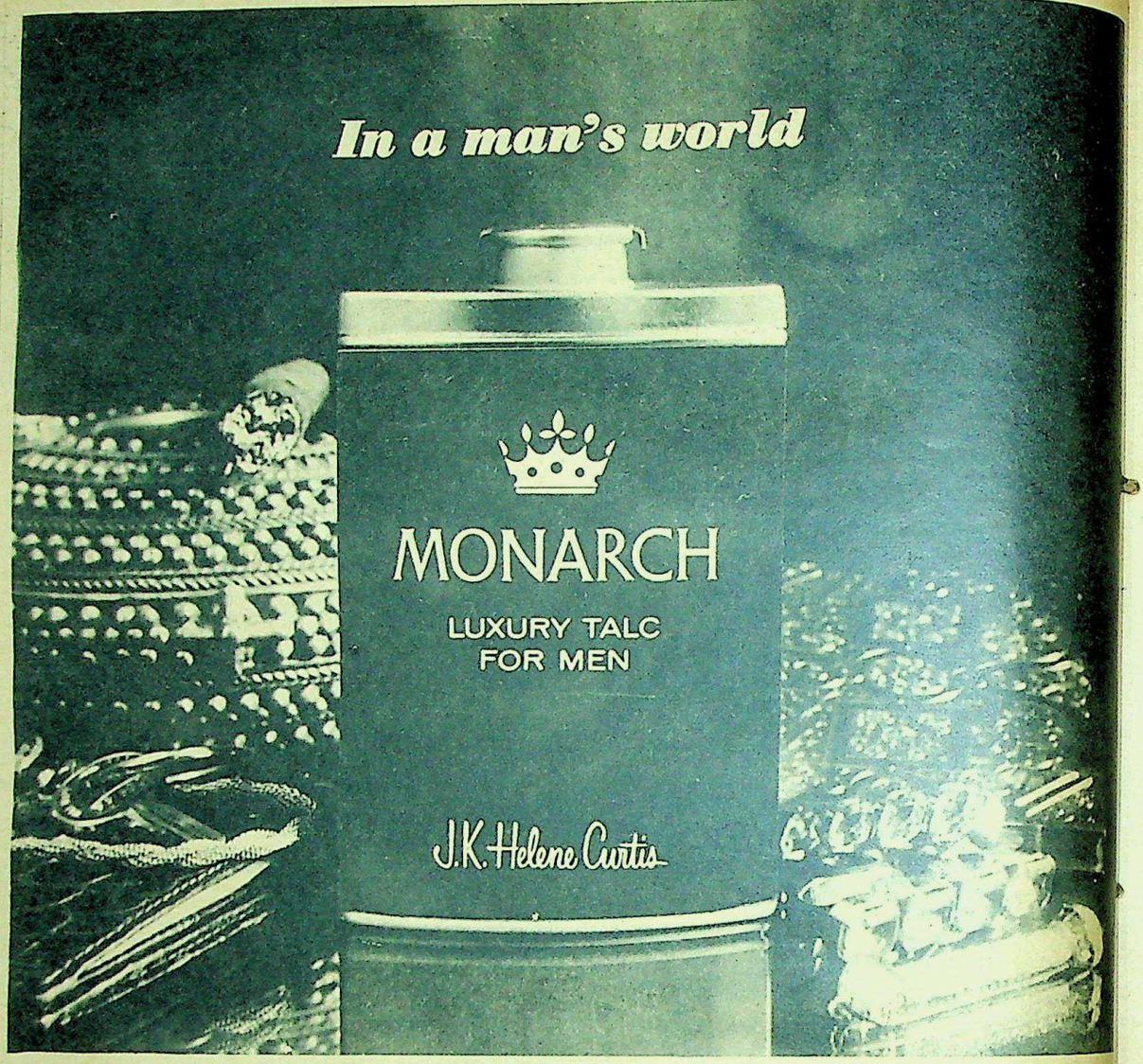

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Pilgrims To Kennedy's Grave

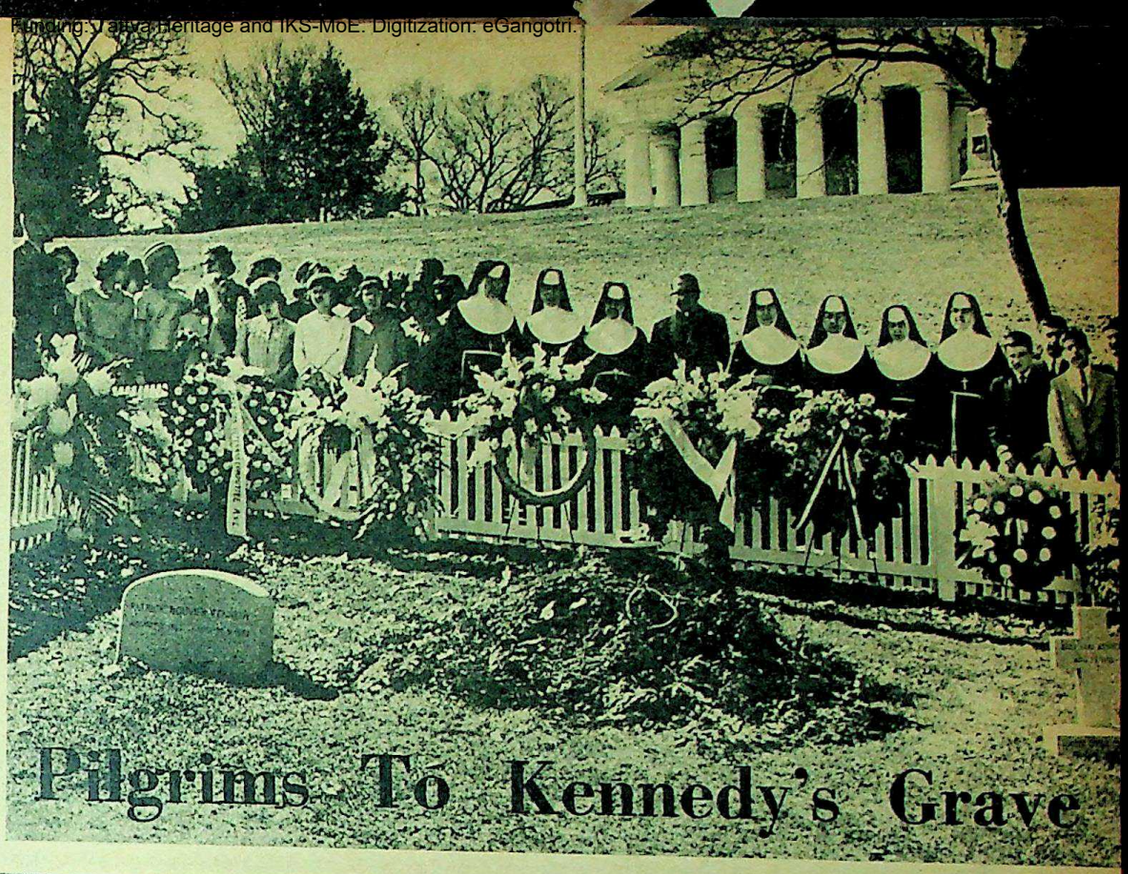
THE tragedy of President Kennedy's assassination still tugs at the emotions of millions of people, and his burial site, in Arlington National Cemetery, has become a place of national pilgrimage.

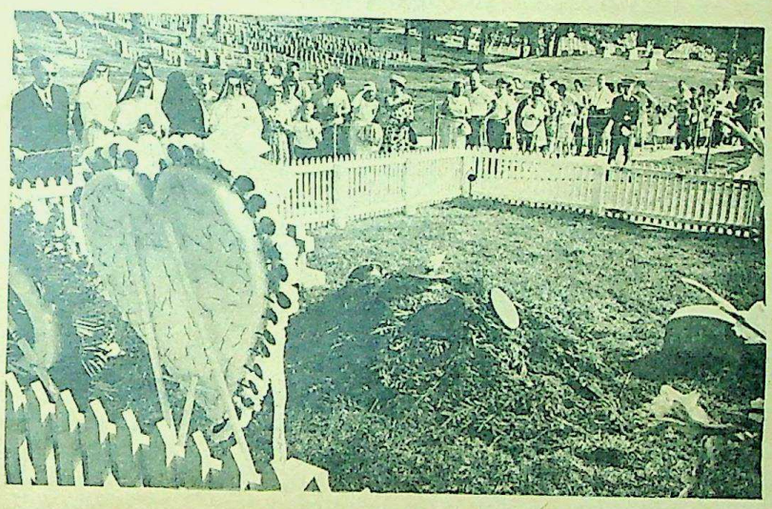
No bronze plaques or marble statues adorn the site. Only two small headstones, flanking the grave, bear inscriptions, and these are mere identifications of the Kennedys' two babies that died in childbirth. Uniform caps, representing the Armed Services, still repose on the boughs—the same caps that were placed there in November 1963 by the Honour Guard. Atop the grave is a gas-fed torch, which burns day and night.

Fresh flowers are placed in the enclosure each day. And among the many mementoes left behind by visitors has been a floral replica of the rocking chair that Kennedy popularised!

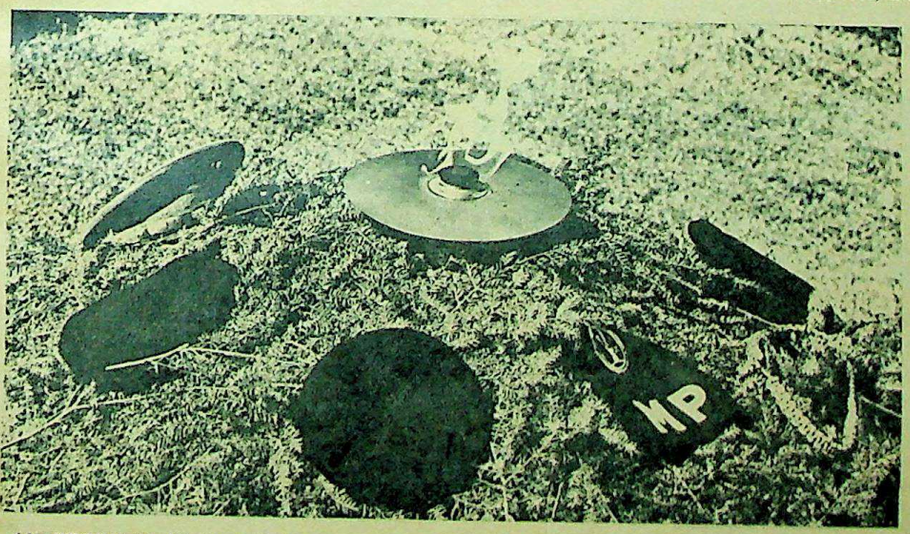
In good weather, about 10,000 people a day come to pay their respects. At week-ends, the total swells to 50,000, the line of people, standing four or five abreast, stretching to half a mile or more.

By the first anniversary of Kennedy's death, visitors to the grave totalled more than eight million. Some pause to say a brief prayer; many go away with tear-stained faces; most, however, walk slowly around the fence, absorbed in their own thoughts and memories, saying nothing.





HOMAGE TO A HERO. President Kennedy's grave in Arlington National Cemetery, enclosed by a simple white picket fence, attracts a long line of visitors, with some 10,000 coming daily to pay their respects, and the total swelling to 50,000 at week-ends.



AN ETERNAL FLAME, fed by a gas torch, burns atop the grave. Uniform caps, placed by the Honour Guard in November 1963, still repose here. Right: It's an intimate moment with a great leader for this soldier of Washington's Third Infantry Regiment as he carries a military wreath to the site.

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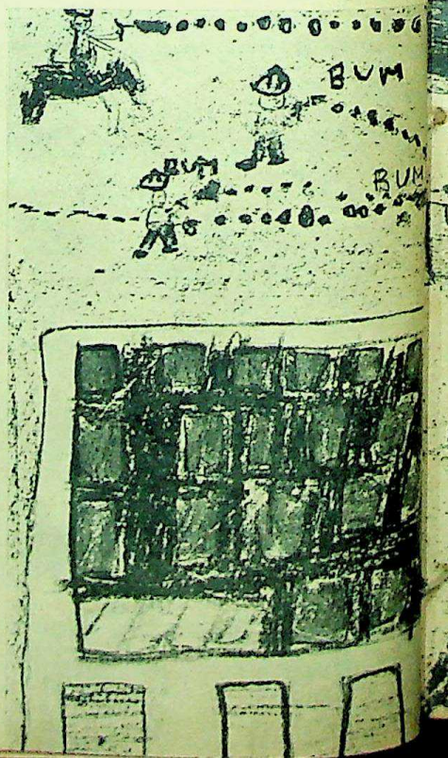
"Kennedy watches over his wife and children — little Negro angels bring light," is the theme of this drawing, by Teresa Caldara, 8, showing Jacqueline Kennedy by her children's bedside. The spirit of President Kennedy (left) bears the Stars and Stripes flag that was used to cover his coffin.

Isa Paris, 9, has chosen to depict the funer rather than the shooting. She has created simple, formal pattern, full of sincerity.

In nio, ern



"The Last Journey"

A Child's-Eye View

What does the death of a great man mean to a child? American and Italian school-children were asked to draw pictures of the assassination of President Kennedy—and here you see the results.

Grief is there, unmistakably, in some of the pictures. But most of them, although depicting with devastating sharpness the harsh reality of the world-shattering killing, are like the unrolling of a "cops-and-robbers" cartoon.

Cowboylike figures dash about on horses, pistols blazing, automobiles are enormously long, skyscrapers abound. The Kennedy children are introduced — there are Negroes everywhere — all the bullets are traced unerringly to the target — hands are raised in surrender.

The pictures are stark and vivid, all of them making an immediate impression. These are children of the 1960s—very much aware of the events that are shaping their everyday world.

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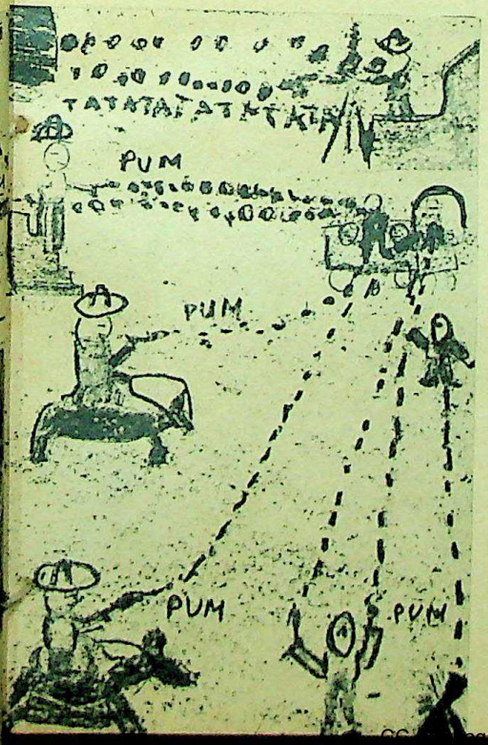
depict the funeral
She has created a
ull of sincerity.

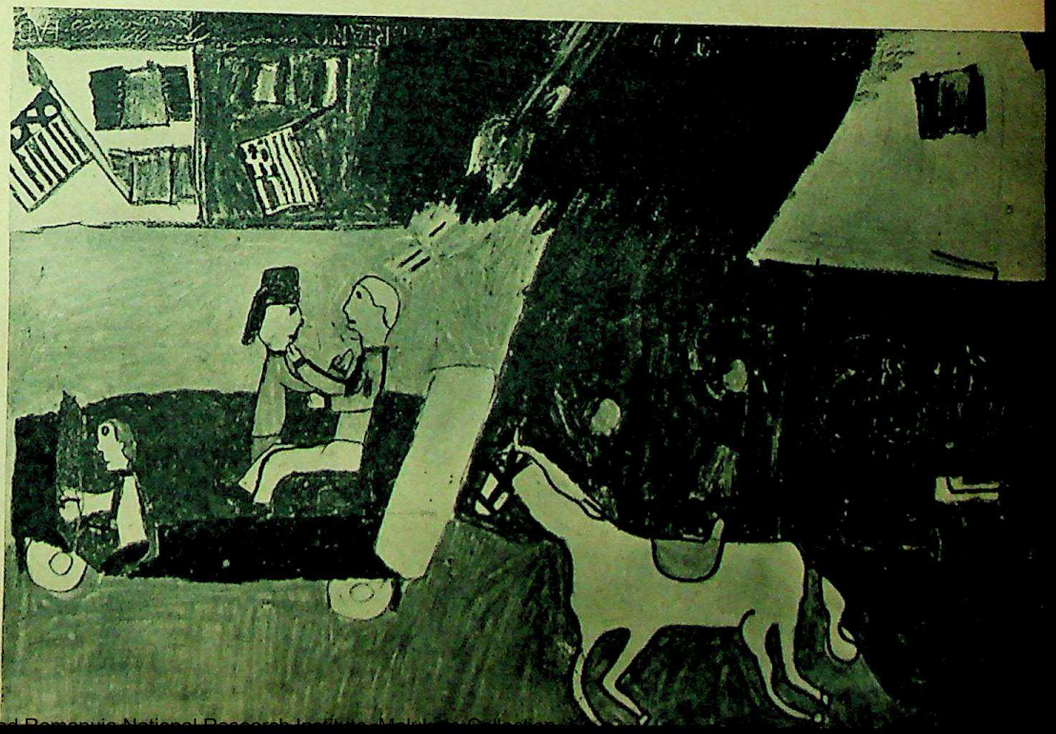
All hands are upraised in a vivid gesture of horror in this portrayal, by Lario Lageder, 8, of the tragic assassination.

(More Pictures Overleaf)

In the imagination of Giampiero Flamminio, 9, Dallas resembles a scene from a Western movie, complete with cowboys, machine-guns and a fort.

The assassin's gun reaches down as from the sky; Jacqueline Kennedy turns to face her husband; Negroes kneel and weep. This imaginative piece is the handiwork of Guiseppe Calissi, 8.





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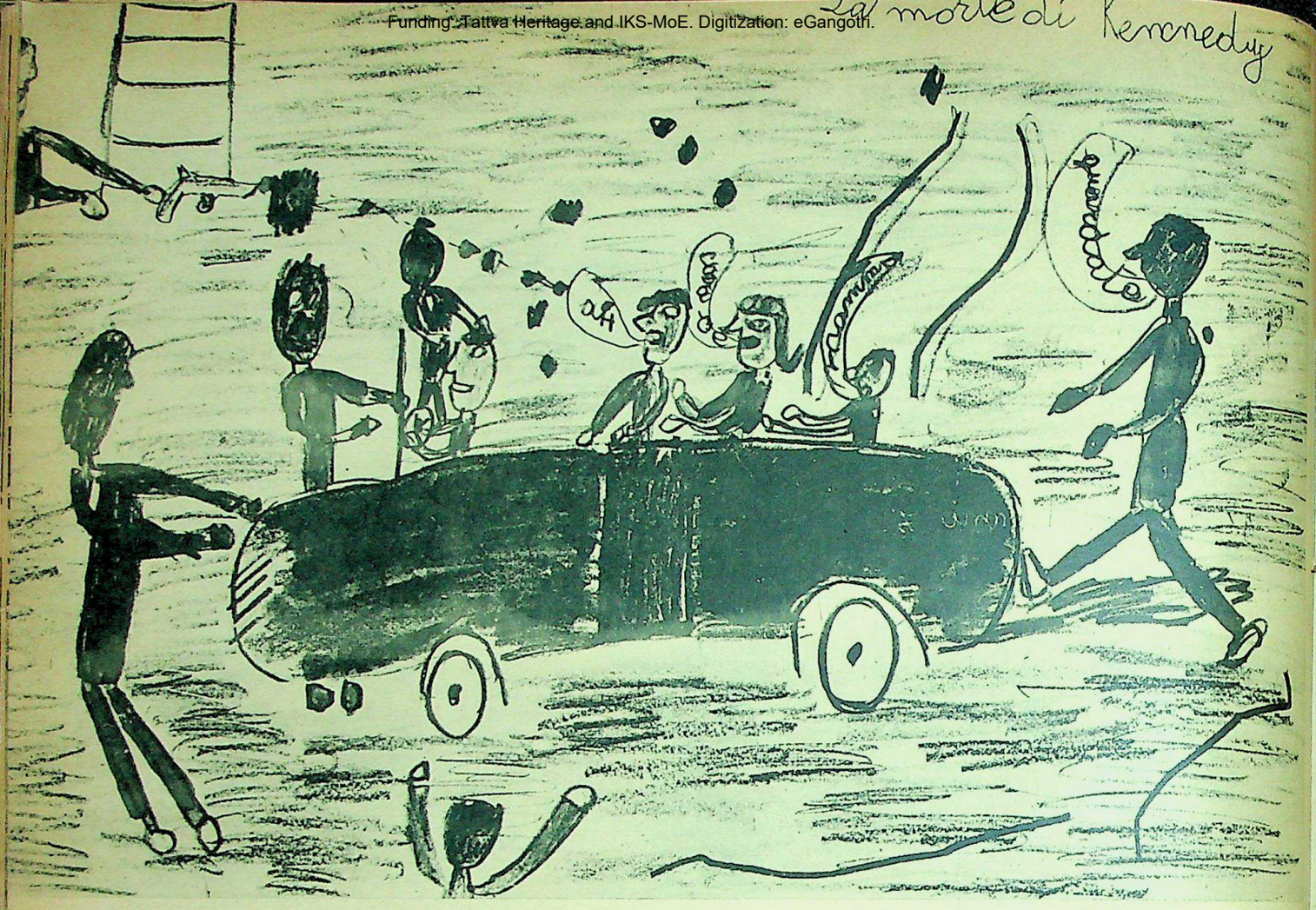
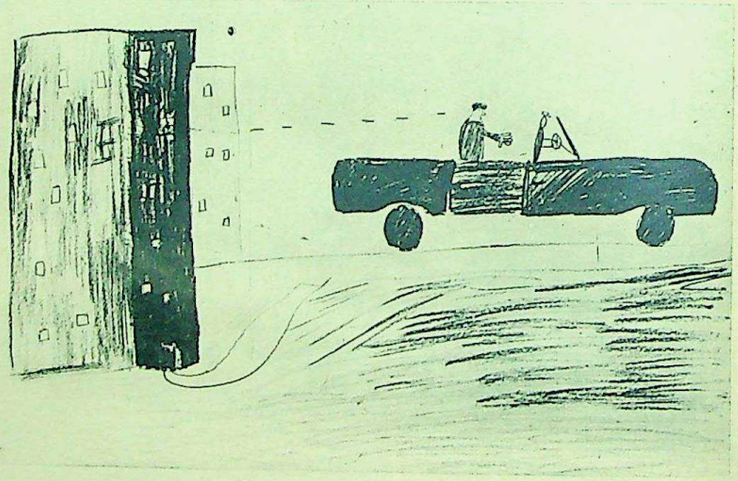


Full of movement and tension, this picture, by Rocco Uccellini, 7, uses the strip-cartoon device of balloons to show the exclamations of Kennedy and entourage as the bullets come raining down.

"The Last Journey"

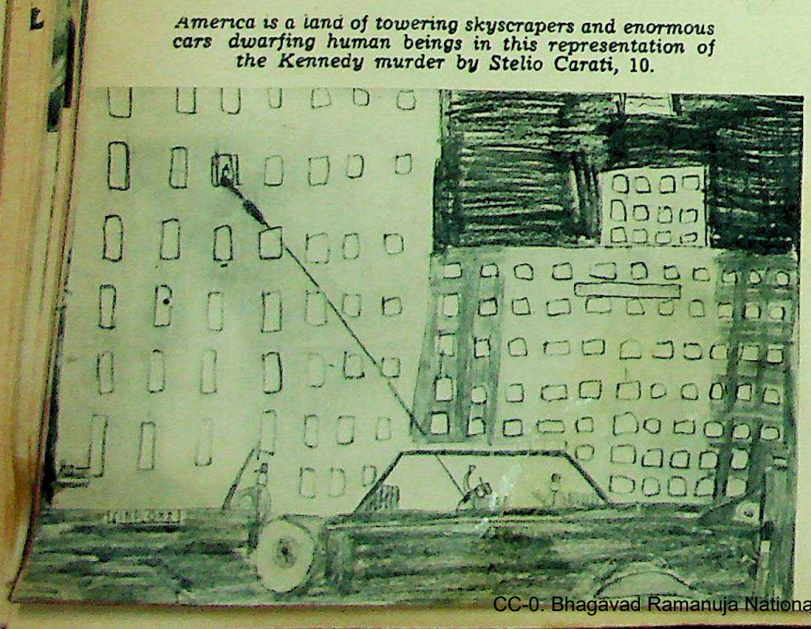
(CONTINUED)

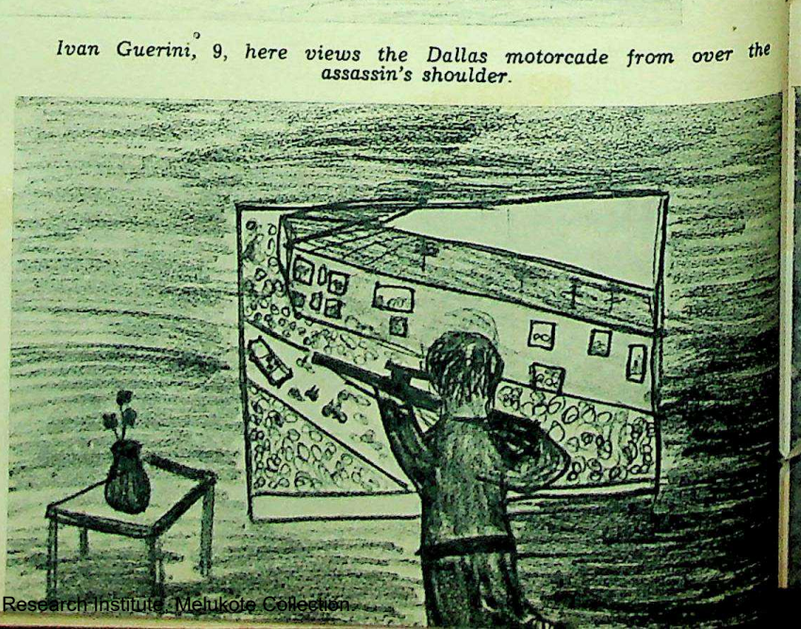
Brendan Kelly, 10, has chosen to outline against the horizon his theme of "Death Comes to The President".



Ivan Guerini, 9, here views the Dallas motorcade from over the assassin's shoulder.

America is a land of towering skyscrapers and enormous cars dwarfing human beings in this representation of the Kennedy murder by Stelio Carati, 10.





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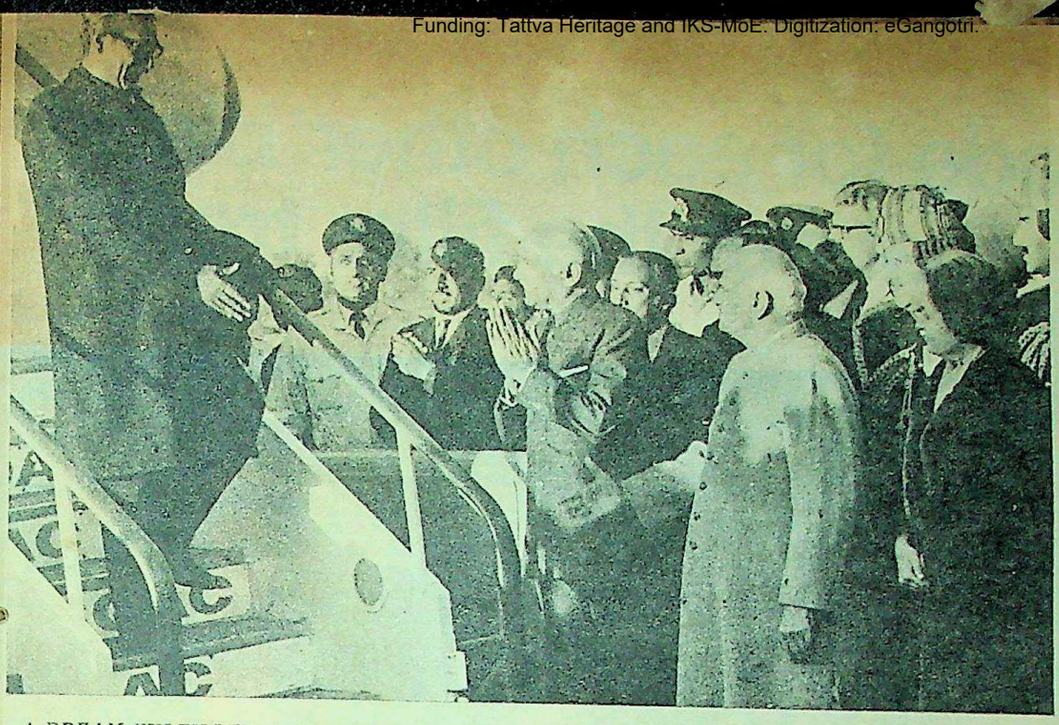
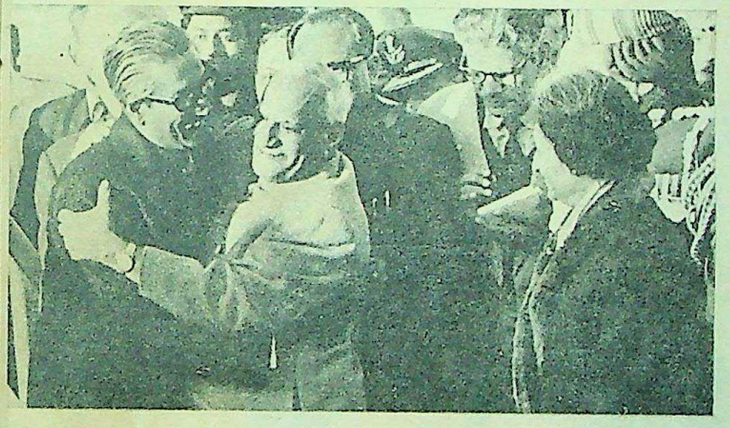


A DREAM FULFILLED. After nearly ten months of imprisonment in Pakistani jails, Sheikh Mujibur Rehman was released and was secretly flown by a PIA plane to London. From there he came by an RAF aircraft to Delhi. In the Indian capital he was given a tumultuous welcome by the Indian people. Shortly afterwards he flew to Sonar Bangla to join his people who were delirious with joy at the return of Bangabandhu.

ETERNAL GRATITUDE. Mrs Indira Gandhi's dramatic leadership hastened the moment of destiny for Bangla Desh. The Sheikh said his people would never forget India's sacrifice in the cause of his country's independence struggle and he was "personally grateful" to Mrs Gandhi "for my release".

JOI BANGLA! JOI HIND!



PRESIDENT GREETS PRESIDENT. Sheikh Mujibur Rehman has now become Prime Minister. Abu Sayeed Chowdhury, formerly Vice-Chancellor of Dacca University and later Chief of the Bangla Desh Mission in London, is the new President of Bangla Desh. Below: On a wave of "Joi". At the Dacca reception, the same evening, his people's joy knew no bounds, and the Sheikh broke down and cried. People had even slept overnight at the airport because they did not know when their priya Mujib would arrive.

BHARATBANDHU TOO. India and Bangla Desh will remain friends for ever, declared the Sheikh, in Delhi. Bangla Desh will not have links with Pakistan until Islamabad gives it recognition. In the mean time the new Republic is being accepted as a reality by an increasing number of nations, notably the Soviet bloc. Below: Another staunch ally. Mujib meets Russian Ambassador to India Nikolai Pegov. Russia's nyets to U.N. resolutions helped the Cause tremendously.

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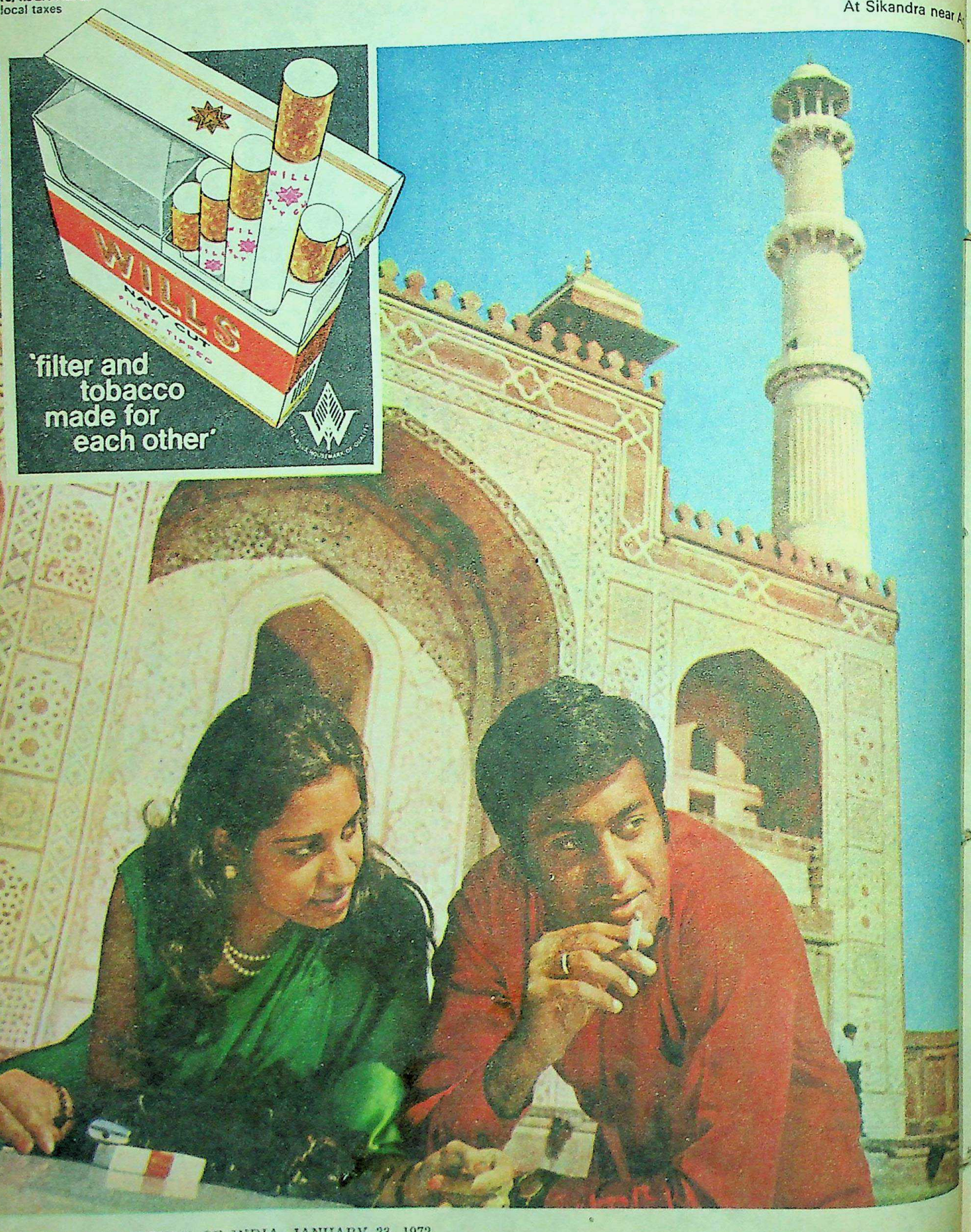

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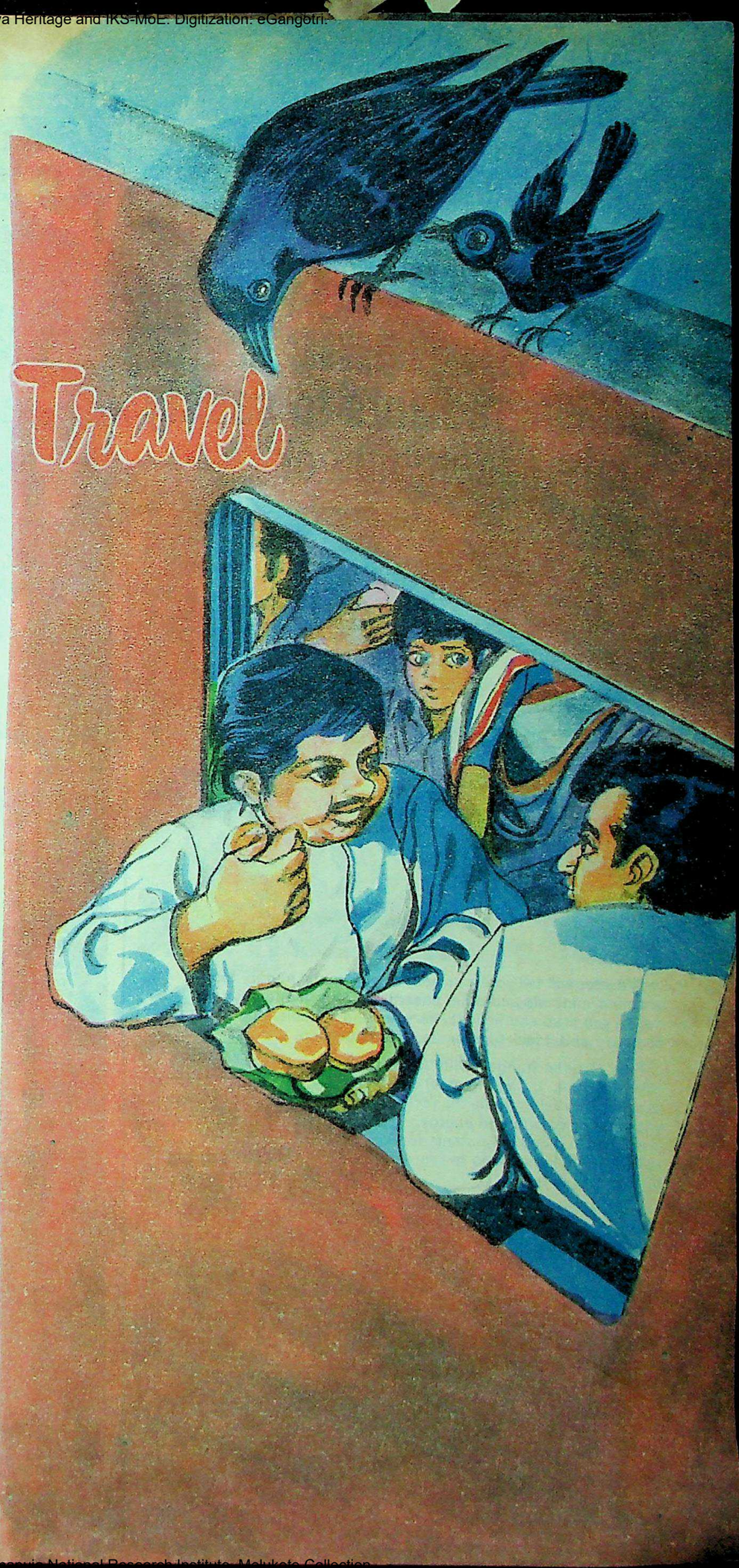
Nityanand was an ordinary Banaras dog. He barked at atheists, but he also barked at brahmins with the most impeccable credentials. As to whether the cow was sacred or not... One day, when he was lying on the wide stone steps of Manikarnika Ghat, he thought about eating beef and imagined how cow bones would taste. These were his last thoughts in this life. He fell asleep and, when he woke up, he found himself reincarnated as a crow in Calcutta...

Ticketless Travel

by ROBERT O. SWAN



AS soon as Nityanand became a Calcutta crow his new mother shortened his name to Nitu and carefully supervised his education. She hoped he would become such a good crow that maybe in his next life he would rise to the level of a cow or something even higher on the social scale.

When she brought food to the edge of the untidy nest and Nitu waited for her to drop it into his mouth, she would not let him have it until he recited one of the religious beliefs of Calcutta crows. Most of these he learned before he could fly. Without fully understanding, he opened his beak and crowed in a baby accent, "Wrong techniques...empty beaks", while his mother hopped about approvingly on the branch above.

When his wings were strong enough his mother took him to Howrah Station, the railway terminus of Calcutta, which is the municipal testing area for young crows. Here they hopped along the roof of a passenger train loading up to go to Banaras. Below them the station platform was crowded with people who pushed and elbowed their way towards the train compartments, hoping to find a place on board. Porters with bedding rolls and tin trunks on their heads shoved and pleaded their way through the crowds.

The uproar of voices at first frightened little Nitu. He would not go to the edge of the roof, but stayed in the centre as far away from the people as possible. Then he saw a cow moving with stately grace through the crowds on the platform. Something about it seemed dimly familiar.

"Cah...cah," he laughed, and jumped from the roof of the train onto its back. He knew that there had been something about a cow in his past. He felt a bond...but he had forgotten. He pecked at the ticks lodged in the thick hide, and the cow paused and swung its tail and said, "Bless you, my son."

"Come back here at once, Nitu", his mother called nervously, and when he returned she pecked him sharply and urged him along the train roof towards the third-class compartments. Here the human confusion was greatest and Nitu, no longer afraid,

—Continued

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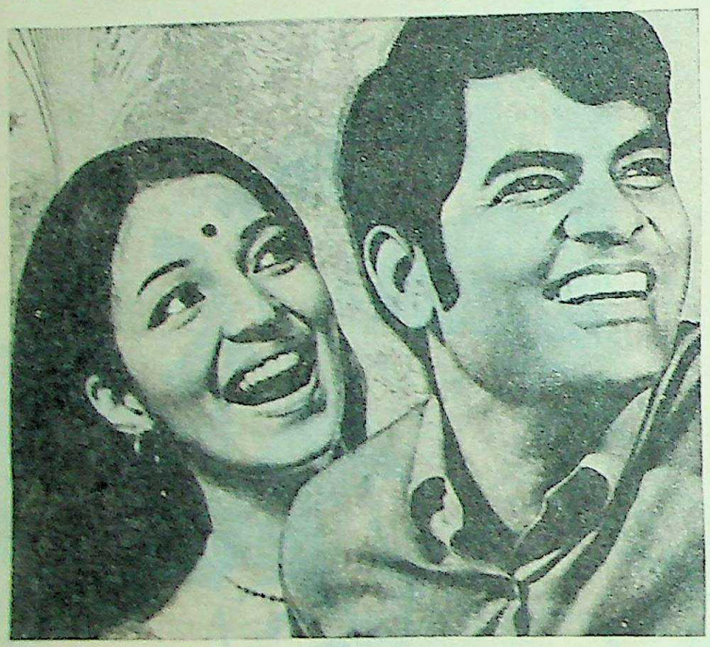

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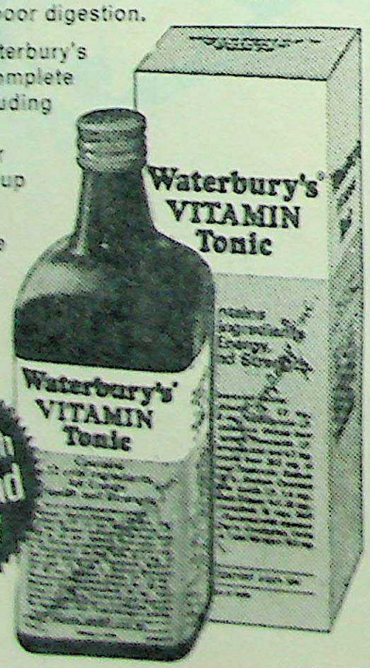

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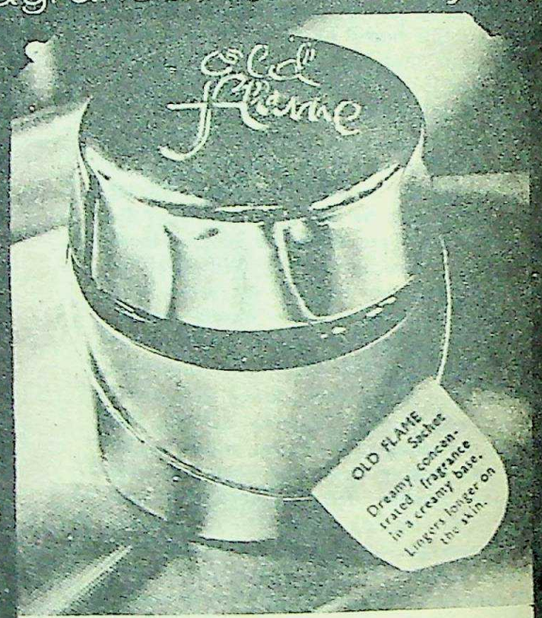

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Packed in a two-tone glamorous golden jar.

Also available Old Flame perfum

LUXURY PRODUCTS OF CALCUTTA CHEMICAL
MAKERS OF LAVENDER DEW

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stretched his neck over the edge of the roof and looked into the compartment below. Passengers were struggling for space among the bundles. The doors were blocked by luggage, so new travellers were trying to force their way in through the windows, cursing all those inside.

A few of the people already in the compartment finally found sitting room among their possessions and began introducing themselves to each other. Ignoring the chaos around them they opened up leaf plates of curries and passed around *puris*.

For several moments Nitu and his mother watched every movement carefully. Then his mother pecked him briskly and taught him the mealtime blessing of crows: "A crow in fine fettle...will scorn only metal."

To set a good example, Nitu's mother poised herself on the very edge of the roof and surveyed the long range of open train windows below her. "Watch mother," she said.

Presently a man's hand came out of a window, its fingers carelessly holding a half-eaten *puri*. A voice shouted, "War is wrong. Gandhi was right. Non-violence is our best hope."

Nitu's mother dived unerringly, snatched the food from the careless grasp and was back up on the roof beside her son, sharing the food with him, when a man's surprised, angry face stuck itself from the window below. The man quickly saw what had happened. He shook his fist at Nitu's mother and shouted, "Your grandmother was a polyandrous pig."

She ignored the remark and whispered to Nitu, "Don't be afraid, my son. From sticks and stones has come our woe...but words have never touched a crow."

"Cah...cah!" Nitu said, and immediately he began to do what his mother had done. Again and again he swooped down from the train roof on to the fixed and moving food targets. His mother watched and advised him with little nips of her beak. He was clumsy at first and missed his mark several times but it was not long before he became technically productive. His education was complete.

His mother pecked him gently then and said, "You are grown up now, my son, and it is time for you to fly out into the big world on your own. All I can tell you is: remember you are a Calcutta crow. No taxing ideals without representative meals. If I don't see you again, I hope you have a new birth of freedom when you perish from the earth next time, my dear."

With that she flew away, his lovely, glossy mother. He called to her once but she was out of hearing over the rooftops. He twisted his head from side to side and nestled his beak in his breast.

"Mother," he cried again, and for one fleeting moment he thought he heard her voice coming from a great distance, echoing through the railroad yards, "Dictionaries full of words...can never hurt us little birds!"

With a sad heart and armed only with his mother's many counsels, Nitu flew about the great restless city of Calcutta, alighting on window ledges, courtyard walls, temple roofs; and then he soared high into the sky and saw the whole city far below him, sending up through many crevices the smoke signals of its cooking fires.

As he came down for a closer look he found the small food shop of A. Banerjee in Chakraborty Lane. Though the shop was just a rickety platform attached loosely to the front of A. Banerjee's brick house, and sheltered only by a tin and gunny sack roof, it contained a choice selection of foods.

THE AUTHOR ROBERT O. SWAN is Professor of Indic Languages and Literature at Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York. Currently he is the Resident Director of Syracuse University Programmes in India. He has also written a book on the short stories of Premchand, entitled Munshi Premchand of Lehmi Village.

A Banerjee was stout and vigorous from his own cooking. He sat cross-legged among his wares, everything within reach. In his left hand he held a fan with which he waved the flies from his *roshogullas*. To the right of him, suspended over a coal fire, was a large iron pot half filled with boiling oil into which he dropped flattened cakes of dough that puffed up on contact with the oil and blossomed into black-market quality *puris*.

Nitu perched on a verandah railing across the narrow lane and watched A. Banerjee's right hand drop the flat dough cakes into the boiling oil, then with a spatula lift them out fully cooked, and lay them on a leaf platter.

When there were no customers A. Banerjee chanted worthwhile sayings in a hoarse voice, swaying backwards and forwards, dipping and lifting the *puris*, and closing his eyes as if savouring the sound of his own voice, "Justice and honour to cows and brahmans. Om...Om...Om!"

When he appeared to be most moved, and his eyes were closed, Nitu made a quick dive for the shop. By the time A. Banerjee had heard the whir of wings and opened his eyes, it was too late. Nitu was already alighting on the verandah railing across the lane with a freshly-cooked *puri* in his beak.

A. Banerjee struggled to his knees and shouted at Nitu, "I saw you. Go away. You think I don't know you? Your grandmother was a vulture."

He glared at Nitu as if to see how he differed from the other crows of Calcutta. "Don't come back here. I'm a brahmin. I've read the Upanishads. I'll know you anywhere."

—Continued on Page 45

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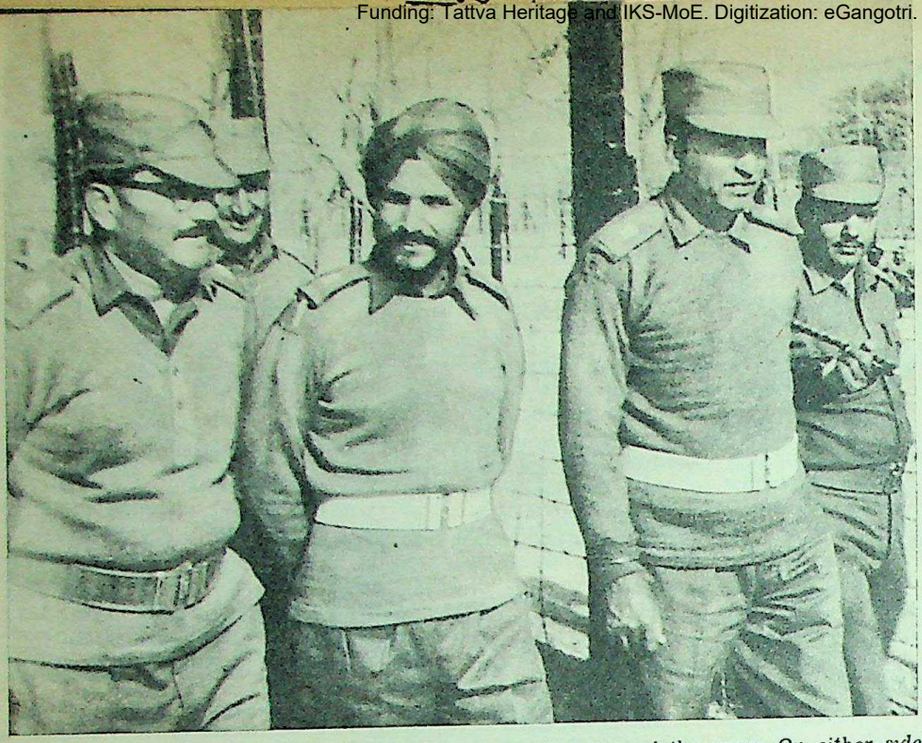
BEHIND BARS

by BIKRAM VOHRA

Interviews with Pak soldiers in the POW camp in the Western Sector... What did the enemy feel about the conflict?



INDIAN MILITARY POLICE OFFICERS on an inspection tour of the camp. On either side of the corridor are barbed wire enclosures with tents and kitchens. The prisoners are divided into groups.

THE Western Sector. The POW Cage. You take a road through the hills, skim across the crest, then dip into a valley. Like something out of a WW II film, the barbed outline of the prison camp makes a grey abrasion on the grass. You can smell dal and tea and freshly cut wood. The camp is made of 6 lakhs running feet of barbed wire and 1,200 poles.

They came loping up from their tents and stood rigidly to attention as they saw the Indian officers enter the prison camp. In the first wired hutch were four Pakistani JCOs. They snapped off a salute and gave their names. Of medium height, they were dressed in khaki sweaters, black pyjamas and broad Kashmiri chappals—the uniform of the Pathan. Except for the very young most Pak prisoners were bearded.

The best known of the four was Munsif Subedar Abdul Khaliq (40), Asian gold medallist in Manila (1954) and Tokyo (1958) in the 100-metre event. He was caught in the Akhnoor sector during the action of Nava Pind on December 5 while defending it against a successful Indian armoured attack by 8 Cavalry. Nava Pind is a post evacuated by the Indian forces just before December 3 and occupied by the Pak infantry. **Khaliq expressed a desire to meet Asian 400-metre ace Milkha Singh, an old running mate of his.** The other JCOs were Subedar Khidguar (41) and Subedar Nur Mohammed (42), both captured during the same battle.

CATCHING THEM YOUNG. The Pak Army conscripted even young boys for the battle. In the foreground are Abdul Khajoon and Mohammed Afsar, both under 16.

THE OLD GUARD. Subedar Khidguar, Munsif Subedar Abdul Khaliq, Subedar Karam Din and Subedar Nur Mohammad. Abdul Khaliq was Asia's 100-metre gold medallist in 1954 (Manila) and 1958 (Toyko). All four Pak JCOs were happy to hear that the war was over.

END OF THE ADVENTURE. The Pathan Pakistani soldiers sported their usual pyjamas and Kashmiri chappals—even in the battlefield. The POWs found it difficult to compare the treatment received with what they had expected.

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The fourth JCO, Munsif Subedar Karam Din (44) from Muzaffarbad district, was captured in the Lipa valley sector. All four confessed that they were glad the war was over. They are tough, brawny looking men, though the warrior gleam is a good deal more chastened. They looked a little "cheesed" off with the war and were far more prepared to extend a hand of friendship.

Not one of them was ill treated after the capture and there was a generally distinct, though wary, surprise in POW ranks at Indian conduct, a surprise that was frequently reflected in their conversation during the next few days. Many Pak soldiers had been led to believe that becoming POWs in Indian hands was a fate wors than death. **Not one so far had even made an effort to escape—the primary duty of every POW.**

Young Boys

In the second section of the camp I met young boys of 15 and 16 years. Abdul Khajoon and Mohammed Afsar were two of them. Although they maintained they had joined the Army of their own accord, it is believed that Pakistani youth undergo temporary conscription. All matriculates like Masood Alam (from Government Pilot High School, Lahore) have to do a stint of military service. Masood Alam said he was called to war through an official letter. The possibility of disregarding a military summons, he said, could not even be considered. A little dazed by the suddenness of events, the boys were only too keen to obey orders and stay out of trouble. In the morning they do P.T. and are then made to clean up the camp, their 4-men tents, sun their bedding and cook their food. Said an Indian officer: "They are pretty dirty and unmethodical but they are learning."

Like most of them Masood Alam was caught off balance by the prison camp facilities (eggs, dal, rice and even milk). They couldn't believe that Indian Army Muslim officers were on a par with non-Muslims. Many of them were so relieved they couldn't resist expressing their delight. **More than one POW confided he was quite happy to be here and in no frightful hurry to leave.**

A few wounded soldiers sunned themselves in another enclosure. Mohammed Akram was pierced in the foot by tank shrapnel in the Samba area where he accompanied a two-company attack on the 9th. He confessed that the fighting had been fierce and that the Indian counter-offensive had been too strong to contain. He said his higher commands had not expected anything like this. Next to him lay Mohammed Kali, his chest peppered with an LMG burst. **Hit at Thand Peet on the 3rd he was saved from death by the donation of a bottle of blood from an Udhampur college girl. He lay in the sun, sucking his knuckles.**

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Given the choice they are content just to tan under an enemy sun.

SUNNING THEIR INJURIES are Mohammed Akram, hit by tank shrapnel (extreme left), and Mohammed Kali (lying down), a Pak infantryman hit by an LMG burst. Kali's life was saved by an Udhampur college girl who donated her blood.

THE ONLY MATRICULATE soldier in the camp was Masood Alam (second from left). In Pakistan, all matriculates undergo compulsory military service.

ON THE DOUBLE. Pak POWs now follow a daily routine which includes exercises, tent and camp maintenance and cooking. Among the prisoners, Indian soldiers found old neighbours and friends of distant days. Several POWs were quite happy and were in no hurry to be repatriated.

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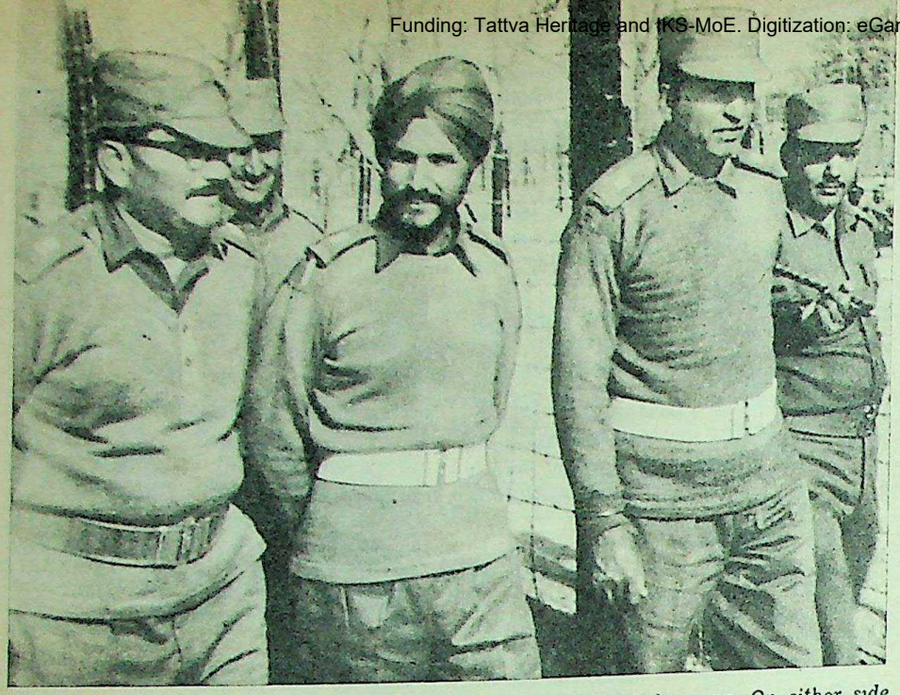

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R. K. NARAYAN

by VED MEHTA

Over a cup of tea, in New York, the man from Malgudi talks of himself and his work...

WHEN I was visiting my home, in New Delhi, a while back, I considered making a journey to the State of Mysore, a thousand miles to the south, to see R. K. Narayan, but my pilgrimage got lost in my empty pockets.

My wish to know him was fulfilled in New York, when I picked up my telephone one summer afternoon and heard a soft voice from the other end: "Um! This is Narayan. 'If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed will go to the mountain.' You know, we are living practically next door to one another. I am just a couple of blocks away from you. Um! Can I come over?"

Within a few minutes, Narayan was at my apartment. A neither too stout nor too lean figure, he strolled in rather boyishly. His body was loosely, carelessly clothed in nondescript gray trousers, a tweed jacket, and a white shirt, which was oddly finished off with an improvised tie pin, a piece of red thread wound around one shirt button.

I asked Narayan whether he would like some tea.

His Lifeblood

"A little later," he said, taking out of his pocket a small Kodak film box. "I carry my lifeblood in this." He shook the box and then took out an areca, or betelnut, which he sucked happily, like a child relishing a sweet. "You know, I find that my pen moves only when I have a betel nut in my mouth," he said. "Without one, I can neither think nor write."

I asked him if he had always lived in Mysore.

"No no, we are not Kannadiga, *yindigenous* to Mysore," he said. "We are Tamilians... And our family's ascent from a village to Madras, the capital city, took many generations. I have no sense of history but I know that my initial 'R' stands for Rasipuram, the village which must have housed my ancestors." Neither he nor his characters are villagers, he said; rather, they are *hommes de ville*. Narayan has no illusions about noble rustics. **As far as he is concerned, villagers' lives are monotonous and sedentary, and there is no story waiting in a village, the birthplace of a good novel being a halfway house between a static village and an anonymous industrial city.** "By the time I came into the family, my kinsmen were happily urbanised," Narayan said. "In fact, soon after my arrival, my father, Krishnaswami Iyer—'K' in my name— followed many of his classfellows from Madras University to idyllic Mysore, where there were greater job opportunities. My mother Gnanambal, who was very weak and was about to have another child, took my brothers and sisters to Mysore, but since I was very small she left me behind in Madras with my grandmother, whom I called Ammani—that is, Madam. I soon established myself as her favourite, and was still living there long after my mother was well."

Narayan's first novel, *Swami and Friends*, published in 1935, when he was twenty-nine, grew out of his urchin days at Ammani's.

He failed his intermediate and baccalaureate examinations several times, finally managing to receive his Bachelor of Arts degree at twenty-four—a shameful age for an Indian. His elder brother Srinivas had received his at eighteen, and many Madrasi boys were Bachelors of Arts at fifteen or sixteen. (Narayan's long college career provided material for his second novel, *Bachelor of Arts*, whose publication, in 1937, marked the beginning of his reputation as an author in England.)

I asked Narayan again whether he would like some tea.

"If it isn't too much bother," he said.

I invited him to walk with me to a nearby shop for some pastry.

Subterranean Travellers

He was disappointed that we were not going to do our errand by subway. "You know," he said, wiping his forehead with his sleeve, "I like travelling underground, because the people there remind me of the crowds in our bazars. Except that the subterranean travellers are much more intense and purposeful—they are always going to some definite job in a rush."

In the pastry shop, Narayan quickly made friends with the saleslady, who was Swedish, and he accepted an impulsive invitation she extended to him for dinner the following week. Aside to me, he said, "Every day I like to meet a new person." His innocent face lighted up at the sight of pineapple pastry, and he carried it back to the apartment himself.

When I had put some water on to boil, he asked me if I had read his story "A Breach of Promise," and I told him I had. "That was almost my first tale," he said. "It is very truthful—autobiographical, you know. It concerns a student, myself, who fails a lot of examinations."

The water reached its boiling point in a snoring whistle, and Narayan jumped. When I explained the simple mechanism of the kettle, he said, "Oh, Lord, what is this modernity, all these gadgets and such?"

I poured him out some tea and sliced the pastry for him. He drank the tea in long, noisy sips and ate with two fingers. He has small, feminine hands, and as he lifted his cup, his little finger flew out. He wore two rings on the last two fingers of his left hand; one had a sapphire inset, and the other was a plain gold band. I asked him about them.

"This sapphire one is an heirloom, a hundred years old," he said. "I received it on my wedding day. My father-in-law, Nageswara Iyer, who, incidentally, was also a headmaster, gave it to me, and he got it from his father-in-law. The gold band I received from my wife at her deathbed. Her name was Rajam." As he spoke her name, tears came into his eyes.

I poured him another cup of tea, and for some minutes he remained silent.

It seemed to me after a while that he wanted to talk about his wife. "How did you meet her, Narayan?" I asked.

He cleared his throat, took a bite of pastry, munched it, and said, smiling his prompt smile. "I escorted my elder sister Janaki from Mysore to nearby Coimbatore, where her husband was a practising advocate. While I was standing at the corner of the equivalent of a big-city mall there, I saw a girl about eighteen. She was tall and slim and had classical features; her face had the finish and perfection of sculpture. She walked past me as in a dance. It was spring and I was twenty-eight. I suppose that had something to do with my falling completely and instantly in love with her. But when I myself, instead of my parents, approached her mother and father, they were outraged at my picking my own wife, the unconventionality of my love. But they asked me what was going to be my profession, what means I had for supporting a wife. I said simply, 'I write.' In those days, no one could own up to writing stories in India. It was the most penniless thing one could do. After some pressure from my family, Rajam's parents did consult their astrologer, who immediately declared that my horoscope showed that I would be either a polygamist or a widower. I forced the issue. **I found another astrologer, who went into ecstasies at the sight of rupees. He was an accomplished debater and defeated the other pundit, and Rajam's parents, realising that I was from a good and large family, and that, whatever happened to me, she would always be taken care of, gave in to the marriage."**

A Happy Couple

Rajam and Narayan were a happy couple. Like a good Indian wife, she did not show public affection for Narayan, and her attention was distributed equally among his mother, his father, and his three younger brothers—Balram, Ramachandar, and Laxman—who were still at college. (Laxman is now one of the better-known cartoonists in India.) He also had two sisters, Janaki and Alamelu, and two older brothers, Srinivas and Pattabhi, but the sisters had married and were settled in homes of their own, and the older brothers had moved away (one to take a job in a fertiliser plant, the other to take a government position), so Rajam was spared the need to spread her affection further.

Narayan spent most of his time sitting and talking with his family, and after the birth of his daughter, Hema, he spent hours every day watching her in her cot or on her mat. Now and again, he stole a couple of hours to do a little writing in an upstairs room, but even then he called out for his wife every half hour or so to bring him Hema and some coffee. Rajam could

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ACHARYA MAHAPRAGYA
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not read English, the only language in which Narayan found he could write. Nevertheless, she took a keen interest in his hundreds of rejection slips and, later, in the reviews of his books—*Swami and Friends, Bachelor of Arts*, and, in 1938, his third novel, *The Dark Room*, which dealt with a Hindu wife who submits passively to a positive or inconsiderate (depending on which side of the Suez one lives on) husband.

"But the prophecy of her family astrologer turned out to be right," Narayan said sadly. "My father-in-law, who was quite well-to-do, wanted to settle a house on Rajam, and one day he came up from Coimbatore and we went around searching for a place. We looked through a number of remodelled houses, and late that afternoon we happened upon one that seemed suitable. It had the solidity of an old house and the bright cleanness of a new one. While my father-in-law and I were canvassing the land, Rajam went into the bathroom, an outhouse, to wash. She did not rejoin us. I got worried and walked back to the bathroom. Rajam was pounding away at the shut door, screaming, 'Someone open it! Someone open it!' I gave the door one or two hard kicks and Rajam fell out in my arms. She was convulsed with sobs, and her face was a feverish red. She cried out that it was the dirtiest place she had ever been in. She said a fly had settled on her lips. I took her home, but she wouldn't eat anything. She kept washing herself, time and time again. By the evening, she had a temperature, and she remained in bed with typhoid for twenty days. It was 1939, and no one had heard of chloramphenicol. Rajam died. A fly had killed an almost five-year-old marriage."

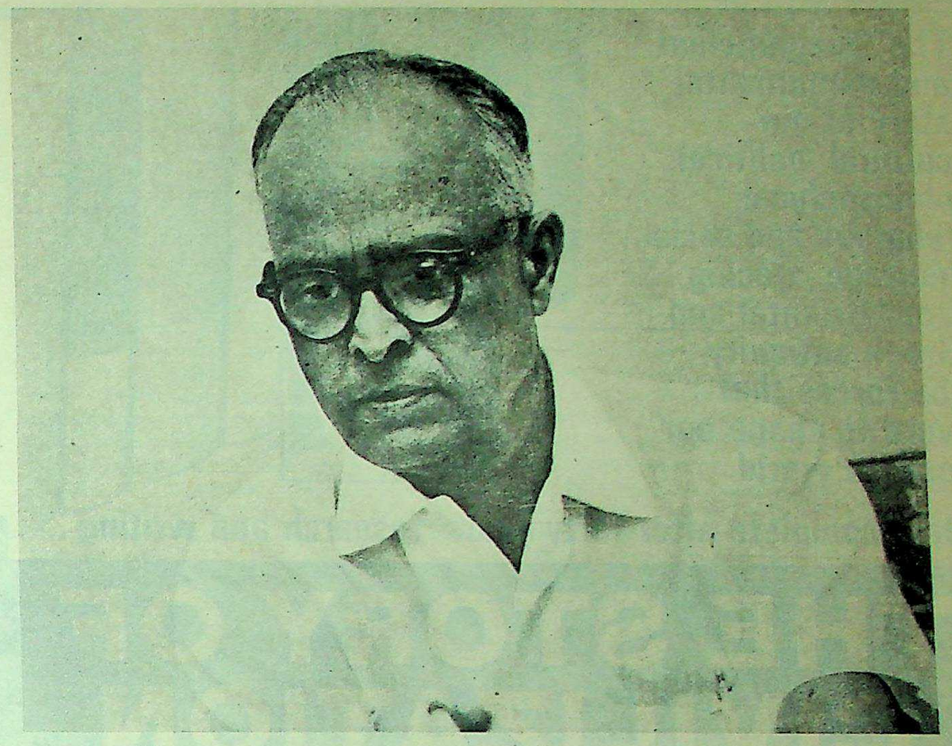
Communication With The Dead

Narayan said that he considered following her onto the funeral pyre, but there was Hema, the very likeness of Rajam. For the next few years, Narayan battled with the fact of death. He periodically left Mysore for Madras, where he met a lawyer who claimed to communicate with the dead through so-called automatic writing. The lawyer transcribed messages from Rajam.

"He was no hoax," Narayan said. "For one thing, he wrote three or four thousand words in a half hour, and no man can compose so much so quickly. For another, Rajam, through the automatic writing, gave proofs of her existence..."

After a moment's silence, he continued, "But the therapy did not really yend until I published my fourth novel, *The English Teacher*, in 1945. It was all about my life with Rajam." The concluding chapters of the book were concerned with the psychic experiments, and the English critics lashed out at them. "Of course," Narayan said, "the reviewers did not realise that the whole story was autobiographical—that I myself had been a witness to the experiments. But what's the use?" He sighed. "You don't believe it, either."

I asked Narayan to stay for dinner. He said, "Thank you very much. Thank you very much. But no. I'm a vegetarian and am completely South Indian in my eating habits. When I eat out in this country, I mostly go hungry."



R. K. NARAYAN (b. 1906), one of the foremost Indo-Anglian authors, has been in the literary field since 1935. A keen observer of human idiosyncrasies, Narayan has set most of his novels in an imaginary township—Malgudi—which helps him retain the Indian atmosphere to good advantage. A quiet sense of humour and a facile style of writing have made Narayan's work popular at home and abroad.

I walked Narayan home. We strolled half a block out of our way to wave goodbye to the saleslady in the pastry shop. "Isn't it lucky that I eat eggs?" he said, smiling with his eyes and teeth. "Otherwise, I could never have gone there and made friends with the Swedish lady."

To take his mind off the noise and America, I said, "Narayan, why is it that your books don't show a trace of Western influence?" I told him I had also been struck by the fact that he hardly ever touched on politics, of either British or free India. Except for a Mr Brown and an American journalist in *The Guide*, published in 1958, I could recall no foreigners in his books, I said, and his Indians had the logic and idiom, and the ambitions, not of the scientific West but of the almost agrarian East.

"To be a good writer anywhere, you must have roots—both in religion and in family," Narayan replied thoughtfully. "I have these things. I am rooted to the right triangle of Madras, Mysore, and Coimbatore, none of them much more than a couple of hundred miles distant from the others." For the first forty-nine years of his life, he had stayed within the boundaries of the triangle,he said as, taking advantage of a green light, we dashed across Second Avenue, and he had passed most of his life in the communism of the joint-family life, where everything was owned in common and no one asked questions about income.

"But must one have such ties?" I asked. "What about the expatriate Steins and Hemingways, and all those Irish writers who have worked successfully away from their homeland?"

"I have not read many of them, but I am sure they have nothing to say to me," Narayan said emphatically. They could have had no religion, no values, no feelings, he went on. **His greatest test of a good author was his "readability". Tolstoy, Joyce, and Faulkner were all "bores". He had read a hundred pages of "War and Peace" and could not understand why E.M. Forster considered Tolstoy a happy god who could play with the entire world. Shakespeare was readable and fun only in paperbacks, where there were no footnotes and things like that.** There were no Indian novelists to speak of. Indian writers were either too "Westernised" or too "deliberate". "I can't like any writing that's deliberate. If any author is deliberate, then I can't read him—he's not readable," Narayan concluded.

"But then you should like Hemingway," I said, "Isn't he immensely readable?"

Narayan broke into a wheezing laugh. "You must allow me my contradictions. I contradict myself all the time."

"Do you find Hemingway deliberate?"

"From the little I have read, I should't think so. I don't read much, because I don't want to be influenced. I suppose my only love is Graham Greene. I've read most of his things, because he's my champion and my best English friend."

We reached the apartment house that Narayan was living in, on East Fifty-seventh Street. He invited me into his vestibule, which was a little larger than

—Continued

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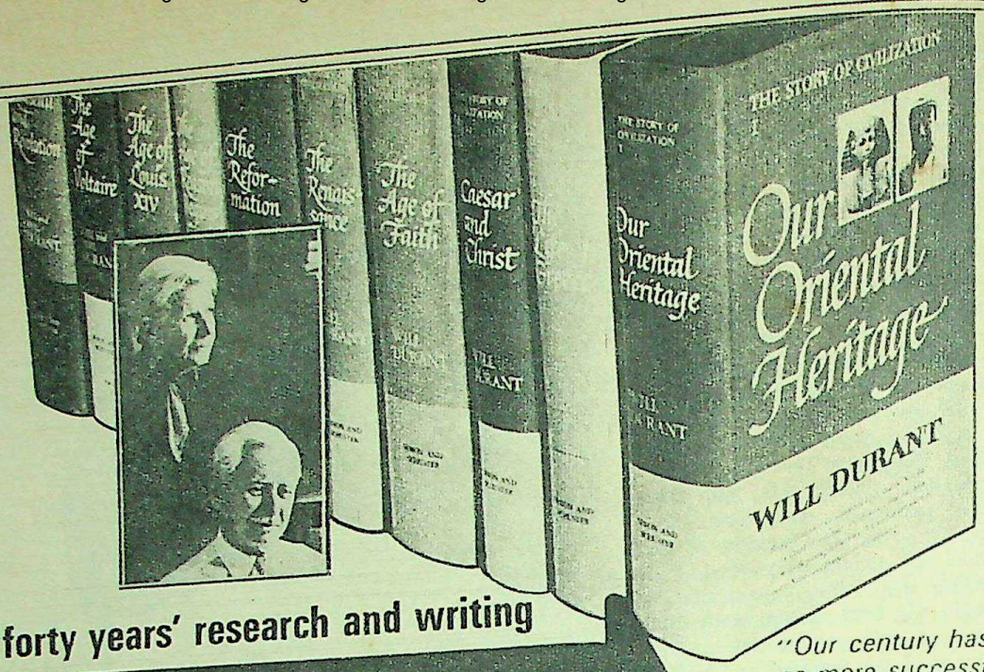

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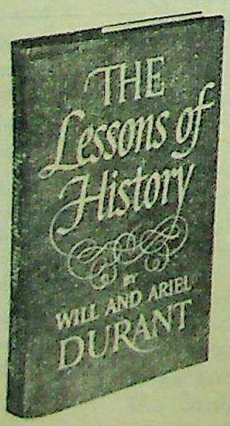

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a telephone booth. "You may have gathered that I'm not an academic sort," he said, his words rebounding from the walls. "In fact, I don't like graduate students writing theses on me. They always try to read meaning into my books, trace a theme, relate this character to that, make a connection between hero and hero. I wish they would leave me and my books alone. And now I must go and prepare my dinner upstairs, which for me here is not a family ritual but a lonely meal." Breaking into his smile (very much like Rosie, the heroine of *The Guide*, whose smile he had called an "open sesame" to her future), he added, "For twenty-seven years, except for short periods when I was away, I ate three meals a day from the same silver platter, which I'd received at my marriage. The platter was too heavy to carry across to America." He said it would embarrass him to have company while he cooked and ate his vegetarian meal, so I made arrangements to visit him the next evening.

An Ageless Swami

As I walked back to my flat after three or four hours with Narayan, I couldn't help marvelling at him. He seemed to carry his home, his cosmos, on his back, as did the ageless swamis.

I dropped in on Narayan after dinner on the following day. He was so inept with mechanical devices that he kept his finger firmly on the buzzer unlocking the front door until he saw me step out of the lift on his floor.

"Woh, you've arrived," he said, his eyes twinkling. He showed me into his one-room apartment, which he was borrowing from Harvey Breit, the former assistant editor of *New York Times Book Review*, who used it for a retreat from a larger apartment, on Park Avenue.

I leaned back in one of the canvas chairs; he perched on the other. Narayan was barefoot. He proudly held up his pair of shoes for my inspection. "I got these at Saxone, in England, five years ago. The shoes have been resoled only once." He put the worn shoes down affectionately and offered me a betel nut. I took one and began to chew it, whereupon he admonished me to suck it slowly. Narayan was dressed in an ill-fitting brown suit he had picked up that morning for forty-three dollars at a clothing store on lower Seventh Avenue.

"I have written the first page of my new novel today, while waiting in the shop for my suit to be altered," he said.

I asked Narayan if he was ever oppressed by a sense of diminishing literary powers or powers of prophecy.

"Woh, no," he said. "I really have more stories than I can write in a lifetime, and probably in the next *janma*" — incarnation — "I will be not an author but a publisher." He smiled, and then suddenly stood up. "It's too noisy here!" he exclaimed. He shut the window, but the room faced Fifty-seventh Street and nothing could seal out the roar of the traffic. He returned to his canvas seat, discouraged. "How nice it would be to live in Malgudi," he said.

Malgudi is the domain of Narayan's imagination. There is no such town in any directory, almanac, or atlas of the subcontinent. There is a Lalgudi in Madras province, but Narayan says that the similarity of the two names is a coincidence. As the setting of his dozen books, Malgudi corresponds to Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County. The resemblance, however, is remote, because Malgudi is an infinitely simple place.

"You know," Narayan told me, "I remember waking up with the name Malgudi on Vijayadasami, the day on which the initiation of learning is celebrated. "It was in September 1930, he said, that the name of the town had been vouchsafed him by the divine patrons of knowledge. "Malgudi was an yearth-shaking discovery for me, because I had no mind for facts and things like that, which would be necessary in writing about Lalgudi or any real place. I first pictured not my town but just the railway station, which was a small platform with a banyan tree, a stationmaster, and two trains a day, one coming and one going. On Vijayadasami, I sat down and wrote the first sentence about my town: 'The train had just arrived at Malgudi station.'... The sentence about the train got revised." Since that Vijayadasami, the town boundaries had expanded to take in streets, people, industries. "Many academicians are hard at work trying to find where, exactly, Malgudi might be situated," Narayan said, all his teeth shining in a smile. **"My books are full of contradictory leads. Once, a researcher wrote to ask me how long it took to go from Malgudi to Madras by train. I wrote back that the train journey from Mysore to Madras was fourteen hours but that it took Margayya more than twice as long to get from Malgudi to Madras. I never heard from that gentleman again."**

A Small World

He smiled happily and offered me a betel nut. "Don't feel guilty at sharing this elixir with me," he said, and he went on to explain that he had taken precautions against running short of betel nuts on this visit, which was his third. After his first visit, when he was without them for six months, he had made arrangements with his mother to buy some from his favourite shop in Mysore and send them to him by air. His main problem was to convince the American customs officers that he was not getting a consignment of dope.

I put one in my mouth and sucked it, as he had instructed me to do. He was very much pleased, and offered me coffee, which I accepted.

"I think of myself as the globe's best coffee taster," Narayan explained through the kitchen door. "I can't tell wine from beer; all alcohol seems poison to me. But I know the vineyards of coffee beans in southern India well. I can distinguish them by a sip." He turned on a tap. "You know," he continued, "I read somewhere the other day that the cause of cancer is frozen meat. Is it true?"

"Some causes of cancer, at least, come and go," I said. "There is a flurry of controversy about lipsticks one month, waxed milk containers the next, and—"

"Oh, really? Still, it comforts me to be a vegetarian." After fumbling with a box of matches for some time, he finally had the stove lighted. But he remained in the kitchen to watch the kettle.

The water boiled, and after much clattering and shuffling, Narayan brought two coffee cups to the table. He held his cup in a gingerly manner and drank the coffee slowly.

Narayan told me about his Mysore day. It begins with a three-or-four-hour stroll. He considers his morning walk his office hours, because he stops and talks to people, many of whom chat with him freely about their doings or their troubles, or give him advice about renting his house (empty houses bring bad luck) or about making profits on his books, which they cannot read. Only a few ask him for practical help, probably because they know him to be a mere writer; most demand his ear and his sympathy. If, on his promenade, Narayan sees three or four men in a huddle, he observes their ways closely. In his many years of living in Mysore, he has made friends among artisans, businessmen, lawyers, teachers — the men and women of his novels. After lunch, he may do an hour or two of writing—his limit for a day's serious work. He composes fast, and two thousand words in a couple of hours is not an unusual achievement for him. "I am an inattentive, quick writer who has little sense of style," he said candidly. Once he has written the first few pages of a novel he seldom retouches a sentence, believing that writing is "a dovetailing process", by which he means that a novel well begun writes itself. After his writing, he meditates, and his barren room is especially suited to that. **He begins his exercises by reading a little bit of the puranas, or Sanskrit sacred poems ,after which he repeatedly recites to himself the Gayatri Mantra, a prayer to the light that illuminates the sun to illuminate all minds.** After he has had a short rest, the late afternoon finds him at his family's house; he dines, then makes the rounds of his intimate friends, and goes home to bed.

Like His Creation

"I've been talking to you like Railway Raju," Narayan said, referring to the tourist-guide saint who is the hero of *The Guide*. "I sometimes feel like him; it is difficult not to, especially when I'm telling about Mysore, which I know better than any other place."

It was very late, and over Fifty-seventh Street hung a sort of Malgudi hush, shattered only now and again by the clap of passing truck. Narayan yawned a little, and we stood up. "Have some more betel nuts," he said as he fitted one of them into each side of his mouth. He tilted his film box over my hand and shook out two more, like a man throwing dice who is confident that luck will not let him down. "Someone was telling me the other day that in this country all good writers have to be unhappy to write well," he said. "Why is that? I find I write best when I have no burden on my mind, when I am absolutely at peace with myself. That's why for many years after Rajam died I couldn't write anything."

At the door, we embraced each other in the Indian way, and he started ringing the door buzzer again to call the lift up. I took him into the hallway and showed him the right button. "All this gadgetry confounds me," he said as the automatic door closed.

(Extracted from an essay in John Is Easy To Please *by Ved Mehta)*

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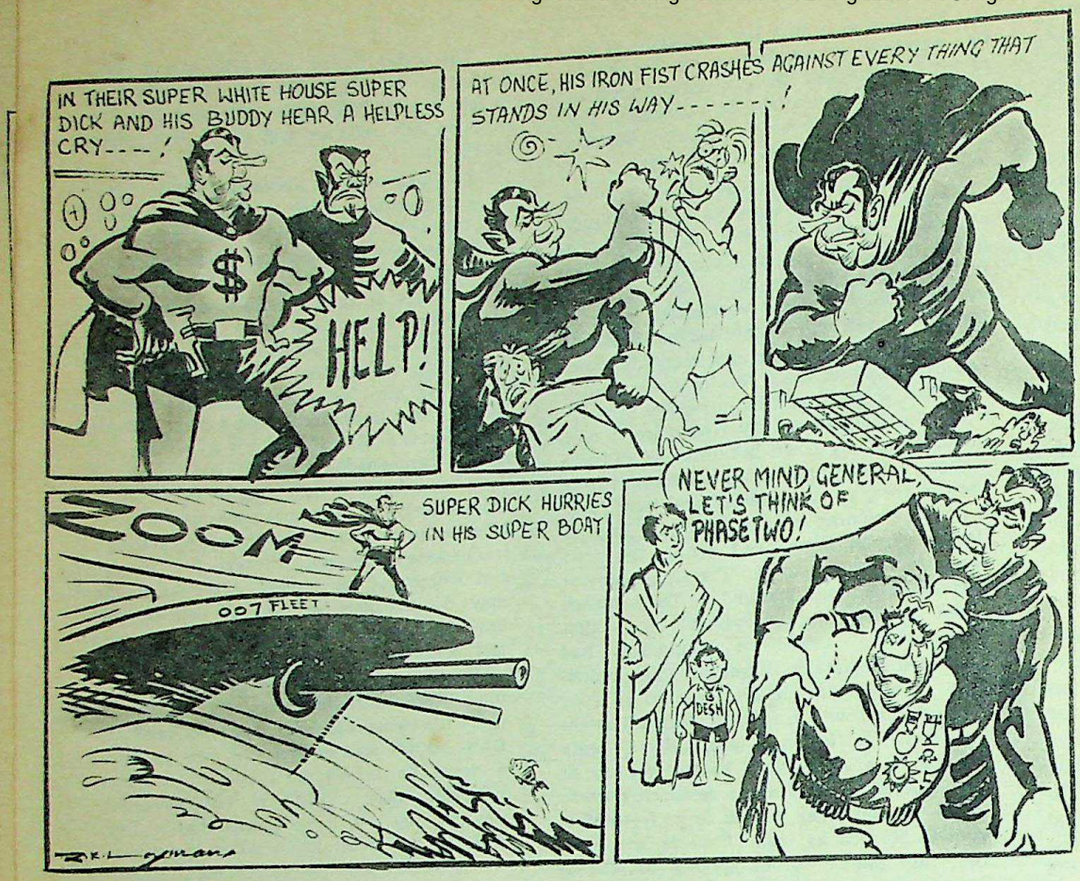
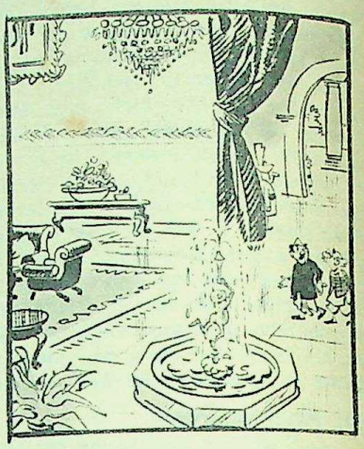


R. K. LAXMAN

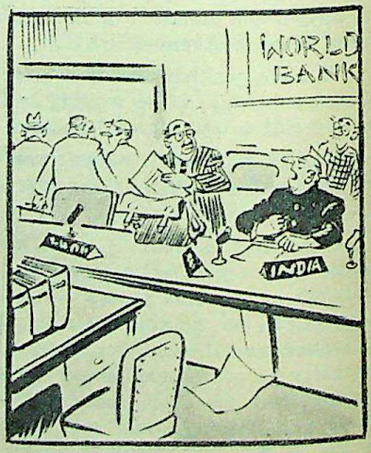
A Selection From His Recent Best

YOU SAID IT



"Unfortunately I have to live in a place like this because foreign dignitaries may stay here as my guests!"

"Don't get discouraged. The majority is with you—unfortunately it has not turned up at this meeting!"



"I firmly believe that the poor of the world do not derive any benefit from this institution and it should be nationalised!"

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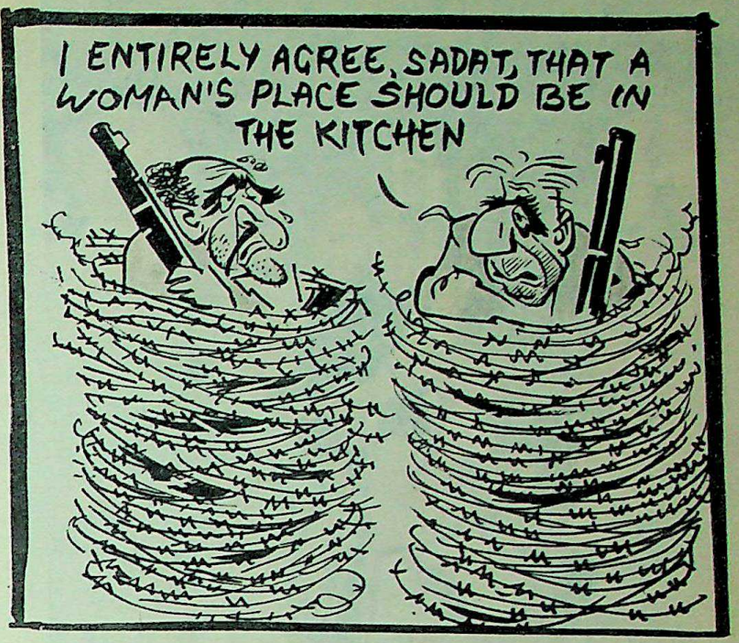
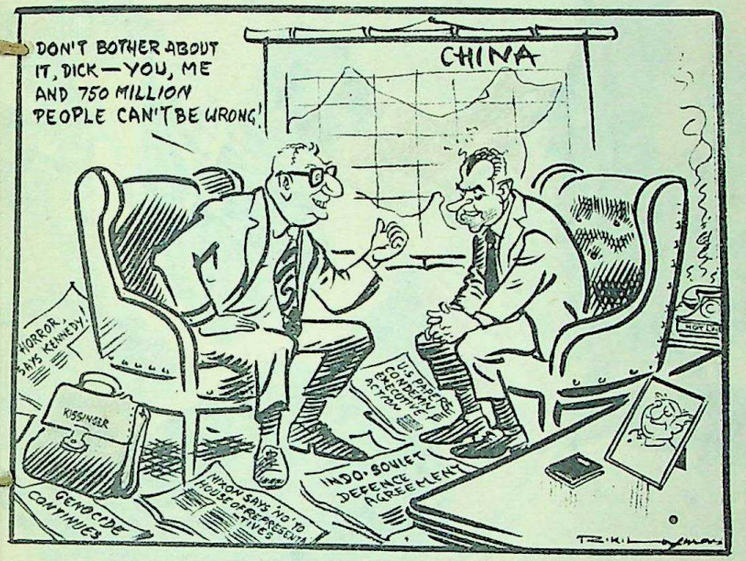
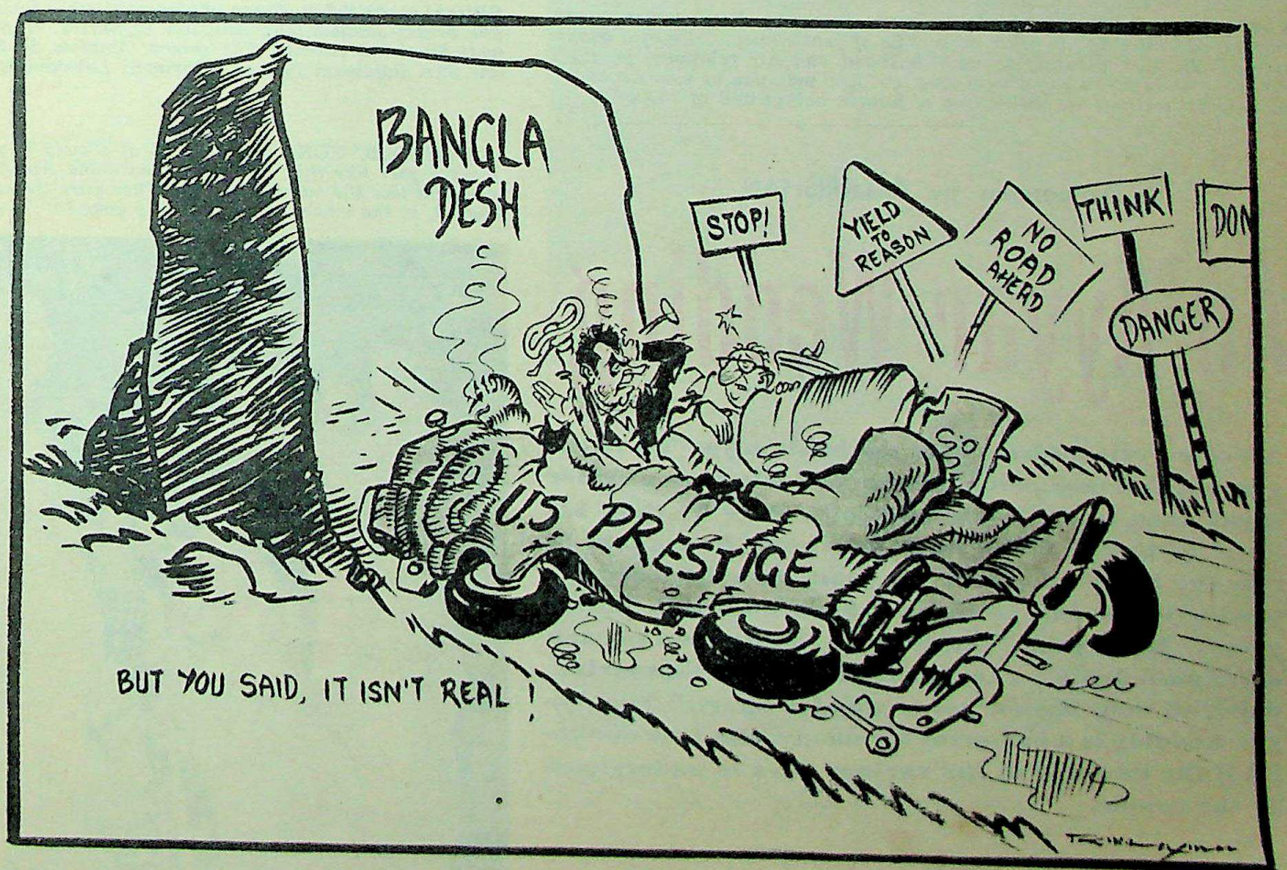




R. K. Laxman is one of the world's great cartoonists—probably the greatest. His forceful comments on the political scene are in the nature of the last word in a debate.

Laxman's excellent draughtsmanship further accentuates his individuality. To the readers of "The Times of India" his cartoons have become as indispensable as their morning cup of tea or coffee. Apparently Laxman's first influence has been David Low and this has indeed contributed greatly to his present-day stature.

As a humorist, Laxman reveals the same insight and subtlety of observation as his distinguished brother, R. K. Narayan.



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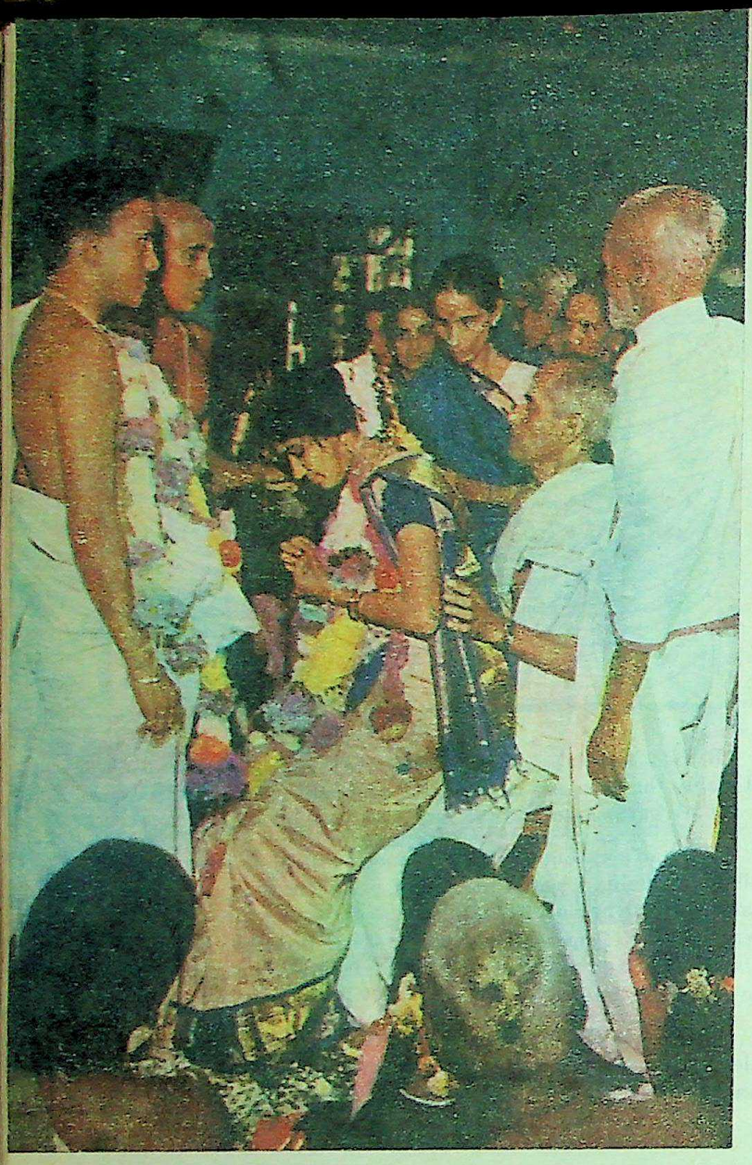


KANYAKADANAM. The bride is gifted away by her parents. One mantra, addressed to the bride, says: "Be of gentle eyes... Be of a good mind... Be ever pleasing to your husband and his relations, be the mother of children endowed with long life. And may you be ever devoted to the gods, seeking the well-being of human beings and of cattle."

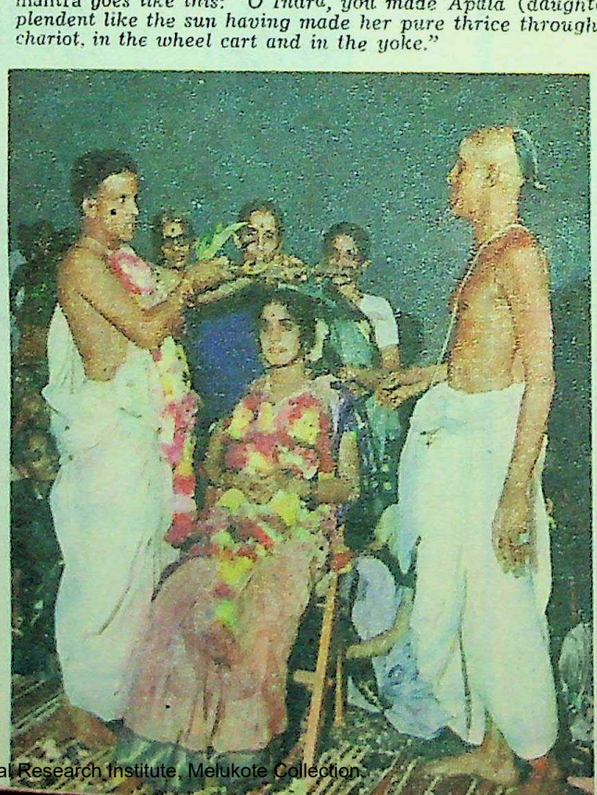
BRIDAL MAKE-UP. These photographs were taken at a Bombay wedding. The bride: Jwalamukhi, daughter of Shri T. S. Sundaram Iyer and Shrimati Sivakami Ammal. The groom: Captain R. Subramanian, son of the late Shri Rajamani Iyer and Shrimati Lakshmi Ammal.

Photographs by BALKRISHAN

An Ayyar Wedding

A Vedic hymn addressed to the bride says: "Go to the (groom's) house as the household's mistress; as ruler speak thou to the household folk. Here be thou beloved with your children; in this home be vigilant to rule thy household. With the man, your husband, be productive; speak ye to your household folk full of years." Manu said: "Let there be faithfulness to each other until death... Let husband and wife ever strive, doing all their duties, not to wander apart." The Ayyar wedding is a colourful ceremony. But it is doubtful if the meaning of the various rites is understood by the couple.

A SYMBOLIC YOKE in the form of a twig is placed on the bride. The mantra goes like this: "O Indra, you made Apala (daughter of Atri) resplendent like the sun having made her pure thrice through the hole in the chariot, in the wheel cart and in the yoke."



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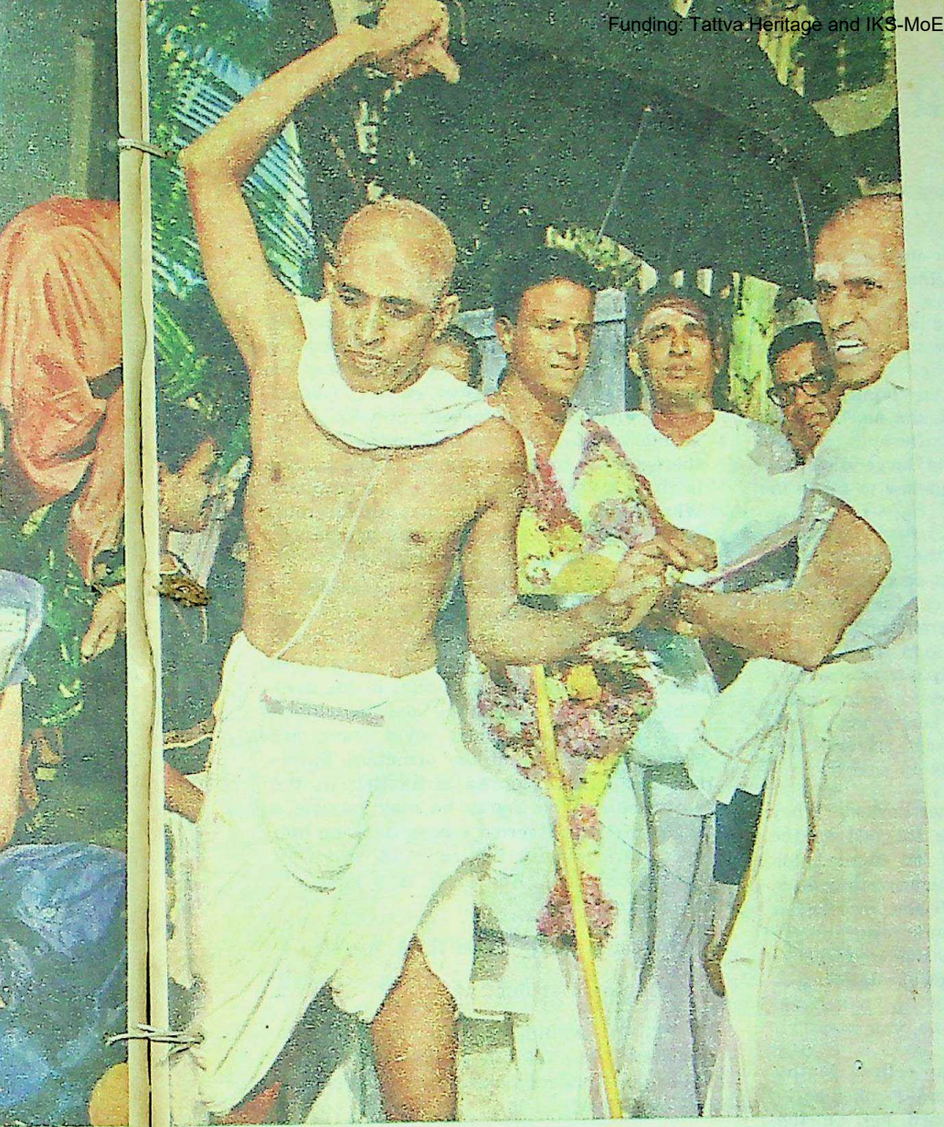

A PRIEST BREAKS A COCONUT (to ward off evil spirits) after the groom returns from the Kashiyatra, or the mock pilgrimage to Kashi. This is followed by a number of rites to ward off evil spirits—in one of them the pair sit on a swing and elderly women go round them with lamps.

MANGALYASUTRADHARANAM—tying the tali. While putting the thread round the neck of the bride, the groom wishes her a hundred autumns. This ceremony has no Vedic significance, but it is regarded as very important. A Tamil wife cherishes nothing more than her tali.

AFTER THE SAPTAPADI or taking the seven steps together. Manu says: "The marriage mantras are certain proof of wifehood. But the learned should know that they are complete with the seven steps."

LAJAHOMA—puffed rice is offered into the fire. The hymn uttered on the occasion: "O Agni, this woman says the prayer, 'May my husband have long life. May he live a hundred years.'"

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Anantasivasubrahmanya Ayyar, B.A., B.L.

by R. G. K.

An obsession with cowdung and coffee, law and music.

HARIKESANALLUR Hariharasubrahmanya Ayyar came of a distinguished line. Among his ancestors he claimed one who had been a minister to the Nawab of Arcot and another who had been a dubash to the East India Company. A third had been an illustrious *advaitin* (monist), the vanquisher in debate of ten Varanasi pandits on the philosophy of Sankara.

When he was twenty "His Highness" (Harikesanallur Harihara, etc., Ayyar was known as H.H. for short) joined the district collector's office in Tanjavur. The D.C., Mr Jackson, liked him and made him head clerk, ignoring the claims of fifteen others. Among his aggrieved colleagues were Ramasubban, an Ayyar himself, and Varadarajulu Naidu. They spread the story that H.H. washed Mrs Jackson's clothes. Ayyar scotched this rumour by remarking, "My grandfather Paramasiva Sastri knew the four Vedas. I wouldn't even touch Mrs Jackson. As for washing her clothes, killing a cow would be less heinous..."

H. H. Ayyar's wife Alamelu Ammal was strict in her religious observances. She bathed at least four times a day on one pretext or another, such as having been "polluted" by a low-caste or having stepped on a grain of rice left over from a meal.

In due course a son and daughter were born to them. When the son Muthukrishnan was twenty he was married to Visalakshi, the daughter of a landowner from Ambasamudram. With the coming of the daughter-in-law, Alamelu Ammal retired from her household duties, handing over the "keys" to Visalam.

The young daughter-in-law got up at four in the morning, milked the two cows and washed the kitchen with cowdung. Sometimes she wondered whether the two cows were kept for their milk or for their dung. For her life seemed to revolve around cowdung. After the family had its meal, morning and night, she had to smear the floor with it. In the afternoon she had to beat the cowdung into large discs and dry them for her father-in-law to make the holy fire in the morning.

Every sixth day of the waxing moon, H. H. Ayyar performed a ceremony to the wrathful Rudra, washing the Sivalinga eleven times with a different oil or a different concoction. At the end the members of the family partook of *panchagavya* consisting of cowdung and cow's urine, milk, curds and ghee. "It will purify your body and soul," Ayyar would say. "It will destroy your sins as fire burns up wood."

Visalam saw little of her husband. They were not allowed to share the bed on the full moon and new moon, on Ekadasi, on Sundays and Mondays and many other days. Muthu liked Visalam. "Isn't she, true to her name, wide-eyed?" he would ask himself. "One day I'll make her a *kasimalai* (a necklace of gold coins) and a jewel-studded girdle." He wouldn't call her by name. He would shout, "*Diii*," or "*O-ho*, you there!"

At the time of a lunar eclipse Muthu made this sound. When Visalam obediently presented herself he touched her on the shoulder. (Ayyars never kissed in those days —the act called for the application of cowdung to the lips.) And when Muthu touched Visalam in this fashion Alamelu Ammal saw it all and burst down upon the couple. "You shameless woman, haven't you any self-control?" she told Visalam. "Don't you know it's unclean to touch your husband during an eclipse?" Muthu ran and hid behind a pillar.

Meanwhile, Muthu's sister Annapurneswari was "growing up". Her mother saw that she was growing up. One morning she said to her husband, "*Enna, enna*... Haven't you noticed your daughter's growth." (She sounded as if Annam was a tree.) "You sit there on the pial chewing betel leaves. She is already twelve and there'll be a scandal." What Alamelu meant was that Annam must be married off before she came of age.

SO H. H. took his daughter's horoscope to the astrologer, Subbaraya Sarma. Sarma compared it with the horoscopes of nine boys, but with no luck. When he came to the tenth there was a look of satisfaction in his eyes. "This I think is all right. Your daughter's Mars is afflicted. This boy's stars are counterpoised to meet the affliction. Moreover his lord of karma is exalted in the tenth house. Who knows he may become a magistrate with liveried sepoys flanking him as he strides past the rows of shops in Manambuchavadi. But there is a snag..." he paused.

"What is that?" asked H. H. Ayyar.

"He has a squint."

"That's nothing serious in a future magistrate. I'm told in squint-eyed people reside the Goddess Lakshmi resplendent on her lotus-seat."

"Well said," remarked Sarma. "Shall I go ahead? How much dowry will you pay?"

"Five hundred in cash, ten sovereigns' worth of jewellery, silver, bell-metal, copper and brass vessels for two hundred rupees."

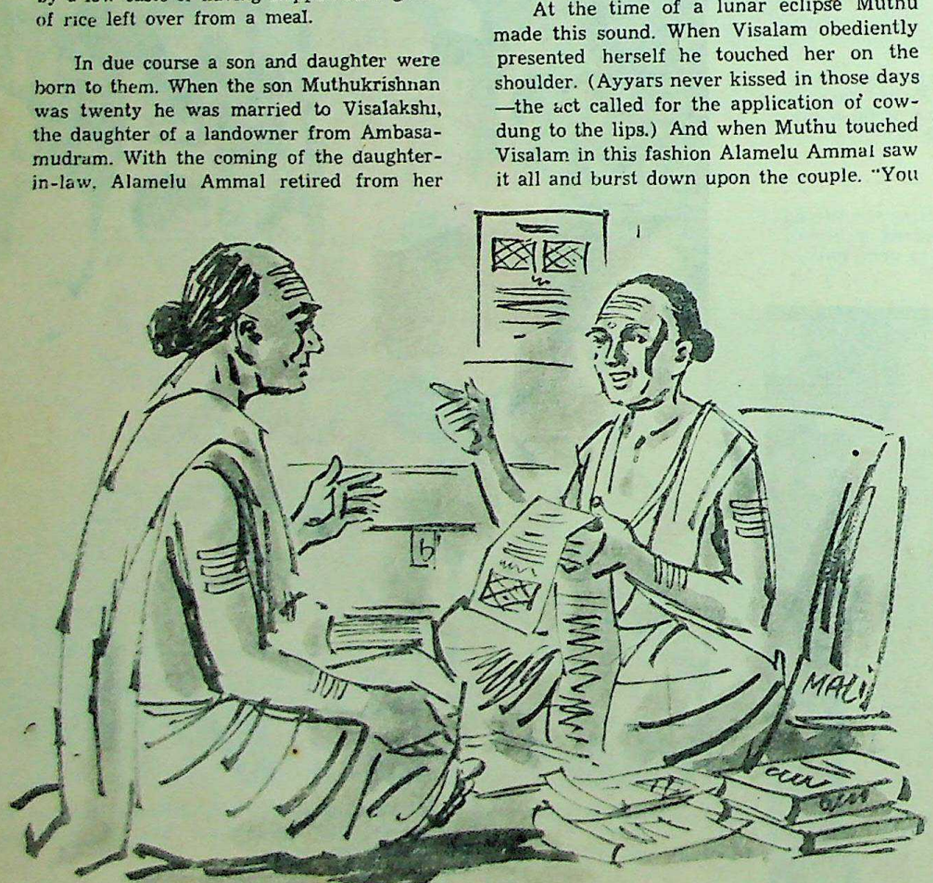
"Five hundred rupees for a future magistrate? You must pay at least a thousand."

"A thousand for a squint-eyed fellow?" asked H.H.

There was a long argument about the dowry. Eventually they settled for six hundred rupees. Sarma met the groom's people. They said they wanted to have a "look" at the girl.

After a week the groom and his parents came to Tanjavur from Manambuchavadi. Little Annam, in *pavadai* and *melakku*, prostrated herself before the visitors. She played the vina and sang two compositions of Tyagaraja and three of Dikshitar. The boy's father, Subburatnam Ayyar, said that her raga Shanmukhapriya resembled Simhendramadhyamam. She had also no sense of rhythm, no *talajnana*.

"She is a child," pleaded H. H. Ayyar. "We have got her the best of tutors—a descendant of Pattanam Subrahmanya Ayyar's maternal cousin."



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The boy's mother demanded an *adyakai*, a necklace with a jewel-studded pendant. H. H. protested, he couldn't afford it. From behind the door he heard the sound *"Enna-enna"*. It was his wife calling him for a secret conclave. H. H. and Alamelu had a hurried consultation. "This is a good *case*," she said. "You must not let it go. Agree to all their demands. You've ten acres watered by the Kaveri. Sell five."

H.H. succumbed and said yes to every demand made by Subburatnam Ayyar and his wife Kamalambal.

IDDALI and coffee were brought to the guests. Sampling the *iddali*, Subburatnam Ayyar said in English, "There is something wrong with the constancy of this."

"Constancy?" repeated H.H. not understanding. He had learnt English from Vettalaguntu Venkatarama Ayyar who himself had learnt it from Macpherson, an "authority" on Nesfield's grammar.

"Yes, I mean constancy," went on Subburatnam. "The rice is not mixed in proper proportion with the black gram. And your coffee is *below par*."

"Below par?" H.H. did not understand again.

"Yes, I mean below par. Good coffee is the colour of sandalwood paste. It must be made of freshly ground peaberry. You must use the milk of a black cow which should not be overheated."

"What shoud not be overheated?" asked H.H. One of his hobbies was to "analyse" sentences. Once he had found two badly constructed sentences in a *Hindu* editorial and had told Mr Jackson about it.

"Of course the milk should not be overheated," said Subbu, etc., Ayyar showing impatience. "Your coffee smells of firewood."

H.H. explained: "As a matter of fact we didn't use firewood to make this coffee. My uncle's son-in-law is in Bombay. He gave me a pressure-stove when he was here on leave. This coffee was made on this stove."

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed Subbu Ayyar. "I was not far wrong. It had something to do with your fuelling system, your heating arrangement. Your coffee smelt also of kerosene."

Mercifully he didn't go on with the discourse. He had to catch a train for Manamadurai to be there in time for a music recital by Nellimulli Nilakantha Bhagavatar. As he took leave he said, "I've one more *stipulation*: you must have for the marriage nagaswaram by Pakkiriswami Annadurai Pillai."

ON an auspicious day, after the sun had crossed the tropic of Capricorn, Annam and Matrubhutam were married. Invitees came from all parts of the South, cousins once and twice removed, their in-laws and their in-laws' cousins. Subburatnam Ayyar kicked up a row over the coffee. His wife pulled a long face—she wasn't satisfied with the size of the *laddus* which she had *stipulated* should have been as large as coconuts. She also grumbled about the length of Annam's hair. "My daughter's hair comes down to her ankles," she boasted.

Annam continued to stay with her parents until she came of age. They celebrated her "attainment of puberty" with a feast. Married and unmarried teenage girls gathered around. They sang ribald songs which H. H. Ayyar pretended not to listen.

A month later Annam's *ritusanti* (consummation of marriage) was performed. As she was thrust into *the room*, middle-aged women sang songs that tickled middle-aged men. Annam didn't know what to say to her husband and Matu didn't know what to do with her. For the first few minutes he grunted and coughed. Then he had a brainwave. He asked Annam, "Have you read Kalidasa's *Sakuntalam?*" She nodded her head: it meant neither yes nor no. Puzzled, Matrubhutam asked again, "Do you know geometry? I know Euclid by heart. *By heart* I tell you." Annam yawned and fell asleep. Her husband said a prayer to Hanuman and retired to bed.

Next morning Matu took Annam to Manambuchavadi. For the journey they had six "tiffin boxes" filled with lime rice, til rice, coconut rice, curd rice, *iddalis* and *dosais*. (The Ayyar idea of a honeymoon is a visit to the kitchen.) At Manambuchavadi Annam was received by her in-laws with *arati*. The neighbours greeted her and said, "Kamalambal is lucky. Her daughter-in-law is the very picture of Mahalakshmi." (The Ayyar picture of Mahalakshmi is no better than Ravi Varma's. It is that of a mannequin in a celestial shop-window.)

WITH the daughter thus "disposed of", H.H. and Alamelu Ammal had no more cares. Muthu was now a primary school-teacher on a salary of ten rupees. With the money spent on Annam's marriage—and the property sold—the family was in reduced circumstances. Muthu had wanted to make a pair of gold bangles for his wife. One night he said to her, "You're so beautiful. You should have married a *mirasdar* (big landowner). I haven't bought you even an earring."

Visalam turned her face away as Muthu tried to hold it. She said coyly, "Don't say such things. It's a sin to think of another man. I've only one wish: you must send our son Anantan to college. What else have I to look forward to but die with turmeric on my face, and *kumkumam* on my forehead?" Muthu disclosed that he had been promoted to headmaster on twenty-five rupees a month. Visalam smiled, said nothing. Playfully her husband pulled her to his side by her hair. She was sweeter today than ever before and smelt of jasmines and pandanus. Visalam chided him, "We weren't married yesterday. Minakshi may be watching."

MINAKSHI. She was Anantan's sister and twelve years old. Soon she would come of age. Visalam wanted her to be married off. Muthu said no. Times had changed, there was no shame now in post-puberty marriages. Visalam however was afraid that Minakshi looked "too grown". She had overheard on the river-ghat a neighbour remark

to another, "Hasn't Visalam noticed her daughter's burgeoning breasts?"

The mother saw the daughter speaking to a thirteen-year-old boy, Sundararaman. Visalam informed her husband about it. "You must control your daughter," she said. "Or else she'll run away with some loafer. Why don't you marry her to Chuppamani, the cook from the Malayalam country, if you can't find a better groom? He looks like a prince though he wields a ladle." (Ayyar brahmin women think no end of kshatriyas. To them a handsome groom is a raja or a *rajakumaran*.)

Anantan was a studious lad who excelled in Sanskrit and mathematics. His headmaster had told Muthu, "You must be proud of Anantan. Send him to college next year. He'll become a judge." (All Ayyars became either headmasters or judges. Failing which they became musicians or accountants.) Anantan himself was a little nervous of the prospect of going to college. His *kudumi* (tuft of hair) would be an object of ridicule. Anantan thought of Ramamurti, two years older, who was in college. Ramu wore earrings and had his long hair plaited. One day a boy sitting behind him cut off his hair.

The first "outside girl" that Anantan spoke to was a neighbour's daughter. "Has mother left the key to the door of our house with you?" These were the words he spoke and after speaking them he was breathless for ten minutes. The girl flung the key at him. (Ayyar boys and girls hurled things at each other to avoid "touching".) For all his shyness Anantan secretly liked the presence of girls, but felt guilty about it. Minakshi's friend, Subbulakshmi, was beautiful. She once visited his house, and Anantan could not forget the fragrance of flowers that she left behind.

Like some other boys of his age he didn't take an interest in local scandals. For example there was Rao Bahadur Kuppuswami Ayyar, chariman of the Dharmaposhini

—Continued

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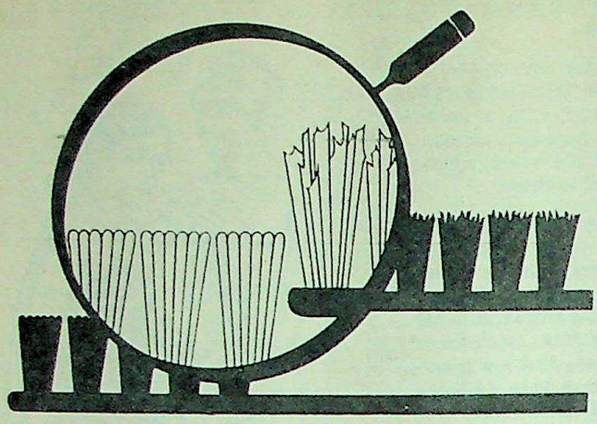

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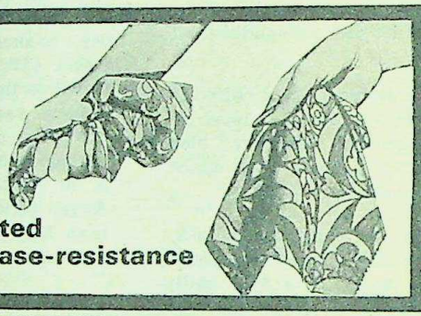

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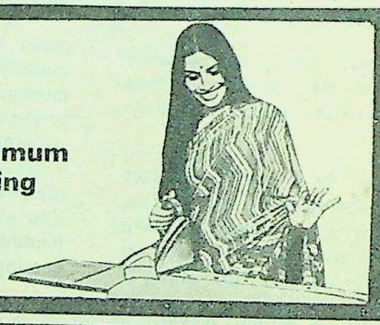

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Samajam (society to nourish dharma). He was a lawyer who often told his juniors, "The law is a jealous mistress." But in the Rao Bahadur's own case the statement was not correct, for he had a flourishing practice despite having three other mistresses. There was then the young widow Tailambal who kept a paying guest and malicious stories were told linking them together. The boys often talked about these scandals, while Anantan memorised a canto from the *Raghuvamsam*.

When Anantan passed his Matric help came from an unexpected quarter. A distant relative, a big lawyer from Trivandrum, took him there with the promise to make the boy an advocate in six years. His name was Kilimanoor Venkatakrishna Ayyar.

"Do you know who Kilimanoor is?" Muthu asked his wife. "I'll tell you. His family too once belonged to Harikesanallur. His great-great-grandfather was invited by the Maharaja of Cochin to be his 'palace pandit'. He had written a commentary on Panini which he alone could explain. His son was a dud and after the father's death he was employed as a cook by Atakkamaram Somayaji Karttikeyan Namputiri of Vazhiyakattu Mana. The cook's son turned out to be an intelligent boy. The Namputiri taught him grammar and astrology. When he was twenty his father, the cook, died; the Namputiri lost all his property in a dispute. So he went to Kilimanoor where he practised as an astrologer. He became so famous for his predictions that even today people talk of Seshayya Sastri in the Malayalam country.

"Seshayya Sastri's son Suryanarayana Pattar was a dud. Duds seemed to alternate in their family. He spent all his father's money on women. He even sold all the property that Seshayya Sastri had acquired. Pattar took no care of his children, legitimate and illegitimate. Venkatakrishnan was his eldest child. A purohit called Chamu Vadhyar took a liking to him and taught him a few Vedic hymns. But Venkittu was ambitious. He went to Trivandrum, made a little cash every day by assisting the local priests, ate at the *uttupura* (feeding house attached to a Kerala temple) and went to school, then to college. Today Venkatakrishna Ayyar is the leading lawyer of Trivandrum."

"But you haven't told me the whole story," said Visalam. "I too know something about him. I remember mother-in-law talking about him. Your dear Venkittu has a lame daughter, Parukutti. I think his idea in taking away your son is to make him his son-in-law."

THREE years passed. H. H. Ayyar and Alamelu Ammal were no more. Poor Annam, she was now a widow with eight children. When Muthu and Visalam saw her with her shaven head they wept. Minakshi could not be married off. Muthu was having a trying time. He was sitting with a worried look on the pial of his house when the postman came and gave him a letter. When he opened and read it he couldn't believe his eyes. Kilimanoor was asking Minakshi's hand in marriage for his son Suri. No dowry was to be paid, the marriage was to be conducted by the groom's party.

Muthu broke the news joyously to his wife. Visalam wasn't moved. She said, "Didn't I say that your Venkittu was a tricky man? By your own logic his son must be a dud."

"*Appa*," came a voice from inside. It was Minakshi. "*Appa*," she said, "give me over to Chuppamani the cook. I'll not marry a dud."

Muthu tried to convince Visalam and Minakshi of the advantages of accepting the lawyer's proposal. First of all they weren't sure if Suri was a dud. ("Why not write to Anantan to find out," Visalam interrupted.) Then if you refused to accept him, his father would stop Anantan's education. Minakshi, moreover, could live in affluence.

That night Minakshi left her home. In the morning there was an uproar when her absence was discovered. All Tanjavur talked about it. Muthu and Visalam nearly died of shame. To them it was THE END. They had hoped to become the parents of a lawyer, of a judge. They had dreamt of going to Trivandrum and being affectionately received by Anantasivasubrahmanya Ayyar, B.A., B.L.

Ticketless Travel

—*Continued From Page* 31

Nitu cocked his head. "Cah...Wah... Cah," he replied. "Crow-dropping crud, upon Upanishad. Om Shanti!"

A. Banerjee seemed to understand. "A brahmin's curse on you," he roared, "May you be reborn as a..." but then he stopped and shrugged his shoulders. What difference does it make? Where can a crow go with his filthy karma? A brahmin's curse would be wasted. There's nothing to be done. He stared angrily at Nitu for a long time.

Nitu twisted his head from side to side but kept his eye on A. Banerjee. "Cah... cah," he said, pointing his beak at the brahmin. When he flew off at last, there was a notable confidence in his manner.

That evening he settled on a mango tree in an orchard where many other crows had gathered for the night. He made new acquaintances without revealing his innermost secret, and fell asleep among the mango blossoms knowing he would live happily ever after. The next morning he returned to Chakraborty Lane and greeted A. Banerjee cheerfully.

The brahmin cursed him in reply. "Son of a bitch," he growled, but now there was a note of despair in his voice as if he knew what was destined to be. Once a crow had found you he would never forget.

It turned out that his apprehensions were gradually fulfilled. As he sat cooking his *puris* and watching, half angry and half resigned, one day passed into another. Inexorably the hot spring season unfolded into the monsoons, again and again, and Nitu came back each day to perch on the verandah railing across the lane, appearing well-fed, keen-eyed and alert to every chance. Frequently he looked at himself in little pools of water, and though he grew older he seemed to notice no lessening in his good looks. Predictably he lived longer than any other crow of his generation.

It could hardly have been more unexpected, therefore, when without warning he suddenly grew too feeble to hang on any longer. One morning before starting for work in Chakraborty Lane he thought of A. Banerjee and the future, and almost immediately he fell, full of years, out of a mango tree at the height of the mango season.

A. Banerjee noted his absence at once, but for several days he did not close his eyes in meditation. He seemed hesitant to believe in his good fortune. Though he soon was able to recite maxims and useful sayings again, and once in a forgetful moment gave away a free *puri* to a beggar, his eyes often shifted uneasily towards the verandah railing across the lane.

Like everyone in Calcutta he knew stories of crows who after death had not been forgiven their trespasses, and had come back to earth again as crows, only to revenge themselves on those who had trespassed against them. There was this new dread.

It was a full week before A. Banerjee gave up expecting Nitu, but finally his old habits reasserted themselves. Once more he sat relaxed among his wares, lighted the coal fire, and when the oil in the iron pot began to bubble, fell into his old rhythm of cooking *puris*. As he swayed backwards and forwards, dipping and lifting the *puris*, it was as if nothing had ever happened to upset him. The words of a long-interrupted chant came to his lips, and soon he was carried away by the hypnotic beat of his own voice, "Om...Om...Om. Justice and honour..."

One day when he was most moved, and his eyes were closed, he heard a sudden cry coming from his home behind the shop. The sound was muffled by the brick walls of the house, and A. Bannerjee stopped his chant to listen carefully. When the cry was repeated A. Banerjee's mouth opened wide in sudden fear. Though the sound came from the house behind him, his eyes turned apprehensively towards the verandah railing across the lane. There was no mistaking that demanding, insistent little voice. Once more it cried out "Cah...wah...cah!"

"Surely it cannot be," A. Banerjee muttered in anguish. "There must be some mistake."

He listened intently and then he heard his wife's tired voice speaking as sweetly as a cow, "My little son. Coo...Coo...Coo!"

Again the strident little voice, "Cah... wah...cah!"

Only then did A. Banerjee recognise the squawking of a newborn child. He struggled to his knees and gasped, "At last! I have a son. Justice and honour to cows and brahmans. Om...Om...Om!"

With formality he named his son Nityanand, and his wife called him Nitu.

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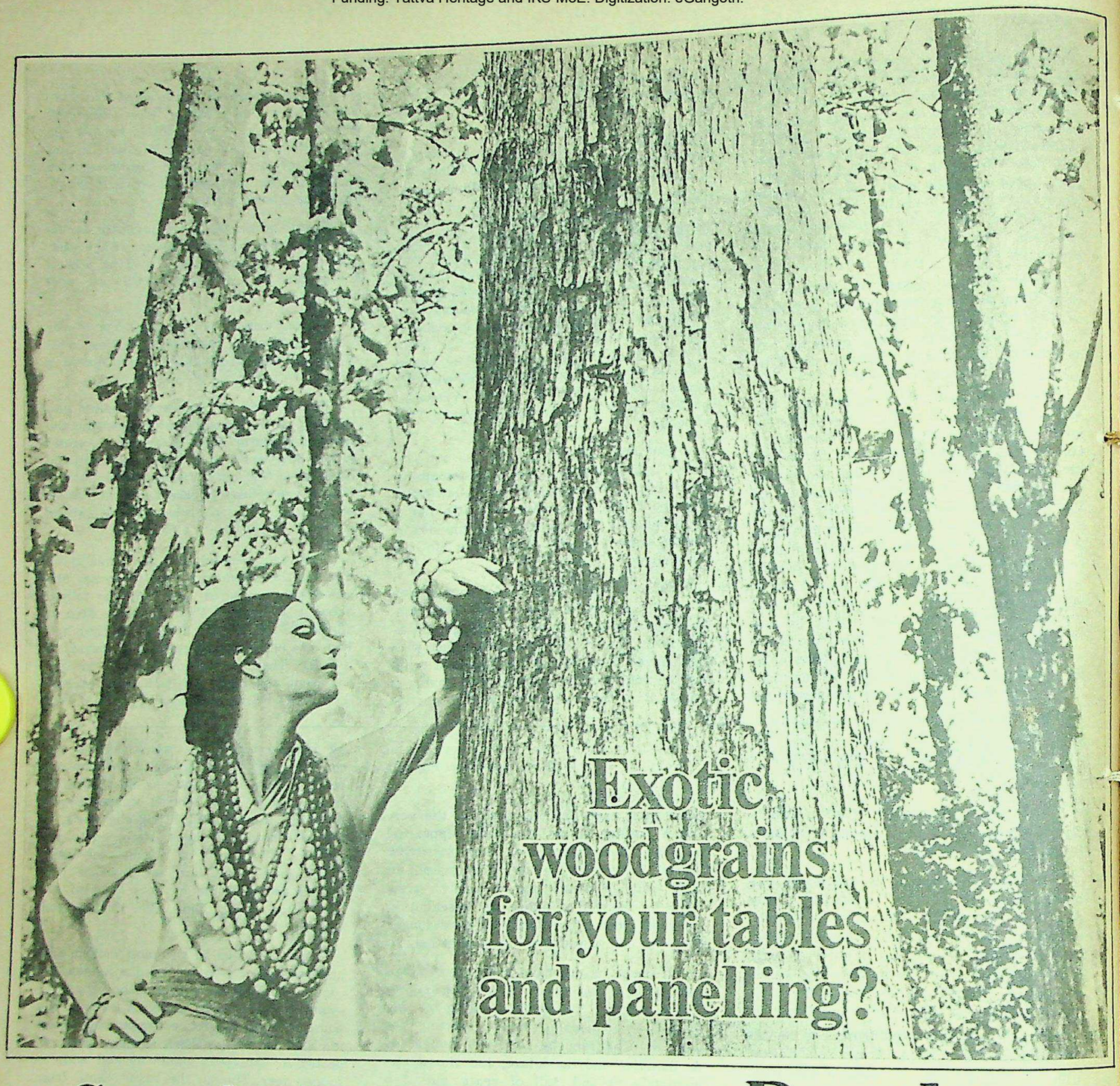

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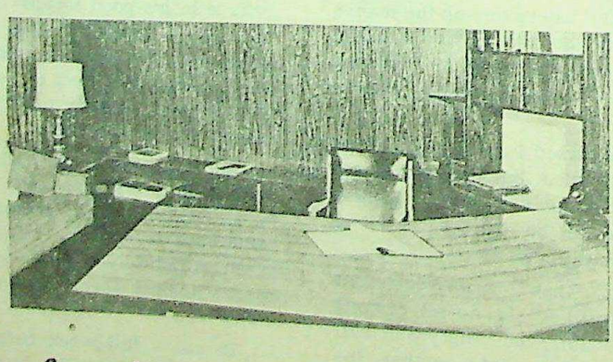

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Meet Mr Bhutto

ZULIFIQAR ALI BHUTTO was born in Larkana, Sind, on January 5, 1928.

His father, the late Sir Shah Nawaz Khan Bhutto, was one of the largest landholders in his province and hence the Chief of Zamindars. He was a Minister to the Government of Bombay for two years (1934-36) and Dewan of Junagadh in Saurashtra till the State was merged in India in 1949. It was at this time that the Bhutto family migrated to Pakistan.

Zulfiqar had his early education in Karachi but thereafter did all his schooling in the well-known Cathedral and John Connon School in Bombay which is generally patronised by the rich elite of the metropolis. The Bhuttos lived in Bombay for several years.

Zulfiqar went abroad for higher education. He graduated from Berkeley, California, and then went to Christ Church College, Oxford. Later he joined the Lincoln's Inn and was called to the Bar in 1953. For a short time he taught International Law at the University of Southampton in England.

Mr Bhutto returned to Pakistan in 1953 and started practising at the High Court in Karachi. He was not able to make a mark as a lawyer probably because of his interest in politics. Being the scion of a rich landed family, he had little difficulty in gaining prominence in his country. His opportunity came when President Ayub Khan proclaimed martial law in 1958 and formed a new government. He appointed Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto Minister for Commerce. Mr Bhutto was then 30. Thereafter he held several portfolios—National Reconstruction and Inform-

—Continued

THE FLAMBOYANT PRESIDENT OF PAKISTAN. In Karachi after his release from house arrest in 1969. His hysterical outbursts and rash, immature pronouncements invariably result in a maze of contradictions. In 1965, he apologised for calling Indians dogs: "I was carried away by my forensic flow." Once in his excitement at a public meeting, Mr Bhutto tore off his jacket.

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ation, Kashmir Affairs; Fuel, Power and Natural Resources and Industry. His appointment as Foreign Minister came in 1963, after he had led his country's delegation for the Indo-Pak talks on Kashmir.

A Hawk

Mr Bhutto served as Foreign Minister from 1963 to 1966. He was mainly responsible for re-orienting Pakistan's foreign policy giving top priority to friendship with China. He has always been a hawk in his dealings with India. He strongly opposed the cease-fire agreement drawn up at Tashkent after the 22-day war in 1965. This led to a rift between him and his mentor, President Ayub Khan. In November 1966 Bhutto resigned from the Ayub Cabinet ostensibly on grounds of ill health.

He returned to the political scene in 1967 as an outspoken critic of President Ayub's dictatorial methods and the corruption that had become rampant. He had been an active member of the Muslim League having also served as its Secretary-General. Now he formed a new left-wing People's Party on December 1, 1967. Mr Bhutto explained his Party's objectives in the following words: "Islam is our faith, democracy is our policy and we believe in the supremacy of the people."

Two years later, he was arrested under Pakistan's Emergency Laws for inciting mob violence. He described his three months' imprisonment as "awful, with flies, mosquitoes, rats in one place and bats in another and a terrible stink all over".

On his release, Mr Bhutto played an active part in the agitations and demonstrations that finally led to the downfall of President Ayub Khan.

The new dictator, Field Marshal Agha Mohamed Yahya Khan, who had promised the people a return to civilian rule kept his word and held elections, for the first time in the history of Pakistan, on the basis of "one man, one vote". Mr Bhutto led his party to the polls. The election results dumbfounded the world: Sheikh Mujib's Awami League won 167 seats out of 169 in East Pakistan and Mr Bhutto's People's Party 84 out of 144 in West Pakistan.

According to parliamentary practice Sheikh Mujib should have been handed over the government of the whole of Pakistan, but Mr Bhutto, as the leader of the majority party in West Pakistan, did not agree. He refused to cooperate with Sheikh Mujib and turned down the 6-point programme of the Awami League, which envisaged a loose federation with maximum autonomy for East Pakistan. This resulted in a deadlock. The Pakistani Army then cracked down upon East Bengal on March 25, committing the worst genocide known in the history of the world. Mr Bhutto heaved a sigh of relief and exclaimed, "Thank God! Pakistan has at last been saved." In the process between one to two million people were massacred and another 10 million fled, seeking shelter in India. The vociferous Mr Bhutto remained a silent spectator to it all. He did not say one word to condemn the military regime or protest against the genocide.

When Mrs Gandhi appealed to world powers to help release Sheikh Mujib, detained in West Pakistan by the military junta, and find a political solution so that the refugees could return to their land with honour and safety, Mr Bhutto sided with Yahya Khan and egged him to go to war with India. He was confident that with China's help, Pakistan would once and for all "teach India a lesson". Yahya Khan struck, but when defeat overwhelmed Pakistan, Mr Bhutto fumed and fumbled and walked out of the Security Council where he was sent to argue his country's case. On his return a defeated and disgraced Yahya Khan stepped down, handing him the reins. Mr Bhutto was sworn in on December 20, 1971, as the President and Chief Marshal Law Administrator of whatever remained of Pakistan, a state now much smaller, both in size and population, than Uttar Pradesh.

A long-cherished dream of an ambitious politician has at last been fulfilled although, as he himself confesses, he has become the captain of a ship enveloped in flames, torn asunder and threatening to sink.

F. R. Z.

DESPAIR. Addressing a Press conference in Washington after the war. The thousand-year war that he threatened lasted fourteen days. The President of Pakistan however has talent and enjoys the confidence of his people. With some restraint he may well steer the nation to stability. Right: *The Champion Walker-Out leaves the Security Council. Mr Bhutto once tried to walk out of a courtroom during the hearing of his detention petition. The judge had to remind him that he was not on a political platform.*

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"MY FRIEND ZULFIE

was a bit of a lad, always in pursuit of women, sometimes unpleasantly so." This was how one of the boys who knew him in his younger days summed up Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto, President of Pakistan.

BACHI J. KARKARIA interviews film star Nargis, who knew Bhutto as the wealthy dilettante, and meets school chums of the young boy who hero-worshipped Jinnah and Mushtaq Ali.

I met a few of Bhutto's friends from his "Cathedral School" days. He had left a similar impression on most of them.

From them I gathered that Bhutto was a nice, average boy in school, "just like any of us". Slim, handsome, fair, somewhat effeminate, fond of good clothes (silk shirts, *et al*), proud of his command over English and a good debater. He hero-worshipped Jinnah. Though the English masters at Cathedral School did not encourage political opinions, Bhutto's passion for politics—through his idolisation of Jinnah—was irrepressible. "His political interest was the only thing that made him different from the rest of us." He used to get terribly excited. Yet, he carefully avoided getting into trouble with the school authorities. And he displayed no communal bias.

His other hero was Mushtaq Ali. Zulfie was a good opening batsman himself.

Yes, he was bawdy in his speech and fond of the bottle, even in those days. He was older than his classmates—he did his Senior Cambridge at about 18. He'd failed in his first attempt—"but," it was charitably conceded, "not because he was unintelligent. He stood between 5th and 10th in class".

None of my "contacts" knew much about his home life ("He was mostly at the CCI or Willingdon Club") though one volunteered the dubious information that "Zulfie had three or four stepbrothers who hated his guts and dismissed him as a *"gaanewalli ka ladka"*.

Teenage Crush

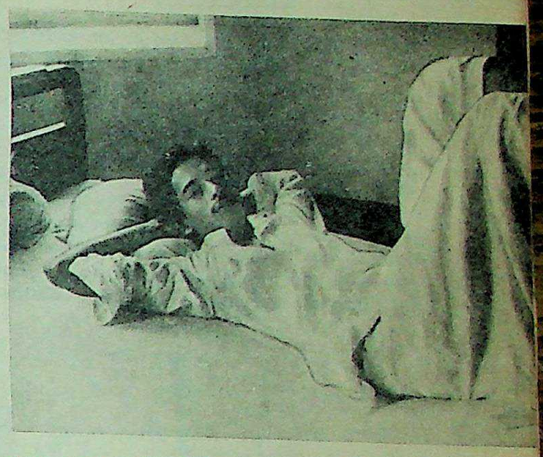
From plush executive suites I moved on to the resplendent bungalow of Nargis and Sunil Dutt.

"I thought Zulifiqar would marry a rich beautiful Muslim girl, take over his father's business, have lots of pretty secretraries, take them along on business trips abroad and continue to live the life of a wealthy playboy," said film star Nargis. She had met him in 1943 when "I was about sixteen and had just entered the film world. My mother was a friend of the notorious star Bibbo who had married Imdad Ali Bhutto, Zulfiqar's brother—or was it his cousin, I never found out the exact relationship. Imdad's brother, Sikander, and Zulfiqar became part of our gang and came along with us to parties, picnics and films. After Partition his family went away to Pakistan and I never had occasion to think of him again, till I saw this name Bhutto appearing in our papers. At first I wasn't sure if it was the same boy I knew—he seemed so different.

"I remember him as a short, fair, slightly effeminate man—always reeking of scent and gin. He used to drink a lot but I don't ever recall his being offensive. On the contrary, he was always a very pleasant type of person. One incident I can remember very vividly. We'd gone to a picnic, yes my parents came too, I think. It was at Juhu, and a rather silly, coquettish Goan girl was there flirting with some foreign sailors. Running towards the sea, she squealed, "Ooh, the beach always reminds me of the days back home." Zulfiqar who was standing nearby said loudly, "Where's 'home'? Goa?"

"Was there anything special between you and him?"

"No, not really. He used to come to the studio very often when I was 'shooting' and the minute he arrived, Begum Para (the star of the 'forties) and I would wink at each other, giggle and generally rag Zulfiqar.



1945—*"ZULFIE" RELAXES at home in Ghia Mansion, Bombay. Mr Bhutto now has two wives and three children.*

There are a lot of stories going round but I don't think he really had any more than a teenage crush on me. It was perhaps the glamour of my being an up-and-coming star that must have appealed to his 'man-of-the world' image. We couldn't help being friends because we used to be part of the same crowd, and Zulfiqar was very charming and likable. He was quite shy really. It was actually his cousin—or brother—Sikander who really terrorised me. He was persistently after me and would continue to threaten suicide if I didn't marry him!"

"Did the young Bhutto ever provide an inkling as to what the later Bhutto would turn out to be?" I asked.

"Never. In fact I cannot reconcile myself to this new image. Bhutto as I knew him was the feudal landlord with princely pleasures—racing, drinking, going on shikar, dancing with a new Anglo-Indian girl every Saturday night. His father was the Dewan of Junagadh and the aura of wealth around him was very apparent. Now he talks only of communism and socialism. I just cannot believe that Zulfiqar can be so aggressive. He has grown up here, he has friends here. How can he hate India the way he does? I have heard—I don't know how true it is—that he had wanted to come back and settle in India, but political factors denied the fulfilment of this wish. Perhaps his attitude is just a vindication—trying to destroy what he could not get."

We talked on, ignoring the folly of trying to settle the Indo-Pak problem in half a social hour. Perhaps President Bhutto would act more responsibly than Politician Bhutto. It required just that wave of the magic wand for all the wisened problems of the subcontinent to melt away. We toasted that future happy day with another cup of tea.

HE MAKES HIS BOW IN PUBLIC LIFE. Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto (in dark jacket, left) attends the first Cabinet meeting after Ayub Khan appointed him a Minister in his Government in 1958. Later he turned against his mentor and brought about his downfall. Claiming credit for Ayub's ouster he said: "An elephant has been roaming about the jungle. Now that he is wounded small animals have come out into the open to claim they wounded him". Ayub Khan does not even mention his erstwhile Foreign Minister in his autobiography, Friends Not Masters.

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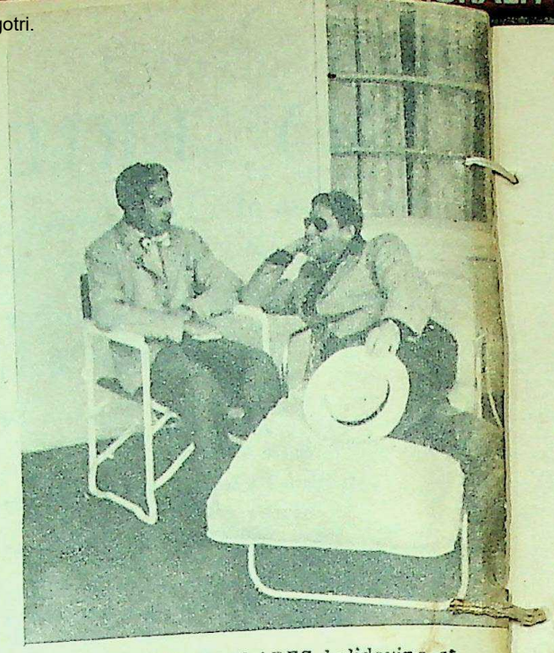
OUR SALAD DAYS

—Piloo Mody

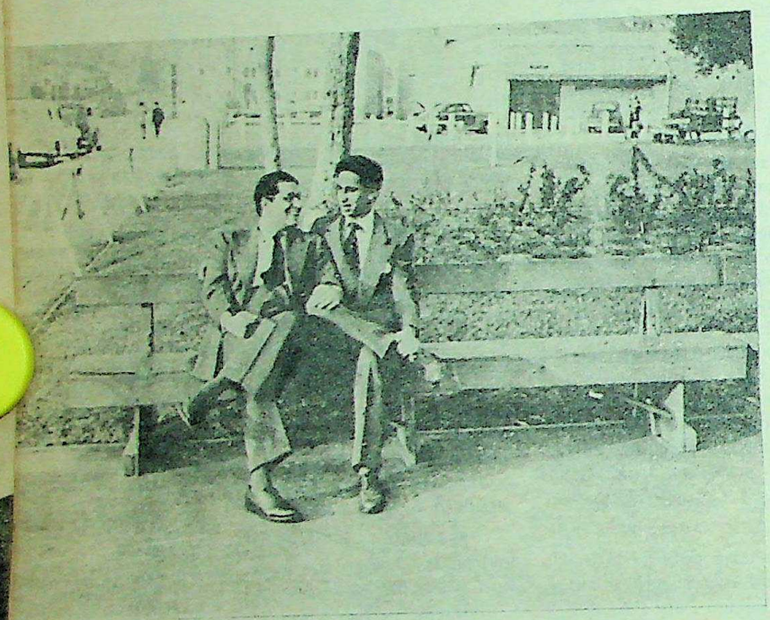
CHANDNI M. SINGH interviews the prominent Swatantra M.P. who was one of "Zulfie's" best friends in school and at the J.J. School of Arts in Bombay and later at Berkeley, California.

"WELL, Zulfie is fond of the girls and the bottle"—the recollections began. "My earliest remembrance of him was as a little boy—much younger than me (all of two years) with a squeaky voice. He seemed well behaved and enthusiastic—actually he was a good friend of a cousin of mine. This was in 1938-39—I was 13 and we were in the same school in Bombay—Cathedral. It was only after he had matured and was doing his Senior Cambridge that I came into intimate association with him. We became very good friends and spent long hours together talking about life, opportunity and politics." (Here, Piloo Mody brought out an album full of photographs of Bhutto and himself as young men.)

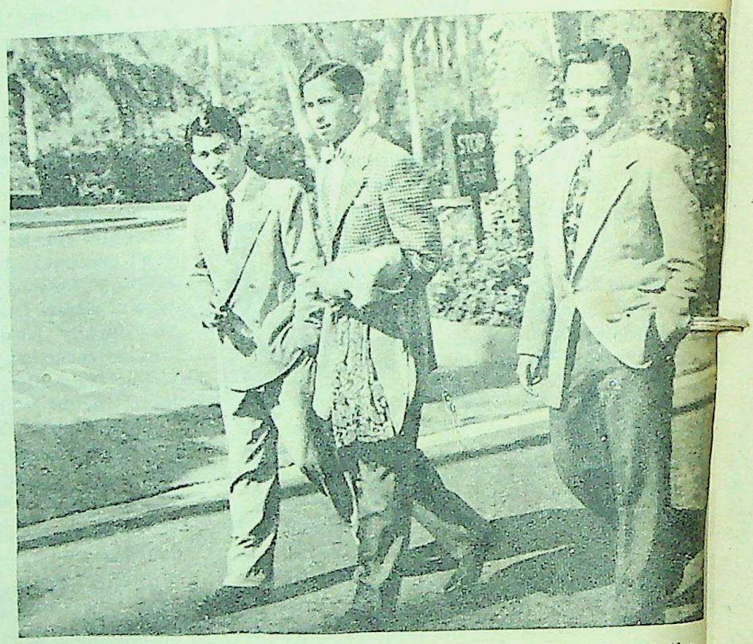
Then he took up the threads again: "He was pro-Jinnah and I was pro-Nehru. Throughout these years I got the impression that he was generous and loyal—and extremely ambitious. We spent long hours chatting by the pool at Bombay's Willingdon Club.



DASHING YOUNG BLADES holidaying at Palm Springs, South California.



PILOO MODY AND ZULIFIQAR ALI BHUTTO in Los Angeles, 1948.



ZULFIE CARRIES PILOO'S COAT. At Berkeley, they shared the same room.

BHUTTO'S PROSPECTS

Foretold by

S. K. KELKAR

ZULFIQAR Ali Bhutto is the first Capricornian President of Pakistan. He was born on January 5, 1928.

Capricornians are born leaders endowed with a sense of responsibility and patience. The Jupiter-Herschel conjunction in his chart makes him argumentative. The Saturn-Mars-Ketu combination indicates capacity to overcome injustice—if necessary with violence. His Moon is eclipsed. The Sun-Mercury combination has made him self-indulgent and makes him exhibit an animal spirit. Venus in the fifth house denotes luck at birth and a beautiful wife. He also has the necessary strength to tackle the present crisis.

In 1972, Jupiter's auspicious transit around his birth Sun betokens confidence and enthusiasm to lead the ravaged country honourably. But unfortunately other planetary positions, together with a chain of eclipses around his radical Sun, do not augur well for his continuance in power for any appreciable length of time.

As against his individual chart, the horoscope of the nation holds out a more arduous job for him than for his predecessor owing to the transit of Saturn over the tenth house-cusp and the peculiar passage of Mars from March 1972 to January 1973. This will lead to the progressive disintegration of West Pakistan, significantly beginning from the middle of March 1972, shaping well from July to September, with a disastrous culmination at the close of the first quarter of 1973.

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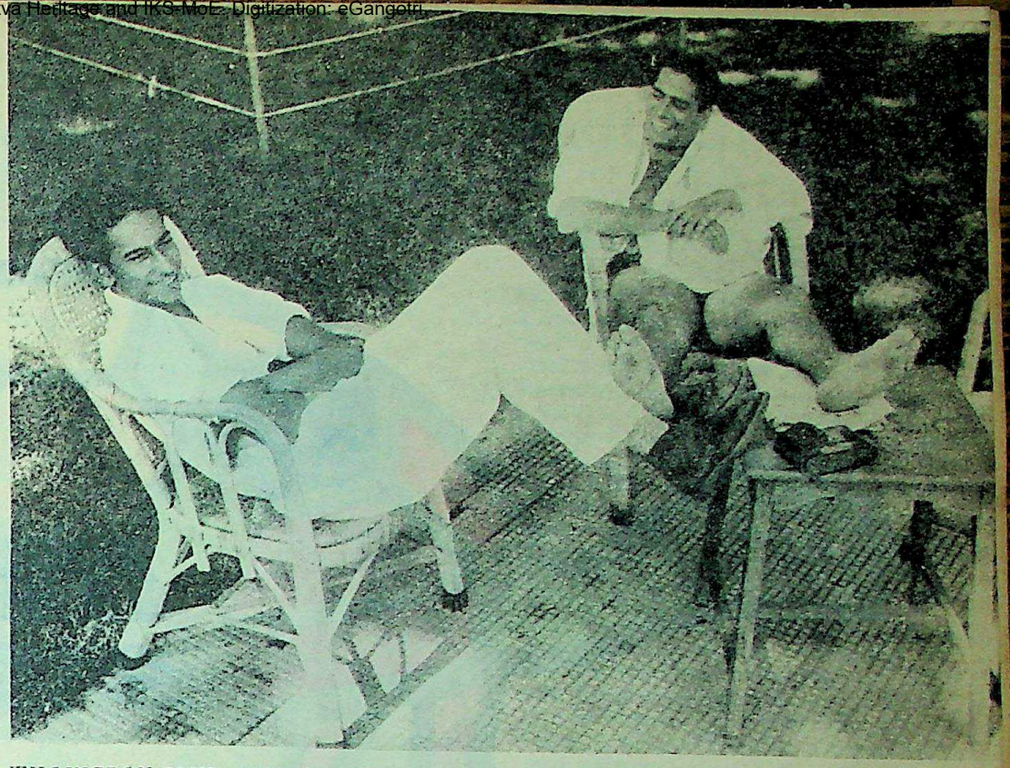

WILLINGDON CLUB, BOMBAY, 1946. Both Piloo and Zulfie spent hours at this exclusive club swimming and playing tennis and squash.

"Then we shared the same room at the University of California. He didn't show much promise in Senior Cambridge, but became brighter as he developed in the University. **Zulfie had almost total recall; he could remember just about everything. He read politics and was inclined to use the information to suit his argument. He was very pro-Partition as he felt his chances of getting to the top were better in Pakistan. I predicted that seven years after he returned to Pakistan he would be a minister—it took him 20 to become President.**"

I asked about Bhutto's habits. Food—"Well, he was fond of good food—*murghi*—Indian food". Dress—"He always dressed very smartly, was very particular about his appearance". ("Don't overplay that," he added.) "As a young man he was very fond of cricket. When the cricket team was going to England he persuaded his father to have suits made for the players so that they would look smart—this was in 1945-46. Mushtaq Ali was a great favourite and a friend of his."

According to Piloo Mody's description of their daily routine while in Bombay, I gathered that Bhutto was leisure-loving. "We used to go to the Willingdon Club at 7.30 a.m.—played tennis and squash and swam till 1 p.m.—had lunch and went to the movies—then went back to the Club. Came home, had dinner with the family and went for a long walk after dinner. We were together at the J. J. School of Arts, Bombay, from 1945 to 1947.

"Zulfie lived across the road from us at Ghia Mansion, Carmichael Road. He was very fond of his *immediate* family. He was always in love—very often in love with the idea of being in love. But there was one girl he was very fond of. I think he never forgot her. Her parents were absolutely against the whole thing. Incidentally, this wasn't the film star Nargis, with whom Zulfie's name was often—but quite baselessly—romantically linked.

"Zulfie was never lavish. He always spent less than he had and he spent most of his money on clothes. His favourite haunt was the Ambassador Hotel in Bombay when it first started.

"But he was impulsive. One night in California he drove a hundred miles from Berkeley to Carmel and back to have a hamburgher and a cup of coffee."

"Did he keep a car?" I asked.

"No, he always used mine," Piloo Mody laughed. "But he lived like my other friends. He happily surrendered his land after the Land Reforms Act."

"Zulfie was a very good mimic—he was excellent at imitating professors and friends. He was very fond of using Latin legal expressions while talking. He had a very large library. Zulfie's is a very powerful personality—either attractive or repulsive—you cannot be indifferent to him. He was very possessive of his friends and never made friends with their friends.

"Not long after Independence Bhutto felt Pakistan had failed—I don't remember why. I can't exactly place the period of time when he acquired his socialistic pretensions. No doubt the infection must have spread from India (let me do some propaganda). But he couldn't differentiate between a welfare state and a socialist, authoritarian society.

"Zulfie was a great admirer of Krishna Menon and thought his performances in the U.N. did a lot for India—drew a lot of attention to the country. Anyway, now Zulfie seems to have taken over from K.M.—with his performances at the U.N."

The last time Piloo Mody met Bhutto was on March 23, 1963, when he interviewed him for the *March of the Nation*. He lost touch with him after California and Lincoln's Inn but met him four times for short periods. "He hadn't changed much and was behaving according to my expectations. He was always anti..." Here Piloo Mody checked himself and made me put my pen down.

He rambled on—but insisted that I keep it "off the record".

Photographs from the album of Piloo Mody

CHRISTMAS 1947 at Los Angeles with other Indian students.

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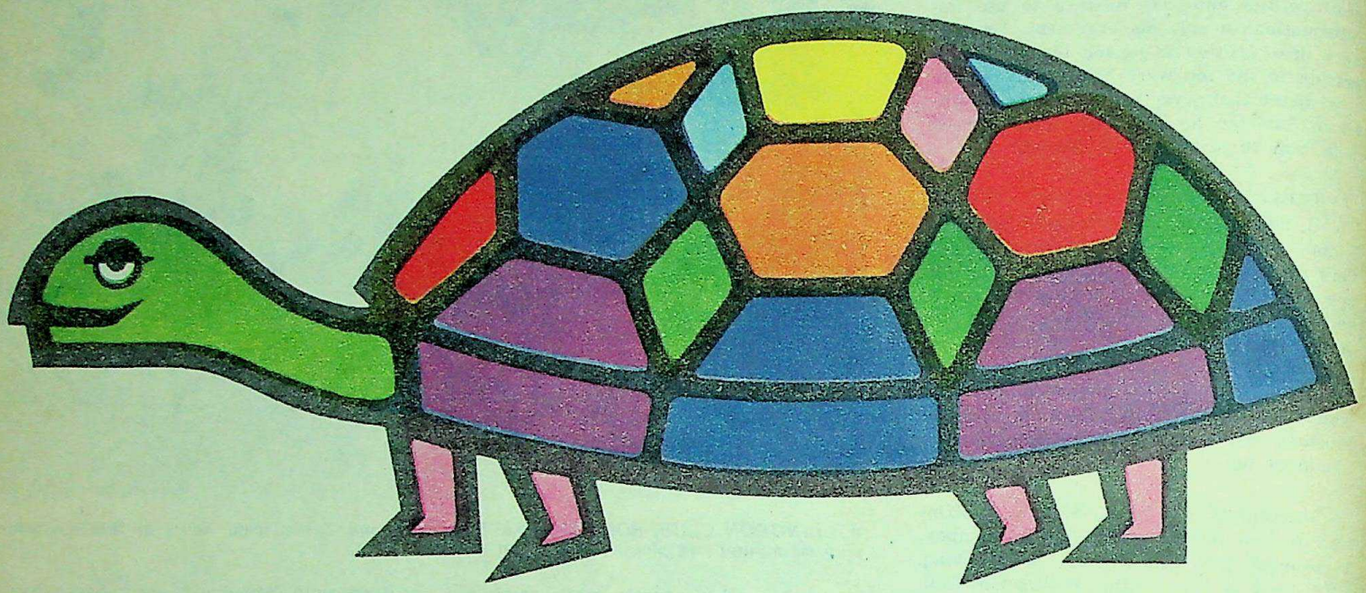

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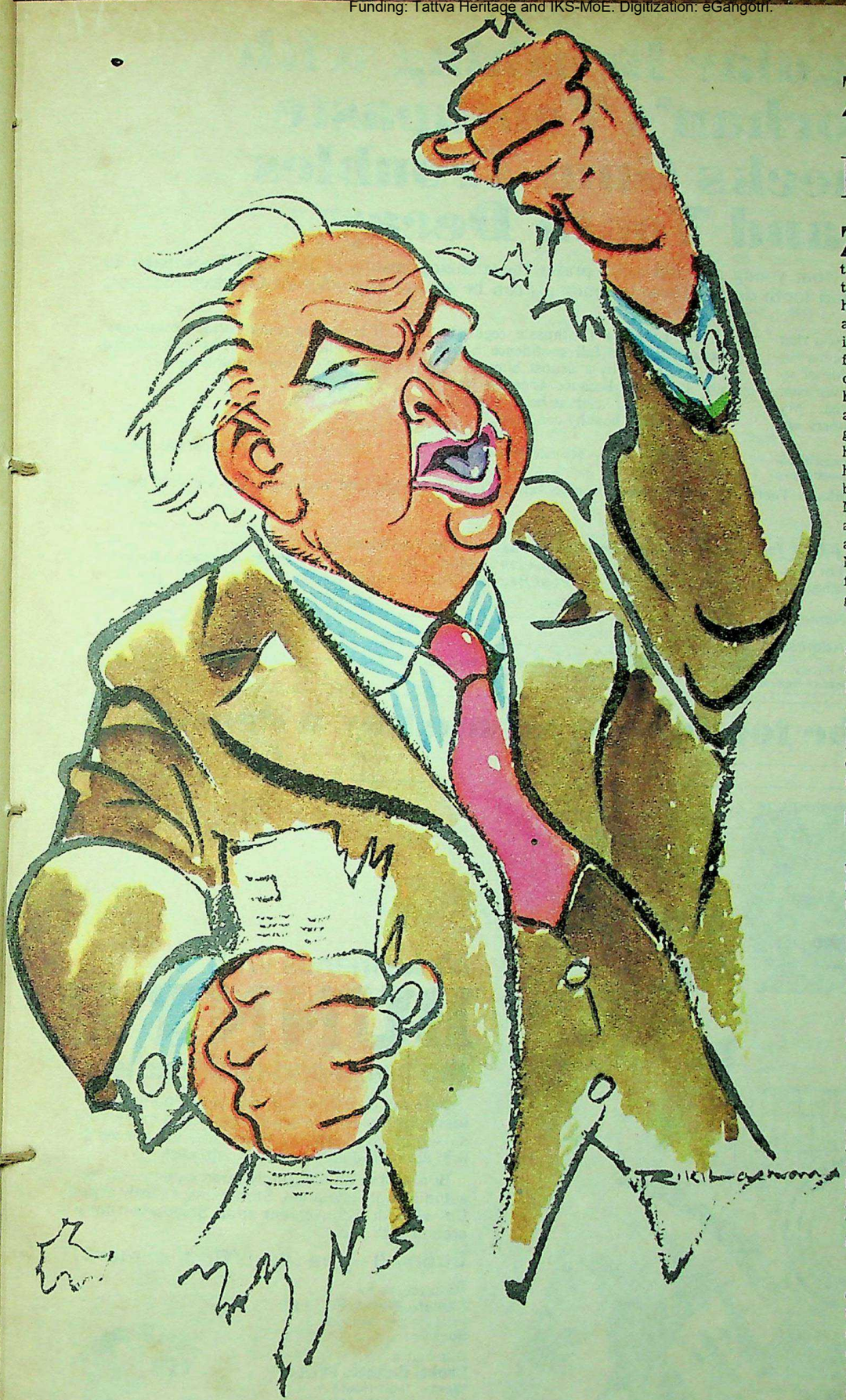

Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto

ZULFIQAR ALI BHUTTO has all the traits of an unstable character. He is at times urbane and sophisticated, at other times brash and petulant. He can deceive himself and deceive others. His chief characteristic is a consuming sense of self-importance. Like a spoilt child he clamours for attention and insists on occupying the centre of the stage. If he is denied his place he will rant and rave and break things in a fit of rage. Today he has reason to congratulate himself: he finds himself where he had always wanted to be. If Yahya Khan had come to a settlement with Sheikh Mujibur Rehman, Bhutto would not have been No. 1 in his country, so he thwarted all attempts to convene the National Assembly after the general election in December 1970. Now he conveniently blames Yahya for the follies to which he himself contributed in good measure.

Bhutto's intellectual gifts are undeniable. He has had the advantages of birth and education—the background of a wealthy Sindhi family and training at Berkeley, Oxford and Lincoln's Inn. He is an impressive speaker and debater and a shrewd politician. But his mind is vitiated by hate and his oratory turns into abuse and his politics into sordid intrigue.

Man of Destiny ?

Bhutto is good at turning every situation to his advantage. Pakistan's hour of shame has come in handy for him to thrust himself before the people as their man of destiny. He is on a rampage, hitting out at everybody. He is sacking generals and officials, threatening to ruin the rich (he himself boasts of his 24-carat gold cuff-links) and, in between, looking daggers at India. He is acting explosively when he should have been acting with restraint. The idea is to impress, to show to Pakistanis and the world that he is master of the situation.

Credit must be given to Bhutto for authoring Sino-Pak friendship when he was Foreign Minister. At that time America watched the development nervously. Ayub Khan got rid of him to please his ally and, at the same time, called him a CIA agent. Today Bhutto is in the happy position of being a friend of both America and China.

It is problematical if a man like Bhutto can lead a nation which has suffered the trauma of a break-up. He can build up passions, but whether he can build a nation is doubtful. Demagogy is no substitute for wise leadership. A thousand-year war with India cannot be a policy, nor can hatred for this country be described as a principle. Pakistan needs a mature statesman and a realistic leader to salvage it from the mess in which earlier military regimes have left it. Bhutto has the intellectual equipment for this task but not the self-discipline that must go with it.

R. G. K.

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They dragged him into a small room where they had just deposited a half-dead boar. After all this strenuous activity, they sank into sofas, panting hard.

Then the watchman was asked to leave them, to report early in the morning. The doors were bolted. They retired into the high-walled kitchen garden where they made a fire and sat around it and drank. When the fire was ripe, they dragged out the boar and roasted it and ate chunks from it and sang and danced.

Long into the night.

ANOTHER knock. Mrs Mity sat up and looked out through the window. It was still dark.

Then, from nowhere, a chill of terror descended on her and invaded her whole being and oozed out in a sweat.

She called the others. The watchman now knew that they had woken up. He stopped knocking.

The Raja Sahib spoke first. "Good morning, everybody. We better arrange for tea now. Well, let me see what happened to that rogue, Shyamal."

Raja Sahib was advancing towards the room where Shyamal had been locked.

"Please don't!" Mrs Mity shrieked and stopped the Raja Sahib from advancing.

The astounded man stuttered, "B—b—but why not?"

Mrs Mity's eyes were wild. She said, "I dont know. But suppose inside that room you see the boar instead of Shyamal?"

"But we roasted and ate up the boar last night, didn't we?"

"But suppose you see the boar instead of Shyamal?"

"But we—didn't we?—ate the boar!"

"But suppose you see the boar instead of Shyamal?"

There was silence for a long time. Then someone said, "But we can go to the kitchen garden. Much of the boar should be still there!"

"For heaven's sake, let us not!" shrieked both Mrs Mity and Mrs Chakadi. "If we see the remains to be not of the boar?"

Silence returned. But each one could see the others shivering.

Two hours later, while Mr Mity was driving, with others sitting lifeless as sandbags, the Raja Sahib tried a laugh and said, "How fantastic was your imagination—or perhaps dream—Mrs Mity! Nevertheless, you made our blood creep. You are really original!"

THERE was no response from Mrs Mity or anyone else. So, the Raja Sahib said again, "Though I have instructed my watchman, who, in the past, has done many difficult things for me, to do the needful in case there had really been a confusion on our part last night, I am sure, Mrs Mity's fear was as unfounded as a ghost."

"Who was not sure of that!" said Messrs Chakodi and Mity. "It was foolish of us that we did not open the room or did not go into the kitchen-garden!"

"I am of course not sure about a ghost being quite unfounded. The bungalow was rumoured to be a haunted house. Ghosts play mischiefs of various sorts. They might very well have played with our ideas, making asses of us!" said the Raja Sahib.

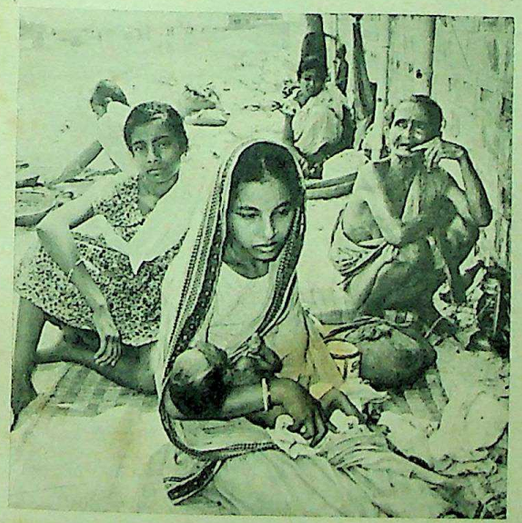
Mrs Mity broke into sobs, and Mrs Chakodi into a hysterical laughter. The rest became sandbags again.

Their sobs and laughter were heard continuously crushed under the clatter of the jeep.

OUR FORTHCOMING ISSUES

July 25:

Not Wanted In Pakistan



Pakistan, ever since it was established, has discriminated against its religious minorities. By the time the migration ends the grand total of people driven out in the last 25 years may exceed 14 million. Khushwant Singh goes to meet the refugees and gets from them their harrowing experiences. Also, candid interviews with Bangla Desh leaders, and photographs of squalor and suffering you have never seen before.

INDIA vs ENGLAND: Ye Lords! It IS cricket. On July 22 the great confrontation begins. We bring you exciting action pictures, in colour, of some of the Indian cricketers and, in black and white, of their English counterparts.

HOW I DECLINED THE VICE-CHANCELLORSHIP: The place may be fictitious, but the situation is real. G. L. Mehta's delightful satire shows how Vice-Chancellorships are made. Sketches by Mario.

PLUS: Two expert articles on eye surgery, story by Ansurya Asher; Doctors In the Desert—a photo-feature by T. S. Satyan, the fate of the white sparrows and many other features.

August 1:

THE COORGS: A beautiful people and their ways and customs so different from the rest of India. By Ranee Kuttaiah. Fully illustrated.

TREES—CONSERVE OR PERISH: For Vanamahotsava, a feature stressing the importance of conservation. With colourful photographs.

The Illustrated Weekly of India

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FACT AND OPINION

Forewarned Is Forearmed

by RAJINDER PURI

The "political settlement" of the Bangla Desh issue which the Indian Government is pathetically waiting for might well prove to be one cheerfully countenanced by the Big Powers but totally unacceptable to India. Any war that might flare up on that account would have to be fought by India without the material or moral assistance of any Big Power.

THE Government of India's stand on Bangla Desh was spelt out by Swaran Singh in Parliament on June 25. The Foreign Minister said that a political solution acceptable to the people of Bangla Desh was the only way of ensuring a return to normalcy in the area. He indentified three areas of agreement between India and other world powers. First, that there could be no military solution and all military action in Bangla Desh must stop immediately. Secondly, that the flow of refugees into India must stop. And, thirdly, that conditions must be created inside Bangla Desh which are conducive to the return of the refugees.

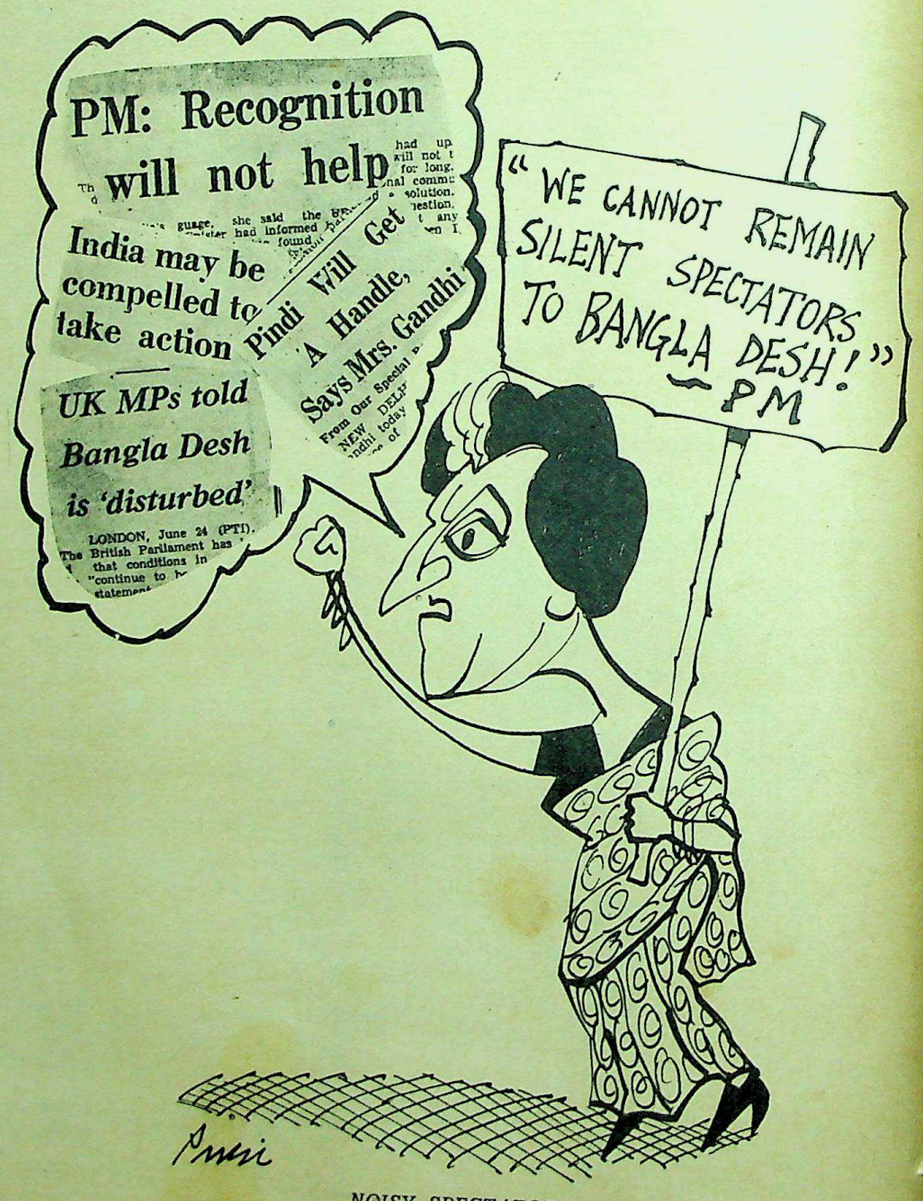
The first precondition mentioned by Swaran Singh is ambiguous and unnecessary. Pakistan could well plead that harassment by the Mukti Fauj impedes restoration of normalcy and civil rule in Bangla Desh. On the other hand, it would not be reasonable to expect the Mukti Fauj to cease operations till the Pakistan army is totally withdrawn from Bangla Desh. The Government of India's efforts, therefore, should have been explicitly directed towards the withdrawal of the Pakistani forces from Bangla Desh instead of towards an arbitrary and perhaps temporary cessation of hostilities.

Illusions

The other two areas of agreement reportedly arrived at between Swaran Singh and other world powers are of only academic interest now and therefore irrelevant. **It is clear that, short of total expulsion of West Pakistan from Bangla Desh, there is no conceivable solution which would induce the refugees to return to their homes. The Pakistan regime has been decisive, swift and ruthless enough to scotch any such possibility in the future. The illusions that the Government still cherishes regarding the feasibility of sending back the refugees in the wake of a "political settlement" worked out internally in Pakistan should have been dispelled by the eye-witness account of Anthony Mascarenhas which first appeared in "The Sunday Times" of London.** *It is a lucid and wholly credible account by someone who was a respected and responsible journalist in Pakistan. Mascarenhas in his article has confirmed the worst fears that Indian critics of Governmental inaction had expressed.*

Mascarenhas has confirmed that the Pakistani regime has identified Bengali culture with the Hindus; that the Hindus are being held up as a scapegoat to win the allegiance of the Bangla Desh Muslims; that unprecedented terror and genocide have been and are still being employed against innocent men, women and children; that a systematic extermination of the educated Bengalis and intensive "Islamisation" of poor Bengalis is under way; that the land abandoned by the refugees is being purposefully redistributed to create vested interests in Bengal favouring the Pakistan regime; that the Hindus were systematically expelled; and that Bangla Desh is methodically being reduced to a colony of West Pakistan.

From the facts given out by Mascarenhas it is clear that the Pakistan army has accepted, after cold-blooded deliberation, the burden of a massive military-cum-political operation. Its objective is not merely to kill Hindus or certain Awami League politicians and intellectuals or even the total elite in Bangla Desh. **Its objective is to obliterate an entire culture from the face of what they still consider to be the eastern**



NOISY SPECTATOR

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wing of their country. The Bengalis will have to be, as they say, Islamised. There is no comparable parallel to this in recent history except the Chinese operation in Tibet. The progressives who look askance at China's role in Bangla Desh might care to reflect on this.

This is what Major-General Shauket Raza, one of the three divisional commanders in the field, a key figure in the Pakistan army, told Anthony Mascarenhas: "You must be absolutely sure that we have not undertaken such a drastic and expensive operation—expensive both in men and money—for nothing. We've undertaken a job. We are going to finish it, not hand it over half done to the politicians so that they can mess it up again. The army can't keep coming back like this every three or four years. It has a more important task. I assure you that when we have gone through with what we are doing there will never be need again for such an operation." As Mascarenhas rightly points out himself: **"President Yahya Khan knows that the men who lead the troops on the ground are the de facto arbiters of Pakistan's destiny."**

Political Disaster

In the light of this, is it realistic for Indian politicians to expect any kind of "political settlement" between West Pakistan and Bangla Desh to emerge now which would make possible the return of the refugees? Indeed, a "political settlement" arrived at through Big Power mediation at this stage might well prove to be from India's point of view a political disaster. No refugees would be induced to return to the peace of a graveyard. The military commanders who kill and coerce on the fields of Bangla Desh are not likely to heed blandishments or warnings by Washington or Moscow. They are out to finish the job they have begun. **The eventual "political settlement" which the Indian Government is pathetically waiting for might well prove to be one cheerfully countenanced by the Big Powers but totally unacceptable to India.** Any war that might flare up on that account would have to be fought by India without the material or moral assistance of any Big Power. And if the Indian Government is serious about the stand it has taken with regard to the return of the refugees to Bangla Desh, war appears to be inevitable. Any deflection from the course set upon by the Indian Government on account of any foreign aid it might receive would quite rightly be construed by the Indian public as betraying Bangla Desh for a bribe.

If a war is to be fought between India and Pakistan, the military balance is considered to be to our advantage. There is little likelihood of direct Chinese involvement in the initial stages of the war, and if it does take place with their present estimated deployment along our frontier, it need not be decisive. And yet the military rulers of Pakistan seem to be purposefully set on a course leading to a collision with India. It will not do to dismiss their actions simply as those of demented men. Till now they have been successful. They seem to be knowing what they are doing and there must be therefore some method in their madness.

K. Subrahmanyam, Director of the Institute of Defence Studies and C. R. Bhagvat put out a theory which is far from convincing. In a newspaper article entitled, "Pakistan Army's Dilemma", Subrahmanyam has argued that the Pakistani army is caught in a dilemma from which it sees no way of disentangling itself without losing face. Subrahmanyam writes: "One honourable way out for them is a war with India. They can at the end of it still preserve their image and tell the West Pakistani people that Bangla Desh was detached from Pakistan not as a result of any failure on their part but because of the superior military might of India." This is an astonishing appreciation. The assumption that Pakistan would enter into a war for the purpose of losing it is a delusion we would nurse only at our own peril. If Pakistan enters into a war it will fight to win, and if it loses that war it will do so through miscalculation or through poor execution. There should be no mistake about this.

China's Role

There are two possibilities explaining Pakistan's puzzling self-confidence which occur to this writer. The first is that China has taken advantage of our procrastination to move troops massively enough from its interior to the Indian frontier to alter decisively the balance against us. This would presuppose China's willingness to directly intervene at a critical stage of the operations and, further, that she has made a commitment to this effect to Pakistan. Though China's present diplomatic and strategic interests would seem to preclude this possibility, it cannot be entirely ruled out.

The other possibility which could be of more immediate significance is that there is within Pakistan's knowledge a sufficiently strong Sino-Pak fifth column poised for action inside India which would alter the Indo-Pak military balance to our disadvantage. In order to so tilt the balance, this fifth column would have to be of a dimension far exceeding the calculations of most Indian observers. Whether indications of any such fifth column exist is for the Home Ministry to determine. Whatever the future may hold for us, the Government would do well to prepare for this contingency right now. The acquisition of draconian laws by themselves is a poor substitute for vigilance. It may be recalled that immediately after the Government had passed an ordinance for the Internal Security Act, justifying it on grounds of the exigencies caused by foreign elements from Bangla Desh, Tariq Ali, a foreigner, was cheerfully flouting its provisons and announcing this from Calcutta itself to a representative of the international Press. On the other hand, instances of abuse of draconian powers by the police in the past are too numerous to recount.

For the security of the nation the Government will have to do much better than it has in the past. Apart from setting up a nucleus staff to ensure the steady working of countrywide communications and essential services under all possible adverse conditions, preparations have to be completed right now for facing up to the contigency of massive fifth column action far in excess of routine calculation. If the nation's security will rest on the performance of the army during an Indo-Pak war, it might well have to rest on the performance of the police just before that war.

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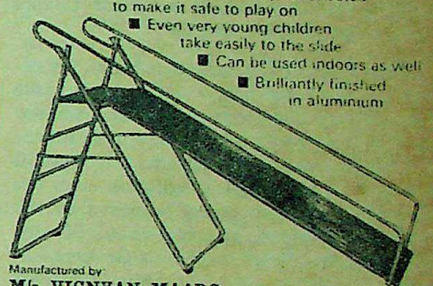

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The Terrorists— third phase

by QURRATULAIN HYDER

The Indian National Congress became a mass movement in the 1920's. The revolutionaries also continued their activities. Witnessing the impact of a popular upsurge some turned away from individual terrorism. As they could not accept Gandhiji's insistence on non-violence, many found an answer to their dilemma in Marxism and its ideology of revolutionary mass action.

THE end of World War I ushered in new developments. Indians had hoped that they would get Dominion Status in return for their cooperation during the war. Instead, the Government proposed further curtailment of civil liberties.

The Rowlatt Committee submitted a report on the terrorists, the Ghadarites, the Kabul Conspirators and others, and advised the Government to assume power to imprison "seditionists" without trial. Gandhiji protested. The Khilafat agitation and the non-cooperation movement launched by the Congress produced a euphoria of Hindu-Muslim amity. There were anti-Government riots and strikes. Dr Saifuddin Kitchlew and Satyapal were arrested in Amritsar. On April 13, 1919, General Dyer opened fire on an unarmed crowd in Jalianwallah Bagh, Amritsar, killing 379 people. Martial Law was proclaimed in the Punjab. Many cities were bombed. People were flogged. Men were made to crawl on all fours in a certain street in Amritsar.

Sikh members of the supressed Ghadar Party now formed themselves into the Babbar Akali Dal. Their leader, Kishan Singh Gargaj, organised the Sikh peasants of Hoshiarpur. They killed informers and toadies of the Government. Many were apprehended and hanged.

The Muslims continued their agitation against the Allies' treatment of defeated Turkey. On the occasion of the introduction of the Government of India Act, 1919, and the signing of the Armistice, Royal Clemency was granted to many political prisoners.

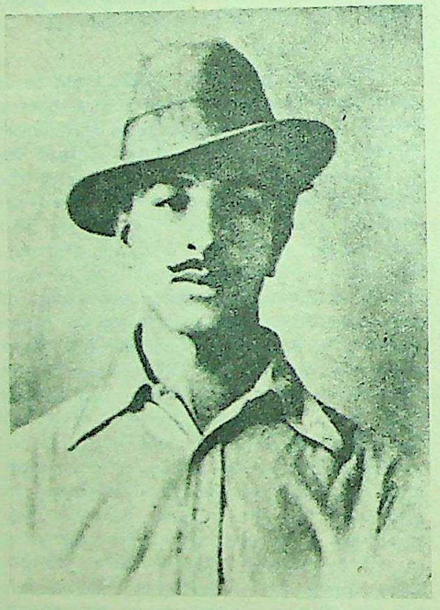
Revolution Across The Country

The Savarkar brothers who had been in the Andamans since 1910 were excluded from the Amnesty. On March 20, 1920, V. D. Savarkar once again petitioned to the Government: "...And as to my revolutionary tendencies of the past, it is not only now for the object of sharing clemency but years before this I have written to the Government in my petitions (1918, 1914) about my firm intention to abide by the constitution as soon as a beginning was made to prove it by Mr Montague. **The danger that is threatening the country from the North at the hands of the fanatic hordes of Asia who have been a curse of India in the past when they came as foes and are more likely to be so when they want to come as friends—** makes me convinced that every intelligent lover of India would heartily and loyally cooperate with the British people in the interest of India itself. That is why I offered myself as a volunteer to the Government in 1914 when the war broke out and the German-Turko-Afghan invasion of India became imminent... The fact that the Reforms, present and promised, joined to the common danger from the North of Turk and Afghan fanatics, have made me a sincere advocate of loyal cooperation in the interests of both our nations..." (—*Source Material for the History of the Freedom Movement in India, Vol. II*)

The petition was not accepted. However, Savarkar was sent back to India in 1921, and interned for some years. Later he led the All-India Hindu Mahasabha.

In Kerala the Moplahs rose in rebellion.

Alluri Sitarama Raju organised the tribal people of coastal Andhra and began a guerilla warfare against the Government.



BHAGAT SINGH, (1909-1931), one of the founders of the Hindustan Republican Party. He killed J. P. Saunders and threw a bomb in the Central Legislative Assembly. He was hanged on March 3, 1931, and became a symbol and a legend.

A reward of Rs 10,000 was announced for his capture. On May 27, 1924, he was shot dead by the police.

The terrorists became more active in the Punjab and U.P. The movement was no longer confined to Hindu religious militancy. During the War years the joint struggle, within India and abroad, of young men of all three communities had changed the character of the revolutionary movement.

During 1914-18 industry developed and created a large working class. An alliance developed between the new Indian capitalist and the British rulers and financiers. Merchant capital had been replaced by finance capital which was invested in industry, plantations and mines. The Indian upper classes were now supplying civil servants who had been allowed to join the ICS and other covenanted services in larger numbers. They were also made eligible for the King's Commission. At the same time the British encouraged communal politics. Employers were encouraged to wreck the trade union movement, by inciting Hindu-Muslim riots. From 1923 onward there were communal riots in Kanpur, Dacca, Bombay and other places.

The Russian Revolution inspired the Indian intelligentsia. Dr Iqbal, Rabindranath Tagore and Premchand became admirers of the Soviet Union. Many young Indians returned from abroad as Marxists. Many Indian Muslims who had fled to Russia after the failure of the Kabul Conspiracy came back to India as diehard communists. They (Ferozuddin Mansur, Fazal Ilahi Qurban, Shaukat Usmani, Mian Akbar Shah) along with others, organised the trade unions. There was a wave of industrial strikes. The Communist Party was established. In 1924 S. A. Dange, Shaukat Usmani, Muzzaffer Ahmad and Das Gupta were imprisoned for four years.

In 1925 many Ghadarites in America joined the Communist Party of USA and were sent to Moscow for training. Another school for educating Asian revolutionaries was set up at Tashkent. The Ghadarites returned to India from the Soviet Union and began to organise the Sikh peasants of Punjab.

Sarfaroshi Ki Tamanna

In Punjab, Bhagat Singh, nephew of the old revolutionary, Ajit Singh, and his friends founded the Hindustan Republican Party. They planned to set up a "Federated Republic of the United States of India". In many ways these young men were ahead of their times in their ideas of the future political structure of the country. In order to get money for the party funds some young revolutionaries of U.P. decided to rob the Government.

On August 9, 1926, a band of daring young men boarded a train between Kakori and Lucknow. They included Ram Prasad "Bismil" (he wrote Urdu poetry), Ashfaqullah Khan, a handsome Pathan of Shahjehanpur, Rajendra Lahiri, Roshan Singh, Chandra Shekhar "Azad" and others. They entered the brake van and decamped with the government cash.

The Kakori Case became one of the most celebrated in the history of Indian terrorism. The young boys' favourite Urdu ghazal, *"Sarfaroshi ki tamanna ab hamare dil mein hai; Dekhna hai, zor kitna bazoo-i-qatil mein hai,* (We yearn to give our lives;

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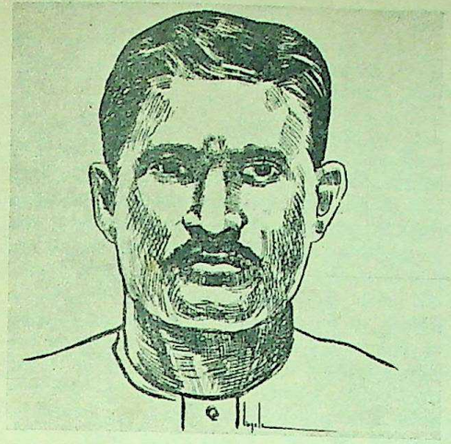
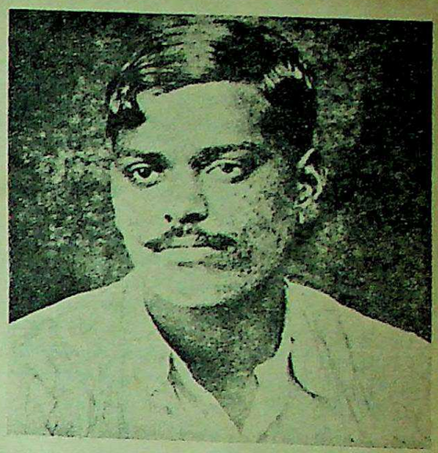


PANDIT RAM PRASAD "BISMIL" of Shahjehanpur. He took part in many political raids in the U. P., including the Kakori Train Robbery. He was hanged on December 17, 1927, in Gonda Jail.

MOHAMMED ASHFAQULLAH KHAN "HASRAT" participated in political raids and was hanged in Fyzabad Jail on December 19, 1927, after the Kakori Train Robbery. He was also a revolutionary poet.



CHANDRA SHEKHAR "AZAD" commanded the military wing of the Hindustan Republican Party. On February 27, 1931, he died fighting the police in Alfred Park Allahabad.

We want to test the might of the executioner's arm) stirred deep emotions of pride and patriotism. It became the most widely quoted poem of the time.

Ashfaqullah was arrested while he was trying to escape to Afghanistan from where he planned to go to the Soviet Union. Bismil, Ashfaqullah, Roshan Singh and Rajen Lahiri died on the gallows. Chandra Shekhar Azad went underground.

Two British Communists, Benjamin Bradley and Phillip Spratt, helped organise the Communist Party of India. In order to expel them from the country, the Government, in 1928, introduced the Public Safety Bill in the Indian Legislature. It was opposed by Motilal Nehru and M. A. Jinnah. In 1929 the CPI organised strikes all over the country. The communist leaders were arrested. The famous Meerut Trials began.

The accused included Bradley, Spratt, and Lester Hutchinson, all Englishmen; Dr Gangadhar Adhikari, formerly a member of the Berlin Revolutionary Committee and also a member of the Communist Party of Germany; Abdul Majid, Shaukat Usmani, S. H. Jhabwalla (author R. Prawer Jhabwalla's father-in-law), P. C. Joshi, Dange, Muzzaffer Ahmad, Sohan Singh "Josh", Amir Hyder Khan (a member of the Communist Party of the USA which had sent him to Russia for training) and others. The accused included some non-communists as well. All were given inordinately stiff sentences which were made less severe later.

The Meerut Trial was still on when, in October 1928, the Simon Commission arrived in Lahore. A non-violent procession was taken out in protest. The people were lathi-charged by the police. Lala Lajpat Rai received some injuries and died a few days later.

Bhagat Singh of the Hindustan Republican Party and his comrades decided to avenge Lajpat Rai's death. They planned to kill Scott, the English police officer, who was said to be responsible for the lathi charge.

On December 27, 1928, Bhagat Singh, Rajguru, Sukhdev and Chandra Shekhar "Azad" (who was still at large) casually waited outside the office of the Superintendent of Police of Lahore. An Anglo-Indian in police uniform came out of the building and started his motorcycle. Rajguru fired at him. He fell down. Bhagat Singh fired the next shot that killed the officer. It was not Scott, but Saunders, a police inspector. A Sikh constable, Channan Singh, who tried to catch Bhagat Singh, was also shot dead. The boys escaped through the nearby DAV College hostel building. An intense search was made. The boys eluded the police. In posters pasted on the gates of Lawrence Garden they announced the reward for their own arrest. A notice appeared on the city walls signed by "Ghulam Rasul, P.A. to the C-in-C, Republican Army of India." The poster announced that the S. P. of Lahore shall soon be killed.

"Inquilab Zindabad"

Then came the climax. The Central Assembly at New Delhi was in session when, on April 8, a bomb exploded in the main hall and some shots were fired. Two young men dramatically threw leaflets of the Hindustan Republican Party, flung their revolvers away and offered themselves for arrest.

They turned out to be the elusive Bhagat Singh and Batukeshwar Datta.

After his arrest Bhagat Singh made stirring speeches in the court. He said that the bomb was necessary to make the deaf hear and to awaken the conscience of English people. He said that he and his comrades were inspired by Guru Gobind Singh, Shivaji, Washington, Lafayette, Garibaldi, Mustafa Kemal of Turkey, Reza Shah Pahalavi of Iran, Zaghlul Pasha of Egypt and Lenin. That was indeed a wide variety of the sources of inspiration and revealed the cross-section of influences on the young Indian mind during the 1920's.

Bhagat Singh is significant in many ways. He used the new terminology: Revolution does not mean merely the cult of the bomb, he emphasised. The social order must be changed. "Producers and labourers,"

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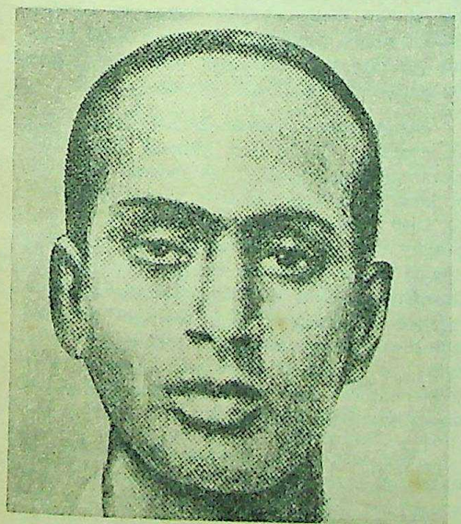

SURYA SEN (1893-1934), leader of the Chittagong Branch of the Hindustan Republican Army. Led the raid on the government armoury; died on the gallows in Chittagong Jail on January 11, 1934. His comrade, Ganesh Ghosh, is now a leader of CPI(M).

PRITILATA WADEDAR (1911-1931) led an unsuccessful attack on a European club, near Chittagong, on September 22, 1931, swallowed cyanide and died on the spot. Kalpana Dutt also took part in the armoury raid; she later married the Communist leader P. C. Joshi.

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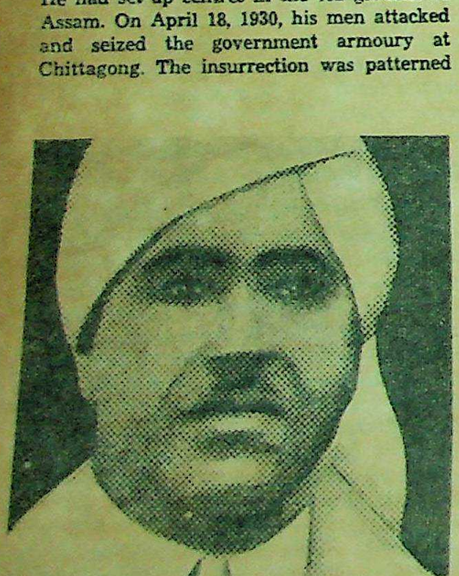
he said, "are being robbed by the capitalist exploiters... These terrible inequalities are heading towards world chaos. Society must be organised on a socialistic basis. With this ideology for our inspiration we have given a fair and loud warning. If, however, it goes unheeded, a grim struggle will ensue for the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat... To the altar of this revolution we have brought our youth as inscense. Long Live Revolution."

On March 23, 1931, Bhagat Singh was hanged, along with Rajguru and Sukhdev, in Lahore Central Jail. Chandra Shekhar Azad, also wanted in Kakori Dacoity Case, had been arrested in Alfred Park, Allahabad, on February 27. He died fighting a gun battle with the police.

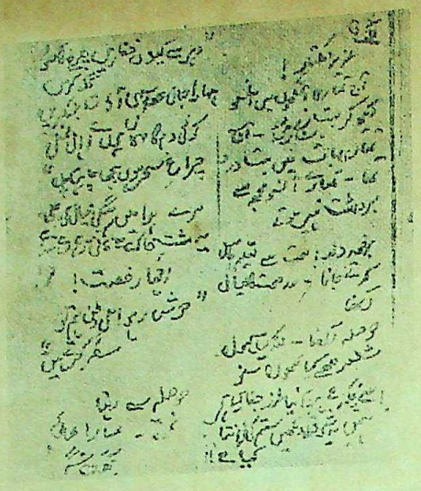
Girl Revolutionaries

The revolutionaries also planned to kill Sir John Simon, but failed. However, they succeeded in blowing up Lord Irwin's special train which was carrying him for the inauguration of New Delhi. The bomb missed the Viceroy, but blew up the coach behind. During the early 1930's, Bengali girls joined the movement. On February 19, 1932, Shanti Ghosh and Suniti Chowdhry drove up, in a carriage, to the bungalow of B. G. Stevens, District Magistrate, Comilla. They met him under the pretext of presenting a petition about their school. While the D. M. talked to them, one of the girls expertly whipped out a pistol and shot him dead. Both the girls were sent to the Andamans. During the same month, Bina Das shot at the Governor, Sir Stanley Jackson. She was also transported for life.

Chittagong exploded into violence. This picturesque city is spread over low hills and is surrounded by creeks, rivers and wooded uplands. It is ideal for guerilla warfare and has remained a base of revolutionaries even after the creation of Pakistan. In the 'twenties, Chittagong had become a centre of the Hindustan Republican Army. The leader was a village school teacher, Surya Sen, popularly known as Master Da. He had set up centres in the tea-gardens of Assam. On April 18, 1930, his men attacked and seized the government armoury at Chittagong. The insurrection was patterned after the Irish Rebellion of Easter, 1916. Military was called out. There was a pitched battle between the revolutionaries and the government troops. A revolutionary government was formed. The insurgents held out against government troops for several days and disrupted communications. Many took up positions on the nearby hills. On April 22, the famous battle of Jelalabad Hill was fought. Many fell. Some escaped to Burma.



UDHAM SINGH killed Sir Michael O'Dwyer in London on March 13, 1940. He was executed a few months later.



BHAGAT SINGH'S LAST LETTER. From the death cell in Lahore Central Jail he wrote to his younger brother, a few hours before his execution:

Dearest Kultar!

Today I was very sad to see the tears in your eyes. You spoke in great sorrow. This I cannot bear. My dear boy, have fortitude after I am gone and continue to study. Take care of your health. Be brave. What else shall I say? There is a couplet—what shall I write—Listen:

He strives always to see more ways to oppress,
And we to see how far he will go!
"Why rail at the world, complain of times?
If our destiny is worlds beyond,
Compare this one with that."
"A guest of moments am I, O Mehfil,
A lamp to gut out at dawn."
"The lightning of my thoughts shall remain in the air,
This handful of dust matters not."

Farewell.

"Be happy compatriots, we go a-journeying."

Keep up your courage. Namaste.

Your brother,

BHAGAT SINGH

to massacre the Muslims. Chittagong was plunged in an orgy of communal killing.

In August an attempt was made on the life of Sir Alfred Watson, editor, *The Statesman*, Calcutta.

Pritilata Wadedar, was an undergraduate and a combatant of the Republican Army. Along with Surya Sen and others she had gone underground after the Chittagong uprising had been suppressed and had narrowly escaped arrest. Surya Sen next sent her to raid a European planters' club. On September 24, 1930, at ten o'clock in the evening, Pritilata led a band of nine young men and hurled bombs at the club members then engaged in whist drive. An English woman was killed; 13 members were seriously injured. Pritilata's comrades escaped. She was found lying dead on the lawn: she had taken the poison she had brought along.

In Midnapore, three English district magistrates were assassinated in rapid succession.

Gradually, Gandhiji's insistence on non-violence had its effect on the Indian youth. It sounds incongruous but because of Gandhiji and Abdul Ghaffar Khan, even the Pathans became non-violent. The Governor of Bengal, John Anderson, ordered Marxist literature to be supplied to the terrorists in jails, so that they could be weaned away from the cult of the bomb. Many former terrorists joined the Communist Party and other left wing groups.

"Ram Mohammed Singh Azad"

Still, terrorism did not completely die out. Sir John Anderson, who had successfully suppressed Irish nationalists, was now the Governor of Bengal. It was decided to eliminate him. One day in the summer of 1934, while he attended a race meeting at the Darjeeling Racecourse, three young bhadra log strolled in and walked up to the grandstand. They fired at His Excellency. One of them was executed.

The war broke out. On March 13, 1940, Sir Michael O'Dwyer was attending a meeting of the usual Empire types at Caxton Hall, London. Suddenly, a young Sikh came out of the audience and shot him dead. Jallianwallah Bagh was avenged.

Sir Michael's assassin, Udham Singh, was an engineer. He called himself Ram Mohammed Singh Azad. That showed the kind of idealist he was. He was hanged on June 12, 1940. From Madanlal Dhingra to Udham Singh Azad a lot of water had certainly flowed under Waterloo Bridge. But the extremists' motives and the fervour had remained unchanged. To avenge national humiliation they must kill individuals. The news of Michael O'Dwyer's assassination drowned in the world-shaking headlines about the Fall of France.

The war gave another chance to the extremists. Once again German help was sought. In Singapore, Rash Behari Bose and Subhas Bose, both classical revolutionaries, organised the INA with the Axis help. Like the Ghadar 1915 days, Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs fought together in the INA and lost their lives for the sake of India's freedom.

Concluded

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

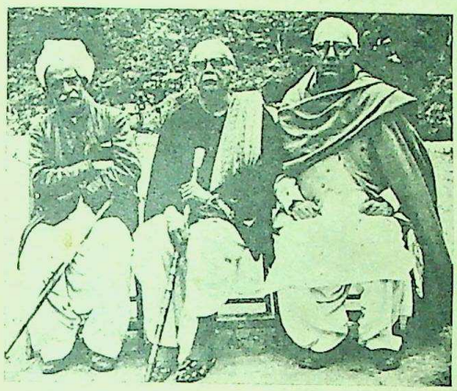
"Sing On The Gallows"

by BHAGVAN DAS MAHOR

"Can I still be of some use in making India a socialist republic for which the martyrs laid down their lives, or my life is but the used, empty cartridge shell of the shot that failed?" asks the author.

IN 1965 some old revolutionaries met in the "Shaheed Udyan" in Mirzapur at the feet of the statues of revolutionary martyrs. Agha Sahib, a poet of repute, recited a couplet:

Yeh martaba buland mila jisko mil gaya,



LADDHA RAM, BIREN GHOSH, AMIR-CHAND BOMBWAL, old revolutionaries who live in penury, neglected by the nation for which they risked their lives.

Har muddayee ke waste daar-o-rasan naheen.

(This lofty honour is but for a fortunate few

The martyr's gallows aren't for every claimant.)

This was exactly how we felt. The honour of the scaffold had eluded all of us.

In 1924 when I was a schoolboy of 14, at Jhansi, I was initiated into The Hindustan Republican Association. Very soon I came in contact with Chandra Shekhar Azad. As the police could not lay their hands on him as an absconding accused in the Kakori Conspiracy Case, he came to Jhansi and lived in our midst. Under his training I was soon recognised as a potential marksman.

In 1928 I, along with my comrade Sadashiv Malkapurkar of Jhansi, was also included in the team which took part in the attempt, under the leadership of Bhagat Singh and Chandra Shekar Azad, to lift Jogesh Chandra Chatterjea from the jail. He was undergoing a life term for his role in the Kakori Conspiracy Case. I was also called up to take part in the Lahore Conspiracy to kill Saunders. Bhagat Singh, Rajguru and Chandra Shekhar Azad successfully carried out the plan and the assistant superintendent of police, Saunders, was shot dead just in front of the police superintendent's office. Sukhdev, Bejoy Kumar Sinha and I were nearby to join. But Chandra Shekhar Azad managed the whole affair in such a way that we came quite safely away.

The party had decided to explode a bomb in the Central Assembly at Delhi. Bombs were being manufactured in our secret factory at Agra. One day Bhagat Singh took me and Sadashiv aside and asked us smilingly, "Well, Kailas (my party name) can you sing on the gallows as well?" I couldn't at that time make out why he asked me this question. "Why not?" I replied as casually. Bhagat Singh put forth his hand to be clasped by way of promise, which I did.

Reminiscences Of An Old Revolutionary

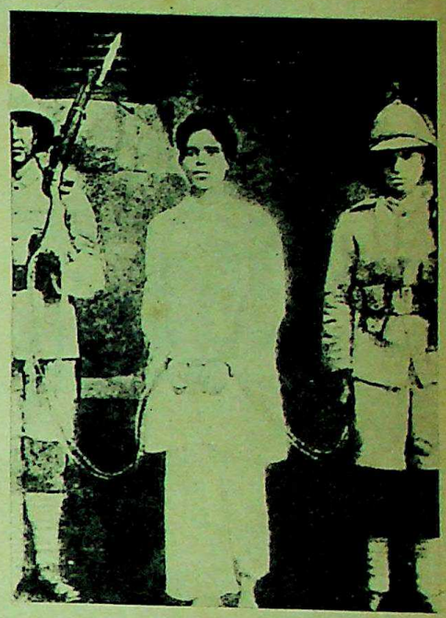
As a teenager in 1912 I was involved in the Mechuabazar Bomb Case. Most of us in the group were boys from well-to-do families. When the warrants were issued for our arrests we first hid ourselves in a dilapidated house in Midnapore. Later we covered ourselves in burqas and started our long, westward trek. We managed to reach the North-West Frontier Province which was in a state of perpetual war against the Government. The Pathans became our hosts. Arms were smuggled from abroad or made in private factories. Often we hid ourselves in the khuds and fought back the Tommies. Later we escaped to the Kumaon hills.

After four years of stay in the Frontier and the Kumaon we managed to leave India on board the German torpedo ship EMDEN. *We lived in Spain for a year where I earned my living as an artist. From there, my comrades and I went to Argentina. There I became a rancher's assistant. There were many German settlers in Argentina. They sent guns to our Ghadarite comrades in India. From Argentina I went to California.*

While in the USA I worked as an innkeeper in Chicago, and also lived for some time in the Ramakrishna Mission in New York. My wanderings did not come to an end. I went to England and worked as a bootblack. In France I earned my living as a salesman to a dealer in wine. During my exile I learned Pushto, Persian, French and Spanish. Everywhere we were held in high esteem by the Afghans, Turks, Arabs and the Western people, except, of course, by the British.

I studied the Quran, the Bible and the Gita and found little difference in the three scriptures. I realised that all religions emanate from the same Divine Source. Humanity became my religion.

S. B. GHOSH



THE AUTHOR after he was arrested in the Bhusawal Bomb Case in 1929. He now teaches English in a college in Jhansi.

This was the last time I saw Bhagat Singh. Soon after this, Bhagat Singh and Batukeshwar Datta exploded bombs in the Legislative Assembly at Delhi, and courted arrest. Because of the rule of strict secrecy this decision of the party was known only to the members of the central committee. We came to know of it afterwards. Azad was with us at Jhansi. We questioned the wisdom of losing such an important comrade as Bhagat Singh. Azad said he had opposed the proposal that Bhagat Singh be sent to explode the bombs and then surrender himself to the police. He had proposed that we two be sent instead. But Bhagat Singh did not agree and insisted that he was the fittest person to represent the party's ideology in the court.

Azad was always matter of fact and seldom carried away by sentiments, but he too was visibly moved when he told us about Bhagat Singh's decision. He said that before Bhagat Singh was sent to the gallows, we had to do something that would assure him that the party was in safe hands.

Soon after, in September 1929, I and Sadashiv Rao Malkapurkar were arrested at the Bhusawal Railway Station. We were carrying some live bombs and other explosive material with us.

Both of us were also wanted in the Lahore Conspiracy Case.

After our arrest we were quite restless. Whenever we could meet we talked about our leader Chandra Shekhar Azad. We remembered, only a year back we were at Agra with Azad, Bhagat Singh, Sukhdev, Rajguru and others. We had talked of our aim, of an armed revolution which would establish a socialist republic in India. Then we had joked about who would

—Continued

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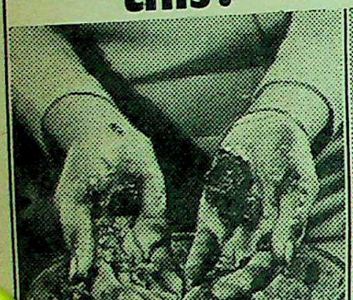
...heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

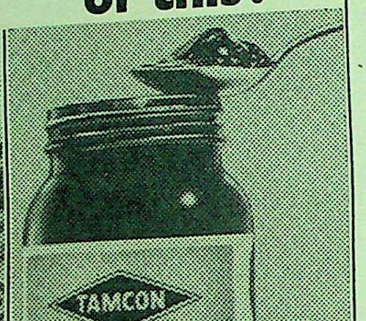
Which tamarind would you use for cooking?

this?



Raw tamarind which is messy and which takes 10 minutes or more in soaking, squeezing and straining.

or this?



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- With Tamcon you avoid messy fingers.
- It takes only 3 seconds to use Tamcon—it's time saving.
- Tamcon gives a wonderful tang to curries, vindaloos, stews, sambar, pepper-water, etc.
- Very economical—just one teaspoonful flavours a dish for six people.
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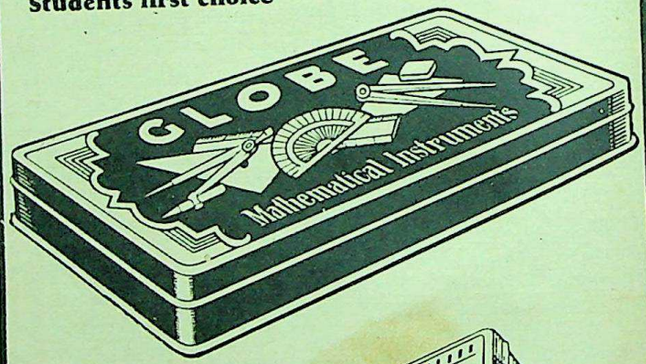

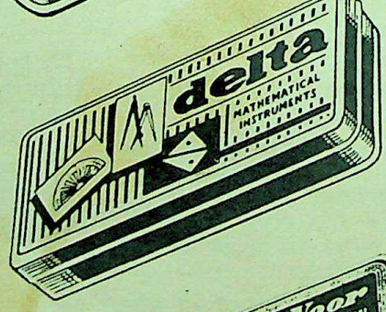

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PRITHVI SINGH AZAD, an old Ghadarite who returned home on board the Nanak Jahaz in 1915. He now lives in Bhavnagar.

MANMATH GUPTA, a noted historian of the revolutionary movement, was sentenced in the Kakori Case for 14 years.

PANDIT SUNDERLAL, an associate of Lajpat Rai and Ajit Singh. He is now associated with the All-India Peace Council.

be arrested and how and what would be his behaviour and ultimate fate.

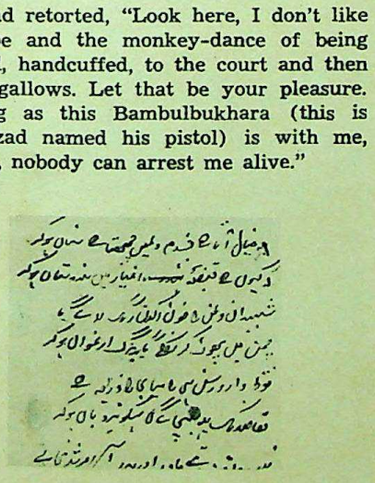
"This fellow Raghunath (Rajguru) shall be arrested while he is asleep. He sleeps even when he is walking. He shall wake up in the lock-up and ask: Am I really arrested or only dreaming?"

"Mohan (Batukeshwar Dutta) shall find himself suddenly overpowered by the police while looking at the moon in a park. "Bachchu (Bijoy Kumar Sinha) and Ranjeet (Bhagat Singh) shall be arrested in some cinema hall.

"And Panditji (Chandra Shekhar Azad) shall be, as usual, hunting in the forests of Bundelkhand. Some treacherous thakur will get him wounded. He will regain his consciousness after being hauled to the police hospital in Jhansi. He shall be sentenced under 121 P.C. to be hanged by the neck..."

Azad laughed. Bhagat Singh said, "Panditji! They shall need two ropes for you, one for your neck and the other for this large belly of yours."

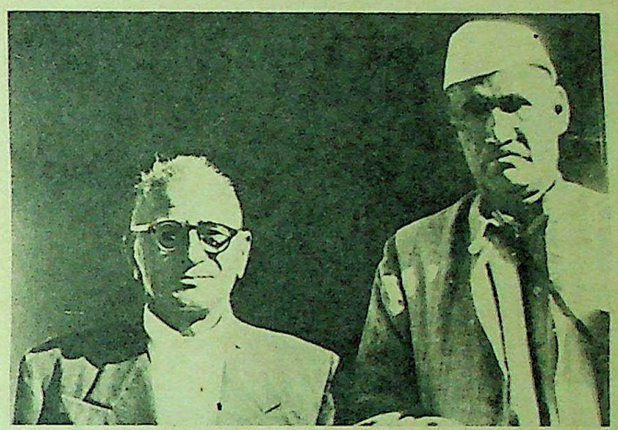
Azad retorted, "Look here, I don't like the rope and the monkey-dance of being dragged, handcuffed, to the court and then to the gallows. Let that be your pleasure. As long as this Bambulbukhara (this is how Azad named his pistol) is with me, be sure, nobody can arrest me alive."



FROM A POEM BY ASHFAQULLAH in his own hand:

The martyr's blood shall blossom forth as crimson leaves in gardens.
The hangman's noose the only means of taking us to our aims.
Hasrat, the foes are terrified when you happily walk in chains.

He belonged to a well-known Sufi order of the U.P. and wrote his biography in the death cell. Today his family lives in poverty.



Dr KHANKHOJE the Ghadar leader, with Banarasi Das Chaturvedi, eminent Hindi writer and friend of the revolutionaries. He strives to get pensions for the veterans.

HANUWANT SAHAI was an accused in the Delhi Bomb Case in 1912. He now lives in Delhi.

Bhagat Singh and Bejoy Kumar Sinha liked poetry and music.

Azad was a realist. As I recited a love song, he thundered at me: "Why must you be moonstruck? Some day we shall be seen rolling by some roadside, being shot by the police. Cupid's shaft indeed! What have we to do with Cupid or his shafts? Sing if you must, but sing about the bursting of a bomb or the cracking of a pistol or some such thing. Now shut up and listen. I sing my one and only poem. And I am living only to translate it into action."

Azad then made his voice more rough. Bhagat Singh, Bejoy and I covered our ears as we felt that music was being crushed by a steam roller. But Azad went on:

"Dushman ki goliyon ka ham samna karenge,
Azad hi rahe hain, azad hi marenge."

(We shall face the enemy's bullets; Free we've lived and free we'll die.)

"Look here!" he added, "my heart shall be pierced by a three-nought-three bullet and not by your Cupid's arrow."

I also remembered how I was once rebuked by Azad when he found me a bit careless about keeping a pistol. "You fool, you don't know what this pistol means to the party. It matters little if you are arrested or killed but if this pistol is lost it will be a great loss indeed. So be careful..."

And here were we not only arrested but our pistols were lost to the party! When we heard that the news of our being arrested appeared in some newspapers with the caption 'Lions of Jhansi encaged', we could imagine how Azad must have reacted: "Lions indeed! the fools... they should be put before the party's court-martial. They have lost two pistols."

So we thought of doing something that would make Azad forgive us for being arrested alive and for losing his Mauser pistols.

Two approvers of the Lahore Conspiracy Case, Jai Gopal and Phaneendra Ghosh, were to appear before the Sessions Court as prosecution witnesses against us. We sent word to Azad through our advocate to send us a pistol so that we may shoot the approvers in the open court. Azad deputed Bhagwati Charan Bohra (who later died a martyr's death) to see us in prison and make sure if any such action was feasible. Bohra impersonated as an advocate and met us in Dhulia District Jail. We explained our plan to him and he was convinced about our sincerity and the feasibility of the proposed action.

Azad sent a pistol with the command that only I should shoot the approvers and all care should be taken that Sadashiv is not implicated in it. This was feasible as we were kept apart in separate cells in the Jalgaon sub-jail. The pistol was smuggled to me in my food. (As undertrials we were allowed to get food from outside.) Making full use of my songs I had made my police guards my unsuspecting friends. Thus I managed to hide the pistol from their usual search and carried it with me to the court next day.

I was overjoyed as I hoped that I would be able to fulfil the promise, of singing at the gallows, I had made to Bhagat Singh or getting my heart pierced by a 303 bullet as Azad would like.

I was ordered to shoot Phaneendra first. The proceedings of the court started. The

—Continued On Page 53

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

The Harvard Glass Flowers

by AJAI K. SINHA

Exquisite specimens of a lost art—the Ware collection represents 164 plant families in accurate detail.

THE glass flowers of the Ware Collection in the Botanical Museum of Harvard University are the tenth wonder of the world. Exquisite specimens of a lost art, they surpass in magnificence even the real beauty of flowers. They do not wither away. Their bloom is everlasting.

The Harvard Glass Flowers are the masterworks of two 19th-century German craftsmen—father and son—Leopold Blaschka and Rudoloph. The inimitable art of representing natural history objects in coloured glass was pioneered by Leopold Blaschka, who achieved technical perfection and artistic excellence in the delicately tough art with his miraculous skill. With the death of his son Rudolph, in 1939, the unique art was lost to man. Leopold Blaschka jealously guarded his art from outsiders. Rudolph, on the other hand, made such rigorous demands on a pupil that no trainee came forward to serve as his apprentice.

Leopold Blaschka was born on May 27, 1822, at Aicha, a northern Bohemian town. Craftsmanship in decorative glass was the family profession.

In 1853, during his sea-voyage to America, Leopold collected a variety of marine animals, such as jelly-fish. On his return home, he made their models in glass with precise and refined perception and discrimination for the Dresden Natural History Museum. Rudolph, Leopold's only child, was interested in botany and zoology and studied them. Father and son then jointly carried on the work of making glass models of marine animals in their home at Hosterwitz on the river Elbe, close to Dresden.

In 1886, Professor Lincoln Goodale, who founded Harvard's Botanical Museum, was in search of some spectacular exhibits for the museum. Professor Goodale happened to see Rudolph Blaschka's glass models of marine animals acquired by the Museum of Comparative Zoology, adjacent to the Botanical Museum. He sailed for Germany and contacted the Blaschkas for some three-dimensional exhibits of plant life for his

PIGEON GRASS. The Harvard glass flowers are the work of Leopold Blaschka and his son, Rudolph. The son did not take on any apprentice and this makes the collection unique and priceless.

CACTUS. The cacti species number about 2,000 and are specially structured to grow in hot dry regions and deserts. (Photographs by courtesy of the Botanical Museum, Harvard University, U.S.A.)

THE RHODODENDRON has gained steadily in importance in gardening, for the foliage is ornamental and the flowers come in a variety of colours.

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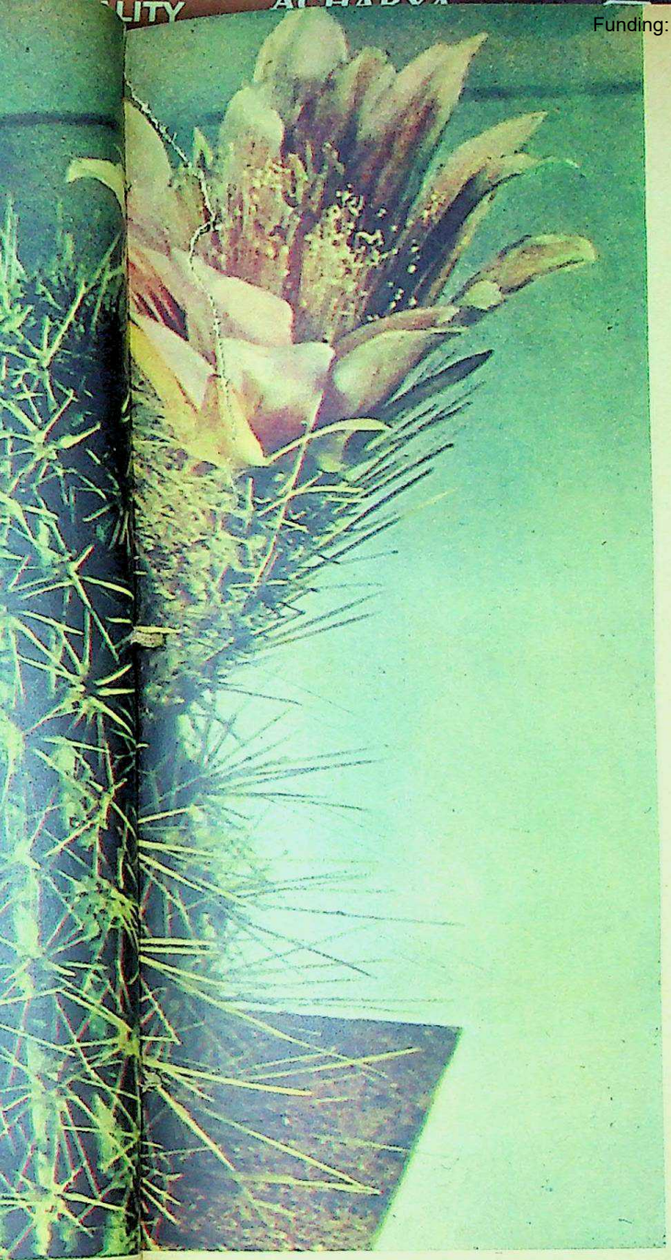
Funding: Tattva Heritage Foundation



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classes. On the mantelpiece in Blaschka's drawing-room, Professor Goodale noticed to his wonder two glass models of orchids "which looked as if they had just been brought in from a conservatory".

Next year Leopold Blaschka's glass flowers were received at the Botanical Museum—but, alas, badly damaged in transit. However, even the broken pieces were enough to win the heart of Mrs Elizabeth Ware, widow of a noted Boston doctor, and her daughter, Mary Lee Ware. They financed another shipment of glass flowers from the Blaschkas.

A ten-year contract was executed with the Blaschkas for Harvard's Botanical Museum which was renewed from time to time. From 1887 to 1936 the entire output of Blaschkas, went to Harvard University—mostly, the work of Rudolph, since the father died in 1895.

The Ware Collection has models of 164 plant families—representing ferns, fungi, fruit, lichens, algae, and mosses.

The glass flowers reveal high artistic skill and exact scientific interpretation: for, their makers were not merely artists but also naturalists who had a keen eye for detail.

BABY ORCHID. Ideally suited for rock gardens, the hardy orchids are items of commerce and can be cultivated by the amateur.

GOLDEN PIPPIN APPLE. The countless varieties of apples now in general cultivation have been derived from the common crab, Pyrus Malus.

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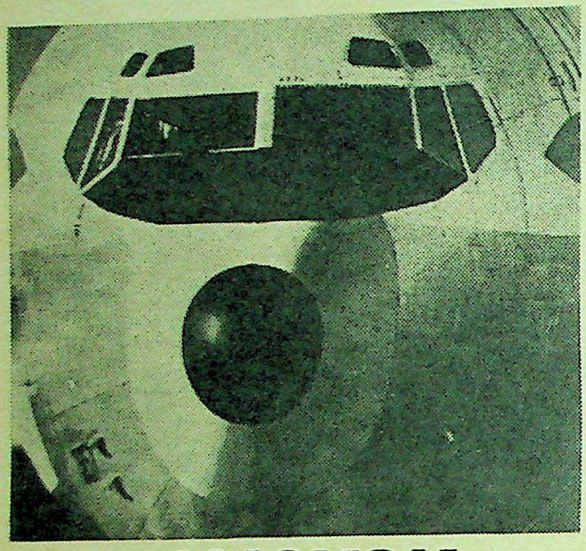
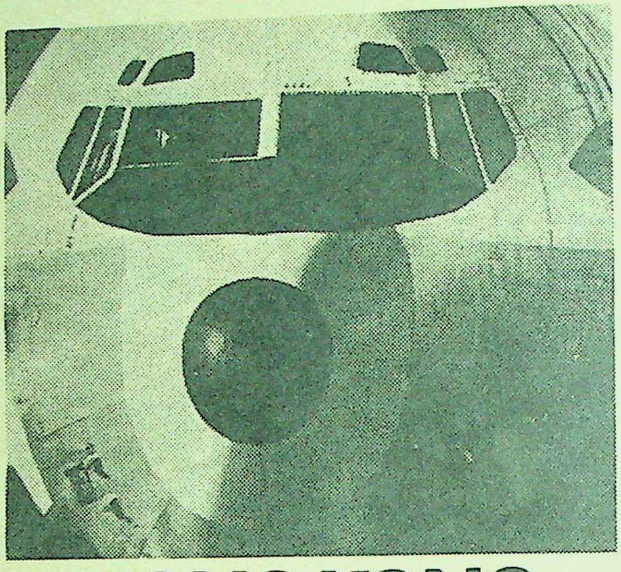
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

TWA
DAILY FLIGHTS TO USA FROM BOMBAY

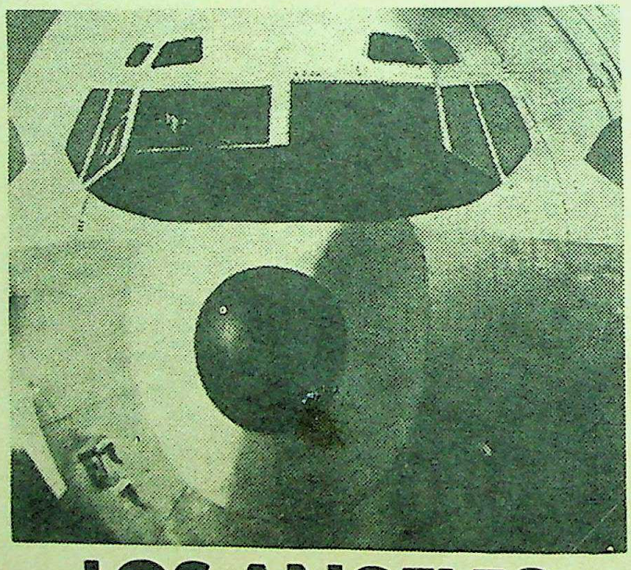


BANGKOK
Depart Bombay at 01.30 hrs



HONG KONG
Arrive Hong Kong at 14.35 hrs

HONOLULU
Arrive Honolulu at 11.35 hrs



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PHILATELY

ADULT EDUCATION

WOODEN STATUES of the 15th century commemorate the golden jubilee of the Federation of the Netherlands Universities for Adult Education. The fifth stamp of the series bears a large figure "50" with men and women in the foreground.

THE NETHERLANDS, has issued its 1971 series of Summer Stamps in five values. One of them does double duty: it also serves as a commemorative for the recently celebrated 50th anniversary of the Federation of Netherlands Universities for Adult Education. The other four denominations show details of wooden statues of the 15th century.

All the five stamps are semi-postals, because funds raised from the surcharge on each stamp go to the support of charitable organisations in Holland. The denominations issued are as under:

15c+10c: The number "50" in large figures, with silhouetted men and women in the foreground; the text reads: "50 jaar Volksuniversiteit" (50 years University in Adult Education).

20c+10c: The Apostle Paul, a statue in the Archiepiscopal Museum of Utrecht.

25c+10c: Joachim and Ann, from the National Museum in Amsterdam.

30c+15c: John the Baptist and the Scribes, Municipal Museum of Arnhem.

45c+20c: "Anna - te - Drieen" (Ann, Mary, and Christ as a Child), the Bonnefanten Museum, Maastricht.

Philatelic Reporter

Philatelic activities are on an increase in all European countries with the result that a number of dailies there now have their own philatelic reporter. Italy also has a Philatelic Press Union which held a Congress at San Marino on May 29 and 30.

To commemorate this event, San Marino issued a set of three stamps, as illustrated. The denominations issued are:

20 Lira: Reproduction of the Congress Palace on a purple background, with the San Marino flag fluttering in the wind over the building. In the upper left corner is the I.P.P.U. emblem and, underneath, the words "Italian Philatelic Press Union Congress".

90 Lira: Reproduction of a detail of the Government Palace portal and over it printed the emblem of the I.P.P.U. encased with the arms of the Republic. Underneath, the words "Italian Philatelic Press Union Congress".

180 Lira: Same subject, emblem and words as the 20 lira value. The background is darker purple.

JAL COOPER

ITALY'S Philatelic Union held a Congress recently and the State of San Marino, the venue, issued these.

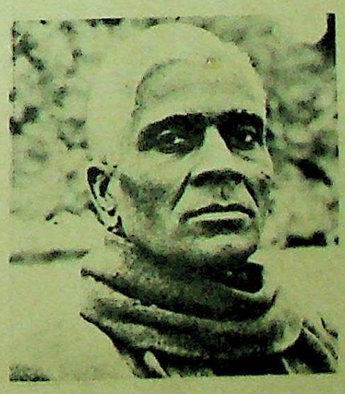
"Sing On The Gallows"

—*Continued From Page 35*

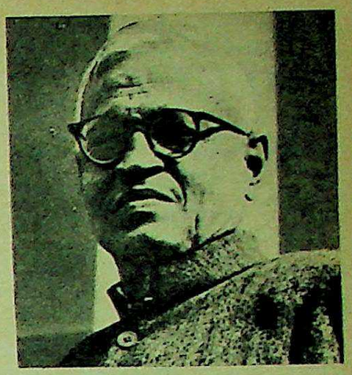
pistol was in my pocket. The unsuspecting police guards couldn't discover it when they superficially searched our persons before putting us in the dock. At first the approver, Jai Gopal, was called and examined. The court rose for lunch. We two also were taken out of the dock and seated outside under police guard. My right hand was handcuffed with the left of Sadashiv. Sadashiv's elder brother brought us something to eat. I asked my guards to remove the handcuff from my right hand to enable me to eat with it. The handcuff was removed.

The approvers were seated in the courtyard under a tent, heavily guarded by the Punjab police. Sadashiv told me in code that it was the right opportunity as I could get both the approvers. I immediately took out my pistol and ran up to the tent. A police officer sitting at the tent's entrance tried to check me. I fired a shot at his leg. Then I got into the tent and shot at each of the approvers. They fell down. I thought I had wounded them fatally. My pistol jammed. There was a stampede because a very large crowd had gathered there to see the approvers. I could not get away. Eventually, I tumbled down under the heavy weight of the wounded police officer who fell upon me, entreating me not to kill him as he was no enemy of mine.

BEJOY KUMAR SINHA



SADASHIV RAO



JOGESH CHATTERJEE

I was overpowered again and handcuffed at the back. Soon I was shocked to find that none of the approvers were fatally wounded. My disappointment knew no bounds. I had lost one more pistol. I could not keep my promise to Bhagat Singh to sing on the gallows. Nor could I give a fight to the police and get my heart pierced by a .303 bullet. Instead, I was sentenced to be transported for life.

And now here I am, still living, and it has fallen to my lot to teach poetry of "Cupid's shaft" to undergraduates. My students sometimes wonder if I ever was a revolutionary and an associate of martyrs like Bhagat Singh and Chandra Shekhar Azad. They ask me, "Sir, what has happened to that old revolutionary zeal of yours?" I feel something sinking within. With self-pity and deep agony I tell them an Urdu verse:

Maine un tund bala noshon ki sohbat ki hai

Jinki shohrat hai jahan mein ki han gahri pi hai;

Dost, woh may ho, aur suroor no ho, kya manee?

Jane saqi ne yeh kaun si, kaisi, di hai!

(I was an associate of those who quaffed the fire,

The world knows they drank and drank deep!

Friends! if there be the same wine, shall there not be the same intoxication?

Can't say, how and what is this that the saki has now poured out for me!)

Revolutionaries' photographs: courtesy Banarasi Das Chaturvedi.

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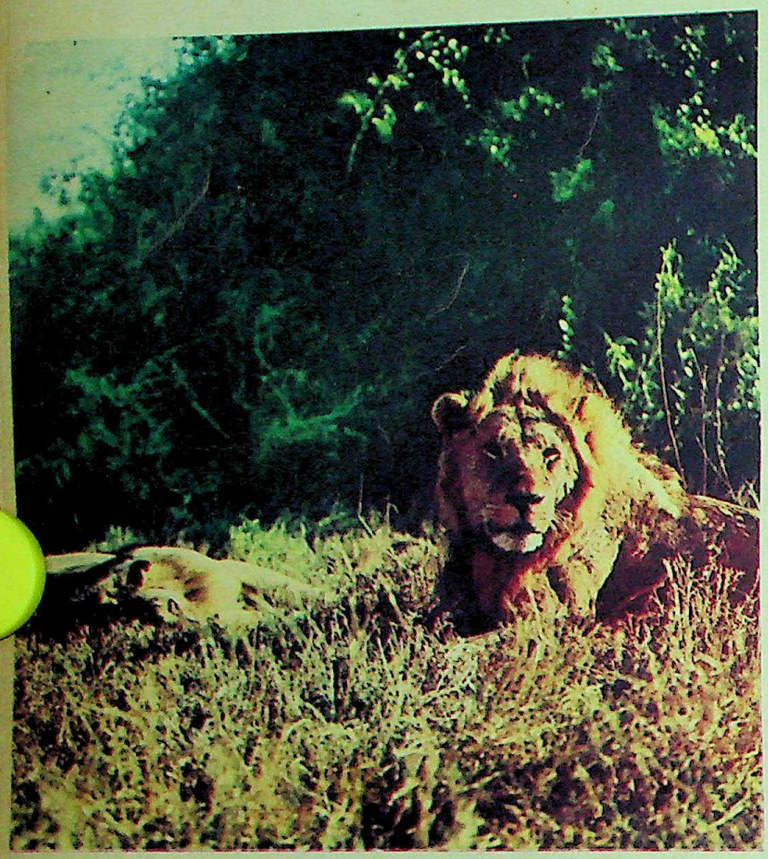
OUR FOLKS' YOUNG LEAGUE



HOW LONG will these magnificent lions live? Some experts feel lions are able to live up to about 40 years. Others say they cannot live for more than 25 years. (The colour photographs are by C. K. Shah and were taken in several African National Parks.)

How Long Can They Live?

My dear Nieces and Nephews,

"How old are the elephants in your zoo?" asked the late Sir William Flower, in a letter to the Government of Madras in 1882.

"The ages of our elephants vary between 70 and 100 years," was the prompt reply.

Sir William Flower was very surprised. He had been doing research on the span of life of animals for many years. And had found the task very difficult. How were the officials of the Government of Madras able to do it, he wondered.

So he wrote to them again and asked for the method they had adopted. The reply he got was very strange.

They said they had roughly calculated the age of an elephant by overturning the upper flap of its ear. If it turned down one inch, the elephant was supposed to be 36 years old, if it flapped down two inches, he was around 60 and so on. What a queer way of counting the number of birthdays the elephant has had!

But that was long long ago. Since then many zoologist (those who study animals) have tried to find scientific methods of knowing how long animals live.

They have not been able to come to an agreement and so there is a lot of controversy about the age to which different animals live.

It is really not easy to find out how long they can live. The main difficulty arises from the fact that animals and birds cannot be studied in their natural surroundings. They need to be kept in captivity, such as in a zoo. And then, too, a very careful record of the important dates of their lives has to be maintained.

Secondly, there are some animals—very few though—which are not able to get used to living away from the jungles; and therefore cannot live for long in a zoo. For instance, gorillas do not do very well in a zoo; the Komodo dragon, a giant lizard in the South Pacific, cannot live in a zoo. On the other hand, most of the others are much better off in a zoo and perhaps live longer there than they would have outside.

You will easily be able to tell why it is so. In the zoos the animals get suitable food without having to search or struggle for it. They are also safe from their enemies and natural calamities like storms, floods and drought.

It is because of these factors that scientists are unable to give us the definite age up to which different animals can normally live.

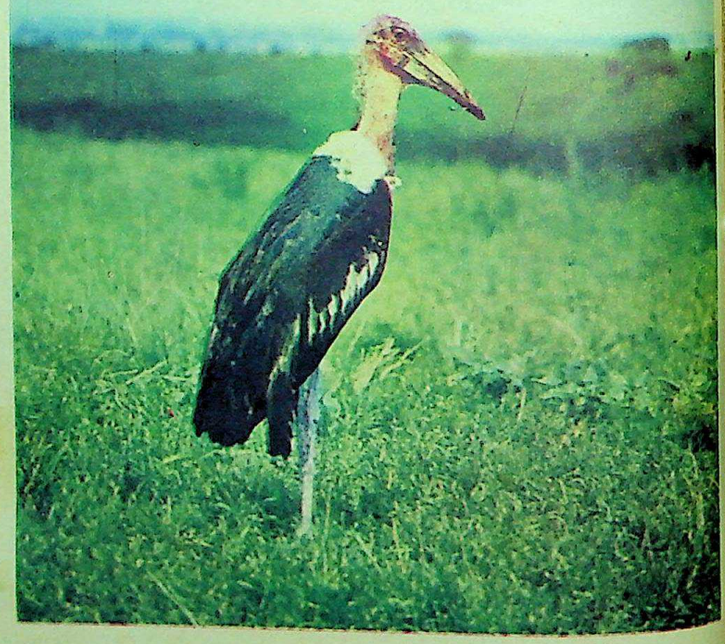
Some feel that the elephant cannot live for more than 50 or 60 years. Most others feel that he may live up to 100 years, at times even more.

The lion, some say, is able to live for 40 years. Others put the age between 16 and 25.

A tiger may live up to 10 or 15 years, though a few have reached the age of 19.

Not much is known about the whale, as it is seldom kept in captivity, but it is said to live for over 100 years. Some believed that it used to live for 500 years, but this figure is not supported by any evidence.

The slow and steady tortoise has the longest span of life. It may live up to the unbelievable age of 300 or even more. So also



ANIMALS AND BIRDS do not go on living until they meet with an accident or fall ill. They also have a certain span of life. They too, like us, grow old and die. The tortoise is one of the animals that has the longest span of life. It lives for 300 years or even more.

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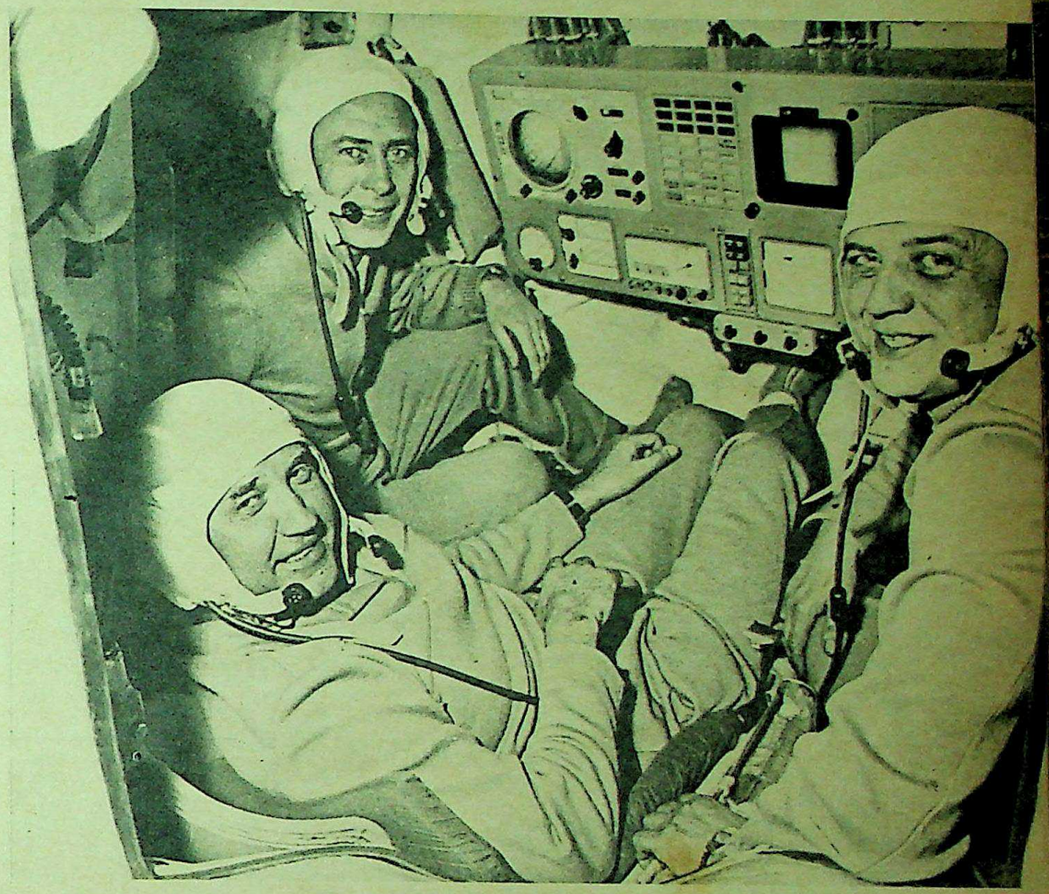
In The News

THE LAUGHTER HAS CEASED. Sri Prakasa, successively Governor of Madras (now Tamil Nadu) and Maharashtra, died recently in Varanasi. He was 81. Sri Prakasa was known for his candour and humour. As Union Minister of Commerce he confessed he knew nothing of his portfolio. An example of his humour: Addressing a Rotary meeting at Ooty he said: "Now that the Chairman's speech has been taken as read I hope the lunch won't be taken as eaten.'



HOME THEY BROUGHT THE SPACEMEN DEAD. Russia's three Salyut cosmonauts died in their Soyuz-11 ferrycraft after a record-breaking stay in space lasting 24 days. The trio—Georgi Dobrovolsky (centre), Commander, Vladislav Volkov (right), Board Engineer, and Viktor Patsayev, Test Engineer, had carried out the most extensive programme of scientific research ever conducted by men in orbit. They were found dead by the helicopter recovery crew soon after an apparently flawless landing back on earth. The number of human lives sacrificed for space research now stands at seven. Three American astronauts perished in 1967 when fire swept through their Apollo spacecraft during a ground test. And later that year, Soviet cosmonaut Vladimir Komarov was killed when his braking parachute failed to open on return to earth.

"TAXI! TAXI!" IS A CRY IN THE WILDERNESS. Members of the Bombay Taximen's Union (led by George Fernandes) hold a demonstration during an indefinite strike. The Union had, on its own, decided on an increase in fares. But the warning issued by Chief Minister V. P. Naik of Maharashtra against the fare hike deterred taxi drivers from carrying out the decision. The State Government had meanwhile already revised the schedule of fares, but it was to be put into force after examining the reactions of the public. The Bombay Taxi Association made a feeble attempt to run taxis in defiance of the other union. As we go to press no settlement is in sight. It is estimated that drivers lose, collectively, Rs 9 lakhs a day.

WE GO ON PROTESTING, they go on helping the killers to kill. The Delhi Pradesh Congress Committee holds a demonstration outside the U. S. Embassy against the continuing American sale of arms to Pakistan. President Yahya Khan has announced his proposals for a new Constitution for Pakistan. These are meant to hoodwink the world and perpetuate his own rule with the help of yes-men, riding roughshod over public opinion.

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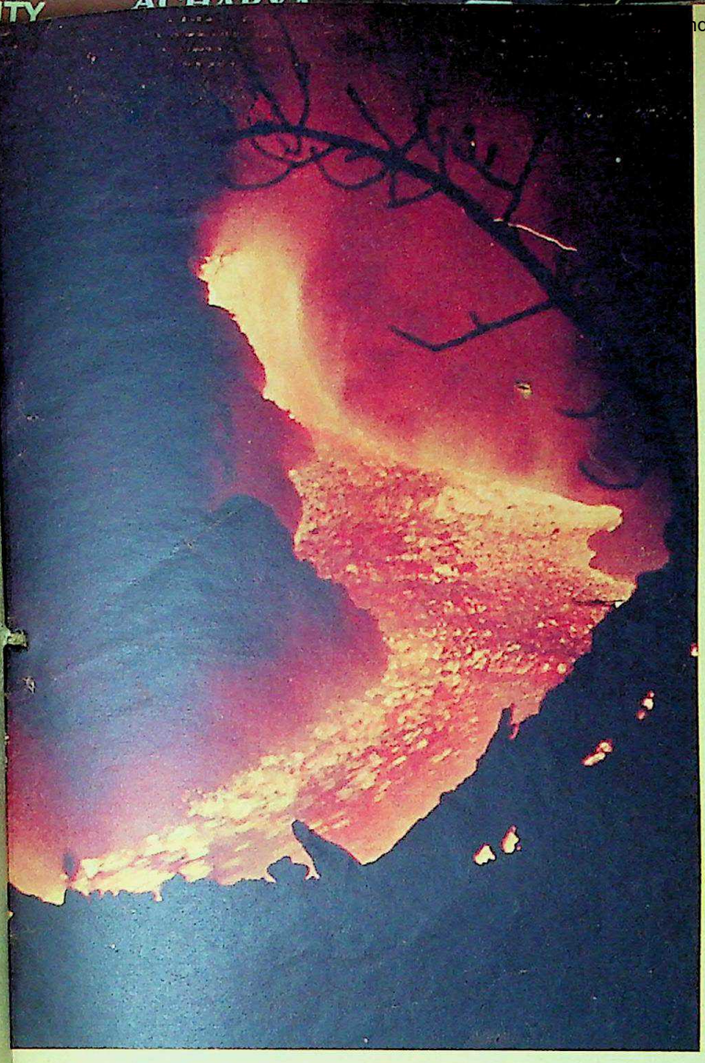

RIVER OF FIRE. Molten lava pours down the volcano's slopes to menace the towns of Formazzo, Sant'Alfio and Sciara. A hundred-year-old observatory has been destroyed, also part of a cable-car installation near the main crater and a road bridge on the slopes below. Orchards, vineyards producing the rich Mount Etna wines and hectares of farmlands have been laid waste.

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Sanjay Gandhi

by D. R. RAJAGOPAL

How will the wheel of future turn for Sanjay Gandhi? Will he be merely steering the small car he plans to manufacture or . . . ? Can he escape the political aura that surrounds his mother and the romance of the Nehru legend?

IN EFFECT, Sanjay Gandhi is now almost the "political secretary" of his mother. He doesn't look it. Nor does he admit it. He denies the possibility—either immediate or remote—of such a role being conferred on him. Not even by sheer inadvertence. He skirts discussion on this point.

He disclaims all political ambitions. For him there are "other voices, other rooms" which beckon him. He says, "I have other things to attend to. It is one thing to campaign for my mother in the polls but it is entirely a different proposition to be involved in politics."

Perhaps, all this merely for the record. Meanwhile it is possible he may be preparing himself in the "best practical political training school". That, too, at home. Also, it speaks of his tact, circumspection and finesse.

Nevertheless he does not seem to be averse to politics, nor does he shun it altogether. And his interest is more than academic. It is practical and sustained. On this score alone, he is sharply unlike his elder brother, who is a pilot in a commercial airline.

Under insistent questioning, however, he concedes he is playing a "minor" role. It is personal, informal and unofficial. Nevertheless it is a role. He doesn't attach any significance to it. Least of all any political significance.

In The Corridors Of Power

He admits he has been attending to a few little things of some people, where there is room for some help or some justice being done. That's all. When he says all this, he displays a chilling brevity.

Undoubtedly, he has a surfeit of assets. They are yet to come into full play on the public horizon. They may. If he plays his cards shrewdly, he might be catapulted into a position of considerable political significance and power.

His assets are many: age, looks, charm, an imperious air, a fiercely assertive attitude, family background, life and experience overseas, a capacity for hard work and, above all, a bewildering proximity to the corridors of power.

Indeed he stalks them daily.

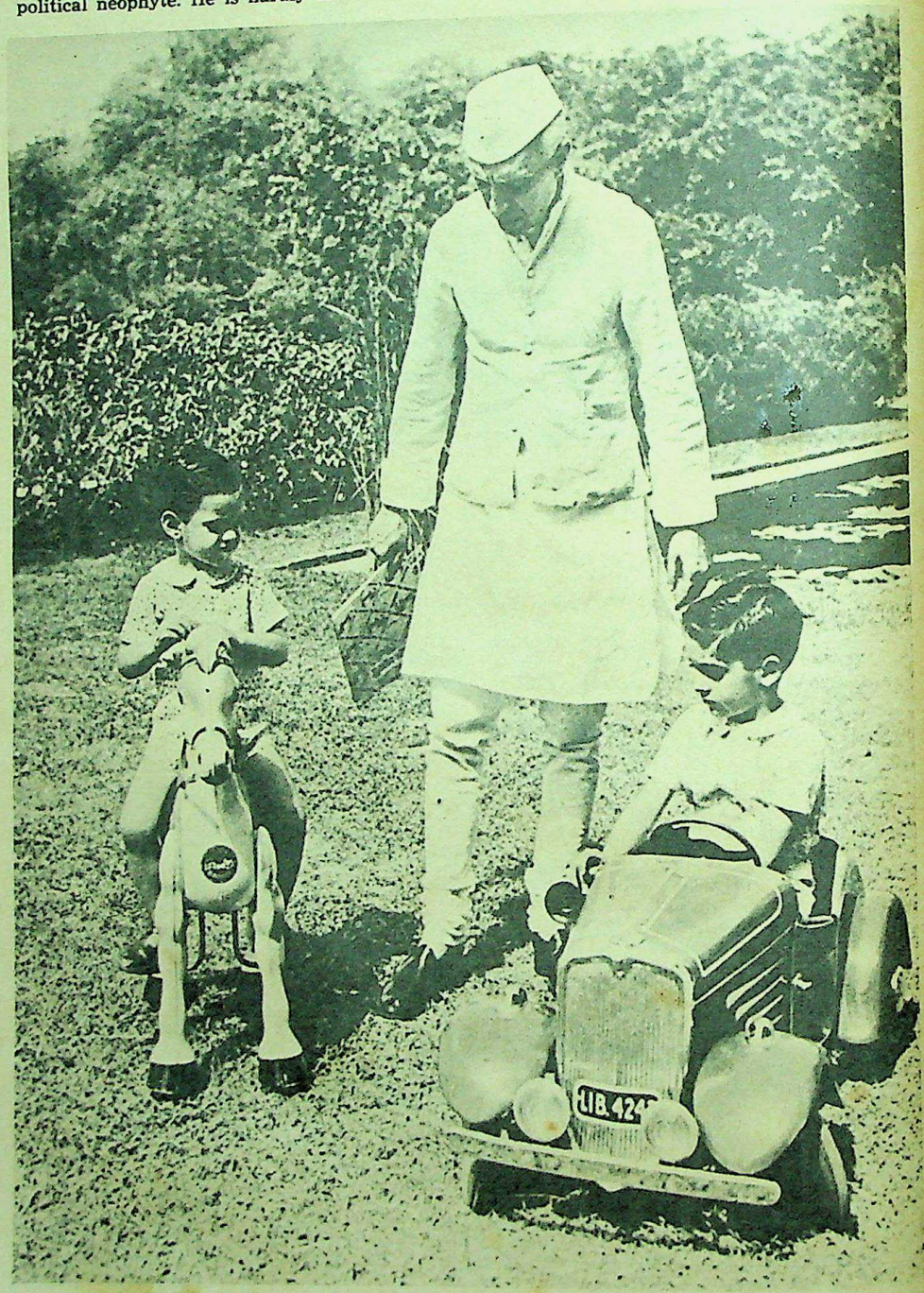
Significantly his mother and grandfather played similar "minor" roles before they attained stature and power. Then they strode the complex Indian political arena, with ease.

He does play second-fiddle to his busy mother. This is more than obvious. He is, day after day, in spite of himself, drawn into the vortex of politics.

His denials however are understandable. He is very young. He is 24. He is a political neophyte. He is hardly schooled in the tough and tumble of politics, which is bedevilled by the most cynical political horse-trading, as witnessed in India, daily.

Admittedly he is in a unique position. Conceivably it could become politically crucial, though in a low key. It is hard to think otherwise, for, he is both a witness and an active participant in the miniature political drama that is enacted daily at his residence. He never misses the "sets".

He lives with his mother, the Prime Minister of India, Mrs Indira Gandhi, his



NOT THE SMALL CAR OF HIS MAKE. Young Sanjay, with elder brother Rajiv astride a toy horse, watched over by grandpa Nehru. "Sincerity was the outstanding characteristic of Nehru's personality," says Sanjay.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

brother, Rajeev, his Italian sister-in-law, Sonia, and their one-year-old child.

The residence is spacious, comfortable, old-styled, white-painted mansion, set off amidst soft grass lawns and neat, sandy driveways along one of the busy, tree-lined avenues of India's capital.

An air of officiousness pervades the atmosphere and that of its environs. Not a leaf or thing seems out of joint.

A posse of security guards in fading khaki fatigues and drawn guns have their shady tent "mansions" closeby. Traffic rattles past, often at deafening roar. There is a continuous bustle thanks to the stream of visitors but no bedlam, despite the babble of tongues.

The flood of visitors are processed, screened and allowed into the main reception hall, in driblets. Sometimes there is a milling crowd.

Sanjay is easily accessible. He isn't taciturn although he could be, if he wants. He speaks in near mono-syllables. He listens, as if in rapt attention. His manners are endearing.

His style and dress are absolutely informal. He sports his open-necked kurta and billowing pyjamas. He steps in on time in his open slippers and has a serious expression. His eyes are deep, bluish and penetrating in gaze. He has sharp, chiselled features, especially arresting in profile. He is conscious of his good looks. And more so of his family background.

He warms up to personal questions. Yet, he is cagey. He is at ease, however, in his "natural habitat"—his automobile workshop, far away from his home.

A Young Man Of Assets

He seems to have his answers ready. He speaks in short, pithy phrases. **Sometimes his imperiousness, reminiscent of his grandfather, seems to get the better of him. Perhaps this facet of his personality would mellow as he grows in age and experience. Nehru did.**

He does not seem to be particularly keen on discussion or prolonged dialogue. He seems to be keen on results. He makes his points succinctly and then tapers off. He seems to come to the heart of the matter straightaway. He is earthy, practical and to the point.

He exudes abundant self-confidence. It is obvious he enjoys his role. He could hardly fail to observe the far-reaching personal and political lessons in store for him. He seems to hand down on-the-spot decisions, if not solutions, to his visitors.

Sanjay Gandhi today, is a potential car manufacturer. He hopes to manufacture 50,000 cars a year. He is scouting finance for his Rs 120-million project.

He took his diploma in mechanical engineering in England. He studied and worked for four years in England. He did a stint at Rolls-Royce, too.

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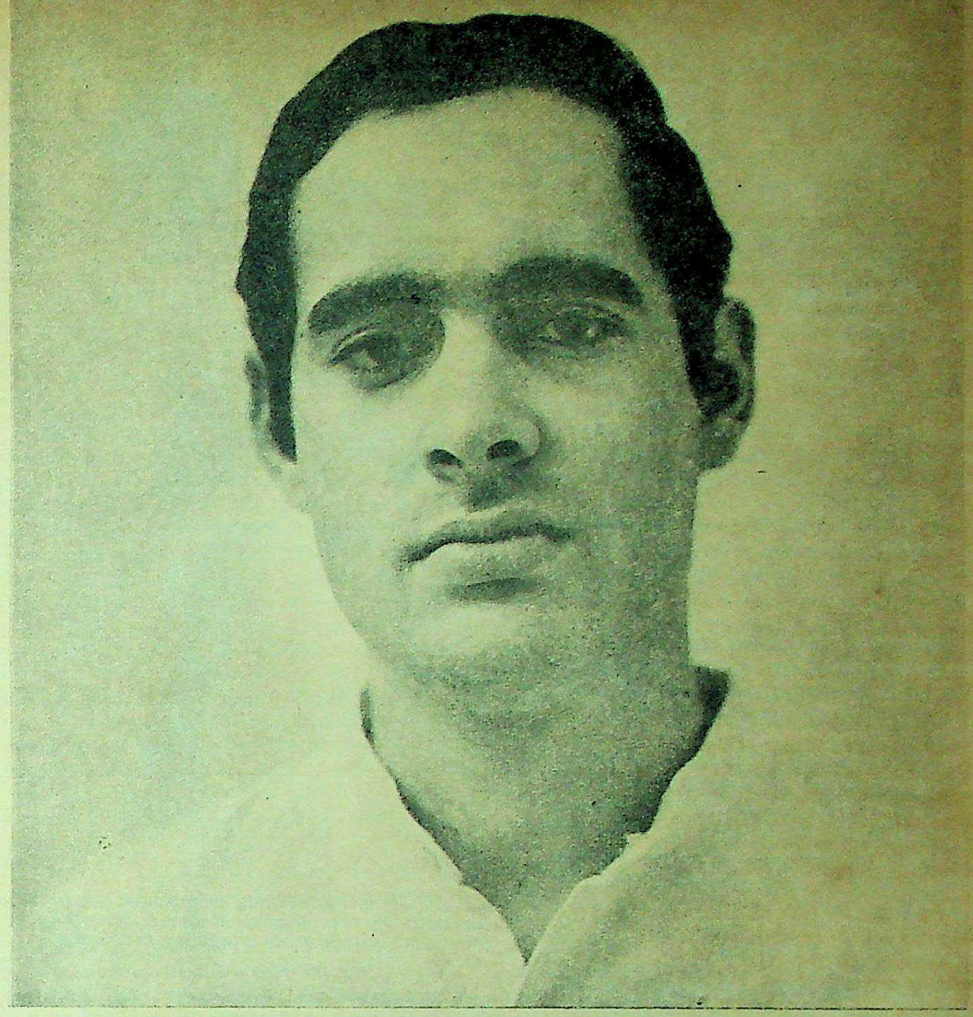
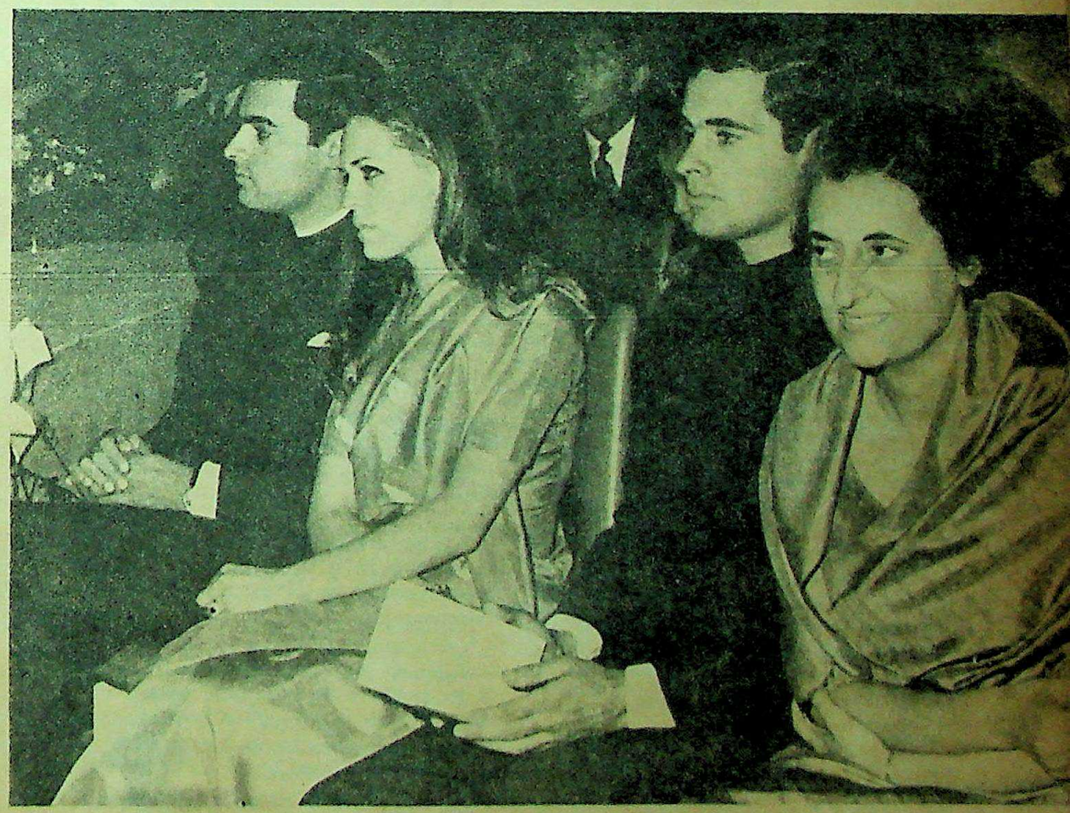


WITH NO REGRETS. "I am not a Nehru... I mean by name. I am a Gandhi. Oh, yes, my mother is a Nehru and therefore I am also a Nehru and I do have some Nehru blood. But this is of no interest to me."



NOT MERE SPECTATORS. With mother Indira Gandhi, sister-in-law, Sonia, and elder brother Rajiv—watching a cultural show at Ashoka hotel, Delhi.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

"I had a flair for engineering and that's why I took to it, just as you took to journalism because of your flair," he told me during a leisurely conversation at his home.

I brought up the subject of the threatened closure of Rolls-Royce.

"I couldn't care a damn what happens to Rolls-Royce. That's England's headache. Not mine. Why should I feel any nostalgia? I am not particularly fond of England. Why? ...Because of what she did to India..."

He defines himself as a "potential car manufacturer and not a car manufacturer, yet". But even as a potential manufacturer, Sanjay is a controversial figure.

The Prime Minister has been accused of favouring her son. He has been the centre-piece of a strident and steady campaign.

"Half the villification against my mother is because of me. Half the slander and villification is against me. I couldn't care a damn for all this slander and maligning..."

All this campaign, he says, is all wrong. "Absolutely wrong. It has no basis at all. It causes us no genuine embarrassment. Why should it? Often people come up and say things to me because of my mother. I give it back to them depending on what they have to say."

As Election Campaigner

Sanjay campaigned for his mother and her party during the mid-term elections. He proved effective. **His mother's critics dubbed him as being incapable of speaking in Hindi. His performance, however was a chilling and a chastening experience for those who berated him and his mother.**

"All campaigns against me and my mother backfired. They will continue to backfire in future, too," Sanjay says.

What impressions does Sanjay carry of his grandfather? Very little, actually. He was 16 and in Kashmir when Nehru died.

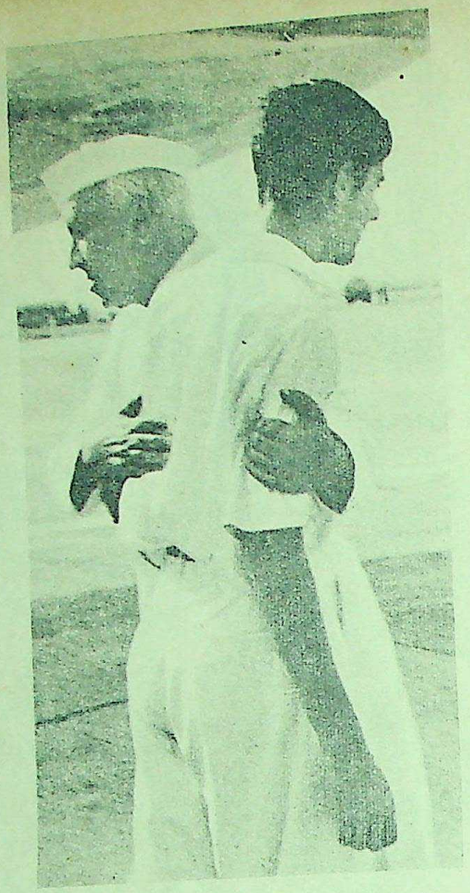
"I felt sorry. That's all. How does one feel when one's grandfather dies. Sorry... isn't it? How did you feel when your grandfather died? Tell me..."

It was Nehru's "general attitude to people and his sincerity" which impressed Sanjay most. "It is hard for me to recall all the facets of his personality and what impressions they made on me. His sincerity was the outstanding characteristic of his personality..."

Sanjay was "shaken" when his father, Feroze Gandhi, died in 1960. Sanjay was 12 then. "I didn't feel bitter. How can one feel bitter? How does one feel bitter? Did you feel bitter when your father died? Yes, shaken, I was..."

Sanjay is not impressed or proud of the fact that he is a Nehru, or a fourth-generation Nehru.

"I am not a Nehru. I mean by name. I am a Gandhi. Oh, yes, my mother is a Nehru



MILES TO GO... Sanjay is received affectionately by Jawaharlal Nehru, after the grandson's return from a holiday in Ceylon.

and therefore I am also a Nehru and I do have some Nehru blood. But this is all of no interest to me..."

Scores of people "keep coming to me and tell me that I am a Kashmiri. All this doesn't bother me. Well, it was thousands of years ago when my forefathers were in Kashmir. Since then we have come a long way. Haven't we? How could I style myself a Kashmiri?"

What are his pastimes?

"I swim a little sometimes and box a little. Swimming isn't a passion with me. I know of people who thunder back and forth in the water 50 times and get out. That isn't my style. I like to laze about..."

What does this young man, whose mother as the Prime Minister, is guiding the destinies of 540 million (half of whom belong to the younger generation) think of India's youth?

"The Indian youth are lily-livered. They have no guts. In their thinking, they are dovetailed to the mental frame-work of their parents..."

Sanjay plans to manufacture small cars at Rs 10,000 each. His initial target will be only 4,000 to 5,000 cars a year, beginning in 1973. He plans to set up his factory in Gurgaon, near Delhi, and employ 3,000 men.

"It will be a very lightweight car, sturdy, reasonably good-looking." His four-seater, two-door car will weigh only 400 kilos—one-third the Ambassador. He is confident that his 35-horse-power car will sell easily in India. **"Those who want to go in for scooters will go for my car. I have no misgivings. The other car manufacturers offer me no competition. I am in a different sphere of the domestic market."**

Sanjay's car will have maximum space for occupants and minimum for luggage. "It will have a boot like all other cars but unlike in other cars, it won't waste space. It won't be like the Volkswagen beetle-type car, which wastes a lot of space." His car which will run 50 miles on a gallon of petrol "is essentially an utility car".

The Small Car

Sanjay had to go through three exasperating years of submitting designs, models and convincing explanations about the car viability before he could obtain his car manufacturing licence. His counterpart in Madras has obtained a licence even without submitting any models for scrutiny.

Anyway, how does his car really look?

One scorching afternoon on a windless day, Sanjay, his friend—a slim Sikh—a flying instructor (Rajpal Chowdhury) and myself set out to his workshop, seven miles away from home.

Sanjay at the wheel (he drives an Ambassador) kept up a desultory conversation with his friend. Hardly any reference to his car project. He spoke casually of his confidence of raising the necessary capital.

As we tumbled out of his car, near a big factory along Shankar Marg, Sanjay was neither eager nor bashful to show off his car.

"What do you make of it?" he shot at me and, before I could react, he barged into his office next door, to re-emerge in a little while.

His friend took up the refrain. The car model—there were three more in an elementary stage of production—appeared sturdy and looked like a family wagon.

Sanjay's friend agreed with me. "When I saw it the first time, I thought the same way, too. It is sturdy and looks like a family vehicle or wagon."

Sanjay didn't bat an eyelid on hearing the comments. "I told you it isn't sleek. I never claimed it will be sleek. It is a family car. Reasonably good-looking. It is okay. It will sell."

Sanjay says he works 12-14 hours a day, except Sundays. Currently he has 18 employees at his workshop. "I am the designer, the planner, the engineer, the manufacturer. It is entirely my idea, my project."

The future awaits the small car. The future awaits Sanjay Gandhi, too, in a different role.

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A SPACIOUS LIFE

by OSCAR H. BROWN

An opportunity to serve an appreciative and responsive people and a quiet peace on retirement are among the many invaluable things that India has meant to him.

My horoscope declares that I would always be outspoken, blunt and forthright. I have found that this characteristic has served me well, if not wisely. Indians find the average Englishman horribly "cagey". In a railway journey, for instance, it does not take more than a few minutes for your neighbouring passenger to exchange his credentials with yours. It makes for a pleasant journey and an immediate establishment of friendly relations. My countrymen prefer to be silent and are usually bores when travelling by plane, train or ship.

My early education was neglected because I was too young to go to a boarding-school and too far from a kindergarten class. I first went to school at the age of eight and so missed the early companionship of fairies and fairy tales. But by that age I was already a keen reader.

I won my first scholarship at Cathedral School, Bombay. I was a moderately good scholar, hopeless at Mathematics, but with a good classical background. I felt it an iniquitous rule that one could not hold more than one scholarship at a time. I got this rule abolished thirty years later when I was Chairman of the Board of Governors of Cathedral School.

My abhorrence of Geometry made me a candidate for the Cathedral Choir. Choir practice coincided with the Geometry periods. I had a poor voice and failed to pass the test. However, when Dr Faulkner, the Organist and Choir Master—large, musical and rotund—was in England on furlough and the choir was rather thin during the vacation, I became a choir boy to the discomfiture of Dr Faulkner on his return. In my combative manner I remember telling him: "I am in now and you cannot throw me out!"

Thomas Arthur Savage, Headmaster of Cathedral School, was a fine Latin scholar. He also suffered from insomnia. For the Cambridge Senior Certificate, we had as our Latin prose text the 21st Book of Livy, which narrates Hannibal's crossing of the Alps in his campaign against Rome. Livy tells us that Hannibal and his troops, wearing full pack, armour, greatcoats and heavy accoutrement, just lay down and went to sleep, fully dressed. The "Head" spent several minutes on praising Hannibal's ability to sleep fully dressed in military armour. From the back of the class I interrupted: "But I can sleep fully dressed!" The Head was furious: "So you are as great as Hannibal! Come here!" And I was duly flogged.

From Cathedral School I won a scholarship to St Xavier's College and was fortunate to come under the influence of two good and great Jesuits: Fr Goodier and Fr Hull. Fr Goodier was Principal of St Xavier's, an outstanding Shakespearean scholar and afterwards Archbishop of Bombay. He influenced my life at an impressionable age and gave me a sense of the right values which have shaped my subsequent career.

An unusual incident occurred at this time. Fr Hull, an English Jesuit, was Editor of *Examiner*, a Catholic weekly which still flourishes in Bombay. Fr Hull wrote a book on "Love"—price: one rupee.

I felt Fr Hull had obtained one rupee from me by false pretences. I sat down and wrote him a four-page letter, accusing him of deception, fraud and several other misdemeanours. After a week I received a short note from Fr Hull and an invitation to tea. I went and made the acquaintance of a fine scholar and a great gentleman. He was then in his fifties. I was 16. **We had little in common but he went out of his way, gently but effectively, to correct my wholly mistaken and nebulous views on life. For the next twenty years he was my guide, philosopher and friend.**

I took my degree in due course and was offered a post in St Xavier's College as a Lecturer and simultaneously offered a vacancy at Cathedral School as an Assistant Master by Thomas Savage, a great Headmaster by any standards. I went back to my old school.

I was a schoolmaster for some years and was being drawn to the Church. Then I met and fell in love with a beautiful girl who was also ambitious. Before accepting my offer of marriage, she made me promise two things: I was to renounce my intention of becoming a parson and I was to change the humdrum life of an ill-paid overworked junior schoolmaster for something more prosperous. And so I exchanged the Cap, Gown and Birch for the glittering prizes of the Bar. I was called to the Bar at Grays Inn, London, and returned to Bombay to practise as a Barriser at the Bombay High Court.

Indefinable Attraction

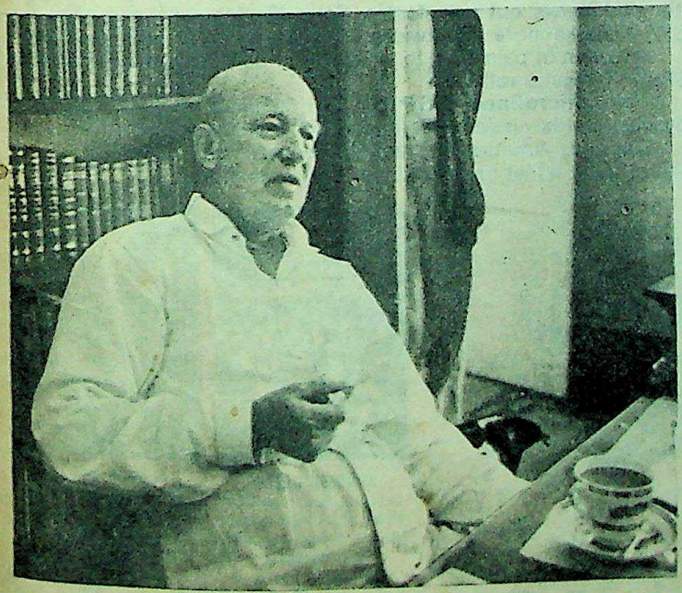
Why did I choose to return to India? It was that mysterious indefinable something which draws the Englishman to the country, quite apart from a family connection with India. I was reminded of it in 1947, when India became independent, and again in 1968, when I attended the Bombay Dinner in London. I met a host of friends I had known socially or worked with in Bombay. Without exception they all commended my decision to retire and settle in India. Many of them regretted they had done otherwise.

I have never thought of my friendship with Indians as being with people of another race. Their thoughts, words and actions have been as my own and I have never had any racial clashes with my Indian friends. I have always vigorously espoused their cause on every occasion. As an illustration, when the exclusive European clubs, of which I am one of the oldest members in Bombay, were thrown open to Indians I rejoiced. I have found my Indian friends as clubbable as Englishmen.

I "devilled" for many years in the Chambers of D. F. Mulla, later the Rt Hon. Sir Dinshah Mulla, P.C., a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He was a great and good man. I owe him and his wife more than I have been able to repay. He was a very learned advocate and judge and a great and noble personality. It was indeed a great privilege to have learned the practice of Law from such a giant.

I was offered a post on the Magisterial Bench by Sir Norman Kemp, the Acting Chief Justice. I asked for time to consider. The independent life of a freelance barrister in Bombay has irresistible attractions

—Continued



THE AUTHOR (b. 1896) is a third generation "Indian", his forbears having served in the British Army in North India. He has been a school-teacher and barrister and was Chief Presidency Magistrate and Revenue Judge of Bombay for 11 years. Now retired, he lives in Bombay.

Sixty years ago, youths in Bombay were not as sophisticated as they are today. I was essentially a scholar and knew little of the social accomplishments of youth. I could not perform a ballroom dance—I shuddered at the thought of putting my arm round a girl's waist. Believe it or not, at 18 I had not kissed a girl! Now here came Fr Hull's book. I imagined that it would introduce youth to the joys and ecstasies of love. I spent one rupee (then a heavy outlay) and bought the book. Imagine my dismay at finding it dealt with spiritual love and man's salvation.

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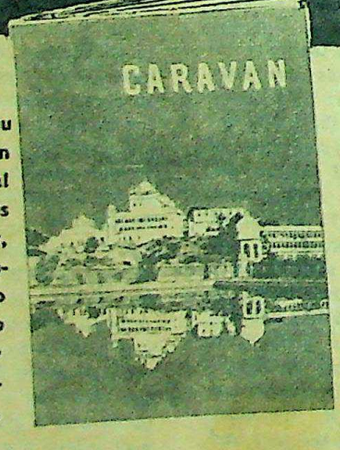

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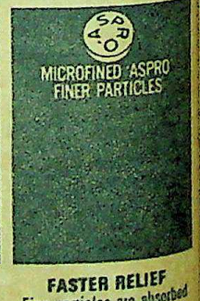

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and I hesitated to exchange it for the cold austerity and loneliness of the Magisterial Bench. Sir Dinshah thought differently and persuaded me to accept the offer. It completely altered my way of life but I have never regretted the decision. In eleven years, all my senior colleagues retired and I became Chief Presidency Magistrate and Revenue Judge of Bombay for the unusually long period of eleven years.

It was during my suburban days at Santa Cruz that I came to know Indarnarayan Brijmohanlal, later Chief Judge of the Court of Small Causes. He hailed from Delhi and had all the fine social talents of the Punjabi. He used to travel from Santa Cruz to Bombay by train and back. One day Indarnarayan almost missed the train. Seeing him run to catch it, I opened the door and he stepped in as I hauled in his huge mountain of flesh. He thanked me and we spoke to each other without any introduction. That helping hand brought me the best friend I had in Santa Cruz. He also lived there. Never a day passed without my visiting him or his calling on me. He had a voracious appetite. It was from him I learned to savour the rich and appetising food of the Punjab.

Seasoned With Mercy

Once Indarnarayan had to decide a case against a man on the facts and law, but his sympathies were with the man against whom he had to pass a decree. He secretly sent the man a cheque for the amount of the decree he passed against him!

My career as the Chief Magistrate was a soul-satisfying experience. On the very day I took my seat, I was welcomed by the Bar, and its esteem and affection I continued to enjoy during the whole of my judicial career—one of life's great rewards which I treasure.

In spite of the austerity and loneliness of the Bench and the fact that the Chief Magistrate is an overworked and underpaid judicial officer, it has great compensations. One gets an insight into the sordid side of life. Among the Courts in Bombay, the Juvenile Courts are the most interesting.

I remember a curious case I tried in which a husband and wife of the poorer class quarrelled and the husband beat his wife while he was drunk. She was pregnant and had a fall. The child (a girl), when born prematurely, had a physical defect in one foot which, if not attended to early, would have led to lifelong lameness. As a result of their disagreement, the parents separated and, to maintain her child, the woman had to resort to a promiscuous way of life. The police arrested her for soliciting and took charge of the child, whom I remanded to custody at the Children's Home. I sent her to the J.J. Hospital and she was examined by a famous Indian surgeon (happily still alive), who gave a certificate that the foot could be put right by an operation if performed at once.

The arrest of the child brought the parents together and neither of them would consent to an operation to restore the child's foot. They were absolutely convinced that the child would die if she underwent an operation. The child was about five—a lovely girl with large beautiful eyes which gave promise of her blossoming into a fine young woman, if only her foot was restored to normal.

I was in a dilemma. The child's welfare demanded an operation, but no surgeon will operate on a child without the parents' consent. As the Magistrate, I finally ruled that, in law, I was the guardian of the child while she was in judicial custody and gave permission in writing to the doctor to perform the operation. It was an entirely successful operation and, after convalescence, I restored the child (now completely sound and healthy) to the parents. They were now a happy united family. Every year, on the anniversary of the successful operation, they brought the child to the Juvenile Court for the remaining years that I presided in the Juvenile Court. On one occasion, the Home Member of the Government of Bombay was paying an informal visit to my court when the happy family chose to call on me. The parent said: "Sir, we have brought your child to see you."

Imagine my chagrin and the utterly shocked countenance of the Home Member who was a dour Scot. The girl had now grown into a fine lass with a very glad eye. I explained the facts of the case to the Home Member but I don't think he believed me!

I held the Inquiry into the Mahatma Gandhi Murder Case. The case was tried in Delhi in the Red Fort. For some reason, the accused were flown to Bombay and I was requested to hold the Inquiry there. This included identification parades and the various incidents which lead up to the trial. I went to Delhi to give evidence at the trial of the accused. At the conclusion of my evidence, the accused handed me an autograph album with the signatures of the accused and their appreciation of the detachment and fairness with which the inquiry had been held. I treasure that book dearly.

Valuable Lessons

Among the many outstanding members of the Bar who appeared before me were Bhulabhai Desai, Coltman, Sir Chimanlal Setalvad and Mohammed Ali Jinnah (a persuasive advocate). I learnt much from them in the way of clear, lucid argument. A patient judge is often better than a quick and clever judge.

In 1947 I had to make an important decision. The Indian Civil Service, Indian Police and other British Civil Officers, including Judges and Magistrates, chose to leave India when the transfer of political power from Britain to India was effected. I elected to remain—though I was of British nationality and British domicile. And I have never regretted my decision.

Morarji Desai was then Premier of Bombay and my relations with him were most cordial. He was most appreciative of the judicial work in the Criminal Courts and gave me generous support. I could not have had a better executive head to work with.

The Bar has always been hospitable to the Bench. The number of festive occasions when the Bar has played host to the Bench are legion. On Independence Day 1947, I insisted that the Bench of the Criminal Courts should entertain the Bar. My colleagues were surprised but heartily applauded my action as an Englishman to unfurl the Indian tricolour at Esplanade Court and the Bar thought it a fine gesture.

I became a member of the Bombay Philosophical Society, which was founded by a small group of Professors of Philosophy including Dr John Mackenzie, Principal of Wilson College, Professor deAndrade of Elphinstone College and Dr G. N. Lawande. I was elected to the Managing Committee and, at the first meeting that I attended, I created trouble. My speech to the Committee was something like this: "Come down from your high pedestal and bring Philosophy from the Olympian heights down to earth. There are many young men in business and the professions who have acute minds accustomed to abstract thought but not yet skilled in the technical language of Philosophy."

Dr Mackenzie was convinced by my appeal and so the Bombay Philosophical Society now admits all shades of intellectual opinion and it serves the cause of Philosophy in this State faithfully and well. For two years I was President of the Society.

Sport And Philosophy

I cannot think of a better companion on a holiday than Doctor Lawande (Professor of Philosophy at Wilson College). I recollect a fine holiday we spent together in Kotagiri, where after golf we used to relax and his encyclopaedic mind would ramble on over Plato and Aristotle and the ancient Greeks. Life was good and satisfying when we could thus combine sport and philosophy in the rarefied atmosphere of the Nilgiri Hills.

My work has thrown me among Indians of every class, creed and colour and I have learnt much from them and learnt to love them. It may be because of my somewhat bluff and forthright manner. The Indian loves nothing better than a person who is free from any of the masks and protective armour of the silent, supposed strong Westerner.

I have received nothing but kindness during my long life and work in India. I do not think there exists a race more appreciative and responsive than the Indians. Equally so are Indians sensitive to any attempt at being patronising or arrogant. If I had to live my life all over again I would not alter my way of life by making a career in Europe. The prizes there may be greater, but India offers a more spacious life.

As the shadows lengthen and the evening of life sets in and the busy world slows down for me, I am satisfied that India gives me that peace at the last which I will not find elsewhere.

I have spent the happiest days of my life here. After a career as a schoolmaster, barrister and magistrate, I performed one final somersault (figuratively) in my declining years when I decided to enter Holy Orders at an age when other priests are retiring from the incumbencies. I find in the Church a chance of serving the people; of seeing life from still another point of view; and of making some contribution to others for the sum of human happiness, which India has given me in full measure, well pressed down and flowing over.

[This article is the last in the series: "What India Meant To Me"]

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This Business Of Pornography

Text and Photographs
by J. BANERJEE

★

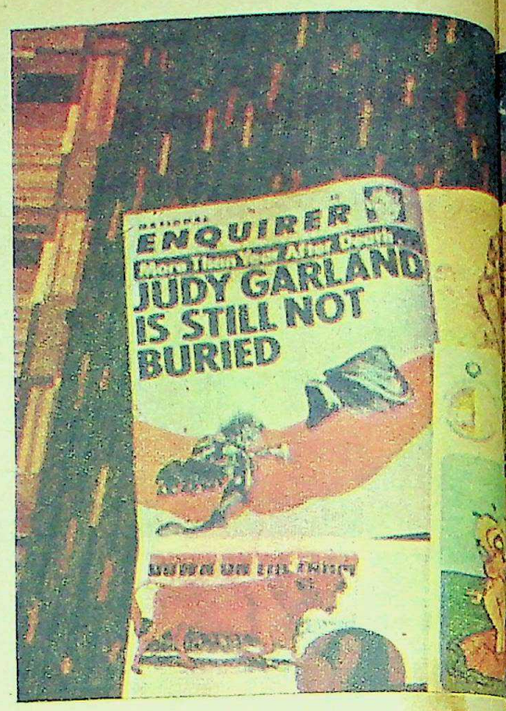
Selling 'porn' is a multimillion business in every major capital of the world. In London itself, £10 million worth of 'porn' is sold every year. The business is also flourishing in Copenhagen, Stockholm and several American cities.

A MINORITY section of the British public believe that, in the name of sexual freedom, the floodgates have been opened and that spilling over the dam is a crushing torrent of erotica, sex-related material, lurid pictures glorifying incest, homosexuality, lesbianism, sadism and even bestiality. Many are arguing whether it is the Swedish or the Danish way of liberation that would suit them best. And in Britain the MPs opted with a loud shout of "Aye!" the Swedish style of porn, when they were given the choice during a debate in the House of Commons in June this year.

Denmark became—from July 1969—the first country to legalise pornography. Same is Sweden's legal position on the issue; but they treat things more discreetly—"hard-core porno" stuff is seldom displayed in the windows.

Sex, truly, seems to have become a favourite sport. At the Sex Olympics in America, Britain was duly represented with couples from Japan, France, China and some European countries; and as reported in many newspapers, the British couple's chance of winning the trophy at the "copulation contest" was very high indeed.

Charles Rembar, a New York lawyer who successfully defended *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Tropic of Cancer* and *Fanny Hill* in the US Supreme Court, summed up the dilemma in what may become a classic definition. "Pornography," he observed, "is in the groin of the beholder." (Actually *pornographos* is a Greek word that means "the writing of harlots".)



One of the much-publicised myths about pornography is that it is a safety-valve for antisocial impulses. Yet, according to one American magazine, a survey indicated that perhaps 80% of modern psychiatrists and psychologists had never encountered any cases in which they thought pornography was not a major factor in antisocial behaviour.

According to a former Detroit Police Inspector: "There has not been a sex murder in the history of our department in which the killer was not an avid reader of lewd magazines." Another Police Chief from Arizona commented: "Our city has experienced many crimes of sexual deviation, such as child molestation and indecent exposure. We find that most of these 'deviates' read obscene materials and often exhibit them to children in an effort to arouse sexual excitement among their victims."

Equally wrong is the belief that pornography, instead of having adverse effects on children, develops in them a healthy attitude towards sex. Social studies revealed that antisocial, delinquent and criminal behaviour frequently results from children exposed to and stimulated by pornography. The abnormal sexual stimulation creates a demand for expression. A psychiatrist talking to a reporter from London's *Evening Standard* stated how, in the case of children, pornographic literature "might force them to experience too much at too early an age, and this could have a distorting effect on their personalities".

The *OZ* School Kid issue, the trial of which caused so much "hoo-ha" among the British public, is nothing compared to what

"PORN" SHOPS are spread all over London. According to stall holders, women show a greater preference for sexy reading material. Teenagers and "bowler-hatted" gentlemen go in, by and large, for colour magazines and photographs.

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PRICES ARE HIGH. A set of five postcard-size photographs costs £1 and a colour magazine as much as £2.50. Some Danish publications cost up to £5. The sitting fee for male models is £15, for women £25. A "porn" shop makes over £1,500 a week in sales.

one can easily acquire in the local smut market. Sex is being served everywhere on a plate. As such the trial has rightly been described in certain quarters as more of a political move than a social one. The verdict was obviously taken by the younger generation as a declaration of war against them.

The permissive free-for-all atmosphere in the West has helped the porno merchants. The trade is responsible for increase in abortion, illegal copulation, VD, illegitimate children, sex maniacs and marital separations. In 1969 the number of illegitimate babies in the US rose to 300,000. About 80,000 women in England had legal abortions last year—and a majority of them were unmarried. Almost 1,500 girls under 16 had babies and over 1,200 had legal abortions in 1969.

Casual copulation is Western society's greatest permissive achievement. The latest case is of two BOAC passengers copulating on flight in spite of objection by other passengers and the Captain's request to refrain. Under bold headlines, "Cheap air travel spreading VD", *The Guardian* recently reported about "the casualties of sexual permissiveness".

A doctor noted how "package tours and cheap travel have helped spread VD to a record level in Britain. Travellers tended to be more promiscuous because of increased opportunity and the unsettling effects of travel."

Today Western women are asking for abortion on demand. On its way is the quick "lunch-hour abortion" scheme when a woman can expect to go home within a minimum of four hours.

Another encouraging introduction is *Twentisec*—the do-it-yourself home pregnancy testing kit already available and claimed to be 90% accurate. Yet the worries of people like Sir John Peel, the Queen's gynaecologist, is shared by many anxious parents: that, in the 16-19 age group, there are more cases of gonorrhoea recorded among girls than boys—"a fact which cannot give much satisfaction even to the most ardent feminist".

The percentage of births to girls under 20 has been increasing. And the rate among girls under 16 has actually risen by 200% in the last ten years.

"I suspect," remarked Sir Peel, "that many of these young women have found a freedom that they are anxious to exploit, but for the consequences of which they are not prepared to accept full responsibility. The emancipated woman of 1971 has no need to take refuge in pleas of seduction—she is a willing partner in most instances. And, unhappily, it is a matter of both common sense and actual experience that the availability of a way out—namely, abortion—makes so many women less responsible in their new-found sexual freedom."

The Pill has done a great deal to emancipate women. "If this is so, how does it come about that 70% of those unmarried girls who seek abortion have used no contraception when they became pregnant? This is not a question of contraceptive ignorance, it is not a question of contraceptive failure and, in many instances, it is not a question of contraceptive availability. The reasons are very complex."

"Pornoccupation"

An article in *Business Observer* mentions that the "pornoccupation" business is one of the easiest ways to make a fast buck. One man who tasted its fruits says: "The money comes in so fast it makes you dizzy. And the profits are so enormous that you don't even worry about details like overheads; they are miniscule by comparison."

"There are no official statistics," writes Raymond Palmer, "on the economics of the pornographic business, but unofficial ones are staggering. **On a most conservative estimate, the purveying of 'hard core' in Britain is a £10-million-a-year business. If you include the so-called 'soft-core' or 'pop-porn'—magazines with unclad and bare pin-ups, books dealing in a pseudo-sociological manner with salacious subjects and films showing simulated sex and sex in the guise of pseudo-educational material—the total annual turnover would run into several hundreds million pounds."**

In most news stands today, one can buy magazines ranging from the ultra-respectable and well-established *Playboy* to more recently launched sex-education magazines. A man in charge of one such stand told an *Evening Standard* investigator that sex-education magazines were more popular "because they are the dirtiest".

All sorts of people from "teenagers to men in dirty raincoats to bowler-hatted pinstriped gentlemen" are his regular customers. Some are quite brazen about the whole thing, while others are more furtive. **"There's a sort of system. They come up with their briefcases already open and look around to see if anyone's watching. Then they whisper the name of this magazine or that and I slip it into their cases while they look the other way. Then they pay and disappear."**

Women, according to most stall holders, are not interested in picture magazines but buy the most textual pseudo-educational magazines like *Forum*. This particular magazine has an interesting beginning.

The publishers of *Penthouse* asked readers to write about their problems and experiences for which they paid nominal sums. Soon they found that these accumulated experiences in published form had a very good market. Since then *Forum's* sales-figure chart has shown no sign of declining.

Behind The Screen

For the real "hard-core" material, one has to go to bookshops in Soho and Praed Street. The material on display is explicit enough to leave you in no doubt. As you go in through the door, you walk round a screen—all covered with pin-ups from "soft-core" magazines—which hides the people inside from the gaze of passers-by.

The walls have pictures of females in poses photographed from all imaginable camera positions. And there are women with bust sizes which must be seen to be believed.

The displays are so arranged that, as you walk around, you reach the back of the room where the owner or one of his assistants is in attendance. He will whisper to come behind the counter if you are interested in "seeing something stronger". Once you enter, you have arrived at the porno merchant's "jewel house".

For £1 a set, you can have five postcard-size pictures of couples or trios having sex. For £2.50 you can buy small colour magazines or larger black-and-white publications showing pretty much the same thing. Prices are high at Soho shops than elsewhere and, according to an *Evening Standard* investigator, £5 Danish publications cost about £4 elsewhere. The books normally try to tell a

—Continued

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story, mostly in a familiar way, showing three to ten people in the act of discarding their clothes and eventually engaged in endless variations of sexual activity.

The women participants in sexy photographs are reportedly paid £25, as against the men's fee of £15 a time—making it one of the few jobs where women are paid higher.

According to some estimates, 80 to 85% of the Danish industry's turnover is exported to Germany, Britain, Japan and USA. Britain is a big customer but there are numerous local publications as well. The business is now thriving and, in Soho alone, there are some thirty shops dealing in "hard-core" stuff.

"Vital Statistics"

The average earning, according to "Business Observer", is between £1,500 and £2,000 per week in most shops. Rent of the premises is £60 to £100 per week. Wages amount to £200 per week, with a manager earning £50 to £100, plus 2-3 part-time assistants earning £30 to £40 per week. In mail-order business, the average earnings could be around £100,000 a week "when the going is good".

One person with eight shops in Soho, making £1,000 a week profit from each, wanted to sell the chain to a Danish group. The Danes were advised however that, as foreigners, they might not find it as easy to operate in London as their British counterparts.

Three brothers, who ran four shops in Soho, were recently fined £7,500 at the Old Bailey for selling obscene materials.

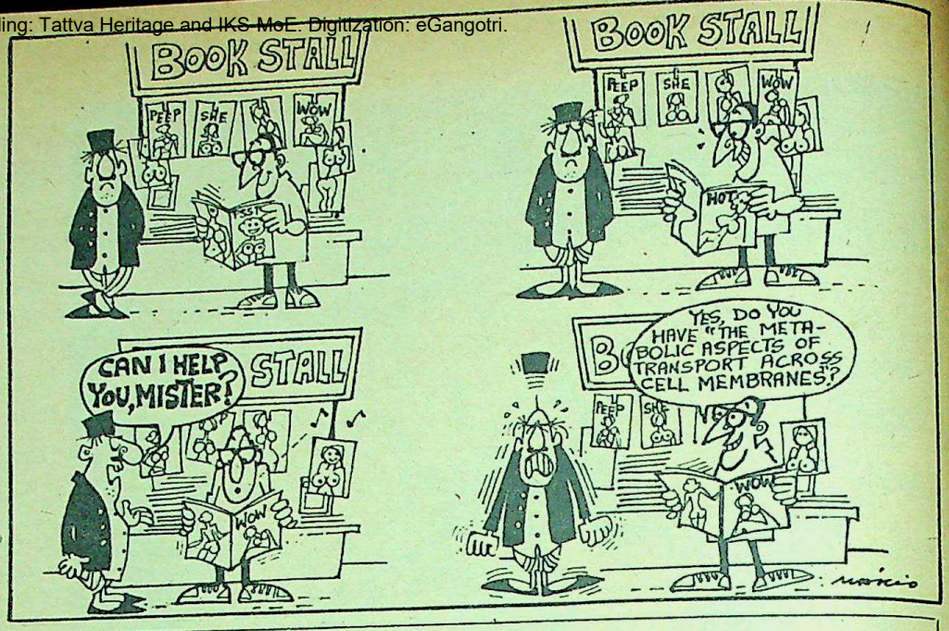
The Sicka brothers, reports *Private Eye*, believe it to be a case of racial prejudice that needs to be taken to the Race Relations Board. "Why else just we had been singled out from the thirty-six dirty bookshops in Soho for prosecution?" The brothers, who prefer to call themselves Kenya Asians rather than Indians, are apparently back in business in Soho.

How They Get Away

"How do the pornographers manage to get away with it?" asked Raymond Palmer. "Sweeteners," he was told, meaning bribery. "It's like insurance but more expensive. It is part of the operating costs. It buys you protection—not only from the law but from competition. If a newcomer tried to set up a porn shop, he'd be raided several times over until his stock was finished and prosecuted until he'd had enough."

The "Private Eye" investigation team took it up from here: "According to the pornographer quoted above, the Dirty Squad are running an old-fashioned and highly lucrative protection racket. The system works because every prosecution for obscenity has to go through the Director of Public Prosecution and he prefers recommendations for prosecution from all over the country to come from Scotland Yard's Dirty Squad.

In Soho, weekly collections are made from the pornographers. One of them told



PORNOGRAPHY IN DENMARK

"We opened the forbidden room at the end of the corridor," said a psychologist in Copenhagen, "and we did not find it half as alarming as some expected. There is a distinct change of mood once the unnatural fear has gone out of it."

Sales of pornography have gone down from a peak $60 million in 1969 to $24 million now. Danish authorities believe that, in perhaps five years, the subject will have lost all its forbidden allure. Through Copenhagen shops and exports, the porno industry is now selling about 90% of its production to tourists from the more restrictive countries or to foreign postal buyers.

Copenhagen does have a greater degree of candour and more facilities in some things, according to a magazine article. At many clubs you can readily see a "live show" (various kinds of intercourse on stage). These performances are advertised in the most respectable newspapers. More important—because they impinge on the general public—are the porno films on show, in colour, at half a dozen cinemas.

A Government opinion poll found that 57% approve of full liberalisation; 10% are undecided; 25% are against it. A great many among them object to show-window displays and advertisements which obtrude on the public and spoil the principle of free choice.

Jergen Langkilde, former Chairman of the Danish Committee on Pornography, said that four years' experience had not changed the Committee's view that pornography was not harmful; and that it was wrong in principle that the state should interfere with individual conscience about what to read or see. He added: "Before we liberated the law, there was a great deal of pornography at station bookstalls and the roadside. The quantity was greater than at present. Because it was illegal and a bit of a novelty, it had acquired a morbid fascination and young people were among those buying it. We decided, after expert advice, that, once the adult sector of society could declare that pornography was unimportant (if left to free choice), the young would lose interest. That is exactly what has happened with both young and old."

What about the benefits? "Well, young people really do not bother to buy it any more. My young son is free to read it but, instead, he is far more interested in Viet Nam and Karl Marx, like most of his friends. There are a dozen things that he is more concerned about than dirty books. Perhaps families are a little more relaxed about sexual problems. But that is something that takes time to grow."

One of the most interesting aspects of the Danish experiment is the effect of this release of pornography on crime figures. The psychiatrists, who advised the Danish Government, have seen no reason to change their view that pornography is not harmful and does not provoke crime.

The sex-crime figures show, on paper, a dramatic drop of 63% between 1959 and 1969. Officials certainly do not make a too facile connection between this and the fact that there are obscene books around. It is however apparent that the drop has more to do with the more tolerant social context in which the lifting of censorship has taken place.

Serious crimes, like rape, have stayed about the same as before. Part of the fall is accounted for by changes in police reporting procedure. With some crimes, like "Peeping Tom" incidents and interference with children, it is supposed that pornography may provide potential offenders with a fantasy substitute which relieves frustration.

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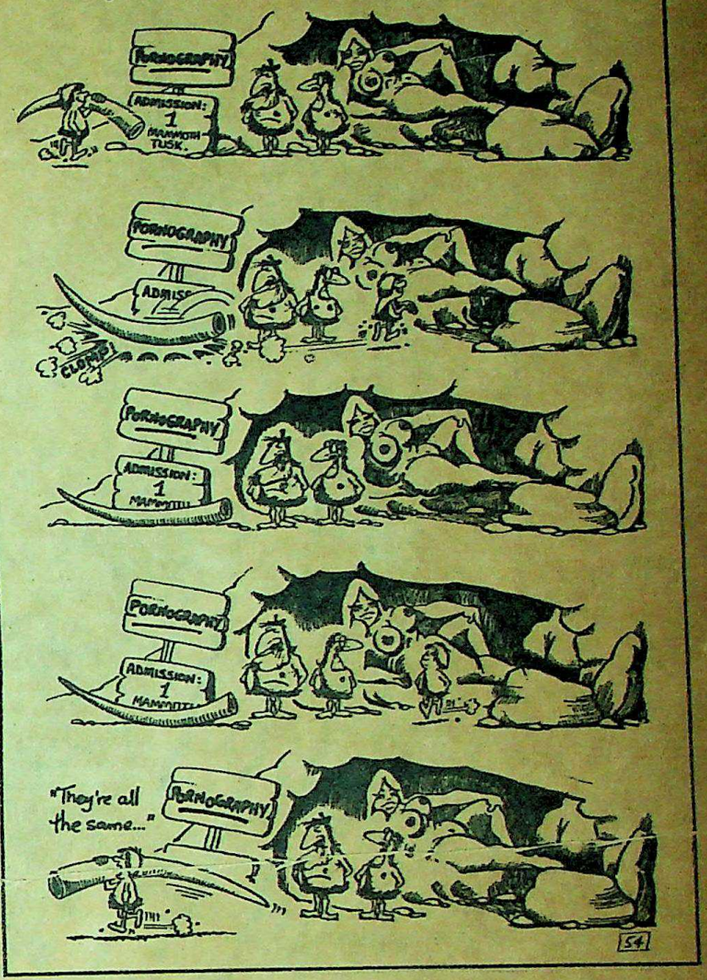
EDITORS OF "OZ" (l. to r. Felix Dennis, Richard Neville and James Anderson) were convicted on a charge of obscenity. They got prison sentences ranging from 9 to 12 months. They have appealed against their conviction.

"But, Sir, you haven't seen them 'perform' ..."

STANLEY by Murray Ball

Continuing the adventures of the Great Palaeolithic Hero



From "Punch"

Private Eye that he paid £50 a week per shop. Since each shop is supposed to make a weekly profit of at least £500, he can well afford it. One provincial mail-order firm, which does good business, is expected to pay £1,000 a week. If the local police force complains about its activities, the complaint goes to the Dirty Squad, and they can then tip off the firm about an expected raid and advise them to change their address.

Further evidence of irregularity in the porn trade is provided by the steady supply of material which is available at the knock-down price of 5p a copy—pornographic material which had been seized and forwarded to be destroyed that has mysteriously managed to reappear in the market.

Once a learned judge is reported to have remarked that the Indian police force is "the most well-organised corrupt group in India". They could have learned a lot from Scotland Yard.

According to a report in *Sunday Telegraph*, the pseudo sex-educational magazine, *Forum*, has a monthly circulation of 150,000, while *Intro* and *Open* have circulations ranging from 20,000 to 30,000. The budget of each publication is £1,780. *Forum's* management makes £20,000 yearly profit, although rumours admit it is ten times over.

In porno bookshops, black-and-white "blue" films cost about £15 and upwards for a 200-ft, 8mm reel. The same length in colour costs around £25. There are sets of colour slides as well as disc-records for the connoisseur.

The latest sexual apparatus and accessories on sale are male organs in rubber, plus various creams and perfumes. One "Love-Craft" shop at the West End has the latest addition: a sponge vagina "for unattached males" at £12 only.

Today, you don't have to join a club to see "blue" films; many sex instruction films in public cinema halls leave nothing more to be expected on copulation techniques.

In *Sex, Love and Marriage*—which was running at the Windmill on regular shows, the theatre owners claimed to have collected £3,385 in the first week. Among the stageplays, there is Andy Warhol's *Pork*, which warns the public about its "explicit sexual contents and offensive language", and *The Dirtiest Show in Town*, which makes *Oh! Calcutta!* look like *Little Women*.

Prohibition does not work well in the West. It merely puts up the prices, drives the business underground and provides a potential source of corruption for those charged with enforcing the laws against it. "A free and legal market," suggests Raymond Palmer, "through the mail or from shops with no window displays will probably result in a market glut, falling prices and saturated customers."

Or will it? At present any adolescent person can get pornographic material through the mail by simply stating: "I am over 18 years of age."

As things stand today the West may soon find itself in the throes of a big problem.

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IN SEARCH OF 'PORNO'

by AJAY K. BOSE

Water fungi are capable of wild sex orgies. How they do it... and why... Some female cells want to be nothing more than sex objects!

MOVIE-MAKERS are now seizing upon the sexual proclivities of man and beast. **What material will be left for the pornographers of the next decade? When the current teenagers have tired of pot, acid and swinging partners and reached the more sedate age partial to voyeurism, what will be there to titillate them?**

But there is no cause for despair. If a recent issue of the respected scholarly journal, *Science*, is any indication, there are quite a few uncharted territories left yet for the uninhibited purveyor of sex on celluloid.

Take the case of water moulds or aquatic fungi belonging to the genus *Achlya*. These are abundant in shallow, sheltered water, thriving on oxygen and organic debris from dead insects, wounded fish, fish eggs, twigs, etc. They have colourless filament like cells or hyphae large enough to be seen without a microscope. The cells grow by elongation at the tip; sometimes they branch out. A vigorous growth looks like a piece of cottonwool and is referred to as the mycelium.

You may have never suspected it but these water moulds indulge in sex from time to time. Most species of 'Achlya' do not have to worry about finding sex partners—they are hermaphroditic.

When the urge comes, they produce a spherical appendage and a cylindrical appendage side by side. The spherical growth develops several eggs and separates itself from the rest of the cell with a partition. In the mean time, the other sex organ grows towards the sphere and curves round it.

Fertilisation

It is soon partitioned off from the hyphae bearing it and develops branches or fertilisation tubes that penetrate the egg-bearing organ. Nucleic material for the fertilisation of eggs passes through these tubes. In course of time, the fertilised eggs mature and the spherical cell carrying them breaks away completely from the parent mycelium to become spores which germinate when conditions are propitious.

Some strains of *Achlya* have given up hermaphroditism; they produce separate male colonies with fertilisation tubes and female colonies with egg-bearing cells. How do you tell a male from a female when looking at *Achlya bisexualis* Coker or *Achlya ambisexualis* Raper? Simple, if you just follow the classic experiments of the scientist Dr J. R. Raper.

First, you get some seeds of the hemp (*bhang*) plant, *Cannabis sativa*. Unlike in the early forties when Dr Raper carried out his experiments, you may have difficulty in getting these seeds without arousing suspicion. The local guardians of law and order may think that you are more likely to indulge in the horticulture of marijuana than the culture of amorous water moulds.

The hemp seeds should be halved and inoculated with bisexually oriented water moulds. Each half seed should be placed in slightly distilled water and the mycelia allowed to grow for three or four days. Now you are ready to make the test that was conducted by Dr Raper. He had a female colony growing in one dish from which he poured some water on to a dish of moulds which had not developed sex organs.

If this colony happened to be composed of females, there was no response. But if the colony was male, then fertilisation tubes developed in a few hours. If the water from this male colony was poured on a female mycelium, egg-bearing cells started to appear. Dr Raper concludes that the females of this species of water moulds secrete a chemical—which he named "Hormone A" —that initiates male activity. In turn, the sexually mature males secrete "Hormone B" —to trigger the formation of egg-bearing cells.

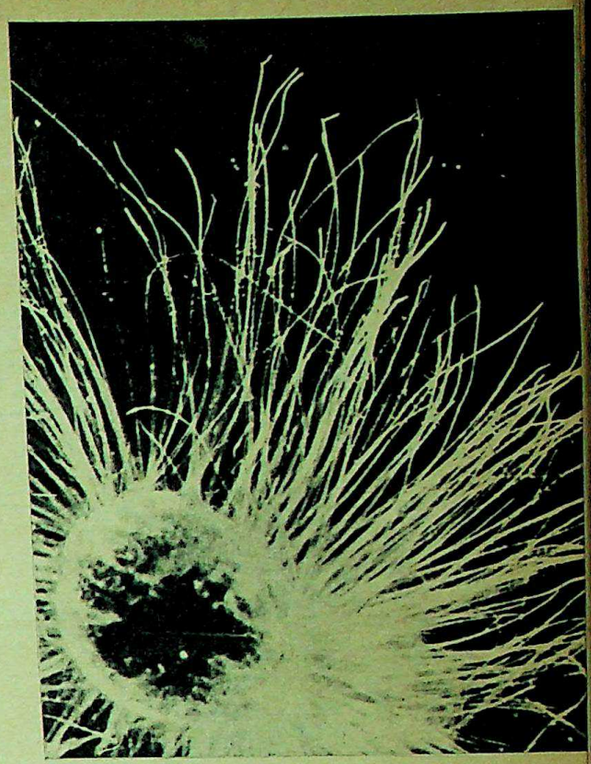
Hormone "A"

"Hormone A" was found to be unusually potent—even when diluted a hundred billionfold with water, it made male moulds sprout sexual appendages. If you do not believe in love potion and are skeptical of the discoveries of Dr Raper, you should acquaint yourself with the later researches on "Hormone A".

In 1965, after ten years' work, Dr Alma Barksdale of the New York Botanical Garden succeeded (in collaboration with Dr Trevor McMorris) in obtaining this hormone in a pure form. From hundreds of gallons of water in which a female strain of *Achlya bisexualis* was growing, they were able to isolate only a few crystals of this substance. Since the amount was so small, special spectroscopic techniques had to be used by Professor K. Biemann and Dr G. P. Arsenault of MIT to determine the chemical structure.

"Hormone A" proved to be a steroid—the same family of compounds to which belong human sex hormones. Within months scientists at Syntex—a pharmaceutical company that specialises in steroid drugs—duplicated "Hormone A" in the laboratory. Any amount of this material can now be prepared in a test-tube possessing the same intense activity as the hormone from natural sources.

If you want to film a real orgy, take an unsuspecting mycelium of male *Achlya* and sprinkle over it a few plastic replica of egg-bearing sphere coated with "Hormone A". When Dr Alma Barksdale performed this experiment, male sexual branches sprang up from the mycelium in the vicinity of each particle, and some of them even got ready to sprout fertilisation tubes. But the sexual reaction ended right there, because plastic particles, no matter how much they look like the genuine article, are just not capable of forming eggs! Poor *Achlya*, the things that are done these days in the name of science!



WATER MOULD (Achlya ambisexualis) *on a hemp seed. Side branches have sprouted in response to a "sex attractant from their female counterpart".*

The partisans of Women's Lib will not like this, but the single females of the water mould 'Allomyces' want nothing more than to be sex objects. This is not easy for them, because the male and female sex cells of this would separate from the mycelium and float away.

The male cells alone are resplendent with orange colouring. The female cells are colourless but they have a potent weapon —they release in the water a "sperm attractant". The orange male cells now crowd in droves around the females and eventually find partners to fuse with—quite a colourful scene for a trained movie camera.

The name, "Sirenin", was given to the chemical substance from the female *Allomyces*. A pure sample of this material was isolated in 1966 and, within two years, its chemical structure was determined by Professor H. Rapoport and co-workers at the University of California, Berkeley.

Sirenin does not quite match "Hormone A" in potency. It starts to get a response from male sex cells when diluted a hundred million times. If it is present at a level of more than one part in a thousand, the response falls off. It does nothing for the male *Achlya* but then "Hormone A" does not affect the sperm-bearing cells of *Allomyces* either.

The challenge of synthesising Sirenin has proved as alluring to the organic chemists as Sirenin is to the sperm-bearing cells of *Allomyces*. In the last two years, no fewer than six synthetic methods have been developed—about half of them by Professor E. J. Corey and his associates in Harvard University. According to the latest report, a seven-step synthesis taking just a few days could provide enough Sirenin to "turn on" every available *Allomyces* fungus.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Worldwide Battle Against Illiteracy

The rich get richer and the poor get poorer because the former are educated and the latter are illiterate. Efforts to educate the 800 million adults in the world who cannot read or write are failing because they are not localised. To provide parochial education the UN has launched pilot schemes in Iran, Mali and Algeria.

AN ELEMENTARY CLASS in reading and writing in Mexico. There is a much higher rate of illiteracy among women than men. The number of illiterates is growing rather than diminishing because of the alarming increase in world population.

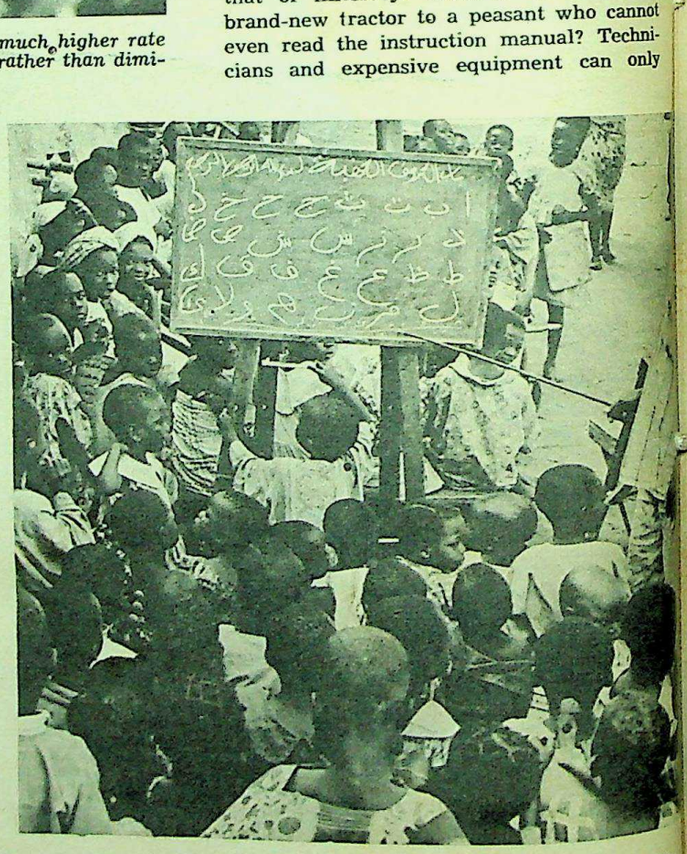
WHILE a third of the world is becoming more prosperous and emancipated, the remaining two-thirds is being left further and further behind the mainstream.

So the rich help the poor. This is very much a twentieth century phenomenon and aid programmes to underdeveloped nations are becoming more commonplace. But whatever the motive—altruism or a guilty conscience—the war on poverty is losing rather than gaining momentum.

Economic parity is becoming less likely as the years go by.

The reason for this retrogression is simple: the generous nations of the earth continue to pour money and material into the laps of the underprivileged but they ignore the most fundamental problem of all: that of illiteracy. What is the use of a brand-new tractor to a peasant who cannot even read the instruction manual? Technicians and expensive equipment can only

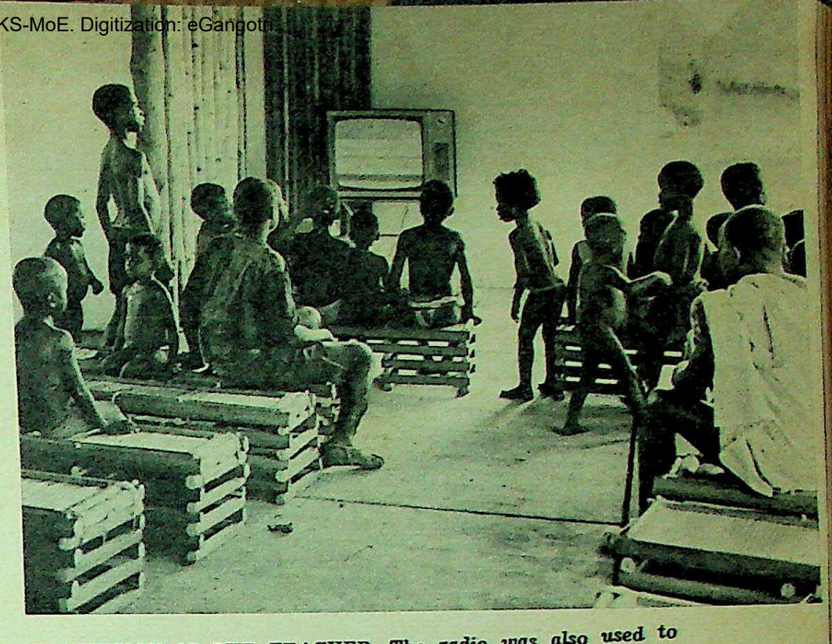
GIPSY CHILDREN IN GRANADA learn the three Rs. Youngsters are always eager to learn but the grown-ups have to be persuaded to give up their leisure for attending "school".



A BUSY STREET IN NIGERIA serves as a classroom. Owing to lack of space, primary and adult students are taught together. Many adults are content to get all their knowledge from the radio.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

MAMA'S LITTLE "LAMB" follows her to school every day. UN experts feel that aid to underdeveloped countries cannot be utilised to the fullest unless the problem of illiteracy is solved.



TELEVISION IS THE TEACHER. The radio was also used to teach reading and writing but it was not very successful because the two processes are visual rather than oral.

be temporary measures in the fight against poverty. It is illiteracy which is at the base of most economic difficulties.

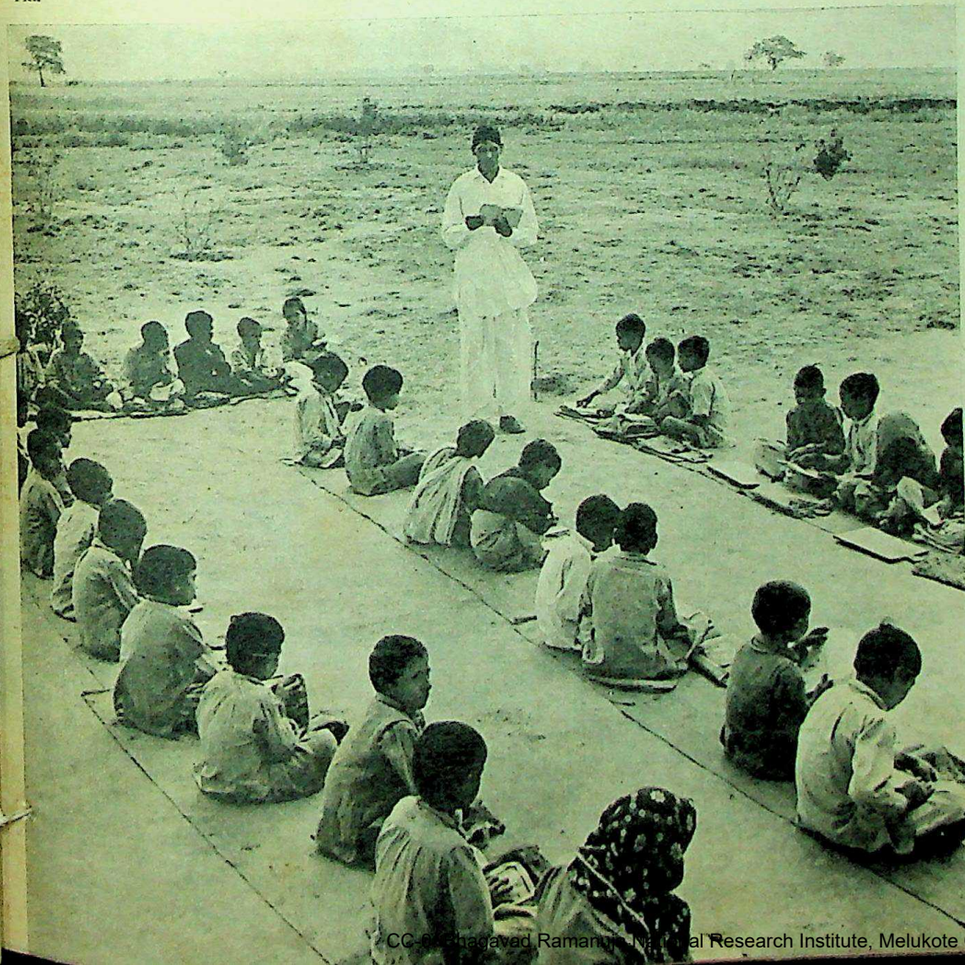
There are 800 million adults in the world who cannot read or write. The numbers are growing rather than diminishing, largely because of the alarming growth in world population.

Efforts to educate the illiterate are failing because they are too diffuse. Every region of the world must be analysed on its own merits. And education must be localised.

Recognising this need for parochial education, the United Nations has launched three pilot schemes in Iran, Mali and Algeria.

In Iran, there are two separate campaigns. One is in an agricultural region of the province of Khousistan, where an irrigation project has been initiated; the other will take place in Ispahan and will concern 26,000 textile workers, 90% of whom are illiterate. In Mali the education programme will be directed at 100,000 peasants who work in the rice and cotton fields of Segou; also 6,000 state factory workers from Bamako will be taught the rudiments of reading and writing. In Algeria, the battle on illiteracy will take place on three fronts: 5,000 farm workers, 20,000 chemical workers and 50,000 metallurgy workers. The results of these experiments will dictate how the campaign can be conducted on a worldwide front.

A TREMENDOUS EFFORT BUT WORTH IT, feels this worker who, strangely enough, lives in Paris. He is an immigrant who has realised that reading and writing are absolutely essential.



LESSONS IN THE OPEN in a Punjab village. In the last ten years, literacy in India has gone up from 24 to 29.4 per cent.

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EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY—but the rising upsurge of the oppressed in Rhodesia will surely triumph in the end. The recent formation of the Front for the Liberation of Zimbabwe is expected to establish a guerilla movement against the white rule.

THE PEARCE COMMISSION visited Rhodesia to gauge public opinion. The blacks boycotted it totally. Here the Chairman, Lord Pearce (second from right), is seen interviewing certain party representatives at a public meeting in Salisbury.

Black Protest In Rhodesia

EVER since Ian Smith claimed "independence" for Rhodesia and installed himself as Prime Minister, the minority white regime, as insignificant numerically as one to 20, has been lording it over the blacks. The apartheid policy in Rhodesia is far worse than it is in South Africa.

Recently, Britain sought to work out a settlement, arrived at during deliberations between Foreign Secretary Alec Douglas-Home and Rhodesian Premier Ian Smith, for a gradual increase in black political power. But Ian Smith, who refers to the Negroes as "the happiest Africans in the world", has done little to give shape to the proposals.

Meanwhile, the 20-man Pearce Commission arrived in Rhodesia to study the situation. The black Rhodesians' answer to the proposal was a mighty "No!"—and they have shown for the first time a determined unity, rallying behind the African National Council.

The black protest broke out into riots in Gwelo, Rhodesia's fourth-largest city, and spread to Salisbury, Fort Victoria and other cities. Apart from over 200 Africans, the former Liberal Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, Garfield Todd, and his daughter have been arrested. The riots have taken their toll of lives: 18 dead.

In the Security Council, Britain has vetoed a resolution which called upon it not to implement the proposed Rhodesian settlement.

RIOT CASUALTIES. Two Dominican sisters were among the first victims of the riots in Salisbury. They were injured in stone-throwing that smashed the windscreen of their car.

A FULL-THROATED "NO". The blacks have shown complete unity in their rejection of the Anglo-Rhodesian proposals. An intensification of their efforts to gain self-determination is expected soon.

FIST POWER. The first centre of protest was Gwelo, the fourth-largest city in Rhodesia. Rioting continued for three days, with 8,000 angry Africans on the march.

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THE TERA OR THAYYATTAM, a ceremony in which certain men become possessed by supernatural beings, is common in the northernmost region of Kerala and the South Canara district of Mysore. The ritual varies in different Thayyams—drinking blood from the neck of a live chicken (right), walking or sitting on fire, blood-letting, or undertaking a long walk with a live chicken held between the teeth.

The Tera Ceremony Of Kerala

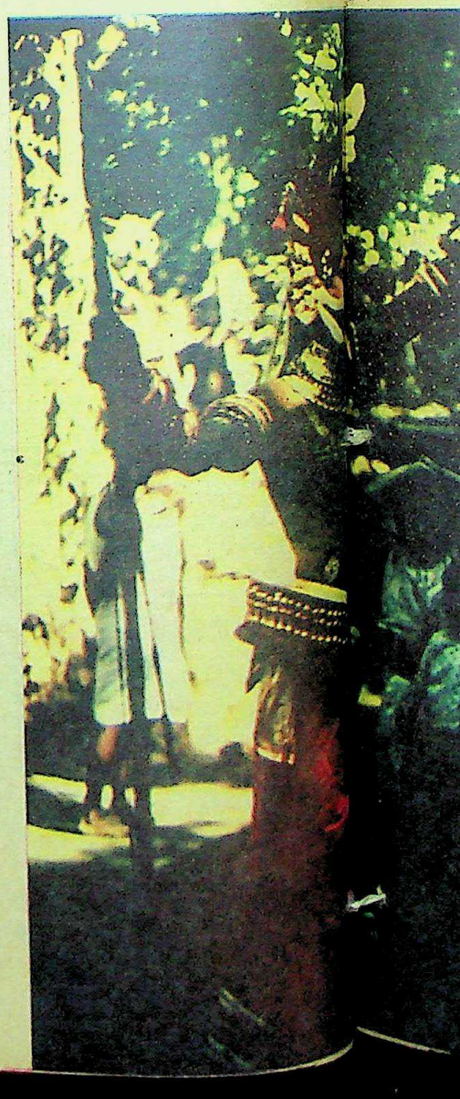
Text and Photographs by JOAN P. MENCHER and FRANKLIN C. SOUTHWORTH

One of the most ritually developed forms of the phenomena of men being possessed by supernatural beings...

"... you must get up early every morning, take your bath and then think of me. Every evening you must come and light a lamp for me. After 41 days he will vomit blood, the man who stole your cows. If he doesn't come to me within these 41 days, then everyone in his family will die, one by one. If he comes to me immediately and returns your cows, he will be all right... If Pottan Thayyam gives you back everything, what will you give to him? You should have an extra Pottan Thayyam performance next year, that is that!" (Thus spoke Pottan Thayyam, after sitting for six hours on a bed of coals.)

THROUGHOUT the south-western part of India (that region which is bounded on the east by the steep Western ghats, mountains that go up to about 9,000 feet, and on the east by the sea), at different times and in different ways, certain men become possessed by supernatural beings. One of the most ritually developed forms of this phenomenon, the ceremony known as *Tera* or *Thayyattam*, is confined to the northernmost part of Kerala and the South Canara district of Mysore State. This is an area of rugged terrain, of hills and cliffs, punctuated by long narrow paddy fields with jungle in between; where even today tigers are commonly found, apart from the more common jackals and small wild animals. It is also the area with the highest rainfall in India (apart from Assam), reaching as high as 154 inches in some interior parts during the five months of the two monsoons.

The Indian caste system, which is a social system based on hereditary membership in hierarchically ranked groups, was traditionally more highly structured and rigidly enforced in Kerala than elsewhere in India. At the top of the hierarchy stood the Nambudiri Brahmins; just below them came the various subcastes of Nairs. Under the Nairs came the Tiyyars (a semi-untouchable group). At the bottom were various castes who were traditionally considered so "polluting" that they could not



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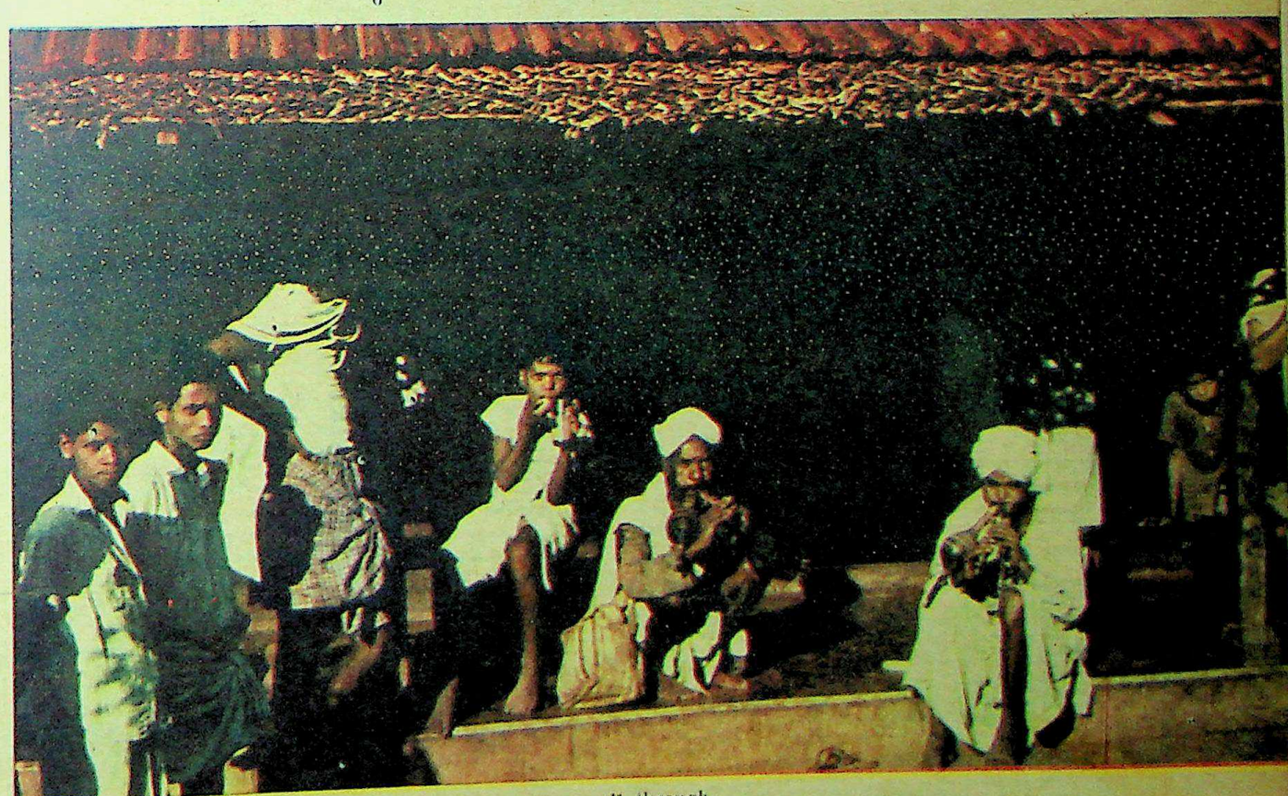
THE SPIRIT of Pottan Thayyam begins to enter the performer after the initial rites. The Thayyams usually represent various demigods, though some depict the major figures in the Hindu pantheon.

even enter the compound surrounding a Nambudiri or a Nair household, or approach within a specified distance of a high-caste person. Portraying the supernatural beings known as *Thayyams* has been a caste function of the small untouchable castes of Wannan (who are also washermen for the lower castes, as well as for high-caste people at special times) Malayan (who are also drummers, midwives and dealers in magic) and the extremely small caste called Munnuthans (who have no specific occupation).

The word "Thayyam" (considered by some scholars to be derived from a Sanskrit word for God) refers to both the performance and the supernatural being by whom the performer is possessed. The Tera performance goes on all night and may involve from two to ten different *Thayyams*. The *Thayyam* first presents himself in the form known as *Thottam* or *Vellatam*, in which he wears only part of his full regalia, and is not yet possessed by the God (though in the case of some *Thayyams* he has already consumed a substantial amount of toddy). To the accompaniment of Malayan drumming, he recites his origin myth, and perhaps indicates some of the *Thayyam's* grievances—such as needing replacements for parts of his costume, or not having been treated well during the preceding year. Finally he will put on his head-dress, which completes his costume; at that moment, he is fully possessed by the deity and is considered to be his personification.

Some *Thayyam* performances are privately supported by a Nambudiri Brahmin, a Nair or a Tiyyar family, and held on their own land (sometimes in their house compound). Others, known as *Vayil Tera*, are held in a paddy field following the harvest and are supported by a subscription from all those living in the vicinity. A few are also held at special non-Brahminical temples, such as the famous Parassini-Kadavu (located in the jungle at the foot of the Western ghats). *Thayyams* are localised geographically, and if

—Continued



THE MORNING AFTER. A Tera performance goes on all through the night—and can be a wearisome affair for all. Left: Muttapan Vellatam. The Thayyam in this case is a toddy-drinking and meat-eating deity and is invoked to ward off misfortune.

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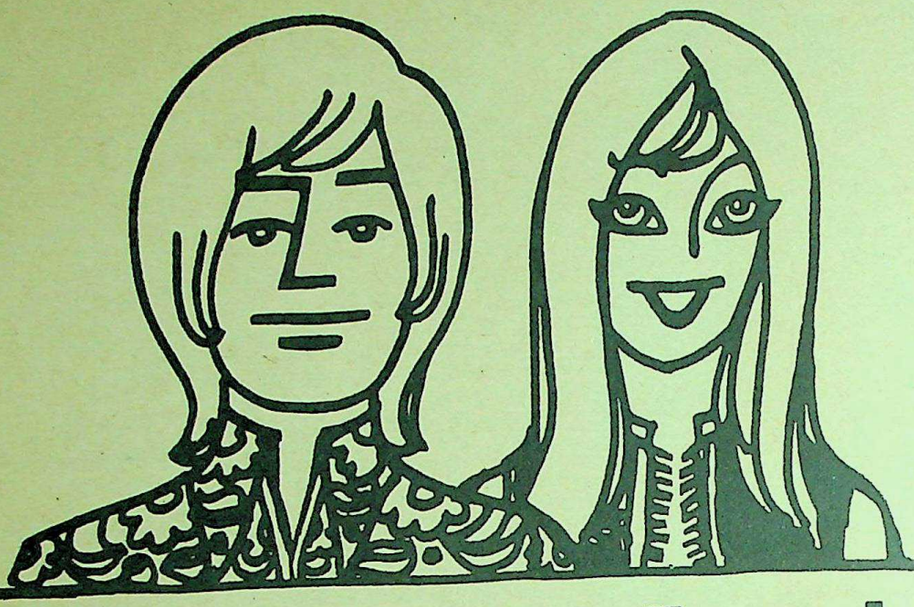

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a man sells some land or a house where a particular *Thayyam* has been performed, it is then up to the new owner to continue the ceremony. In the past, it was the custom to hold a *Thayyam* performance every year on the same date, but nowadays a performance is often replaced every other year or two (as an economy measure) by a small offering in the case of privately supported performances. On the other hand, there are also cases of recent revivals of formerly discontinued performances. In one case, the new owner of a plot of land, an educated man, revived the ceremony because he believed that he and his family would prosper as a result.

Although some of the *Thayyams* depict gods of the classical Hindu pantheon (such as Siva, Vishnu or a form of one of their consorts), they frequently represent non-Sanskritic gods such as Kuttichattan (a kind of Malayali poltergeist), Muttappan (a toddy-drinking and meat-eating god, often invoked to ward off misfortune) and various demigods (people who were deified because of dying under unusual circumstances). **Each Thayyam has its own origin story: for example, Muttappan is said to have been found as an infant near a canal by the wife of an important man and was later deified when people realised that he had divine powers. Mahappothy is allegedly a deified form of a Nair woman falsely accused by her brothers' wives of adultery with a low-caste man and brutally killed along with her two children.**

Various Feats

During the performances, various kinds of feats are performed. Walking or sitting on fire is an important feature of many *Thayyams*. One particular *Thayyam*, known as Ti-Chamundi (the word *ti* means "fire" in Malayalam), sits repeatedly on the fire; the most accomplished performer in a locality is given a gold bangle and a special title. He actually sits on the fire 101 times in succession. Other feats include the letting of blood to consecrate the goddess (usually done by tying a tight band on the upper arm, and then cutting the arm so that blood spurts all over the man possessed), or drinking blood from the neck of a live chicken. One *Thayyam*, known as Pootham, is supposed to take a two-mile walk at 2 a.m. to a nearby river, with a live chicken between his teeth. It is said that if he sees anyone during that time, he will kill that person; it was reported in one village that a particular Pootham saw his own father, but did not recognise him and killed him. When he came out of the trance later on, he was completely stricken.

Thayyam performances have many overt functions. Most obvious among these is the appeasement of gods and goddesses, as well as the souls of demigods. Many Thayyams are said to help cure certain diseases or infertility, either in humans or in the earth itself (i.e., to improve the crop). Thayyams are also thought to help locate lost cattle and to restore other lost or stolen possessions. Extra Thayyams may be sponsored to fulfil a vow—for example, if one's child recovers from an illness, or if one's daughter gets a good husband.

Many *Thayyams* are propitiated to ward off the evil eye. The purpose of paying for a Muttappan Vellatam at the time of a child's 28th-day "milk-giving ceremony", or during a woman's first pregnancy, is to draw off the evil forces at critical phases in a person's life. The period of heavy rains (July-August), when there is a scarcity of food, is considered most inauspicious. During this period two supernatural beings, Vedan (represented by a young Malayan boy) and then Adi (represented by a Wannan boy), come to every house to draw off all evil influences or ghosts. *Thayyams* also are sometimes viewed as oracles, and most people heed their predictions and requests most carefully. Sometimes people will ask a *Thayyam* for advice about getting something, for example, a good job, or passing an examination. Kuttichattan is said to cause strange troubles in people's houses, and people make offerings to propitiate him.

Once a man becomes a *Thayyam*, even Nambudiri Brahmins and Nairs, in reversal of the customary relation of superordination, carefully heed his requests and predictions. There is, in fact, a saying in

North Malabar, "like a Wannan before or after a *Thayyam*", to refer to any loss of position. The Nambudiris say that, even though they perform various high pujas, the local goddesses are only satisfied if a *Thayyam* is also performed. Since the Nair or Nambudiri landlord bows down to the Wannan or Malayan as a *Thayyam*, at that time the latter can exact a punishment from a landlord who has been badly treating him or his people. This was more common in the past, when there was less opportunity for legal redress. If a landlord family has done any gross injustice to the performer or his friends or relations, he might curse that family when possessed. Even today such curses are feared. **In this sense the Tera performance has acted and continues to act where necessary as a form of social control, reordering in part the balance of power by providing a sanctioned method by which members of a lower caste can get redress.** The knowledge that at some time during the year a man could pronounce a curse helped to control at least the most flagrant abuses.

From the point of view of socio-cultural dynamics, it would seem that the adoption of *Thayyam* performances by high-caste people represents the opposite of the process known as Sanskritisation (in which upper-caste rites and customs are imitated by the lower castes as a means of social advancement). Clearly, some of these gods were worshipped originally by lower castes only. Muttappan is always portrayed by a Wannan, and the puja is performed by a Tiyyar, but Nambudiris and Nairs have always come to worship him. However, twenty years ago, it was very rare for a Nair or a Nambudiri to have a Muttappan Vellatam in his home, particularly for a ceremony relating to a new house, but now they are called upon. No attempt is made to Sanskritise the ceremony; indeed, the high-caste house owner insists that the ritual be kept in its original form. In the past, other ceremonies connected with *Thayyams* were also taken over from lower-caste groups by higher ones. This may have been accelerated in recent years by the obvious prosperity of some of the North Malabar Tiyyars, but it is also clear that this is not a new phenomenon.

Social Role

A comparison of Tera performances with orthodox Hindu temple festivals reveals something of the social role and relative flexibility of both ceremonies, in the past as well as today. The temple festival was a ritual epitomisation of caste interdependence, with the Brahmin placed at the centre, and the lowest caste farthest from the sanctum sanctorum. By placing the lower-caste man in the centre, the Tera performance stands out in contrast. Traditionally, both ceremonies reinforced the existing social order, but the temple festival did it directly, while the Tera performance did it indirectly by providing an outlet for protest and opposition (somewhat like the ritual rebellions (described for certain African societies). In addition the Tera performance provides an occasion for greater mingling among castes than was normal in daily life.

Today, many traditional social customs such as the caste system are beginning to change and, along with them, the traditional economic system with its many inequities is also undergoing transition. Tera performances at large Nambudiri or Nair houses are diminishing in frequency and importance. On the other hand, the *vayil* Tera seems to be surviving well; in fact, new performances have been started in very recent years in newly settled areas. The greater survival value of *vayil* Tera relates to its function as a socially harmonising ceremony, more readily adaptable to and compatible with present-day social change.

THE AUTHORS: Dr Joan Mencher is a social anthropologist, who worked for more than two years in Kerala at different periods. She has also worked in Madras and West Bengal. A Senior Research Associate at Columbia University, she has contributed many professional papers.

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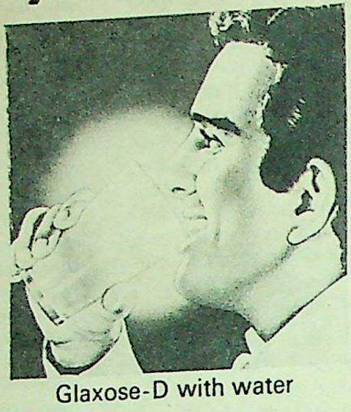

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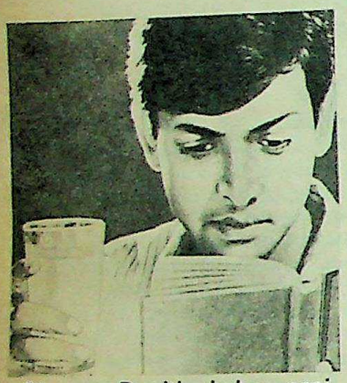

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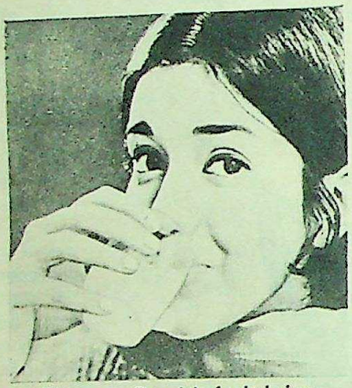

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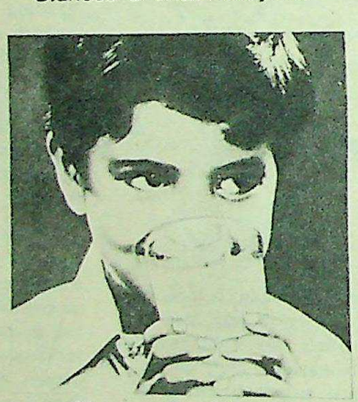

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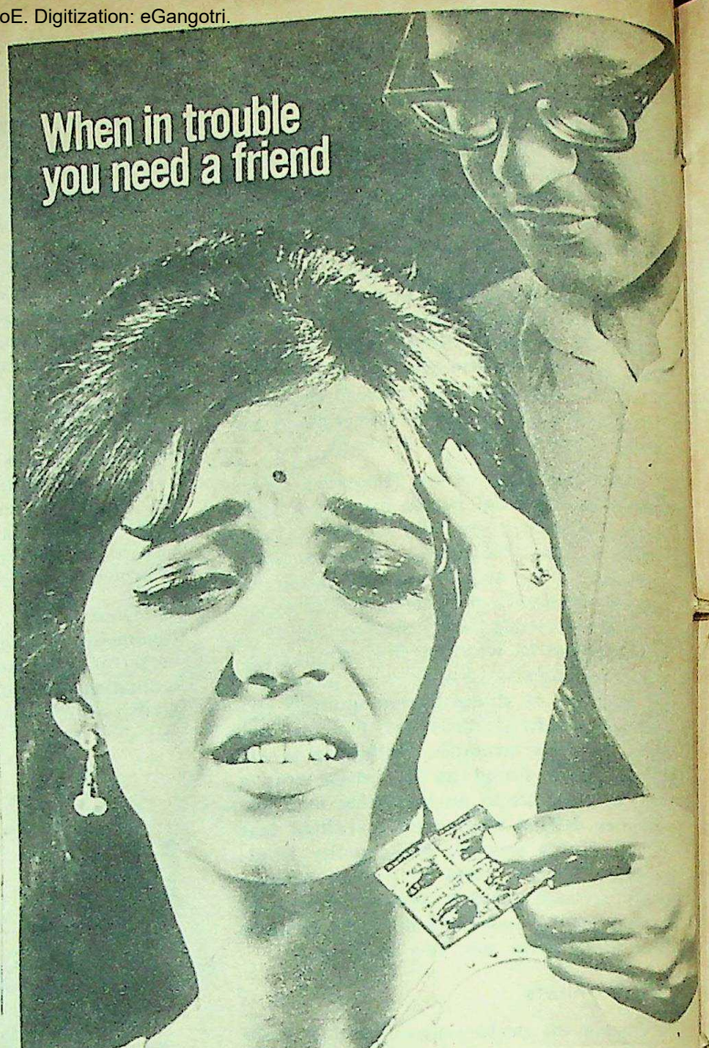

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India's New Role In Asia

The war with Pakistan has shown who were our friends and who were hostile to us. Now we must re-plan our relationship with other nations without ideological affiliations—to give India her legitimate place as one of the great nations of the world.

by A. B. SHAH

THE Indo-Pakistani war leading to the liberation of Bangla Desh marks a turning point in the history of India as a nation state. No matter what happens in what is now Pakistan in the immediate future, the emergence of Bangla Desh as a sovereign state friendly to India will initiate a restructuring of the Indian subcontinent, with India as the focal point of the new system and a major power of the Indo-Pacific region.

This is precisely the role geopolitics has cut out for India and but for the naiveness of the country's earlier leadership, it need not have taken so long to realise. For a country with the size and population of India cannot be just one among many states. It may wish to remain modest about its international role and concentrate on its own problems of development. But others would not leave it alone as they would a small country like Ceylon or Switzerland. The mere possibility that it may some day grow too big for its shoes would make them look upon it with suspicion.

Ideology has little to do with it. Shocking as it may appear to idealists, there is nothing surprising in the fact that all revolutionary governments, democratic as well as communist, have sooner or later gone back on the values that originally inspired the revolution. **Only individuals and groups who see no prospect of being in or even near the seats of power take ideology seriously. Those who operate the levers of power have inevitably to subordinate considerations of ideology to those of a more mundane nature, passing under the names of "practicability", "national interests" and the like.**

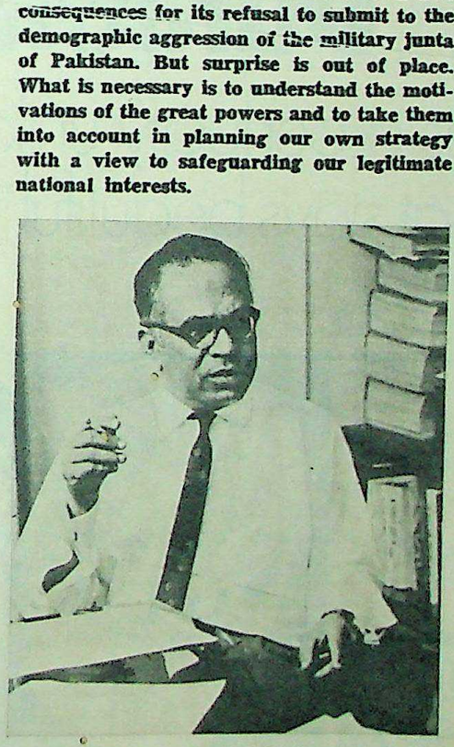
Enlightened Self-Interest

It follows that the stand that a government takes on a particular issue in International politics is determined by its conception of its national interests rather than by the ideological complexions of the parties involved in it. And, for governments, "national interests" are defined in terms of power and influence. Ideological affinity would be relevant only if it does not go counter to the requirements of "national interests", or if public opinion is strong enough to assert itself against the Machiavellism of the politicians. The attitude of the American and Chinese Governments to the Bangla Desh issue should be understood in the light of these considerations.

It is obvious that the People's Republic of China would not like the emergence of India as a major power in the Indo-Pacific region. The mere existence of India as a viable democratic state is bound to blunt the appeal of the Chinese model in the eyes of the smaller countries in this region. **Even if China were a democratic country, it would have looked upon India as a potential rival in its bid for regional hegemony and would have tried to undermine its strength and importance.** The fact that it is governed by a totalitarian dictatorship superimposed on a chauvinistic culture only adds acerbity to its attitude.

The United States is in a different category. Though governed by a democratic philosophy, traditionally it has been a worshipper of strength. Also, it has come a long way from the days of the Boston Tea Party, when its people had to fight for freedom from the mother country which looked upon it as a colonial market and a dumping ground for undesirable elements. Over the years it has grown into one of the two most powerful countries of the world and has come to identify its national interests, not with the survival of democracy elsewhere, but with the expansion of its own influence in the rest of the world. It has taken upon itself the role of the policeman, who seeks to impose on others its own ideas of what is good for the denizens of a benighted Third World.

It is therefore not surprising that neither the custodians of the Statue of Liberty nor the monopolists of "national liberation" see anything wrong in trying to bail out the most notorious killer in history since Chengiz Khan. **We may feel shocked that even a democratic country like the United States should support and threaten India with dire consequences for its refusal to submit to the demographic aggression of the military junta of Pakistan. But surprise is out of place. What is necessary is to understand the motivations of the great powers and to take them into account in planning our own strategy with a view to safeguarding our legitimate national interests.**



THE AUTHOR A. B. SHAH (b. 1920) is the Founder-President of the Indian Secular Society. He was Professor of Mathematics and Statistics for nearly twenty years before he joined the Indian Committee for Cultural Freedom as its Executive Secretary in 1963. Currently he is Editor of Quest.

Here Mrs Gandhi's leadership marks a qualitative change in the politics of the subcontinent. For the first time India has a Prime Minister who is not taken in by cant—no matter in what noble words it is phrased—and who is master of the technique of controlled escalation. One finds a close similarity between the strategy she adopted against her opponents within the Congress two years ago and the one she has adopted in dealing with the Bangla Desh issue. One may say that she is the first Indian politician to come out of the Hindu shell and deal with external reality with finesse and a clear understanding of its nature.

Let us also not be swept off our feet by the unqualified Russian support so far. The Soviet Union is today as isolated in the world as India itself. The Arabs have badly let it down and Pakistan has proved a broken reed. On the other hand, China is going to be a thorn in Russia's side for a long time to come. The United States, in its desire to gain access to the huge Chinese market, has chosen to scuttle not only its allies in this part of the world but also to risk a certain degree of Russian unpleasantness. Consequently the Soviet Union needs India as much as India needs the Soviet Union.

However, subject to this consideration, the USSR too would not like India to gain an importance beyond what is inevitable as a result of the Indo-Pakistan war.

Vital Decisions To Make

India is bound to emerge as the dominant power of South Asia and a major one in the Indo-Pacific region. This fact would impose on it certain obligations which would require a number of major policy decisions and important changes in the attitude of the Government and the people in order to see them through.

For instance, it will no longer be possible for India to postpone a decision on the manufacture of nuclear weapons and the building up of its conventional strength to a point where it can effectively function as a major power. This in turn would call for a drastic reorientation of the country's economic policies and the moral courage to jettison outdated ideological ballast. Unless production picks up substantially and life is made perceptibly tolerable to the ordinary citizen, not only the new status that India has gained but also its political stability and free institutions are in jeopardy.

There is one aspect of India's new role which would call for special consideration. Now that Bangla Desh is free, we will have to take great care to ensure that the new state is able to order its affairs in its own way without overt or covert pressure from India. Similarly, it is also necessary to reassure the people in the disaffected areas of Pakistan about their future if they were to make a bid for breaking away from a militarist dictatorship. If, on the other hand, Pakistan begins to evolve on the lines of a genuine federation of democratic states, it would be in our interest to encourage such a process with all the means at our disposal.

Mrs Gandhi has given proof that she is capable of bold and unorthodox action when occasion demands it. One can only hope that she will maintain the same grip over reality that she has so far shown.

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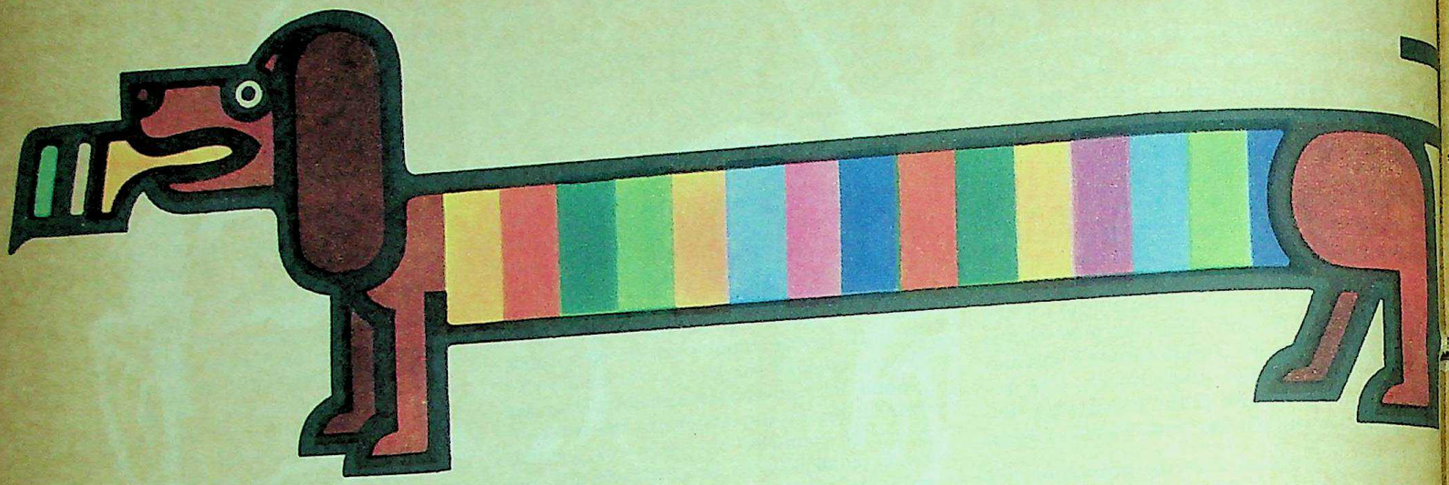

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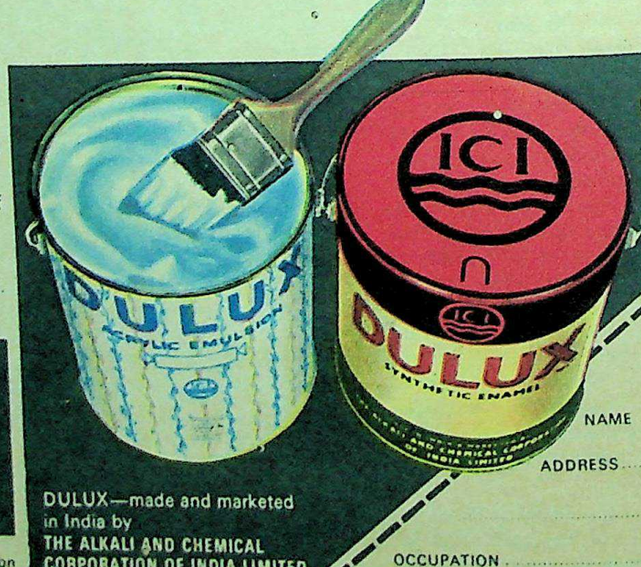

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PERSONALITIES

D. P. DHAR

Two Dimensions

The Indo-Soviet Treaty has cast this handsome Kashmiri in the role of an Indian Kissinger.

by P. N. DUDA

ARRESTING, tall, handsome, spruce, D. P. Dhar, popularly called "DP" in Kashmir, has made a spectacular entry on the Indian political scene with the Indo-Soviet Treaty. Dhar was born in Srinagar in 1918. His father owned much land, was a subordinate judicial officer in the Dogra regime, and came from the direct line of Dhars who had plotted the downfall of the Afghans in Kashmir. The Sikhs rewarded the Dhars with Jagirs and lands.

Dhar soon tired of the life of money and leisure into which he was born. He revolted and joined the students' movement—of which he eventually became the President—to the great disgust of his father. He made his presence felt even as a student with his views and demeanour which were both greatly influenced by his social background.

After he had graduated in Arts from a college in Srinagar, he went for Law studies to Lucknow. He came in contact with Nehru upon whom he made a favourable impression—an impression which lasted till as long as Panditji lived. When Nehru came to Kashmir in 1938, DP was in his entourage and Nehru accepted an invitation to dine at his place. This convinced DP's father that his son was not really the "loafer" he had thought him to be. At Lucknow, DP was elected President of the Students' Union in the very year of his entry—an honour which had no parallel in the University's history.

No Gatecrasher

On his return to Kashmir he was called to the Bar at Srinagar. In spite of all his qualities, he did not make a crash entry into the field of law. He was not interested in the necessary slogging, patience and hack work. He joined the Nationalist Movement under the leadership of Sheikh Abdullah, was jailed for participating in the "Quit Kashmir Movement", which was started by the Sheikh on the lines of the 1942 Quit India Movement. He developed an anti-Maharaja attitude—which people close to him have described as "obsessive"—and, politically, a strong bent to the left which he makes no attempt to conceal.

When Pakistan invaded Kashmir in 1947, DP played an active role as "someone in particular". He shuttled between Delhi and Srinagar, arranged Civil Defence, kept up the morale of the improvised administration, worked round the clock with efficiency and success. On the establishment of a popular government he was appointed Deputy Minister and from then on, till his exit from the Kashmir Government to take over as India's envoy in Moscow, he always played a decisive role in the political development of Kashmir. When the Sheikh had to be elbowed out, DP had a big hand in the fray. When the Bakshi was, Kamaraj'd, he committed the greatest blunder of his political life by manoeuvring to keep himself in power by setting up a titular Chief Minister. This side-tracked the claims of the Old Guard and the arrangement was foiled by the theft of the Holy Relic at Hazratbal, resulting in the exit of the Bakshi from Kashmir's political scene. DP re-entered the Government as a Minister of the Cabinet and brought about the exit of the Bakshi.

With the notorious rift between Sadiq and Mir Qasim, DP was reported to be leaning on Qasim's side. Sadiq in his shrewdness made it a prestige point that DP should make an exit from Kashmir politics. Though he had declined to leave Kashmir earlier for an ambassadorial assignment, DP bowed to circumstances and went to Moscow, relieving Kewal Singh. His future lay in uncertainty. His entire public life had been spent in the pell-mell of local politics and he was entirely new to diplomacy. A national daily came up with an unfair editorial comment, saying that the new assignment would put DP's capacities to test "both for drinks and diplomacy". Another paper said that DP had gone to meet his Waterloo in Moscow. But to the surprise of them all, he returned home from Moscow a triumphant hero, surrounded by rumours and corridor talk: Joining the Cabinet? Replacing Sadiq? Nominated for the Rajya Sabha? Replacing Haksar? Though having no official position, he did a lot of running about in the Bangla Desh imbroglio, flew to Moscow *a la* Kissinger after saying that he was going to Bombay for a medical check-up. Then came the Indo-Soviet Treaty, tales of his having brought it about, his photographs and stories of his spoils in the diplomatic field flooded the national press. His prestige and status began to grow. And ultimately came the announcement of

—Continued

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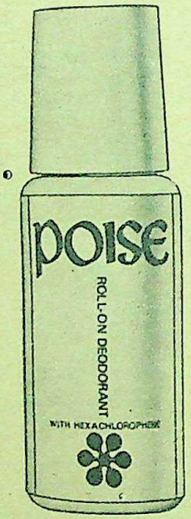

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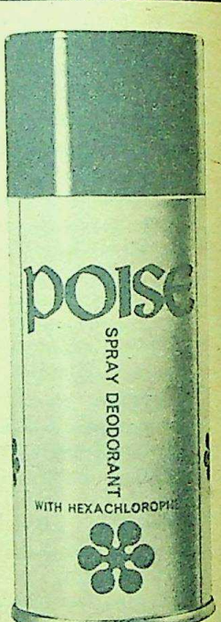

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his taking up the post of Chairman of the Policy Forming Committee for External Affairs

DP's political understanding and capacity to grapple with critical situations make him a giant among his colleagues. But in the characteristic frame of Kashmir political life, the Pandits—to whose fold DP belongs and who form two per cent of the population—do not and cannot have any grass-roots. In spite of his brilliance, DP shared this handicap with his community with whom he was otherwise a suspect. A Sadiq or a Mir Qasim may abuse Pakistan or interpret the Holy Quran to justify his political standard and go unhurt. But not a Pandit even if he has greater honesty of conviction, larger patriotism and a deeper understanding of Muslim Scriptures. In public life a Pandit has to drift with the current; he cannot put a barrage against it or change its course. DP, in spite of his capabilities, could not command mass support; he had to prove himself useful to the party and to persons who had the confidence of the people. He evolved into a strong behind-the-scenes man. There developed around him a legend of being a man who could get things done. Besides he showed unimpeachable honesty in money matters—a rare quality in public life. They say that when he ceased to be a Minister after the leftist group fell out with the Bakshi and formed an independent party called the Democratic National Conference, he resumed his legal practice and would use the public bus service, living simply.

That is D. P. Dhar. He has left the cramping locale of the Valley and plunged into the deeper waters of national and international life. Around men like him "a legend begins to grow as it grows around a dead man", said Dag Hammarskjold, and added a warning: "But a dead man is in no danger of yielding to the temptation to nourish the legend or to accept its picture as reality. It is dangerous to fall in love with the image as it is drawn by public opinion during the honeymoon of publicity."

It is a warning D. P. Dhar would do well to heed.

D. P. DHAR: from the cramping locale of the Kashmir Valley, he has come into national and international focus. But he should heed Dag Hammarskjold's warning to beware of falling in love with the image that public opinion has shaped of him.

A SMOOTH OPERATOR

by PREM NATH BAZAZ

This article reveals another facet of D. P. Dhar.

SUDDENLY D. P. Dhar has emerged as an "expert" on India's foreign policy and been appointed Chairman of the Policy Planning Committee of the External Affairs Ministry.

D. P. Dhar joined the Kashmir National Conference in 1944 and soon found himself in the vortex of the freedom struggle. He was imprisoned for a spell in the "Quit Kashmir" agitation launched against the Dogra Maharaja in 1946. When in 1947 he was appointed Home Secretary, the job gave him an opportunity to demonstrate fully his inherited talents. Like his ancestors, DP saw the chance of fulfilling his ambitions by playing his cards shrewdly in the State's politics, which had become turbulent in the wake of the accession dispute between India and Pakistan. **An intelligent man like Dhar could not fail to understand that, in the new set-up, the source of power and authority was the Union Government and he therefore slowly gained the confidence of the Central leaders.**

In the peculiar conditions obtaining in Jammu and Kashmir, New Delhi sorely needed a loyal politician with Dhar's antecedents and competence to keep them informed of the currents and cross-currents in the State's politics. In his book, *My Years with Nehru: Kashmir*, former CBI Chief B. N. Mullik has revealed how devotedly Dhar kept watch over Abdullah's activities and helped CBI in its arduous task. Dhar assisted, by turns, N. Gopalaswami Ayyangar, the Defence Minister, and Girja Shankar Bajpai, the Secretary-General, in presenting India's case before the UN Security Council in the early fifties. **It would be no exaggeration to say that D. P. Dhar is one of the architects of India's Kashmir policy pursued through the past twenty years.**

When Sheikh Abdullah began to waver in his loyalty to India, D. P. Dhar had no qualms in shifting his allegiance to Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed and helping him topple the "Lion of Kashmir". As reward, the Bakshi promoted DP first to Deputy Minister and subsequently to full Cabinet Minister in charge of the Home Portfolio. But the Bakshi was a dictator who disliked sharing power with others. He never allowed his colleagues to exercise the initiative.

Having been rendered ineffective, DP joined hands with G. M. Sadiq and Mir Qasim to overthrow the benefactor. All three resigned from the Government and formed the Democratic National Conference (DNC) to fight the Bakshi's dictatorship. **Those were trying days for the group, for they lacked the wherewithal to meet the Bakshi's craft. DP had miscalculated the balance of forces between his group and the Bakshi clique; the match was unequal.**

But DP's contacts with the Central leaders stood the group in good stead. Realising that political ends could not be achieved in Kashmir by rousing public opinion alone, Central leadership pressure was brought to bear upon the Bakshi to re-invite Sadiq and his close associates, including Dhar, to join the State Cabinet. **The fight was to be carried on from within.** The Bakshi was ultimately ousted from power in 1964 and the Sadiq group came to power.

Ordinarily easy-going, DP becomes a dynamo of energy during an emergency. He has a surprising capacity for work. When in 1965 military intelligence failed and thousands of Pakistani infiltrators, crossing the ceasefire line, appeared at the gates of Srinagar, Dhar rushed to the overrun areas and directed the police counter-offensive. In the process, he had no rest or sleep for many days until the intruders were either apprehended or driven back.

In 1967 the Kashmiri Pandits launched an agitation which caused concern to the State authorities. Chief Minister Sadiq found it difficult to concede the demands of the aggrieved community. Home Minister Y. B. Chavan flew down to Srinagar to try his hand but with little success. When the disappointed Y. B. Chavan was about to depart, D. P. Dhar produced a draft agreement which not only mollified the Pandit leaders but also met with the approval of both State and Central Government.

Now Dhar became a force to be reckoned with. Being somewhat opinionated, his ways estranged him from the Chief Minister. Dhar later backed Mir Qasim against Sadiq. But Sadiq has proved a tougher nut to crack. DP also incurred odium for ruthlessness in suppressing secessionist elements.

He therefore felt out of his element in 1967 and announced his intention to retire from politics. To the surprise of all, he was appointed India's Ambassador to the USSR. Though pro-Communist in his leanings, Dhar has never been a card-holding member of the party.

Paying a tribute to his talent in *Two Nations and Kashmir*, Lord Birdwood said Dhar was a man more interested in power than convictions: "In the case of D.P. Dhar it is difficult to escape the conclusion that his services should be assured in the interest of efficient administration even at the expense of some concession to principles."

DP likes the good things of life and also its frivolities, appreciates poetry and has an ear for music. Secularism is in his blood and he has always discouraged communalism of the Kashmiri Pandits no less than that of the Muslims and the Dogra Hindus.

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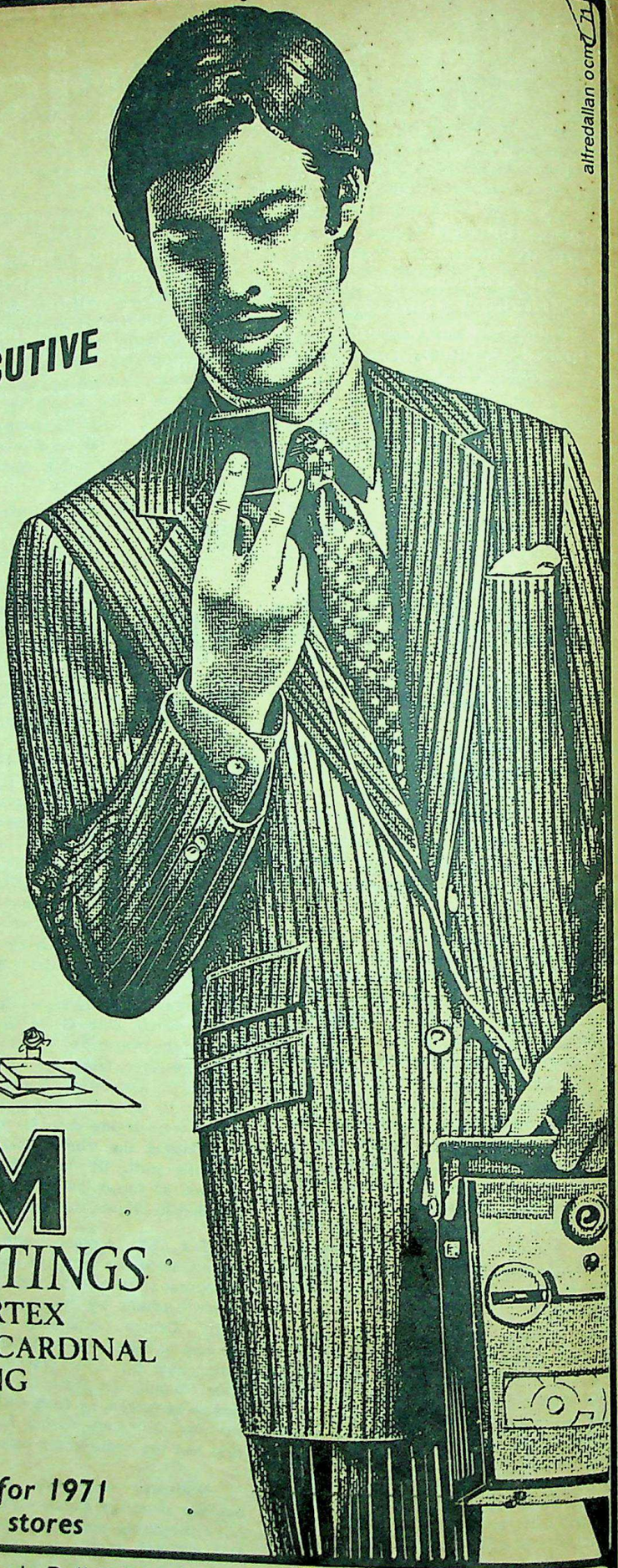

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Nirankaris

by BALWANT GARGI

Worshipping the formless, the Nirankaris consider their person and wealth as belonging to God and do not boast of their faith and nationality or criticise each other. The Nirankari Sikhs, as distinct from the Nirankari Sants, have their own flag and have introduced reforms such as widow remarriage. The Nirankari movement is known abroad as the Universal Brotherhood.

I SAW a Financial Commissioner touch the feet of his peon as I entered the official's bungalow. Had he done him some grave injustice and was he now seeking his pardon? No, they were two Nirankaris greeting each other.

The Arab slap their friends' backs; the Hindus greet each other with folded hands; the Eskimos rub noses; the Russian kiss both cheeks in warm welcome. The Nirankari style is to touch the other's feet in a gesture of humility.

The Nirankaris (different from the Nirankari Sikhs who adhere passionately to the Sikh religion) have nothing to do with Sikhism in the traditional sense. They call themselves Nirankaris only because they believe in one Nirankar—that is, the Formless Almighty. According to them, all religions are one.

The Sikhs who have embraced this new Mission are under 5% of the total number. Bhai Labh Singh, President of the Mission, says: "People take me for a Sikh because of my beard and turban. But really I am not one. I should not be judged from my outer appearance."

The Nirankari Mission founded in 1929 by Baba Boota Singh (1873-1943)—though they claim that Adam was the first Nirankari—is free from the taboos of tradition and all divisions of class, sex, and religion. His Holiness Baba Gurbachan Singh, who heads the Nirankari Mission, jets around the globe with his chosen disciples, addressing congregations in Japan, America, Europe and West Asia. His followers include Hollywood actresses, high officials and industrialists—down to the humble household worker. It commands the allegiance of a large number of Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, Christians, Buddhists and people of other faiths.

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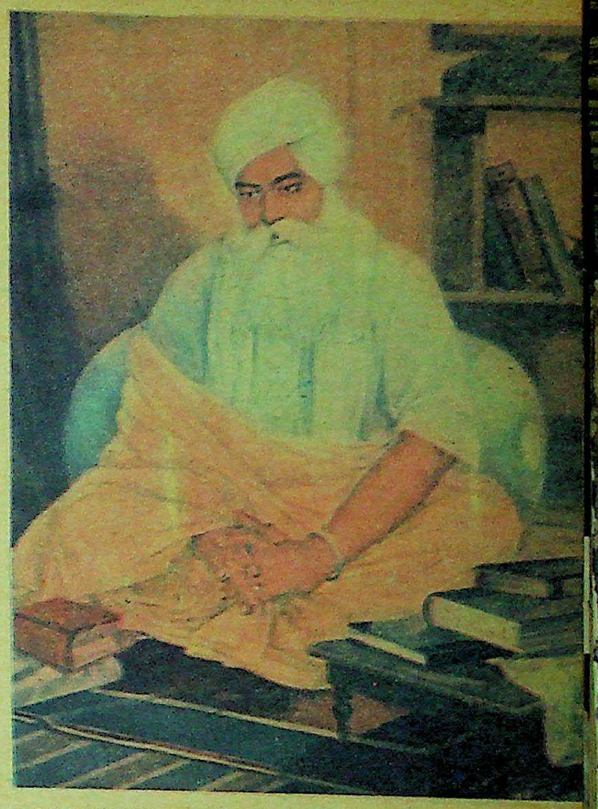
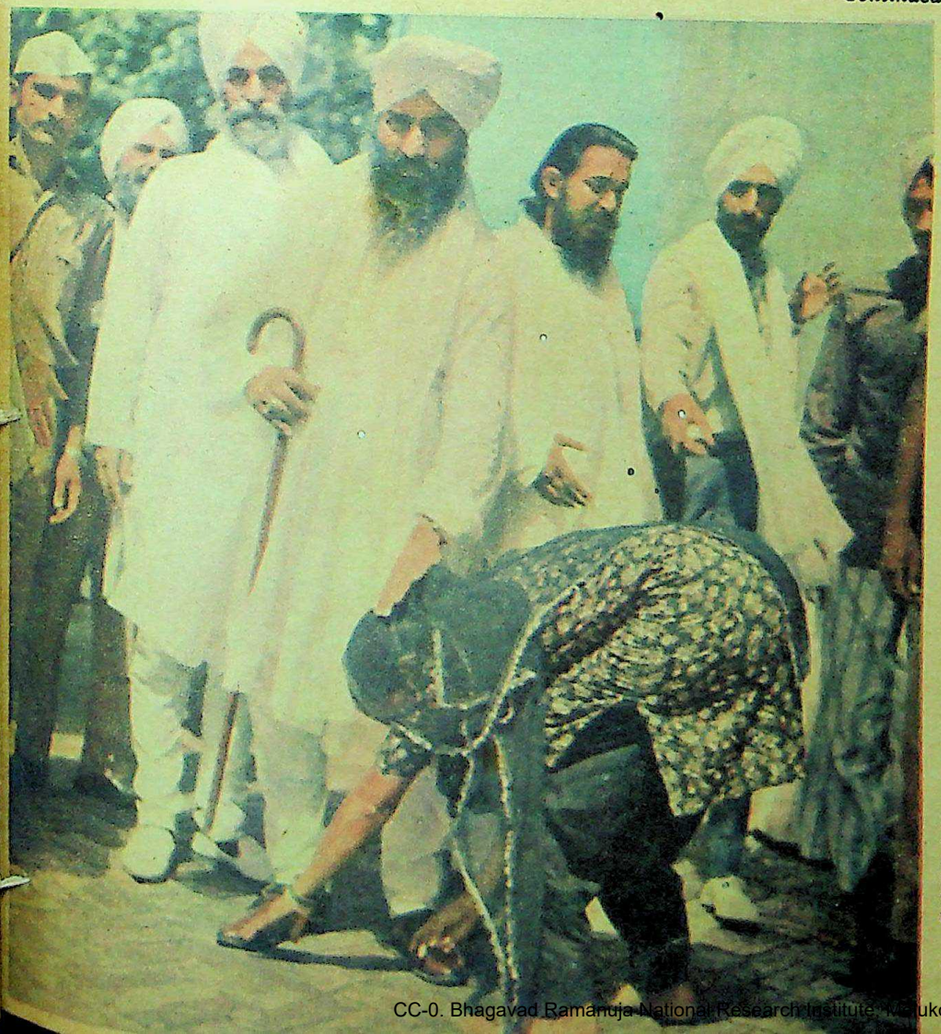
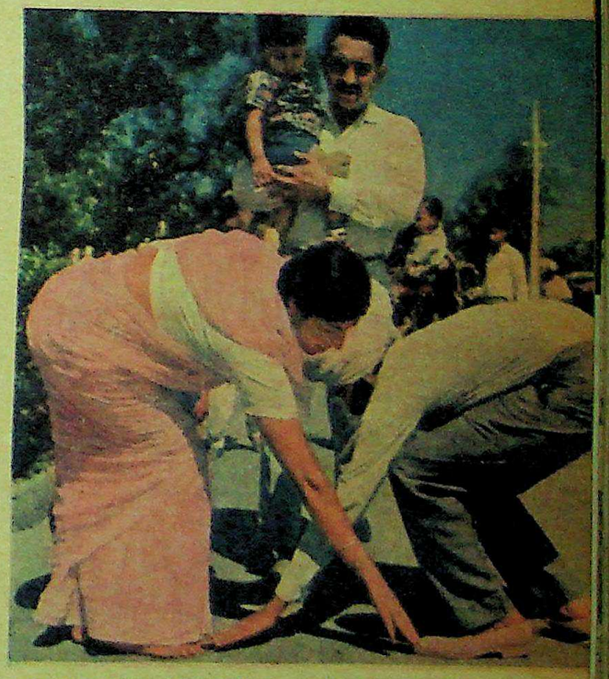


SATGURU BABA DAYAL JI (1783-1855), according to the Nirankari Sikhs (whose Bhavan is called the Durbar), founded the Nirankari movement. A contemporary of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, he looked upon Guru Nanak as the first Nirankari and sought to eradicate the brahminical ways and Hindu superstitions from the Sikh way of life.





NIRANKARI GREETING—with a deep sense of humility the Nirankaris touch each other's feet. The followers of the Mission come from various faiths.

BABA GURBACHAN SINGH, the present head of the Nirankaris, is keenly aware of the responsibility assigned to prophets. He usually dresses in full white and recently went on a world tour.

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BABA BOOTA SINGH (1873-1943), *Founder of the Nirankari Mission. The Nirankaris do not use the word "Sardar"—they address each other as "Sant". The Mission is free from the taboos of tradition and all divisions of class, sex and religion.*

BABA AVTAR SINGH (1899-1969) *became the Sant Nirankari Gur... in 1943. Commonly acclaimed as a Spiritual Shahenshah, he brough... into the Mission over five million followers. He established the Sa... Nirankari Mandal, a seven-member inner council of the Mission.*

In a signed letter the "Holy Prophet", Baba Gurbachan Singh, proclaims: "I have no rituals to impose, no particular recitations to prescribe, no penance to subject my disciples to and no new religion to found. **Vegetarianism or non-vegetarianism or this or that political ideology does not stand in my way. My message is for the human being in you, and not for a member of any particular religion, community or nationality**. I have the entire reservoir of water for the present-day thirsty world. You, too, come and quench your thirst."

The Nirankaris do not use the word "Sardar". At their community meetings (sangats) they call each other "Sant". The high and the low, the chief and the servant, the princess and the scavenger, are all Sants. When eating in company they feed the first morsel to each other and sip drinks from each other's glass. At a community dinner which I attended they washed the feet of a "Sant" with water which was served in a pan to each member who took it in his cupped hands and drank reverently. One man even put some in a small bottle to use as eyedrops!

Bhai Sahib Amar Singh, a member of the central executive of the Sant Nirankari Mandal, Delhi, who is authorised by His Holiness to dispense "Gyan" (the God Realisation) to the seekers, declares: "We are neither Sikhs nor Hindus nor Muslims. We are human beings. Our religion is truth... *adi sach, jugadi sach...*" (from Guru Nanak's morning prayer).

The five principles laid down by the Mission are:

1. Mind and body and worldly materials (including status) belong to God. Man should use these as a trustee.
2. Do not be arrogant about your religious beliefs, caste, creed or nationality.
3. Do not criticise others on the basis of diet and dress.
4. Do not renounce the world. Live a normal householder and a bread-winner.
5. Do not start dispensing the Gy... yourself except when the "Holy Pro... phet" authorises you to do so.

BABA GURBACHAN SINGH was declared the Guru of the Nirankaris by his father, Baba Avtar Singh, in 1963. With them at the "coronation" is the present Guru's wife Kulwant Kaur, known as the Rajmata.

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Harcharan Singh Nirman, editor of a family planning magazine and a leftist, says: "I was an atheist and had come to ridicule Guru Gurbachan Singh. But he converted me and showed me the Path. This faith is my daily life. I am free from prejudice. No inhibitions. I can eat beef, pork, goat or cabbage. Drinking wine does not interfere with my spiritual life as it did not with Jesus Christ."

Asked how it has changed his life, he said, "I touch the feet of my wife and she touches mine. My secular friends call me 'henpecked' but I believe in her devotion and love. In my office, I do not take sides on the basis of any caste grouping."

R. P. Puri, Inspector General of Prisons, Punjab, says: "I laughed at the ways of the Nirankaris. But once I happened to go to their congregation at Delhi and I was transformed." Retired Brigadier Manmohan Singh said, "I was a terror to the jawans, a brutal despot. After I became a disciple, I felt as if I were the father of the jawans and looked upon them as my children. I exercised discipline with understanding and affection."

Rajkumari Naresh Inder, granddaughter of Maharaja Rajinder Singh of Patiala, admitted: "I was haughty and never mixed with poor people. Now I am relaxed and peaceful and feel human warmth towards my servants. It purifies me and gives me dignity." Peer Mastan Shah, a devout Muslim, takes pride in being a fellow Sant.

Liberal Outlook

Critics question the "epicurean" ways of Nirankaris. "They smoke and are thus a curse on Sikhism!" roars an angry Akali. "They permit beef-eating whereas we waged wars against Muslims over this," thunders a Rajput Hindu. "They are too forward!" says a Liberal. But the Nirankaris consider such critics as lost souls and forgive them. One reason their number has swelled to lakhs is the liberal sanction of their faith.

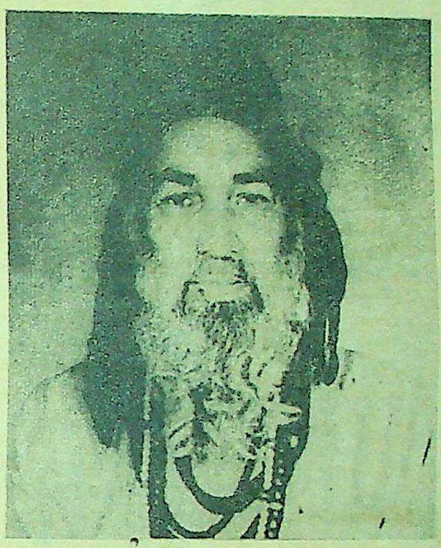
When in 1909 Baba Ratta—a previous guru of the Nirankaris—vacated the seat of gurudom for his son Gurdit Singh, his special disciple Kahan Singh went away in search of an exalted soul who could carry the mission further. He discovered the guru in tattoo master Boota Singh in 1929, took him on his shoulder and walked through the streets of Rawalpindi. Boota Singh received the guruship and, with the blessings of Kahan Singh, took an oath to propagate the mission. Among his devotees was Sardar Avtar Singh, a baker of Peshawar, who had been imprisoned for three years as an Akali in the Jaito morcha. Boota Singh tested his new disciple in many ways. Sometimes he plundered the baker's cash box, took away all his earnings and spurned him. Avtar Singh remained steadfast in his devotion.

Finally, in 1943, Boota Singh appointed Avtar Singh as his successor, who emerged as the Shahenshah (the Emperor) and propagated the new Sant Nirankari Mission with fiery zeal. In 1963, in his own lifetime, he crowned his son Gurbachan Singh and became his disciple.

The Nirankari Mission claims six million followers. It has about 292 Bhavans all over India where they get together. Now the Mission is penetrating into the countryside. It opened an international front in 1963 and has now about 15% of its members in foreign countries (2|3 of these are of Indian origin and 1|3 foreigners). Due to better communication facilities, it has the biggest concentration of its followers in the U.K. where it has 17 branches. **Its popularity is fast growing in Canada and U.S.A. During his last May-August foreign tour, the American Nirankaris in Cincinnati presented Baba Gurbachan Singh with a Mercedes-Benz.**

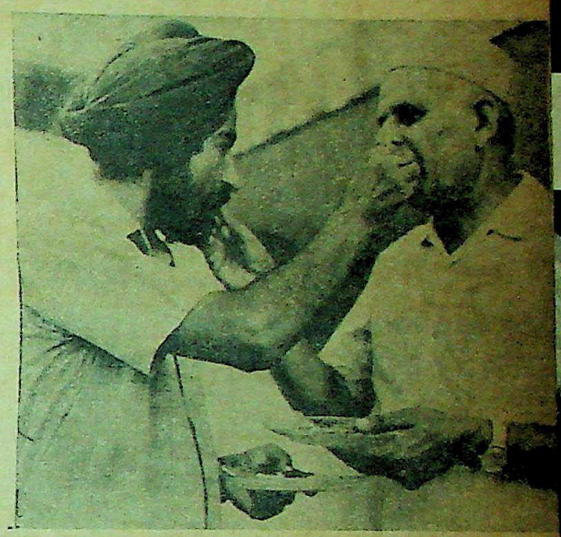
The Mission has a central executive body of seven "stars", with Mr Labh Singh as its President and Dr Des Raj as Vice-President. Every Bhavan has a branch of the Seva Dal—men and women in uniform—a security force which controls traffic, patrols at night, sweeps, washes, cooks and serves langar to members at large gatherings. Their religious assemblies are informal. They quote from the Gita, the Koran, the Bible, the Guru Granth and from other religious books. They say: "We do not worship any idol or temple or Holy Book. We interpret the Holy Books and try to follow its teachings."

The annual Sant Samagam is held during the last week of October, and Nirankaris from all over the world flock to it to receive the blessings of their spiritual head. Baba Gurbachan Singh appears in public, dressed in full white—churidars, silk achkan, turban and muslin dupatta drawn round his shoulders. **Every Sant follows the guru's message. During elections, every political party tries to woo His Holiness, a word from whom can bring bags of votes. Congress leaders, including Indira Gandhi and Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed, and leftist Aruna Asaf Ali have attended the Nirankari assembly.**



BABA MASTAN SHAH OF AJMER feels the same allegiance to Islam even as a Nirankari Sant, for to him the teachings of Baba Gurbachan Singh represent the Prophet's message in essence.

JATHEDAR UJAGAR SINGH of the Anandpur Sahib was one of the Akalis involved in an assault on Baba Avtar Singh two decades ago. Now a devout Nirankari, he swears by the same sword to defend the Guru.



BREAKING BREAD—the Nirankari way. The first morsel is fed to the other in a spirit of universal brotherhood. The Nirankaris uphold the idea of fellowship and humility in daily life.

The Nirankari Mission is a registered body and its accounts are audited. Each follower contributes a rupee a month, which the branch offices collect and transfer to the headquarters. The annual contribution from Chandigarh Bhavan in Sector 15 alone, where the Sunday gathering has the colour of a country fair, amounts to about Rs. 20,000.

Baba Gurbachan Singh is a modern guru. He is a motor mechanic, homoeopath, farmer, designer and badminton player. He is full of robust humour.

He proclaims: "The responsibility assigned from time to time to Prophets like Noah, Janak, Rama, Krishna, Moses, Christ, Mohammed, Kabir, Nanak and Dayal has now been put on my shoulders by my predecessor Baba Avtar Singh." Every Prophet has been a Nirankari, Adam was the first. The line of succession has continued unbroken. It will terminate only with the total

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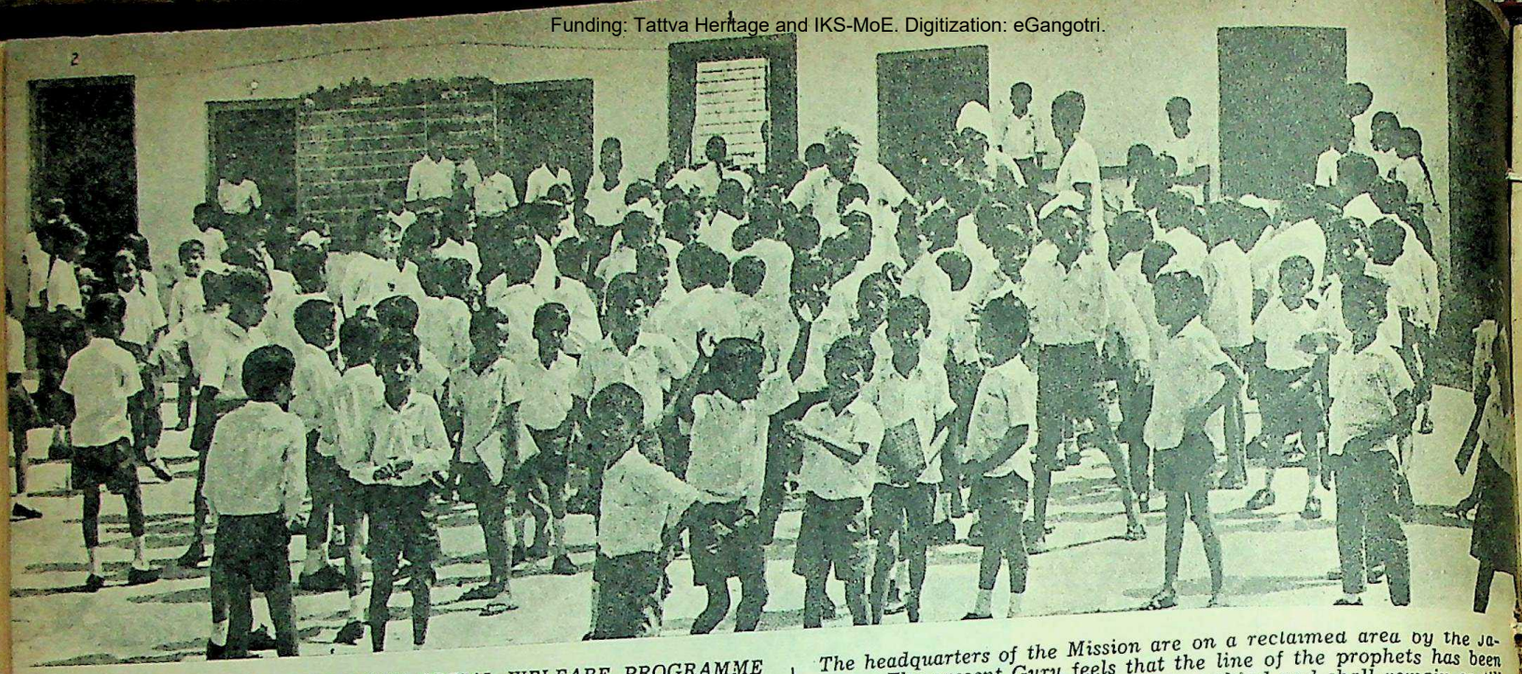
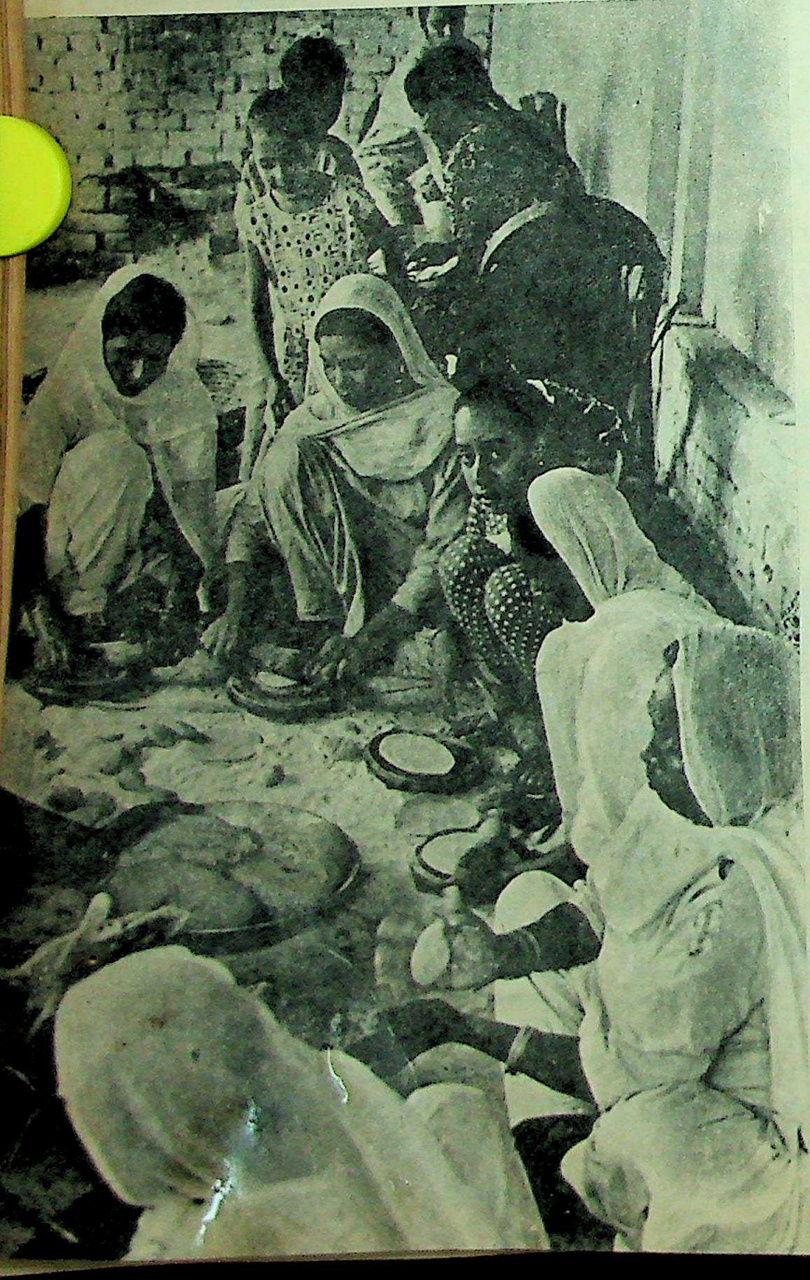


THE NIRANKARI MISSION'S SOCIAL WELFARE PROGRAMME includes schools and medical relief centres. Each member contributes a rupee as minimum subscription to the movement. The annual contribution from the Chandigarh Bhavan (Sector 15) alone is Rs 20,000.

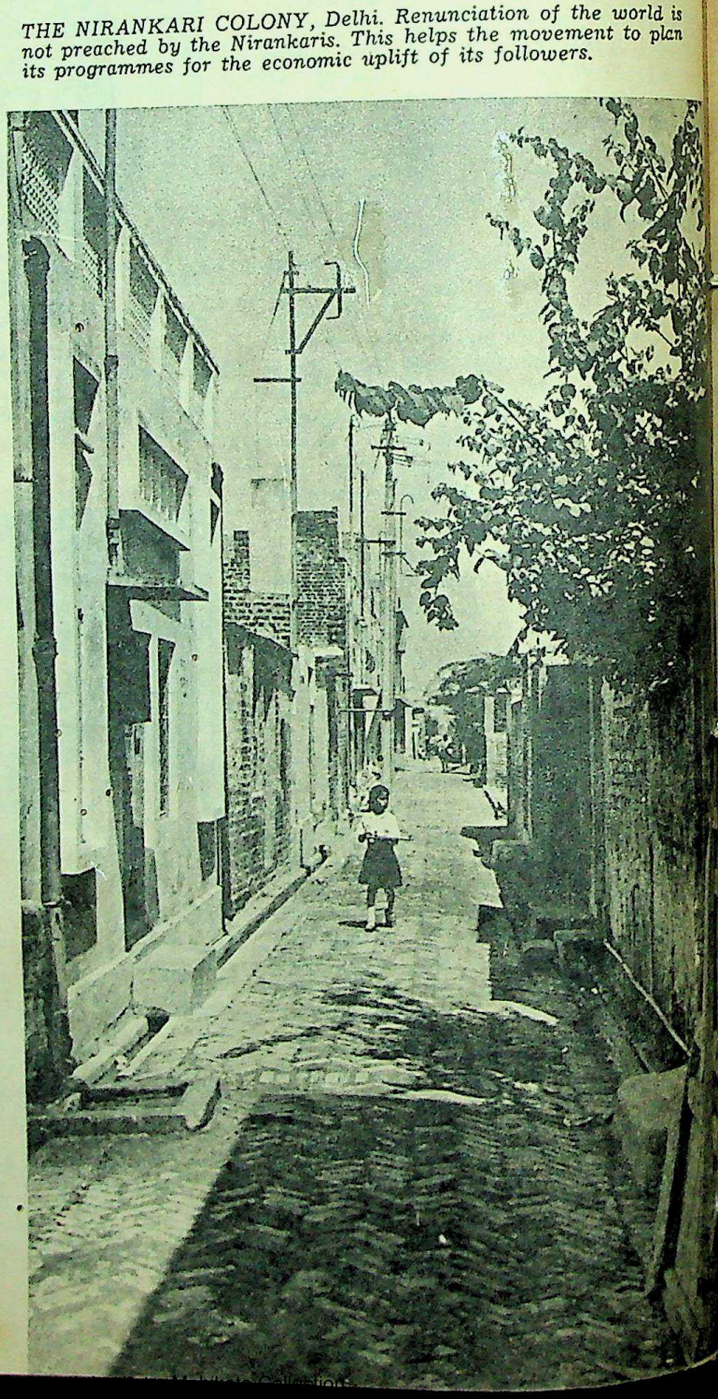
The headquarters of the Mission are on a reclaimed area by the Jamuna. The present Guru feels that the line of the prophets has been unbroken throughout the history of mankind and shall remain so till the end.

Photographs by R. B. Bedi

A NIRANKARI SAMAGAM (annual gathering) involves arrangements on a huge scale but the task of the organisers is made easy by the whole-hearted cooperation of the members.



THE NIRANKARI COLONY, Delhi. Renunciation of the world is not preached by the Nirankaris. This helps the movement to plan its programmes for the economic uplift of its followers.



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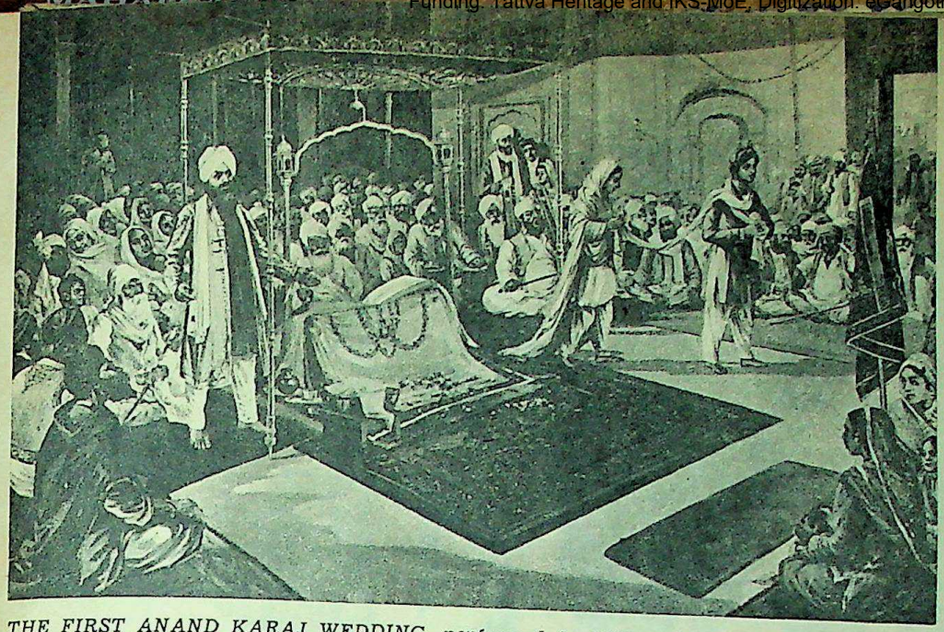
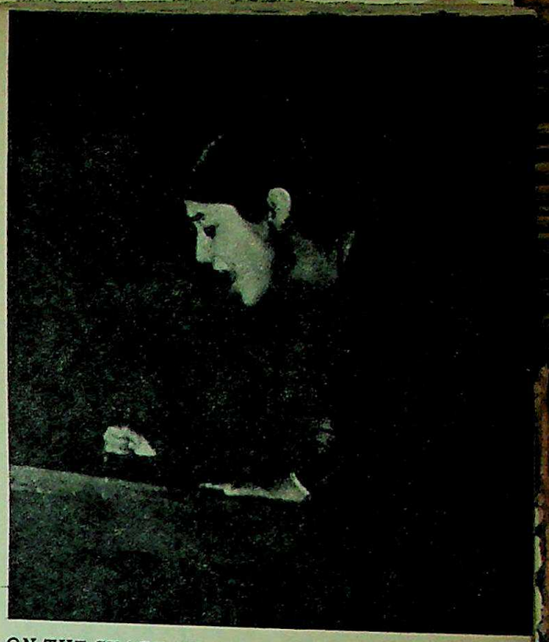


THE FIRST ANAND KARAJ WEDDING, performed in 1855 under the guidance of Baba Darbara Singh Ji at the Shri Darbar Nirankari, Rawalpindi—the original headquarters of the Nirankari Sikhs, before Partition.



ON THE STAGE. Neelam Man Singh, granddaughter of Guru Baba Hara Singh, as Antigone in a Punjab University production.

annihilation of mankind. "The Nirankari Mission begins with the beginning and ends with the end," says D. S. Shauq, the local chief of the Chandigarh Sangat. The word "Nirankari" is added to stores, auto agencies, bakeries, engineering works, photographer shops, tent-houses, roadway corporations and even chit funds to attract the fraternity.

On the other hand, there are the Nirankari Sikhs who are poles apart from the Nirankari Sants. According to the Nirankari Sikhs (their Bhavan is called the Darbar) the Nirankari movement was started by Baba Dayal Ji, born at Peshawar in 1783. His father was Ram Sahai Katri, a local banker who exchanged Indian money with Afghan money. The boy Dayal visited the gurudwara of Bhai Joga Singh and was much influenced by Gurubani. In his youth he shifted to Rawalpindi and started a grocer's shop. He built a gurudwara and expounded the Sikh faith, emphasising that Guru Nanak was the first Nirankari. The term was applied by Guru Nanak to himself as worshipper of Nirankar (the Formless). Baba Dayal rejected the brahminical ways and common Hindu superstitions which had crept into Sikh religion.

After his death, the sect established an "Amritsar" of its own on the Layh rivulet, near Rawalpindi. At their Darbar in Rawalpindi, Bhai Dayal's slippers were revered.

After Baba Dayal, his son, Darbara Singh, inherited the gaddi and became the Nirankari guru. He hoisted a red flag (the revolutionary Nirankari flag) alongside the saffron flag of the Khalsa. He toured the countryside with his devoted followers. A new hukamnama was issued by him in 1857, detailing all the ceremonies from birth to death and rules of conduct.

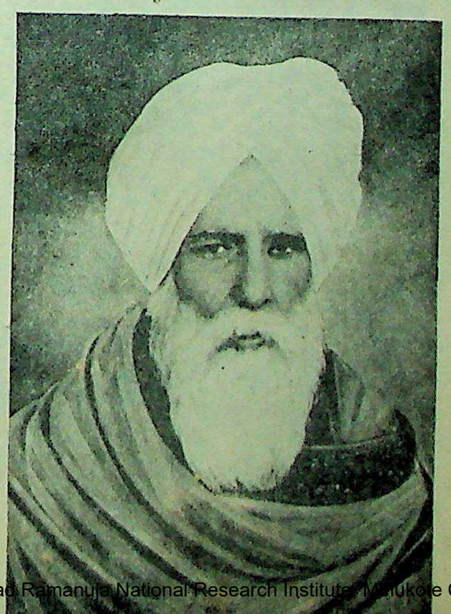
Baba Darbara Singh was responsible for introducing most reforms, including the Anand Karaj marriage, which gained legal recognition in 1909. He was succeeded by his younger brother Ratta Ji Maharaj (1870-1909). His son Baba Gurdit Singh (died April 1947) and grandson Baba Hara Singh (1887-1971) continued the line. The "guruship" runs in the family.

The Nirankari Sikhs greet each other saying, "Dhan Dhan Nirankar." Their flag is triangular red, bordered by green and a strip of blue and yellow fluttering from the top —each colour outlined by a golden lace. Its followers are mainly from the middle-class. The goldsmith community is specially influenced by the teaching of the Nirankari Sikhs.

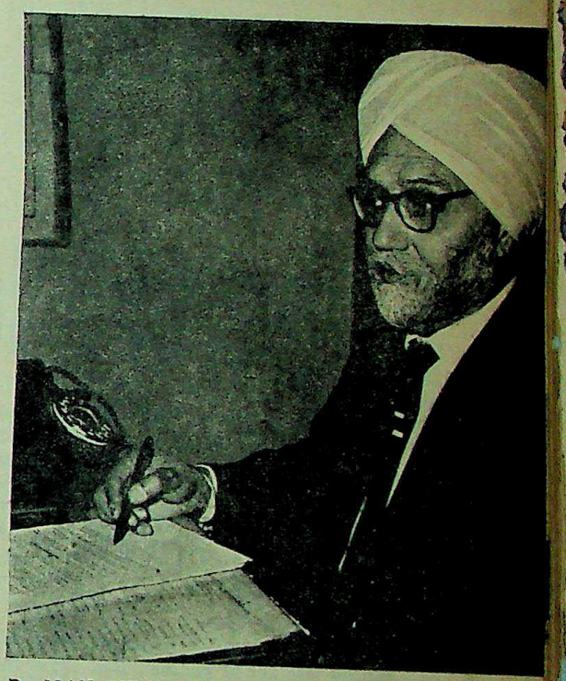
The Nirankari Sikh movement parallels the Brahmo Samaj of Raja Rammohun Roy in fighting orthodoxy. Widow remarriage particularly attracted its attention. Smoking is forbidden for these Nirankaris. As traders and goldsmiths they consider the use of false weights a heinous crime.

The Nirankari Sikhs are liberal in outlook and profess to inherit and propagate the true mission of Guru Nanak.

Neelam Man Singh, a 21-year-old art student, says: "The Nirankaris are not a separate religious sect but a reformist move-



SAHIB BABA GURDIT SINGH was mainly responsible for establishment of the Nirankari Durbar at Rawalpindi, which was shifted to Chandigarh (Sector 21) after Partition. The Gurus of the Nirankari Sikhs have all been in a line of succession from one family.



Dr MAN SINGH NIRANKARI, who assists his elder brother Gurbux Singh in leading the Nirankari Durbar, is Principal of the Amritsar Medical College. He is known for his improved method of cataract operation and has organised several free eye camps.

ment. They try to live up to the teachings of the Sikh Gurus. I am very conscious of being a Nirankari and of what my forefathers have done for the renaissance of the Sikh faith. Nirankaris are to Sikhism what Martin Luther was to Christianity."

After Partition, the Nirankari Sikhs shifted their headquarters from Rawalpindi to Chandigarh (Sector 21). Their movement has become limited as they have slowly merged themselves in the mainstream of Sikh faith.

During the same period, the Nirankari Mission, which has a distinct character, has developed. Its fraternity—called "Universal Brotherhood" in foreign countries—is based on God Realisation and it is expanding day by day.

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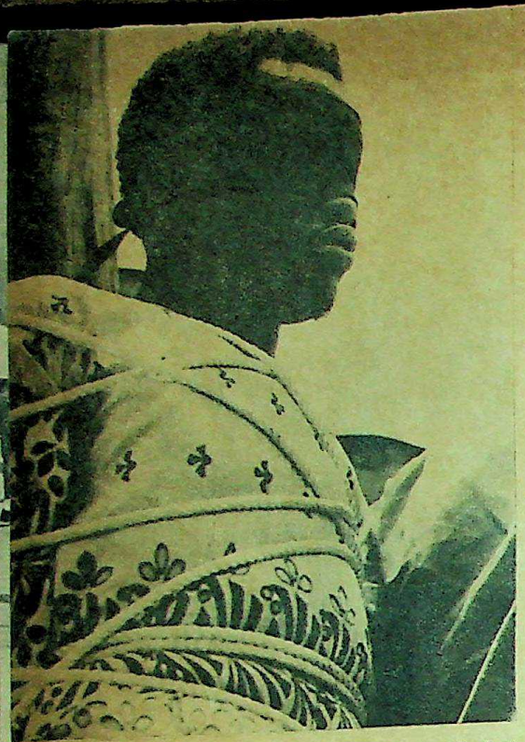
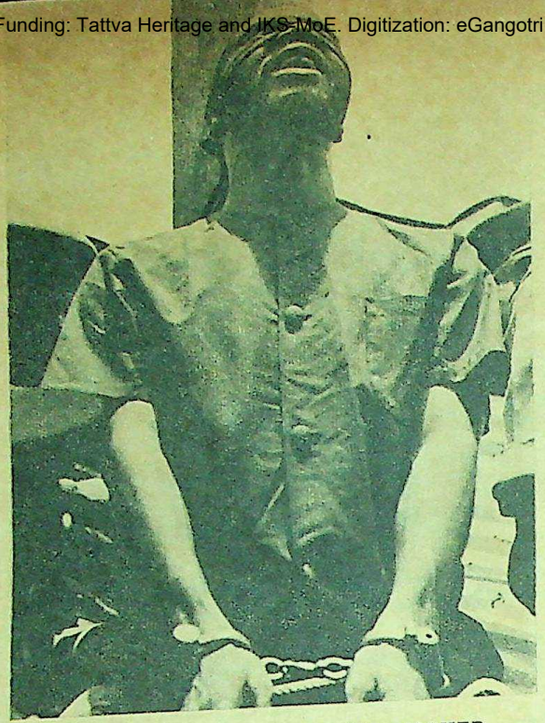


HE WORE COSTLY MATERIAL for his last journey. Babatunde was described as a "habitual criminal". His dress material cost about Rs 200 a yard. He maintained an expressionless face throughout, betraying neither fear nor guilt.



PREPARING TO MEET HIS MAKER. Joseph Ilobo loudly protested his innocence and screamed for clemency. But there is no appeal. Once a man is convicted by the Military Armed Robber Tribunal, he has to undergo the sentence. Recently a man who stole the equivalent of Rs 94 was shot.

"FATHER, I AM INNOCENT," pleads W liams Oyozno, a Sub-Lieutenant in the N rian Navy. Many of these killings were p tically motivated. A local newspaper, t Nigerian, has described them as "noth more than savage spectacles fit for Roma 70 B.C.".

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS IN LAGOS

Death In The Afternoon

The executions which took place last April in Lagos (Nigeria) were the first of a series. Since then 75 "armed thieves" have been shot in public. A soaring crime rate has plagued Nigeria after the 30-month civil war which ended in January 1970. A war-torn nation now finds itself at the mercy of armed soldiers (from both sides) who have turned to robbery for a living. The Government feels that sentences carried out in public act as a deterrent.

THEY died on a hot afternoon in Lagos, with the Pacific Ocean at their back and a sea of avid faces at their feet. The three men had been found guilty of "Robbery with Violence". Their sentence was "Death by Firing Squad"—in public. One Nigerian journalist even coined a new expression: UPG—Under Public Gaze.

The execution was staged so that the maximum number of people could enjoy the spectacle. The spot chosen was Bar Beach, a popular resort just outside Lagos; the condemned men had probably spent many an hour there themselves. **The hour of the execution was 1.30 when most office workers and shop assistants were having their lunch hour. Thousands of people came to watch the macabre public performance and there was little sympathy for the main performers.**

A police van brought the men from the Kirikiri maximum security prison to the beach. The first man to step out was manacled, hand and foot. He was Babatunde Folorunsho, described by the police as a "habitual criminal". One commentator remarked that he was brightly dressed in elaborately designed lace material "costing

MASS TURNOUTS. Sometimes as many as 100,000 people came to watch the killings. The Nigerian Government applauds these public demonstrations. There is almost a festive air and a boom business in soft drinks, nuts, fruit and snacks.

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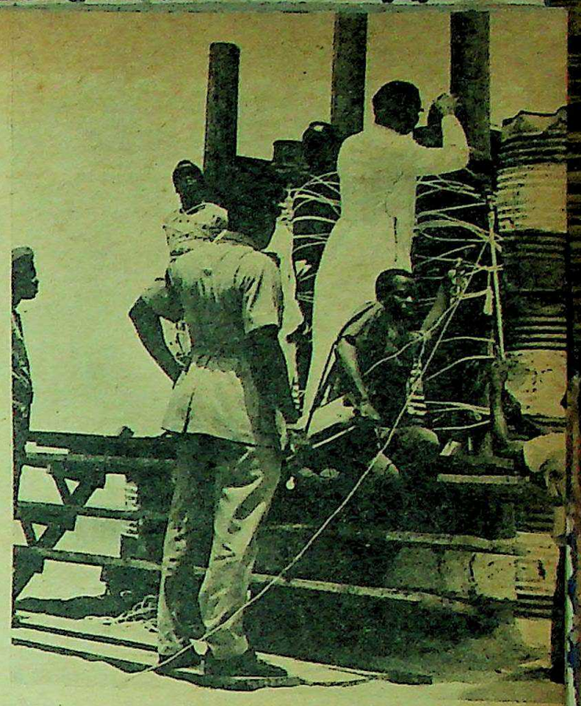
FINAL SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM. Cocking their automatic rifles, the three executioners, in jungle camouflage, ready themselves for the task.



COMFORT FROM GOD while every word and groan is recorded for posterity.

between £10 and £12 a yard". Folorunsho maintained a totally expressionless face to the very end; he betrayed neither fear nor guilt—and most people conceded that he had "died well".

Not so the next man, Joseph Ilobo. He loudly protested his innocence and screamed for clemency.

The third man, Williams Alders Oyozno, was just as voluble but considerably more eloquent. A sub-lieutenant in the Nigerian Navy, he addressed his "Fellow Countrymen" and said he was incapable of committing such a crime. He said: "Father, I am innocent. My blood will cleanse my family and my children will prosper."

The three men were tightly bound to three upright stakes set in front of a background of old cans. They were given "spiritual assistance" by two white-robed priests.

Next a message from the Military Governor of Lagos State, Colonel Mobolaji Johnson, was read out to the men and to the crowd. **In it he said that public shootings were "the best prescription to arrest an evil like armed robbery" and that they would serve as a deterrent to all those contemplating similar crimes.**

Then the soldiers raised their sights, took aim—while two of the condemned men squirmed and screamed—and fired. The criminals slumped dead, the crowd murmured with satisfaction and the people went back to office or home.

THE "SHOOT-INS" are usually staged in major urban centres. Widespread poverty, skyrocketing prices and corruption of police officials have made crime endemic.

FINIS TO THE GRIM AND GROTESQUE DRAMA.

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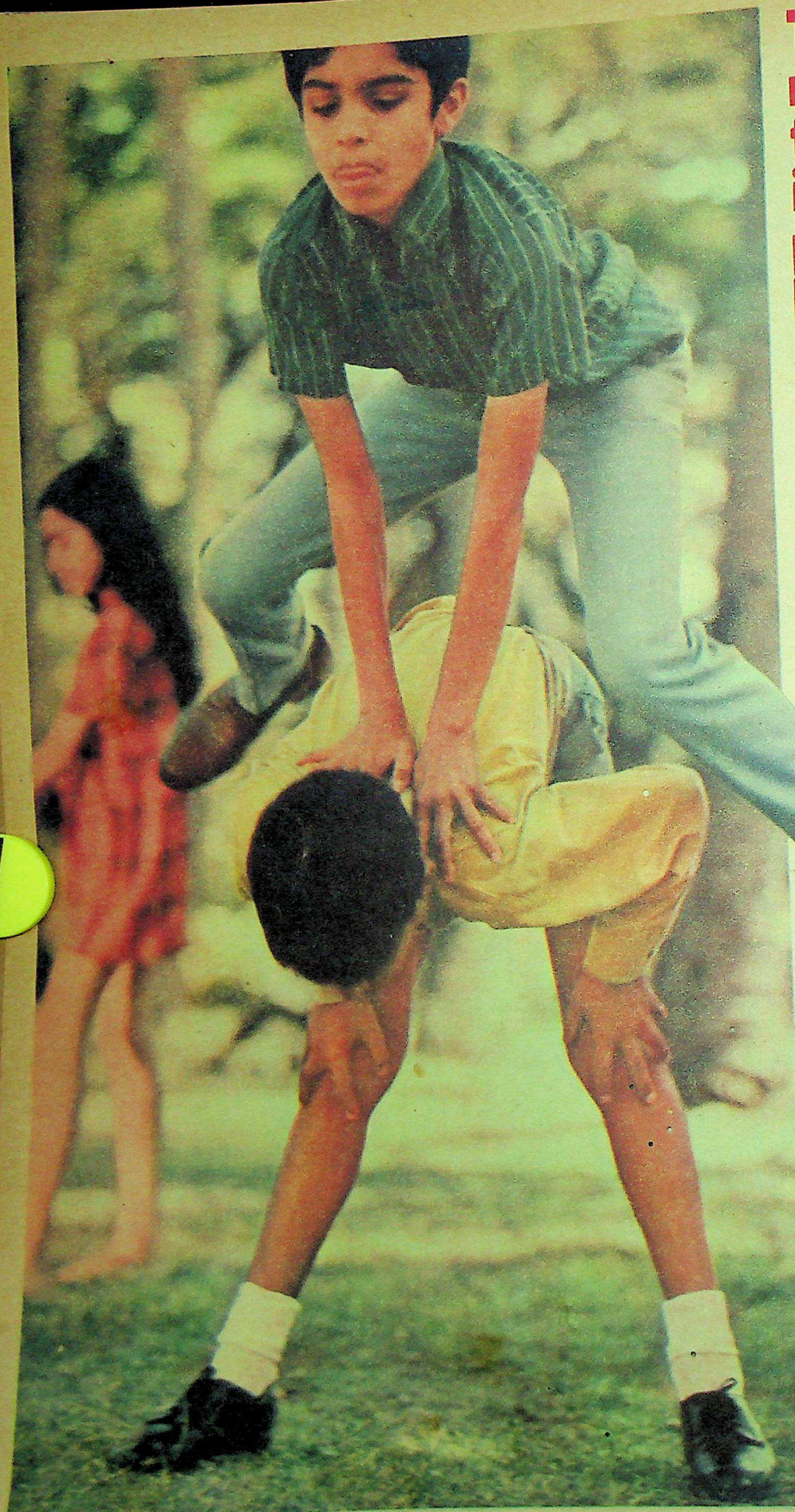

Taking rough treatment is child's play to BSC shoes

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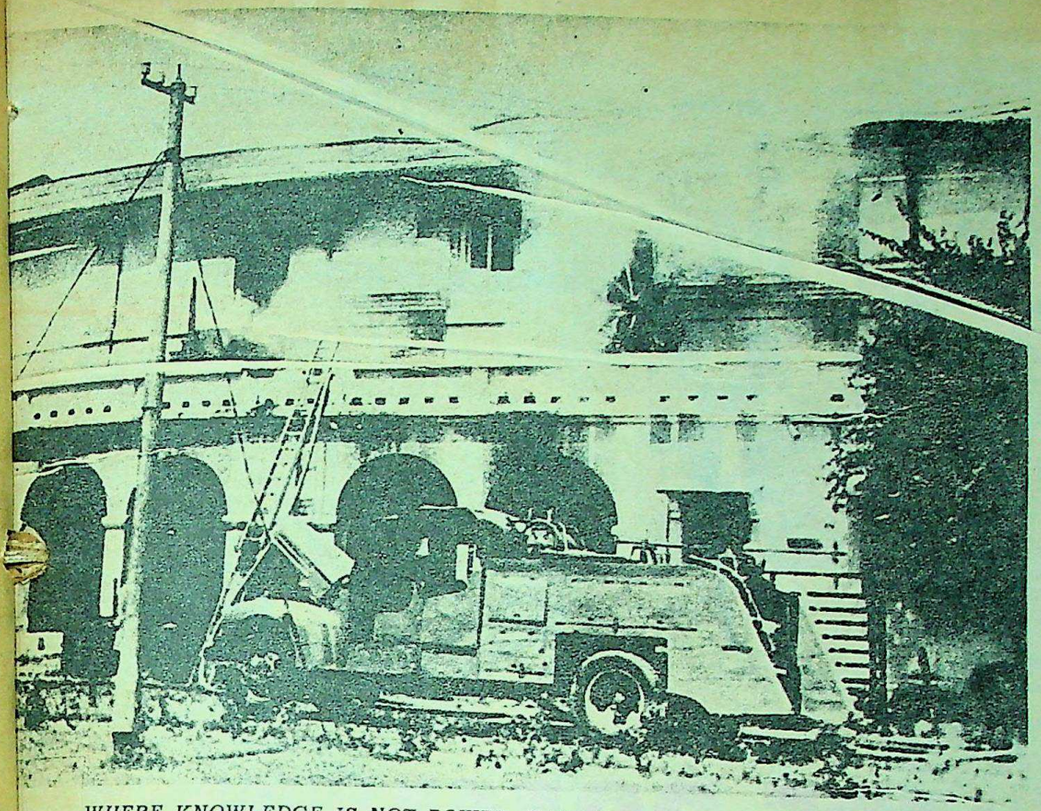
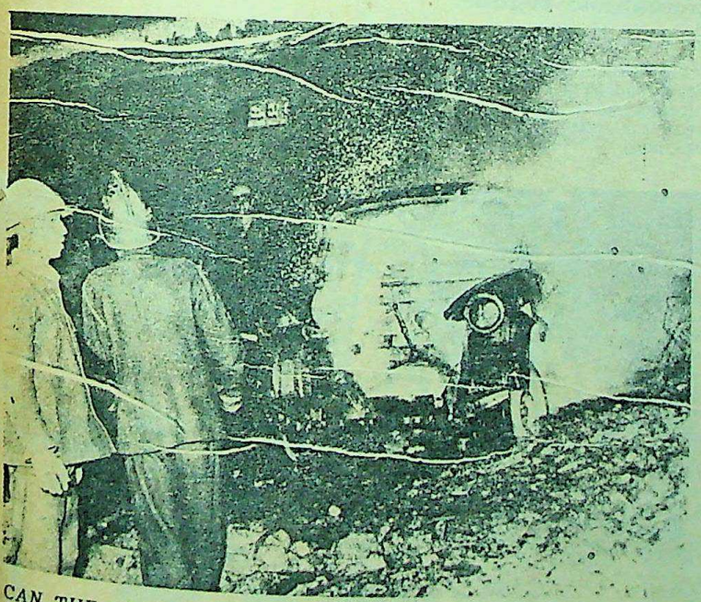


WHERE KNOWLEDGE IS NOT POWER. Following attempts to burn the Lucknow University by student mobs, members of the Provincial Armed Constabulary posted there and elsewhere in UP were disarmed by the Army. In Kanpur, Ramnagar, Lucknow, Jehangirabad, Gorakhpur and Fatehpur, the PAC put up a stiff resistance and intense gun battles followed. The Naxalite-type "mutiny" is believed to be politically motivated. Thirty-nine people were killed and over 80 injured. About 150 PAC have absconded. Mr Govind Narain, Union Defence Secretary, has gone to Lucknow to study the situation. At a special meeting, the UP Cabinet decided to avoid a confrontation and directed the Army not to open fire unless attacked. There are demands for imposition of President's Rule in the State.

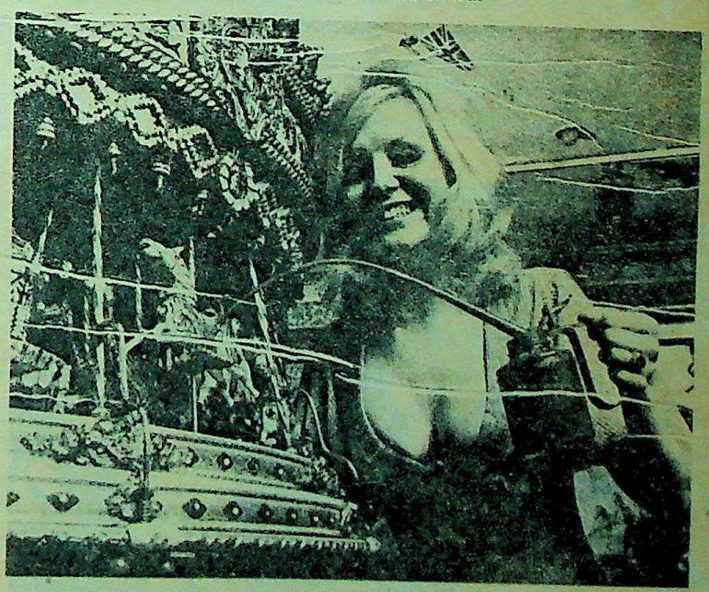
"THE END OF THE WORLD IS AT HAND" —BUT WILL THE FRENCH REPENT? Despite worldwide protests, France is planning to go ahead with its nuclear tests on the French Mururoa Atoll in the Pacific. Scientists say that the tests will endanger human life in the Southern Hemisphere. Australians have demanded a boycott of all French goods and services and, together with New Zealand, moved the World Court. Seen here are members of the Greenpeace group which organised a protest march from London to Paris.

ONE GREAT SCIENTIST REMEMBERS ANOTHER. Dr Wernher von Braun, the pioneer space scientist (and the inventor of Hitler's V-2 rockets), who helped hurl America's first astronaut into space, offers his condolences to Mrs Sarladevi Sarabhai, mother of Dr Vikram Sarabhai, during his recent visit to India.

IN THE NEWS



CAN THE FLAMES OF COMMUNALISM BE DOUSED? The Maharashtra Bandh in Poona ended in communal violence in which six people lost their lives and 224 were injured. Lathi-charge and teargas seemed to have no effect on the rioters. Looting, arson, stabbing and throwing of stones and acid bulbs continued.



BELIEVE IT OR NOT! Working at the famous Ripley's "Odditorium" in Blackpool, England, is model Zayna Polokovus. Her job is to oil and clean the 4,500 hand-carved pieces of a Victorian carousel, which has an organ that still works. She is granddaughter of the legendary Coco the Clown.

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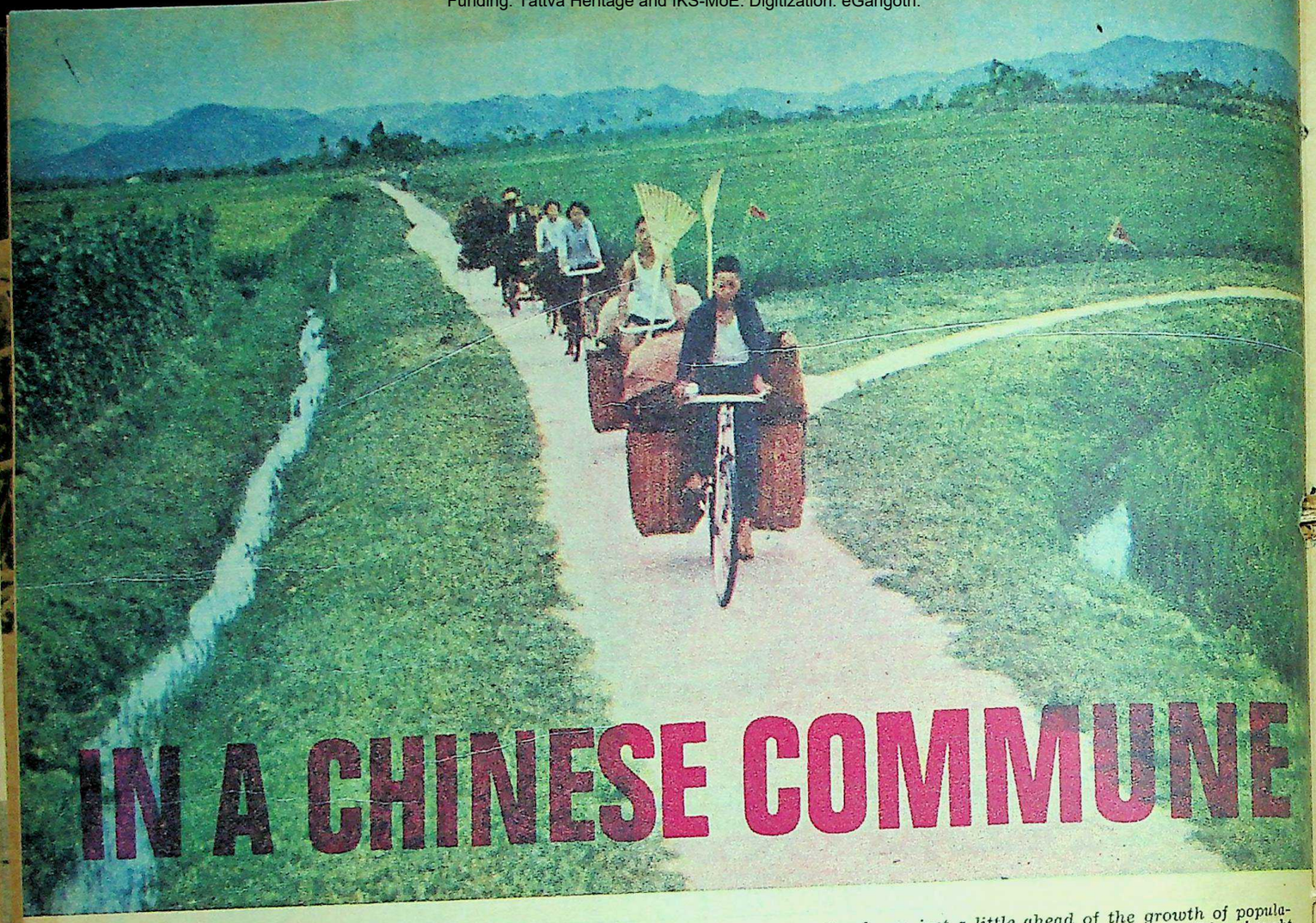


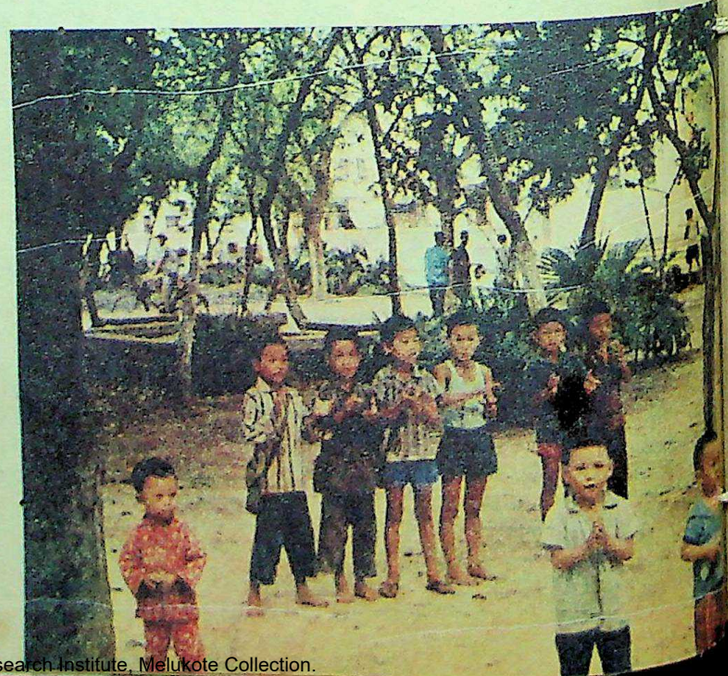
IN A CHINESE COMMUNE

KEEP THE RED FLAG FLYING. A peasant cycling towards his commune. Food production keeps just a little ahead of the growth of population. 1972 was, however, a year of scarcity, with production falling 10 million tons below the 1971 level. It was estimated that China bought grain worth 350 million dollars from capitalist nations to supplement its indigenous resources.

With China having decided to end its self-enforced isolation, visitors are now able to gauge the extent to which that country has progressed. China has been able to end poverty, beggary and unemployment. Its cities are rid of filth and flies. Private property has been abolished and rural life has been rebuilt with the communes as their centres. These are great achievements, but the price paid has been heavy. There is no freedom under the Communist regime.

MOULDING THE FUTURE. Women workers in a commune workshop making moulds for gumboots. Communes aim at being as self-sufficient as possible, producing anything from potatoes to steel. Work is divided according to ability and wage disparities are kept to a minimum.

CLAPPING THEIR HANDS IN JOYOUS WELCOME. The Chinese traditionally welcome visitors by clapping their hands. Though religious observances are discouraged by the Communist Government, expensive rituals at marriages and funerals continue to be practised.



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by Dr R. P. SINHA

MIDDAY, September 19, 1972. As members of the Scotland-China Association, we were visiting a family on "July the 1st People's Commune" near Shanghai. We were warmly welcomed by Miss Yang, a shy young woman of 21, dressed in trousers and a shirt, colourful but not pretentious. A nice little Chinese-made watch adorned her left wrist. There was a curious mixture of childlike simplicity and mature self-confidence on her face.

She did not have any make-up—not many Chinese women do—although cosmetics are now on sale in China. The men in the family being away, the task of replying to the "interrogations" of five curious tourists had fallen on her. The only other members of the family at home were her 2½-year-old niece and her 78-year-old grandmother, the latter too ancient and too traditional to take part in this ritual—a ritual becoming more and more frequent since the country has opened again to foreign tourists.

The young woman, the ninth of 11 surviving children, lived on the commune in a three-roomed brickhouse with her parents, grandmother, brother, sister-in-law and niece. Her father worked as a docker in the Shanghai Docks, her brother on the farm tool workshop on the commune and her sister-in-law on the livestock farm. She and her mother were farm workers on the commune. Besides the house which they had built themselves, they had a private plot of land on which they grew soyabeans, cabbage and other vegetables. They owned some hens and ducks, but not pigs, though peasant families are allowed to do so. Sources of private income like these provided up to a quarter of the total family earnings.

Left Extremism Denounced

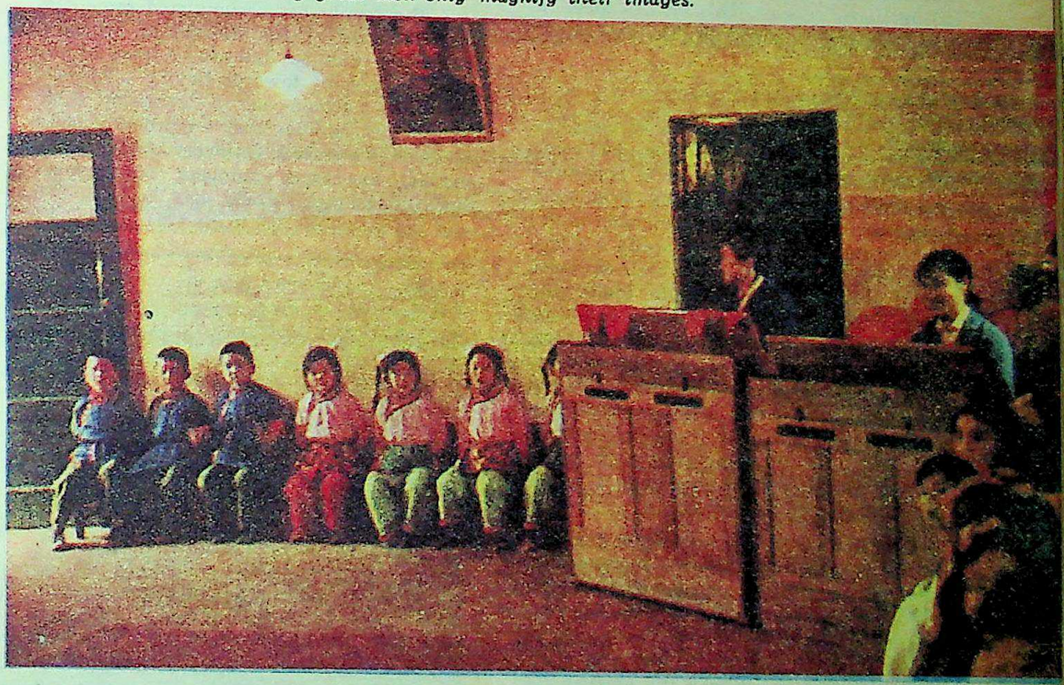
In the past, such sources of private income were said to distract peasant families from collective work and, at intervals, the Government and the Party tried to abolish them. But in the face of peasant resentment, programmes to abolish private plots, or rural "private" markets, or to introduce communal kitchen- and mess-halls, had to be given up. When we visited China, the Government and the Party were denouncing "left extremism" through the media and assuring the peasants that the above privileges would not be taken away.

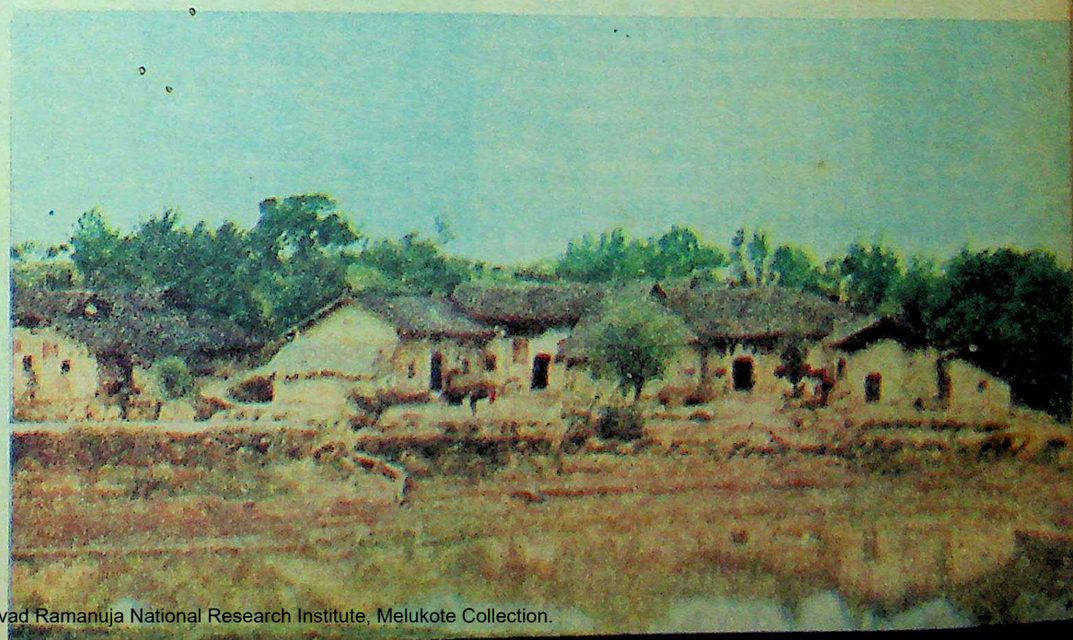
Miss Yang told us that her family—still a traditional joint family—earned around 300 yuan (Rs 1,050) a month. The father, the brother and the sister-in-law received a regular wage—as do most industrial workers, including those engaged in commune industries and livestock farms. She and her mother received a share of the collective income according to the "work-points" they had accumulated.

—Continued

A MARTIAL BEAT. A group of children, called the "Young Soldiers", giving a musical performance. Forty per cent of China is literate and over 90 per cent of the children in the relevant age-group go to primary schools.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CHAIRMAN. These children are in an urban nursery school. Chairman Mao Tse-tung's portrait looms in the background. Mao is now discouraging the personality cult which was built around him in the last few years. But, as often happens, gestures of modesty made by great men only magnify their images.





LIFE HAS CHANGED. The traditional Chinese village with its mudhouses still looks as it did before the revolution. But sanitation is much better and the basic minimum the Chinese gets is far more than what he used to get 25 years ago.

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"Work-points" depend on the nature of work and the skill involved. Until recently, taking part in political activities, such as attending meetings, earned some extra "points". Heavy jobs, such as carrying loads on shoulder-poles, receive higher ratings; weeding and the digging of vegetables, etc, are light jobs and get lower ratings. Women being equal to men in the eyes of the law—though not in wielding political power—earn the same rating as men for the same job but, since women are usually allotted less arduous work, they earn, on an average, 8.5 "work-points" for every 10 earned by men.

Under a system of "payment according to work", family income depends on the working power—that is, the number of able-bodied adults. On "July the 1st People's Commune", a family with two adults engaged only in farm work will rarely earn more than 60 yuan (Rs 210) a month. In backward regions in China, family income would be much less.

The family we met was lucky in having three members doing non-farm work, since they received free medical care. Miss Yang and her mother, together with her grandmother and niece, paid 1.5 yuan (Rs 5.25) each per year towards a cooperative medical insurance scheme. This insures them for medical treatment, except for serious illnesses.

Barefoot Doctors

Medical and public health services, including family planning advice, are available to each family living on a commune. The three levels of commune (commune, production brigade and production team) are responsible for their own welfare activities. Generally, there is a well-equipped health centre which can handle minor surgical operations at commune level; and there is a health clinic in each production brigade. A "barefoot doctor"—a paramedic who receives a short-term training not exceeding six months—is stationed in a production team, which is the smallest unit in the commune structure, covering nearly 20 to 40 families and often coinciding with a traditional Chinese village.

Much of the food comes from the collective work on the commune and most of the vegetables from private plots. Three daily meals, two of boiled rice and one of gruel, make a total of around half a kilo of grain per person per day. Since the Yang family were better off than the average family, they could buy pork or fish almost daily. The hens and ducks they owned provided an egg for each person every day. The baby also received half a pint of milk daily, either fresh or powdered. Not many families can afford milk for babies, and begin feeding them with gruel and rice at an early age.

Other expenses of the Yang family were minimal. Electricity and running water, available to most communes near major cities, cost 1.50 yuan (Rs 5.25) a month. Half the fuel was provided by the commune in the form of crop residue; the remaining fuel supply consisted of coal briquettes at a cost of 1.8 yuan (Rs 6) a month. The family spent almost 10 yuan (Rs 35) a month on cloth. Cotton textiles are still rationed at 6 yards a year—there is a slightly higher ration for cloth in Shanghai than in other places. However, there is no rationing of fabrics made of artificial fibre. A light cotton shirt costs 3.4 yuan (Rs 13), a silk sport shirt around three times as much.

Choice of quality and colour was still limited but freedom in this respect was, by 1972, greater than during the Cultural Revolution. Entertainment is provided by local commune cinemas or by mobile "Mao Thought Propaganda" teams. Cinema tickets are inexpensive. The family did some entertaining but, according to our host, the total cost of entertaining, going to films and occasional visits to city fairs and shows did not exceed 10 yuan (Rs 35) a month.

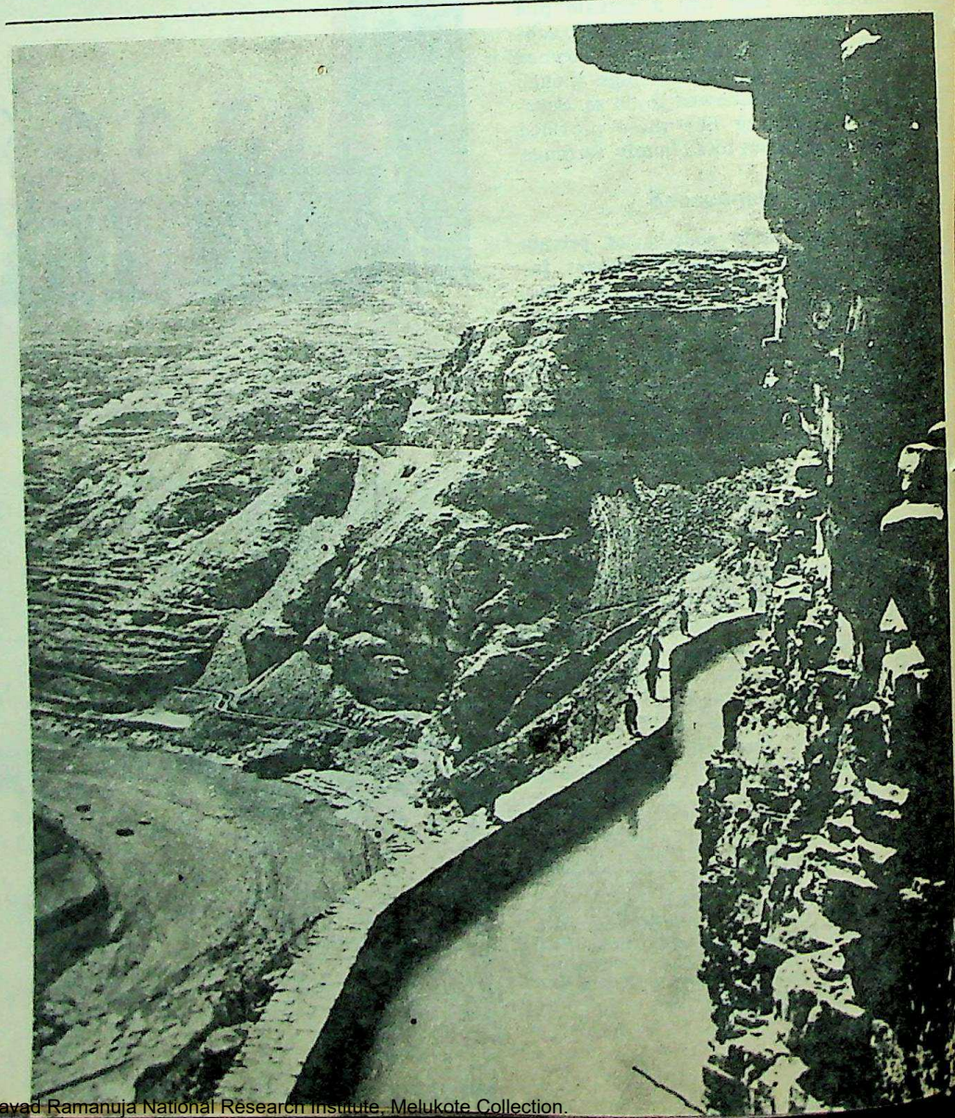
Nominal payments, varying from 4 to 6 yuan (Rs 14 to Rs 21), have to be made for primary and middle-school education in China, but this family, not having any child of schoolgoing age, did not face the expense. As is usual in China, the grandmother looked after the baby, saving the family the cost of sending the child to a nursery, which is twice as expensive as a school.

The family has accumulated some savings and has a bank account on which it receives a nominal interest. A part of the saving has gone towards buying a bicycle, a sewing-machine and a transistor. Like many other families, they are proud of these material possessions. On every commune we visited, increasing numbers of bicycles, sewing-machines (which cost between 100 and 150 yuan—Rs 350 to Rs 525) and radios (which cost anywhere between 25 and 100 yuan—Rs 90 to Rs 350) were represented as victories for "Mao's Thought" in the same way as increases in per-acre yields of grain or the number of piglets in a litter.

Not A Typical Commune

Chinese villages have come a long way in the last two decades, but we were not seeing an average Chinese village nor an average Chinese family. Though not the best of the 74,000 communes in China, "July the 1st People's Commune" is not typical for several reasons. Only 15 km away from Shanghai, it produced grain, cotton, vegetables, mushrooms and fruit for one of the biggest and the most prosperous urban concentrations in China; the population of Shanghai is around 10 million and the surrounding districts have always been one of the more economically prosperous regions. The commune had several large workshops for metal manufacture and processing agricultural products. Agricultural operations are highly mechanised since the commune suffered from a shortage of labour during peak periods. Many families had a number of persons employed by Shanghai industries.

In spite of the advanced nature of the commune, the average family income was much lower than in Shanghai, where a household with two adults could easily earn around 1,500 yuan (Rs 5,250) per year. In the professions, earnings were still higher. An engineer in a textile factory got around 1,500 yuan a year; an automobile engineer, trained originally in the United States, was earning as much as 3,600 yuan (Rs 12,600) a year in a factory near Peking. Senior physicians and surgeons receive as much.



MAN-MADE RIVER. This 720-km long, man-made river was cut through sheer cliffs in Central China's Hunan province to transform stony, barren land into acres of green ricefields. The Red Flag Canal took ten years to build.

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Among the most highly paid people we met in China were the Senior Professors in the University of Peking, whose earnings exceeded 4,000 yuan (Rs 14,000) a year.

In addition, there are various fringe benefits for urban workers: education, health, social security and pensions are much better in cities.

On the other hand, urban life is not necessarily more expensive. There is no personal taxation. Housing is cheap. A 16-square-metre room, with toilet and kitchen, in one of the workers' residential areas in Shanghai cost 3 to 6 yuan (Rs 10 to Rs 20) a month. This included the cost of electricity and running water.

Rationing and price control of essential commodities like rice, wheat, sugar, edible oil and cotton cloth keeps the cost of living down. Luxuries are high-priced but few; cars and televisions are not for private consumption. Foreign cameras and watches are available, including Omega gold watches costing up to 800 yuan (Rs 2,800). Advertising for consumer durables is not common, but shop-windows of stores are attractively decorated.

Such income differentials as we found in China between the town and the village have been one of the major unresolved issues facing the Government. The attractions of urban living, with prospects of secure wage employment—free from the vicissitudes of weather which still has a significant influence on agricultural outputs and rural incomes—has led to pressure for migration to cities.

What Is China's Population?

It is difficult to say how serious the problem is. There is a great deal of uncertainty about the size of the total population. No census has been taken since 1953. Various Government departments suggest population totals between 750 and 830 million for 1971. In fact a World Atlas released in Peking in mid-1972 mentions a figure as low as 698 million.

There is uncertainty even with respect to its annual rates of growth. Experts use rates between 1.8 and 2.4 per cent. Assuming that the population has been growing at 2 per cent per annum, the Government has to provide food, education and other amenities for 15 to 16 million newly born Chinese each year.

By combining the traditional agricultural practices—which are by no means primitive—with the modern, the Chinese have succeeded in maintaining a rate of growth of agricultural output which keeps just ahead of population growth and which also allows for a slight improvement in food consumption. But, even in 1971, average food consumption verged around 2,050 calories and 57 grammes of protein, with less than 8 grammes of animal protein—a diet just sufficient to meet the basic requirements. To quote one of China's eminent leaders, Vice Premier Li Hsien-nien, China has "been racing against time to cope with the enormous increase in population".

After an initially vacillating approach to population control, the Government has now come to believe in planned parenthood. But in Chou En-lai's own words: "It is not easy to introduce all at once in China and it is more difficult to achieve in rural areas, where most people live, than in cities."

THE DELICATE TOUCH. A Chinese woman hand-paints a vase at a Peking factory. This is one of the traditional feminine professions in China. Women, however, are now doing jobs which were formerly exclusively the preserve of men. They are employed as machinists, farmers and even factory hands.

In recent years, efforts to popularise family planning have been intensified in both towns and rural areas. Family planning is the responsibility of a special organisation called the Family Planning Committee, which consists of the members of the Communist Party and medical personnel. Family planning workers—members of street and residential committees in the towns, and "barefoot doctors"—hold regular meetings, visit families, give advice and are responsible for the distribution of free contraceptives. Surgical sterilisation is offered by the commune hospitals and mobile health units in rural areas. Induced abortion is performed free on the request of the mother—the husband's authorisation is not essential. Early abortions are done either by nurses or by trained "barefoot doctors" and midwives.

Cheap Abortions

The Chinese have developed a vacuum suction method for performing abortions which is reportedly cheap, easy and effective. Oral contraceptive pills are becoming more popular than IUDs. In the communes, pills are distributed by "barefoot doctors" and, in towns, mainly through the street and resident committees. The Chinese are reported to have developed a once-a-month pill and a once-a-month injection, which are on trial on an experimental basis.

There has certainly been some change in attitude to late marriage and planned families. On being asked about her attitude to marriage and the size of the family, Miss Yang's immediate reaction was to hide her face in embarrassment. A little later, shyly smiling, she said she was too young to think about such things. As in many other Asian countries, public discussion on sex is still taboo. Sexual morality is stressed by the Party. Prostitution is banned and social sanctions against sexual immorality are severe.

Later, in a private talk with one of the lady members of our group, Miss Yang indicated that she would marry when she was 25 and would like to have three children, preferably two boys and a girl. Preference for male children still persists. So do other traditional attitudes to ceremonies. In spite of Government propaganda to the contrary, villagers do have elaborate marriage ceremonies. On one of the communes we were told that, at a recent marriage, the bridegroom's family spent over 200 yuan (Rs 700) in cash; in addition, 60 kg of candy were distributed among friends and relatives. This excluded expenses on the bride's side.

A fast-increasing population has resulted in millions being added to the work force. Any casual observer could see overmanning of farms, rural transport and street-corner shops. Capital-intensive industrialisation, based largely on huge Soviet aid in the 1950s, did not create enough jobs and male unemployment reportedly increased by 4 million during the first Five-Year Plan period (1953-57). Attempts at creating more jobs in medium-sized industries, crafts and small-scale enterprises have so far proved to be only palliatives. Urban slums and destitution in cities, so common in other

—Continued

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BREAD IS ON THE SHELVES AND ALL'S WELL WITH THE WORLD. This is a grocery shop in a commune. Much of the food is produced by the commune itself. Education, rent, electricity and medical services are cheap, sometimes free. City dwellers are better off than the country folk.

developing countries, were averted only by vigorous control on population movements. Registration, regulations on changing employment and food rationing make it impossible for the rural population to move to cities. A change of job or residence is permissible mainly on compassionate grounds; since "uniting with the family" is one of the more acceptable reasons, marrying into an urban household is probably the easiest method of moving to a town.

On several occasions, thousands of people have been virtually rounded up and returned to their villages. According to one estimate, within a few months of 1961, as many as 20 million people were returned to the countryside.

Educated young people have met a similar fate. As early as 1956, Mao had asked the intellectuals to go to the countryside. In 1957, many primary and secondary school graduates, who came to towns to join institutions of higher education but failed to do so, were returned to their villages.

By 1962 it was realised that jobs could not be provided to all the educated young and "rustication of youth" became a major programme. In 1964 alone, 400,000 school graduates were resettled in the countryside. After the Cultural Revolution, the "rustication movement" has been taken up again. Between 1968 and 1970, "several million"—the estimates vary between 10 and 15 million—"graduates of junior middle schools, senior middle schools and universities" have been sent to rural areas.

Such "rusticated" young people are provided with some initial expenses for a short while, after which they have to earn their "work-points" on the commune. The treatment they receive from peasants varies in different parts of the country. Peasants in poor regions do not always like the idea of their incomes being reduced by adding more people to already strained resources. Some students—one does not know what percentage—find rural life difficult and return illegally to urban areas, where parents and relatives can still look after them.

At the root of the "rustication" movement lies Mao's anti-elitism. Traditional forms of literary education, with their emphasis on merit as the criterion for success or promotion and their neglect of practical knowledge, create a "bourgeois" disdain for manual labour. Such a mental attitude accentuates the already existing cleavage between the privileged and the underprivileged, the ruled and the ruling elite, the town and the village. In the past, it was not unusual in China—as in other developing countries even today—to consider farm work to be "inferior". It was like "planting a beautiful flower in ox dung". Traditional feeling in China has been that "if you are able to get admittance into a University, then you will become a Dragon; and if you fail to do so, then your lot will be that of a worm".

Corrupt Rulers

Even after the Communist take-over, cadres and party members considered themselves to be a ruling elite and enjoyed special privileges, which were often abused. Bribery, corruption and misuse of public property were quite common among cadres. All this led to the alienation of the masses from the ruling elite. Essentially, Mao's Cultural Revolution aimed at eliminating the growing cleavage between the ruled and the ruling elite, the town and the countryside, as well as between industry and agriculture.

The educational system and the media are constantly being adjusted to counteract the above "bourgeois" tendencies. A large part of the school curriculum, even in primary school, is linked to politics, class struggle and the history of the revolution. Older pupils get a month's practical training every year, working in factories or on farms or on vegetable plots in the school. Textbooks are closely related to industry and agriculture. Since the Cultural Revolution, there has been a greater emphasis on merging theory with practice; in effect, Chinese schools today come closer to Mahatma Gandhi's concept of "basic schools". In nursery schools and kindergartens, the children do not hear fairy-tales and stories of kings and queens but of workers and peasants.

Since the Cultural Revolution, class origin, and not merit alone, have been the criteria of selection for university admission. Students study for "revolution", and not for individual betterment or material gains.

Of course, to obtain the membership of the Communist Party—still the ruling elite—is the highest ambition of most young men and women. Choice of profession is not generally open to a student, though his preferences are taken into consideration by the leadership. We did not have any evidence that the Chinese youth resent this lack of freedom.

Much of the credit for this must go to newspapers, radio, films, operas and ballets which are geared to "political indoctrination". "Mao Thought Propaganda Teams" and amateur groups like "Young Soldiers" extol the virtues of Mao's Thought, the Party and the People's Liberation Army (PLA). There has been some "decline in the popularity" of the PLA since the Lin Piao affair but it is still respected by the people. A peasant family having one of its members in PLA has special status in the village.

Loudspeaker networks in the communes, public parks and railway stations, as well as running trains, broadcast incessantly Mao's Thoughts and extracts from Marxist classics. But the deification of Mao, reportedly on Mao's own initiative, is declining. The number of broadcasts from his written work has been considerably reduced, his portraits have been removed from important places and propaganda paintings with the "Red Book" have been repainted without it.

Anti-Elitist Policies

The struggle between Mao's anti-elitist "mass line" and the sophisticated, bureaucratic and professionally competent technocrats resulted in a temporary victory for the "mass line". Professionals and administrators have to do a month or two of physical work every year on farms or in factories or in specially designed "May 7th Cadre Schools". However, such provisions are sometimes watered down or circumvented by various means. For instance, in one of the universities we visited, professors had engaged wage-earners to work in science and engineering laboratories; supervising the work of such hired labour counted as physical work for the professors.

The needs of a modern state are such that "capitalist tendencies" are already eroding the "mass line". If China is to operate in the modern world as an influential nation state, it has to have professionally qualified diplomats, economists and political sicentists; it has to have a sophisticated army and scientific and technological weapons systems to counteract and discourage foreign threats. Such requirements cannot, at least for the foreseeable future, be met by "mass-line" education.

It is probably for this reason that the technicians, dismissed during the Cultural Revolution, have been brought back and merit is being restored as an important criterion for admission to universities.

It is difficult to say how permanent these tendencies are. But the mere fact that China has attempted to provide some social justice for its underprivileged and, to a limited extent, has succeeded more than any other country is worth noting. Whether the price paid in terms of the loss of individual liberty is worth it will depend on the conditions of individual countries. The Chinese do not miss freedom; they never had much of it anyway.

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Binaca toothbrushes

with rounded bristle tips will not tear the gums

A complete range for the family

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Kabir and Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed were not able to get a 100 per cent certificate from the so-called secular community.

There is no point in comparing the position in Pakistan, as it does not call itself a "secular" state.

Mayuram A. ABDUL HAKIM

Sir—Inder Malhotra says that, out of every ten persons killed, nine are Muslims. No wonder! We know the valour of Muslims—the Arab-Israeli conflict, the Indo-Pak wars, etc, etc. So let us forget about the percentage of the killed or the injured.

Delhi (Miss) RENUKA GANGULI

Sir—Communal riots in our country are the result of deep-rooted tribalism in our body politic. They are the work of rabble-rousing communalists who form a tribe by themselves. The average Hindu and Muslim want to live together in peace and they do live together.

Madras T. V. NAGARAJAN

Sir—A perusal of *The National Movement* by R. N. Agrawal is sufficient to eradicate the misgivings against the Muslims regarding Partition. Veer Sarvarkar preached that only the Hindus were legally eligible for a government of their own and to rule India. The founder of Arya Samaj was of the view that India was for the Hindus only; that Muslims were mere guests and should not even dream of sharing its glory. Lala Har Dayal wrote in his book, *Mere Vichar*, that it was a folly to presume that Muslims and Hindus should jointly form a government. He further wrote that the Hindus could survive only when they put his advice into practice: (i) the existence of Hindu culture throughout India; (ii) Hindu rule; (iii) purity (*shuddhi*) of the Indian Muslim.

Bipin Chandrapal, Madan Mohan Malaviya, Purshottam Das Tandon, Dr Moonje and Dr Syama Prasad Mookerjee (architect of the present Jana Sangh who had sent a secret circular to industrial houses not to employ Muslims) openly endorsed the policies of the Hindu Mahasabha and alarmed the Muslims.

The Khan Brothers, the Punjab Unionist Party headed by Khizar Hayat Khan, Sheikh Abdullah of Kashmir, G. M. Syed of Sind, the Khaksar and Ahrar parties resisted the idea of Partition. But the allocation of some portfolios to the Muslim League meant partition of solid power, which the Congress refused. The Congress could not wait a little till the functions of the Interim Government were over. Moreover, the Congress Ministry found it difficult to run the administration without co-operation of the Muslim League, for which the Congress was not at all prepared. Sardar Patel and Dr Rajendra Prasad advised the Congress Party to accept Partition.

Madras S. NOOR MOHAMMED USMAN

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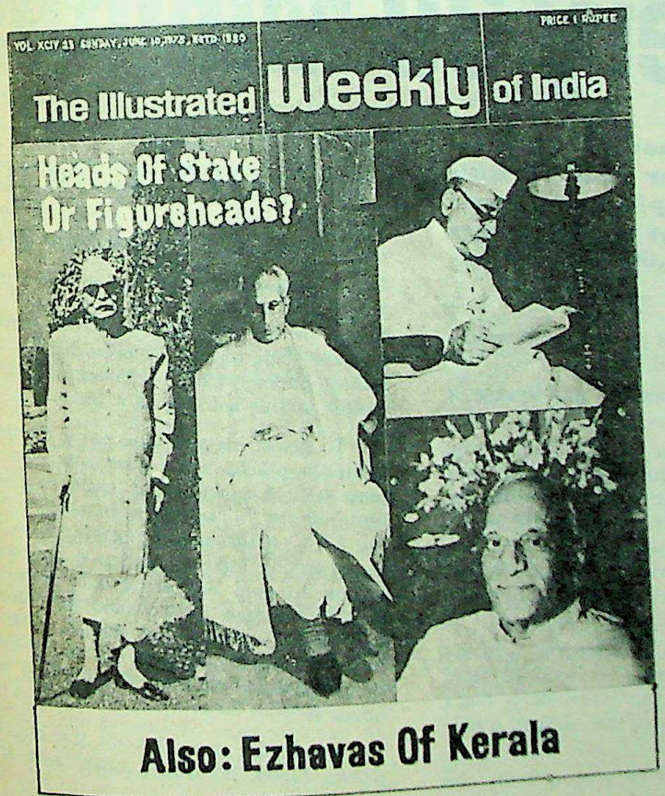
Cover Photograph is by Mohan Wagh



NEXT WEEK

HEADS OF STATE OR FIGUREHEADS? Professor Z. M. Quraishi of Kashmir University has written a study of all Presidential Elections so far. He calls it "Struggle for Rashtrapati Bhavan". Reviewing the book, Inder Malhotra examines not only the politics surrounding the choice of successive Presidents but also the question of Presidential powers. Illustrated.

EZHAVAS OF KERALA: Though once branded as untouchables, the Ezhavas (also called Thiyyas) are today in the forefront of education, literature and politics. Professor Sukumar Azhicode researches into this community. Plus "Thiyyas On The 'Top'": a large number of circus artists are drawn from this community. How do they live? Colour photographs.

THE GURU IS WITHIN YOU: S. V. Vasudev examines the main premises of Jiddu Krishnamurti's philosophy.

THE TRISHUL: Story by N. S. Bhatia

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Crime In India

One Murder Every 30 Minutes

In the last two years, the incidence of crime has shown an alarming increase. The worst record has been that of Uttar Pradesh with 256 cases for every 100,000 people. Poverty, unemployment, frustration among the educated unemployed and the rat race in overpopulated cities are some of the causes. Over 955,000 major offences were reported to the police in 1970.

by ARUN GANDHI

Photographs by Mohan Wagh

A SWEDISH lady journalist walked into my office one day and asked for the latest statistics of crime in India. For several minutes she browsed through the book I gave her and commented: "Do you mean to say that in a large country like India, you have no incidents of rape whilst we in Sweden have almost one every hour?" Had she stayed in the country a little longer, she would have had her question answered the next day.

A girl was raped by two students of Delhi University in the premises of their college. In another incident, the conductor and the driver of a minibus attempted to ravish two young nurses inside a running vehicle. One of the girls jumped out and was killed and the other was badly hurt.

These are not isolated instances. We have no accurate statistics about rape. Though the police put the figure at 10,000 a year, it is certainly much higher. Often sex crimes are not recorded, because the victims themselves do not want prosecutions launched for fear of a scandal.

The question arises: Is punishment a sufficient deterrent?

Brihaspati, Narada and Katyayana, the framers of ancient Hindu law, prescribed severe punishment for sexual offences. Brihaspati recommended the amputation of a man's genitals for rape—besides the confiscation of his property and exile. Narada suggested that the forehead of the culprit be branded with the outline of a vagina.

Narada prescribed this form of punishment for other crimes as well—a thief to be branded with the mark of a dog's foot and a drunkard with the mark of a bottle.

All these lawmakers agreed on one point: that a prostitute was to be punished by cutting her nose, lips and ears and then hounding her out of the village.

If such punishment did not deter people from committing crimes in the past, will simple or rigorous imprisonment serve any purpose? The answer is provided by a very senior police officer: "It cannot, because justice in this country is a farce."

To prove his point he gave the story of a highly placed man who went out shopping with his wife and children. He was pestered by a beggar's insistent whining for alms. After several attempts to ignore the man, he lost his patience and told the beggar to stop bothering him. The beggar spat on his face. He grabbed the fellow and took him to the police station. The police officer listened patiently but said: "This is a non-cognisable offence. We can do nothing about it."

But if the man had hit the beggar and drawn blood, he would have been arrested and charged.

The slow and cumbersome process of justice is another matter for concern. In 1970, there were 866,504 cases under trial and only 284,865 were decided.

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In the same year, there were 1,108,081 cases under investigation. Of these, 925,815 cases were "disposed of".

Parliament is rightly perturbed by the growing incidence of crime and violence in the country. Riot cases have increased more than five times in the last ten years.

Statistics provided by the Home Ministry do not always mention the number of people killed in the riots or the damage caused to public and private property.

In many cases, students are exploited by unscrupulous politicians and get involved in violence. They become easy prey because they want to have rights commensurate with their conception of their "potential importance and they seek to act as the intellectual, at least idealistic, conscience of their countries." (David H. Bayley: *Police and Political Development in India*)

In Andhra Pradesh, in the first three months of this year, property worth Rs 20 crores was destroyed.

More and more people are beginning to take the law in their own hands. How does one explain the Shiv Sena stopping the showing of *Sakharam Binder* even after it was passed for public exhibition by the Board of Censors and the High Court of the State? Only when a special show was staged for the personal viewing of Shiv Sena Chief Bal Thackeray was the play "certified" by the party as worthy of public entertainment and thereafter allowed to be staged.

Types of Crime

There are three broad categories of crime and violence. First, the common type—known to the police as cognisable offences, like murder, rape, theft, housebreaking, etc.

The second is corruption and nepotism involving politicians and the bureaucracy.

And, finally, mob violence. In 1970, as many as 351,039 persons were arrested for rioting, but only 20 per cent of the cases were disposed of.

An example of political opportunism was the "Bombay Bandh" organised by the Communist Party of India and their Marxist counterparts on May 15. It was expected to be a peaceful demonstration to focus the attention of Government on the problems and difficulties faced by the people because of the scarcity conditions and spiralling prices. As it turned out, the demonstrators became violent and vented their wrath upon private cars, taxis, buses and shops which, to them, were symbols of affluence and authority they despise.

With a large section of the community belonging to the "have-not" labour class, inciting them to violence takes very little doing. They are exploited by businessmen who overcharge for underweighed merchandise; by employers who extract the maximum labour from the worker whilst paying him the least; by politicians who make promises they have no intention of keeping; and, finally, by bureaucracy which is so lost in its own quagmire that it is incapable of doing anything except delaying the decision.

—Continued

JUVENILE CRIME IS ON THE INCREASE. Over 98,000 "youthful offenders" were arrested in 1970. The biggest number of arrests was for illegal gambling (17,000), smuggling (13,000) and theft (12,000). The highest incidence of such crime was in Maharashtra: 24,255 cases. Gujarat had 23,000 and Tamil Nadu 14,800. These three States accounted for 62 per cent of the total arrests.

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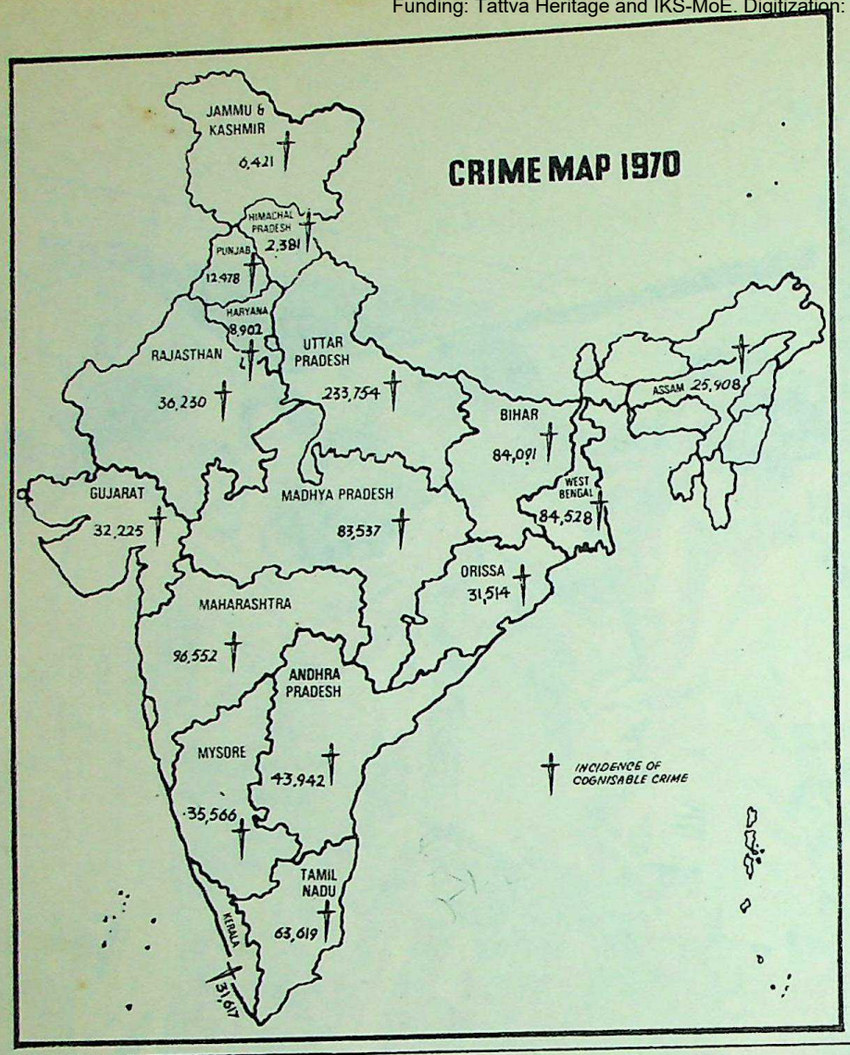

Crime Wave

More than 9.55 lakh serious crimes, like murders, dacoities, arson, etc, were committed during 1970. A Union Home Ministry source added that the rate of growth of crime in India was "far outstepping" the rate of growth of population. While the increase in population between 1960 and 1970 was 27.4 per cent, the incidence of crime went up by 57.6 per cent.

U.P. IS TOPS

The highest volume of crime was in Uttar Pradesh (256.9 per one lakh population) and the lowest in Himachal Pradesh (67.5), the average for all the States being 168.8. Among Union Territories, there was a "very high" incidence of crime in Delhi (736.6) and Pondicherry (495.5). The volume of crime in Delhi City was 740.4 per lakh population, followed closely by Kanpur (659.3).

Crime in Uttar Pradesh and the Union Territory of Delhi had increased by 55.1 per cent and 77.4 per cent in a single year (1969-70) while Gujarat, Madhya Pradesh, Manipur, Punjab, Tamil Nadu and Tripura showed a decrease.

ROBBERY

The highest increase (in 1960-1970) was under "robbery" (170 per cent), followed closely by "riots" (154.1 per cent) and "dacoity" (147.1 per cent).

There was a "sharp" increase in crime by juveniles and "youthful offenders" in 1970. The juveniles were responsible for 2.8 per cent of the total cognisable crime: 27,226 cases. They had committed also 10,642 thefts.

House-breaking came next—4,093 cases. There were also 558 cases of murder and 255 of kidnapping and abduction by juveniles.

In Delhi, the number of riot cases increased from 86 in 1969 to 178 in 1970.

POLICE

India's total police strength in 1970 was 666,400. There are about 12 policemen for 10,000 people or 21 policemen for 100 sq km of area.

The composition of the civil and armed police in the different States differed widely. The civil police, for instance, constituted 90 per cent of the total police force in Maharashtra, while in Nagaland it was only 13 per cent.

B. C.

Delays occur at all levels—even in meting out justice. There are frustrating examples reported in the Press of justice being delayed for as many as 25 years! This is the case of Kapil Deo Shukla, a former employee of the Imperial Bank of India (now State Bank) who was charged with forgery in 1946. The Sessions Judge who first tried Shukla acquitted him. The Government then appealed to the Allahabad High Court, which reversed the lower court's verdict and sentenced the accused to four years' rigorous imprisonment. It was only in the last week of March 1972 that the Supreme Court eventually quashed the High Court judgment and absolved Shukla.

The slow-moving machinery of justice can be jammed indefinitely through the judicious use of legal "spanners". Like the case against a senior army officer launched in August 1960 which has still to be decided. It is reported the accused took one year to inspect the documents. And, seven years later, he challenged the sanction accorded by the Union Government for his prosecution. When the special judge trying him rejected the application the accused filed a revision petition which has still to be decided by the High Court concerned.

In another case pending since 1963 the accused failed to turn up for one full year after the prosecution was launched. Eventually, when he made his first appearance, the prosecution witnesses had dispersed. Thereafter the case was transferred to another court. All this took five years. Finally, the accused filed an application for the proceedings against him to be quashed. This is still pending before the High Court.

It was announced in Parliament on April 17 that there were 10,846 cases pending with the Supreme Court. Cases pending before the 17 High Courts of the country in 1971 totalled 402,344, of which roughly 77,000 were in the Calcutta High Court, 71,000 in the Allahabad High Court and 40,000 in the Bombay High Court.

Writing in *The Hindu*, V. Venkateswaran says "this is the situation, though the number of Supreme Court judges rose from 12 to 14 and of the various High Courts from 245 to 325 in the last five years". Appointment of additional judges thus had not helped in clearing the arrears. In 1960—168 judges disposed of 181,949 cases. In 1969—261 judges disposed of nearly 300,000 cases. It is a well-known fact that cases in the Bombay High Court and the City Civil Court do not come up for six to seven years.

To what extent do these delays contribute to the growing crime rate? People seem to believe that justice can be taken in their own hands to get a quick redressal.

A typical example was cited by a Bombay city advocate whose identity will remain anonymous. In the course of his social work the advocate came across a clerk who had given Rs 2,000 to an estate agent for the renting of a flat. For more than a year the agent neither gave him possession of the flat nor returned the money.

The clerk sought advice from the advocate for the recovery of his money. The

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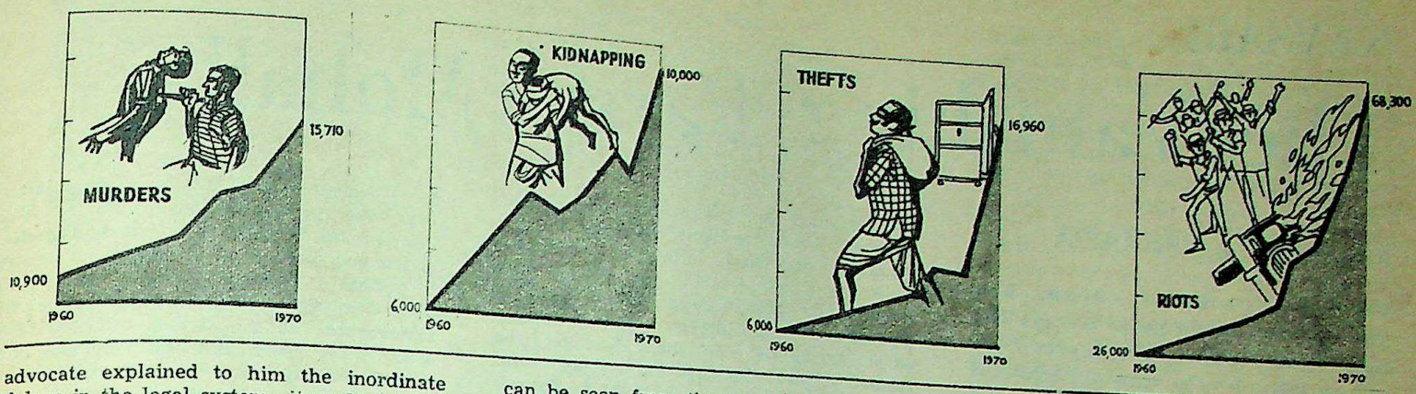

advocate explained to him the inordinate delays in the legal system—it could take at least six years, with some luck, to go through the formalities.

He advised the clerk to seek the help of the Shiv Sena. And so he did.

The Shiv Sena volunteers went to the office of the estate agent and threatened him. Justice was fast. The man got his money within 24 hours. This could well be the beginning of the "Black Courts of Justice".

People's faith in the law enforcement agencies has been thoroughly shaken as can be seen from the recent happenings in Bihar and West Bengal.

Someone spread the rumour in West Bengal that a group of people indulged in vampirism—drinking human blood. The villagers took the law into their own hands and hacked to death five people.

In Bihar, a rumour about kidnapping of children led to the lynching of 30 people.

During Prohibition in Bombay, some bootleggers buried their "hooch" drums near the house of a friend of mine. They came for it at all times of day—and night. He complained to the police.

Very assiduously the police took down the complaint and the name and address of the complainant. That night five hefty thugs stormed into my friend's house, broke a few pieces of furniture and threatened everybody there. It was obvious the police had given them the address of the complainant. It was also apparent that the police had no intention of doing anything about it.

We cannot have a crimeless society, no doubt, though it would be ideal if we could. But we do need a massive correctional campaign to make our laws, most of which were passed seven decades ago, in tune with present times.

CRIME IN THE CAPITAL

The crime wave has been on the increase in Delhi. Several Rajya Sabha members remarked that the situation was very bad and that "ordinary people felt insecure to move about in the dark". They spoke of the increasing incidence of molestation of women and hold-ups and complained about police apathy. At least two members, Mr K. P. S. Menon (CPM) and Mr Bhupesh Gupta (CPI), referred to a report published in The Times of India *of "nocturnal visits paid by miscreants in a white car to the women's hostel in the campus" and demanded a statement on the action taken against the culprits. Another member, Mr Om Prakash Tyagi (Jana Sangh), related several instances of hold-ups, eve-teasing and dacoity to press home the point that the law-and-order situation in the capital was deteriorating. He alleged that some hoodlums operated with the patronage of the police and the ruling party.*

Here are a few more instances of recent crime in India's capital culled from available reports: a retired ICS officer, an IAF Squadron Leader, an IARI employee, scooter-rickshaw passengers, housewives and some motorists are among those who have been robbed on Delhi's roads by armed hoodlums.

The general sense of insecurity has been heightened because the police are unable to solve 60 per cent of the cases.

Most of the 110 robbery cases (reported between December 1972 and February 1973) are still "pending investigation". Not even half the number of criminals involved in these cases have been arrested.

Lack of police presence on the streets of Delhi is the main reason for the spurt in crime. Some 2,000 policemen, meant to patrol 600 beats, rarely make their presence felt. More often than not, they are withdrawn from their beat and put on "demonstration duty". This leaves the field free for the criminal element.

In Civil Lines, a person was lured by a stranger to a spot where a woman was beckoning him. He realised that the woman was a man in female garments.

A Sunder Nagar resident was robbed by a "fellow passenger" in Lodhi Colony after he was offered a lift by an auto-rickshaw driver.

A resident of Pandara Road was robbed at Connaught Place when he took a lift in a passing private car. The three occupants pushed him out of the car and sped away with a girl who had helped him hail the car for a lift. The police believe her to be part of the gang.

The antecedents of auto-rickshaw drivers need to be checked. Many of them are known to have whipped out a knife at the slightest provocation. Some of them are known to have criminal backgrounds.

A gang of currency forgers with international ramifications has been recently unearthed by the Crime Branch of the Delhi Police. A large number of faked Indian and foreign currency notes were seized by the police.

The gang was run to earth in a village about 20 miles from the Punjab town of Phagwara, which served as the nerve-centre for their activities. The gang is alleged to have flooded the country with forged 100-rupee notes worth about Rs 30 lakhs and cheated prospective emigrants to the UK and the USA by palming off fake dollars to them.

The international police have been alerted to round up the accomplices of the 20 men arrested so far. They are believed to be oprating in the UK, the USA, Canada, Nepal, France and Afghanistan.—B.C.

Kidnapped

Over 38,000 children are kidnapped or found missing each year in India. Two-and-a-half-year-old Anish Kumar was kidnapped last year and sold to a couple who had no children of their own.

No one knows where Anish Kumar comes from except that he is very well behaved and has good manners. For instance, he won't get off his seat unless his socks and shoes are put on, he likes to be clean and properly dressed, he prefers to eat chapattis instead of rice, dislikes curds and loves bananas and fruits.

Like most kidnapped children who come into police custody, Anish Kumar has been kept in a Bombay institution. If the attempts to locate his parents fail, he will be given to a suitable Hindu family for adoption.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

NAVSARI

The Vanishing Parsi "Mohalla"

by BACHI J. KARKARIA

Parsi Navsari is dead. The young men have gone away; the ancestral houses are barred or taken over by the new-rich breed of diamond cutters. Only the old men remain—surrounded by the ruins of nostalgia.

Special feature on the death anniversary of Prophet Zarathushtra (June 4)

Photographs by J. D. K.

"NEVER marry a Nosakra!" the Parsi mother warns her daughter, "He's as ziddi as a mule." But perhaps it is just this tenacity which has enabled the Navsari Parsi to survive even so long in this fast-changing town of Gujarat.

Today a new commercialism has wormed its way in, tradition is a crumbling edifice—as dilapidated as the porch on which the bearded, wrinkled men sit, amidst the ruins of nostalgia, counting the days to their end. The *mohalla* is dying—that once-proud bustling symbol of community living. Now there are no joys to be shared, only sorrow as one bearded patriarch after another dies and his sons come to squabble over his little wealth and sell his house to the *heeraghusoos*, that mushrooming population of diamond cutters. The unrelenting whine of their grinding plates is singing the raucous knell of the *mohalla*.

The story of Parsi settlement in Navsari begins in 1142. The Parsis displaced the original Koli and Dubla settlers and prospered there for a couple of hundred years. Then, towards the 1300s, the population began to decline and by the 15th century had dwindled so alarmingly that Diwan Changa Asha (some call him the first Parsi King) summoned a conference and brought in Zoroastrian farmers from neighbouring villages to settle in the district of Malekshala—a name which was later corrupted to Malesar.

The original inhabitants of Navsari—mainly prosperous priests—continued to live in their earlier area of Motafalia. And a Pilgrim Father snobbery still exists among them towards the Malesarwallas ("We are fair, we are the pure first citizens—they are dark and intermixed"). However the Malesaria was more enterprising. He was the first to take advantage of trade across the water, journeying to Africa, Aden and slit-eyed Shanghai.

Navsari prospered. Priesthood flourished. Wealth crackled like a burning sandalwood log.

The Parsis tilled the land and reaped the rich harvests of turgid grainfields and orchards staggering under the burden of mellow fruitfulness. Ready money—which later gave its name to a family—called the highest bid at toddy-palm auctions and soon the Parsis controlled the liquor trade for miles around. "Pithawallas", "Toddywallas" and "Daruwallas" they came to be called. Women made *papads* and spun *kustis*, and the *naras* or pyjama tapes of Navsari gained fame for their "infallibility".

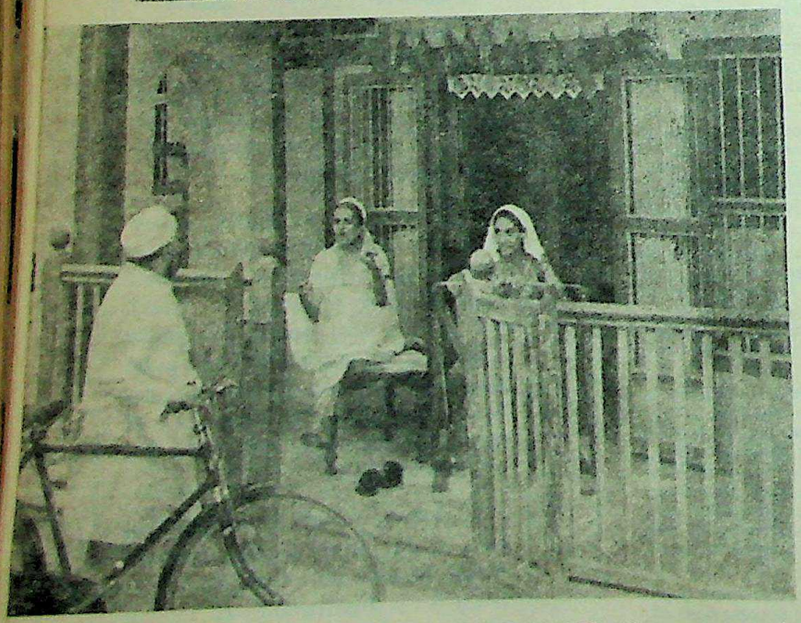
However, it was this very progressiveness which proved suicidal for Navsari. The priestly class took advantage of British education and gave up their ancient profession to pursue a dubious career as clerks with John Company. Tilling the land became unfashionable and the farmer followed suit. Many made good. But the emphasis had shifted. The migration out of the village had begun. Parsi Navsari limped along on its liquor trade till Prohibition struck it dead in one fell stroke.

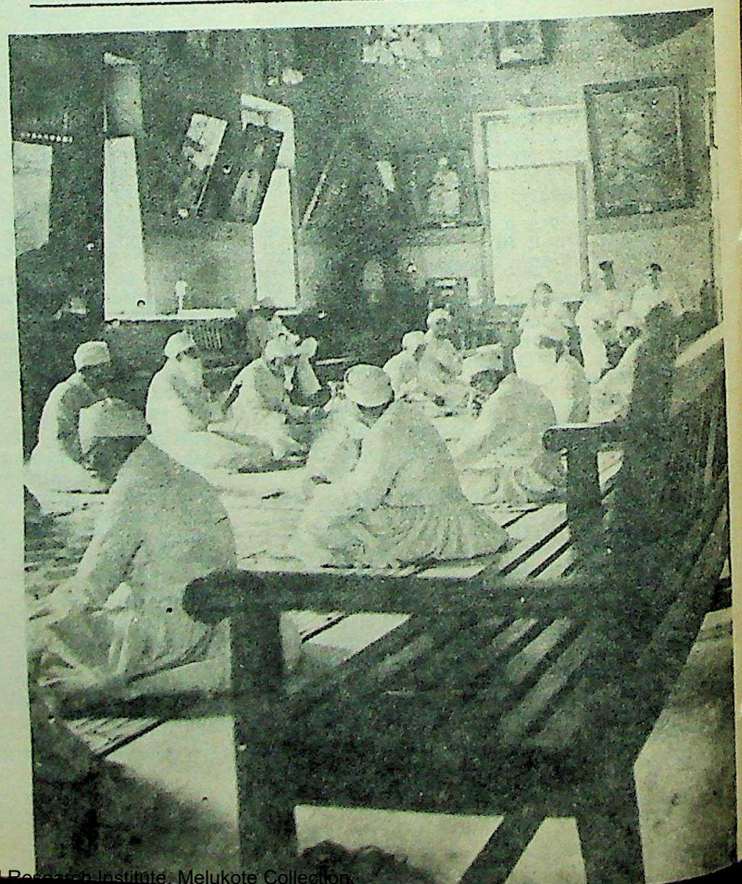
Now the epic is over and a ghostly hush has descended with the curtain. There is no longer money in priesthood. The generation which made its living from the marbled fire temples is old now and cannot work there. Few of the younger men will. "Three hundred years ago you could count 1,100 *paghris*," (the priest's white turban) says the frail dastur with onionskin-paper face who spends his days gazing with unseeing eyes at the leaping flames in the sacred Atash Behram. "Today there are barely a hundred."

There is a bourgeois disdain for farming and the new permissiveness of open-market liquor has not yet sozzled Gujarat. The young men have all gone away to seek employment in the cities. Today only the old men remain—waiting. Waiting and remembering.

They think of the days, a hundred years ago, when every third man in Navsari was a Zoroastrian. Today they are only 3,000 in a population of over a lakh.

They remember how, during the six seasonal festivals or *ghambars*, festivities





A BICYCLE IS AS RICH AS YOU CAN GET. Women spin wool (left) and weave kustis (sacred thread) on the porch of their old house, and the neighbouring priest stops by for a chat. Priesthood no longer fetches the kind of money it did before and the wool for kustis is becoming increasingly expensive. Right: Prayers of thanksgiving inside the sacred Atash Behram.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

THE RELIGIOUS CENTRE

Navsari is the spiritual capital of Zoroastrianism. It is considered even above Udvada, the present home of the Iranshah, or sacred fire, which, according to legend, was brought to India by the first band of refugees fleeing after the Muslim conquest of Iran.

From Sanjan, where the Parsis first landed, the Iranshah was brought to Vansda and then to Navsari in 1419. It was housed here till 1740 when it was taken to Bulsar and thence to Udvada.

The Atash Behram (the highest grade of fire temple) of Navsari was consecrated in 1756 and given a new building in 1925. A well, in the precincts of this fire temple, now stands over the place where the Iranshah was kept. Thus, Navsari claims credit for being the only place in India to have had an Atash Behram for the longest period of time—over 500 years.

Great powers are attributed to this ancient fire temple and it is as spiritually mandatory for the Parsi to offer sandalwood to its sacred flames as to the Iranshah of Udvada.

You enter the Atash Behram through a small garden, up a sweep of staircase, and enter its magnificent, marbled, chandeliered, portrait-lined main hall. From the antique marble of the sanctum sanctorum rises majestically the sacred urn. Atop it, the flames leap up, escaping in a frenzy the bondage of the sandalwood pile. Their fire is reflected in a hundred gleaming silver ceremonial utensils.

The visitor is told the legend of the learned and many-powered first Dastur Meherjirana, the imprint of whose face suddenly appeared one day some years ago in the grain of a marble slab opposite the sanctum sanctorum. This high priest had explained the tenets of Zoroastrianism to the court of Akbar and had gained countrywide renown for his wisdom and spiritual greatness.

After him, the high priesthood of the Navsari Atash Behram became hereditary, and the present high priest of this Atash Behram, Dastur Meherjirana Dastur Kekobad Meherjirana, is his descendant—in the 16th generation. (The high priesthood at one of Surat's two Atash Behrams is also hereditary. At the other five, the next high priest is selected from the dasturs of that Atash Behram or else an "outsider", noted for his scholarship, is appointed.)

In Navsari also stands the Wadi Dar-i-Mehr, established in 1151, the oldest Parsi fire temple standing in the country. No priest can perform the higher liturgical ceremonies unless he has taken his Navar-Martab "degree" from this agiari.

Navsari also had religious schools on the guru-chela system. The pupil brought a thali of sugar and one rupee as dakshina and the dastur imparted to him the knowledge of the scriptures over a period of years. Today, this function is carried out by the Zend Madressa at Motafalia.

K. J.

continued for days together—*garba* dances and songs, prayers and feasting. Each *mohalla* held its own *ghambars*, sometimes with separate feasts for men and women.

On the 5th *gatha*, on the eve of the Parsi New Year, midnight found no sagging of the spirit as *khayals*, plays and songs filled the air together with the wafting fragrance from the Atash Behram. Boys set up stalls selling jelly and dried fruit and frantic canvassing for customers continued till the grey hours of morning.

In the Adar *mahino* (month), which is dedicated to fire, no baker lit his oven. And no non-Parsi ever dared enter a *mohalla* with a *bidi*. Today the houses themselves are littered with cigarette stubs. In Behman *mahino*, no butcher slaughtered, as a mark of respect to Behman, the "saint" of animals after whom the month is named. During this time, Parsi boys went from door to door collecting money and grain, made a *khichri* and fed it to the dogs of the *mohalla*.

An old toothless woman in knickerbockers looks into the distance with age-misted eyes and recalls the matriarchs of the past whose houses were both confession-box and witness-stand. They dominated the life of the *mohalla*—sat in judgement over its sins of omission or commission, trained children in the right *Jarthosti* behaviour and even took charge of the physical and moral welfare of the servants who came in to sweep and wash and scrub to mirror-finish the large copper utensils.

As dusk gathered, women came out with the evening breeze to live out the footnotes to a humdrum day. They sat on the porch, weaving *naras* and *kustis*. The air hummed with spinning shuttles and the universal cliches of gossip: good-for-nothing husbands, tyrant in-laws and the neighbour who was

—Continued

THE PAST

Jamshedji Tata, Dadabhoy Naoroji, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy were all born in Navsari. The town, squatting on the Purna river, is noted for being the birthplace of men agile in both mind and body—scholars as well as athletes.

There are a number of stories connected with the origin of the name Navsari. The two commonest are: (1) Navsaari meaning New Saari. Like New York, it was named by the first settlers after the town of Saari in Iran which it resembled in size and climate; and (2) "Nav Saar", meaning the nine lakes which were found in the vicinity.

King Changa Asha, who is credited with the resettlement of Navsari in the 15th century, is also credited with the revival of Zoroastrianism in India. He taught the Parsis to wear again the sacred sadra and kusti, to say their prayers and perform their ancient ceremonies. He forbade the bastard rites which had crept in and established contacts with the dasturs in Iran to revive, in its purity, the essence of their lost religion. As a result of his research, it was discovered that a Tower of Silence cannot be made of brick and the old one was therefore destroyed and a new one, made of red stone, built.

Changa Asha is also believed to be the founder of the pure Parsi wad or mohalla to consolidate the community. Till recently in Navsari you could find only Kutars in Kutarwad, Desais in Desaiwad, Kangas in Kangawad, etc.

Incidentally the institution of the surname did not exist in Iran when the Parsis left that country of their origin. They adopted it later in India, appending to their first name the name of their profession or village of birth. The Desais being the revenue officers were usually the community leaders.

K. J.

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"carrying on" with you-know-whose wife. With every flick of the bobbin, a reputation died. Outside in the lane, parish dogs—thin-limbed and sharp-eared—sprawled in a camouflaging dirt, yelped with the inadvertent trampling of a tail and howled away a passing cow or dog from another *mohalla* which dared encroach upon their territory—and their bitches.

Today, where bearded white-robed priests once strode proudly through the cobbled streets, tawdry trucks ("God Bless", "Ta-ta", "Goodbye", "No Horn, Stop. Please") blow their raucous tooters and career down the narrow lanes in an outrider escort of dust.

Once, the mornings echoed with deep-throated incantations to Ahura Mazda and the air hung heavy with the heady fragrance of sandalwood and incense and the cooking of ceremonial foods. Now the days jar with the monotonous grind of the diamond polisher's plate. And the cock fights a losing battle against the alarm-clock.

The old men and women live out their days surrounded by yellowing portraits—the elegant aunt and the dapper uncle posing like mad; babies grinning imbecilely in embroidered smocks; the suited son and the padded daughter-in-law standing sideways; greatgrandfathers with walking-sticks and grandfathers with umbrellas, beards diminishing with successive generations. Each photograph is wrapped up in a story. This woman died in childbirth—she laboured for 12 days till a doctor was finally called from Bombay, but too late. The rafters trembled under this man's anger. This dandyish gentleman went to China and was never heard of again. The stories go on; you listen patiently, for that is all they have left.

Even the lofts are empty. Those cool dark storehouses of firewood, oil and vinegar where countless generations of children were initiated into the stolen sweet pleasure of the pickled sour mango.

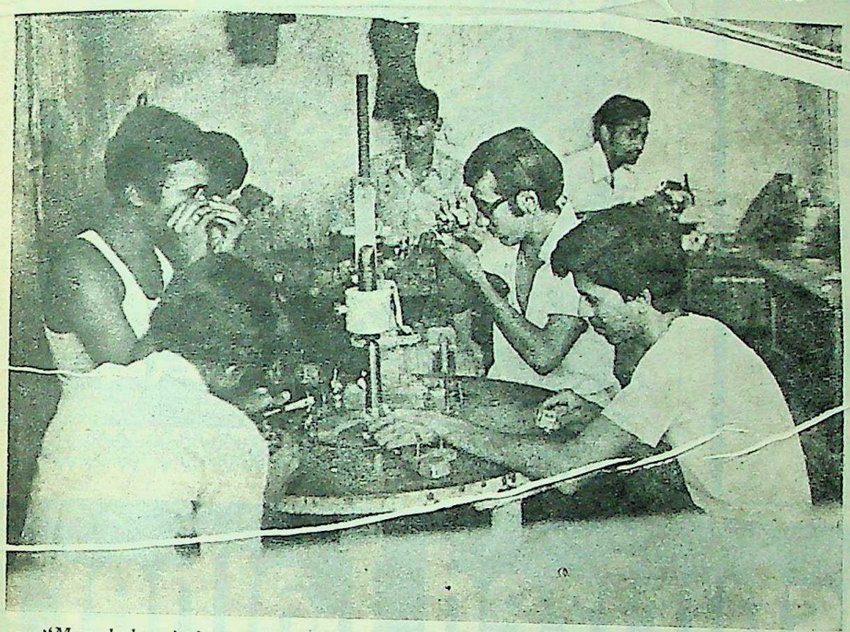
Forsaken Destiny

Now, the old men drag out the crawling hours praying at the Atash Behram, read a newspaper in the 100-year-old First Dastur Meherjirana Library, chat at the corner sandalwood shop or drop by at the 88-year-old Kolhaji's for a "double lemon". But most of the time, they sit with their wives in their carved old wooden houses with their heavy doors, wooden balcony fences, numerous niches—and the occasional secret passage.

In lamp-lit prayer rooms, they worship unnamed ancestral deities whose origins are blurred in mystery and legend. They find sanctuary in the good spirits which preside over the house. They still venerate their old wells—and talk of the evil which befalls the man who tries to block them up. And they continue to feed the ochre dogs with whom they now share a forsaken destiny.

—Continued

THE DIAMOND CUTTERS OF NAVSARI



"Manekshaw's house has been sold to the heeraghusoos." It is the same with Hormusji's, Framroze's, Ardeshir's—the diamond cutter has taken over a house in every mohalla.

There are now more than 10,000 people engaged in this trade in Navsari alone, working in 200 workshops on roughly 2,000 machines. Each machine costs Rs 1,000. The trade attracts large numbers from neighbouring villages for there is a lot of money in it. A diamond polisher earns anything from Rs 150 to Rs 1,000 a month.

The diamonds are usually mined in the Congo and brought here from Belgium via the Bombay merchant.

The cutting "shop" may consist of two machines (steel grinding plates) cramped into a 6 × 6 room, or it may be a large-scale enterprise with as many as 400 employees. Usually there are four men to a machine. The industry has sprung up here only in the last 10 years.

Formerly, diamond cutting was the prerogative of the Patildars. Their sons learnt the art over a period of three years in traditional schools—eating at home in the first year, getting only board in the second, and a salary in the third. Now other communities have encroached into this lucrative profession. They serve a 6-month apprenticeship at a diamond cutter's shop, paying the owner Rs 500 (this covers the damage he causes to stones when he is a raw hand).

The diamond merchant pays the polisher on a piece basis, usually between Rs 8 and Rs 10 per piece (regardless of weight)—out of which his costs on workers, rent and maintenance are Rs 6 to Rs 8.

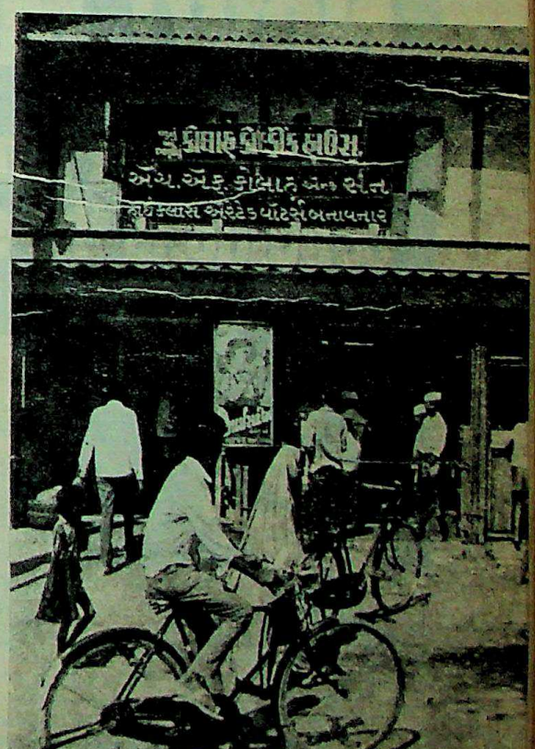
There are three stages in the cutting of a diamond and each cutter specialises in only one of them.

First the rough opaque stone is shaped like a top. Then 8 cuts are made on the table (the flat surface) and 4 on the bottom. Next 24 cuts on the first 8 and 16 on the bottom 4. In addition there are 4 cuts on the side, making 56 cuts in all. Each stage is checked and counter-checked with an eye-glass. The diamond gets cut by diamond powder smeared continually on the revolving plate.

The shop owner has to make good any damages. The diamonds are given to him on trust, usually on another cutter's recommendation. The demand for diamond polishers outstrips the supply.

It takes one day to 15 to cut a diamond, depending on the hardness of the gem. The cost of a diamond depends on its cut, whiteness and purity. The flawless diamond is pure white, and has no white or red (these are considered unlucky) spots or craters. The experienced cutter can detect major flaws in the rough stone and, using his discretion, waste no effort in polishing it.

K. J.



THE FAMOUS KOLHAJI'S. This shop is almost legendary and the Navsariwalla will swear by the creaminess of its ice-cream and by the thirst-quenching quality of its "double lemon". It was established in 1885.

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Fine nylon bristles, firmly anchored. Comfort grip. For a better shave tomorrow, buy one today!

Moisturized lather comes from Palmolive's exclusive new blend of emollients. When you work up the rich creamy lather, it retains moisture. And the new Palmolive formula works on the skin like a conditioner. It also works on the beard, softening it for the smoothest, closest shaves. Your razor glides silkily while your skin gets a daily conditioning. And you'll enjoy Palmolive's fresh new fragrance too!

Look for the smart new Palmolive Lather Shave Cream pack. It contains new Palmolive Moisturized Lather. The new kind of shave.

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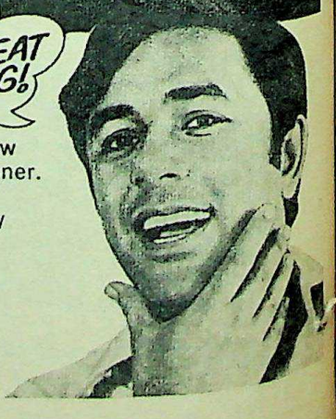

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THE DEADLY DOZEN. The ladies of the mohalla all dressed up in their best and went for this group photograph. Note the trendy ties in the foreground, which, 40 years later, are all the rage among the pants-suited swingers of today. The mohallas were "ruled" by matriarchs whose houses were both confession-box and witness-stand.

PILLARS OF SOCIETY. No Navsari home—and no marriage—was complete without this kind of portrait. Such photographs still cram the crumbling walls.

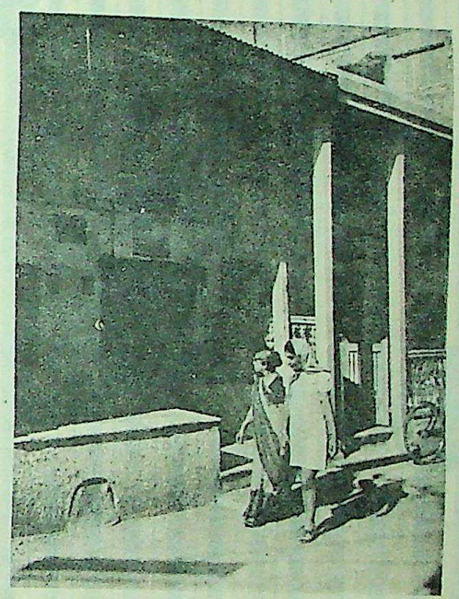
DYING SPECIES?

The Parsee population of India is less than one-third the circulation of the "Weekly"—their numbers have dwindled to around 89,000.

In an attempt to analyse the causes of this decline, a few of the leading citizens of Navsari have organised a detailed survey of the population of the town—the first of its kind in India. They also hope to lure back young Parsis to Navsari.

The town isn't quite in the backwoods of nowhere. It boasts of a number of facilities—employment in two textile mills and one steel-rolling mill, quick transport to the industrial suburb of Surat, 30 km away; rich farming lands in the nearby villages; hospitals; schools and colleges and clubs—including the do-gooder Lions, Rotary and Giants. There is the hundred-year-old First Dastur Meherjirana Library which stocks over 15,000 books of all classifications, including some rare manuscripts of Zoroastrian texts. It was recently extended by a donation of Rs 16,000 from Seth Rustomji Kolhaji, makers of the famous ice-cream and "soda lemon". Their shop established in 1885 is an institution in Navsari.

K. J.



THE HOUSE OF TATAS. Jamshedji Tata, father of an industrial empire, was born in this unpretentious house in 1839 in a 6 × 5 room ventilated by a tiny window. On March 3, 1939, it was handed over by J.R.D. to a Trust. Dadabhoy Naoroji and Jamshedjee Jeejeebhoy were also born in Navsari.

PRAYING, REMEMBERING, WAITING. A nonagenarian spends his days in prayer while his daughter spins wool for kustis. Incidentally the word kusti, meaning wrestling, is derived from the Old Persian word which meant "to gird". (The Parsi ties his kusti round the waist).

The streets are haunted by a number of tumbledown houses—empty and barred. Their heavy, carved wooden furniture has found its way to newer, more opulent homes in distant cities—via the Chor Bazar.

The diamond-cutter, the goldsmith, the smuggler, the returning expatriate from Aden and Africa has taken over the town. He is snapping up the abandoned houses. He has infringed into the heart of the *mohalla* and destroyed its soul. For him, progress comes Formica-topped. He goes every Sunday to see a film at any one of Surat's 22 cinema houses, 30 km away. Now the dusty bazar is flooded with pocket-sized transistors and gilt-framed pictures of Rajesh Khanna. And the lilting *garba* song has been replaced by the ersatz culture of the *filmi geet*.

Oh yes, Navsari still thrives. But it is with a glitter rather than a glow. Somewhat like the crass brightness of machine-made jewellery. The new inhabitant of the town has swamped the economy with money. But it is a new kind of money and the old Parsi is bewildered by it. Navsari now is no longer his; it is he who has become the alien. The old *mohalla*—which was more a way of life than a row of houses—is dead. And with it the old Navsari.

Only the pariahs remain—unperturbed, unchanged.

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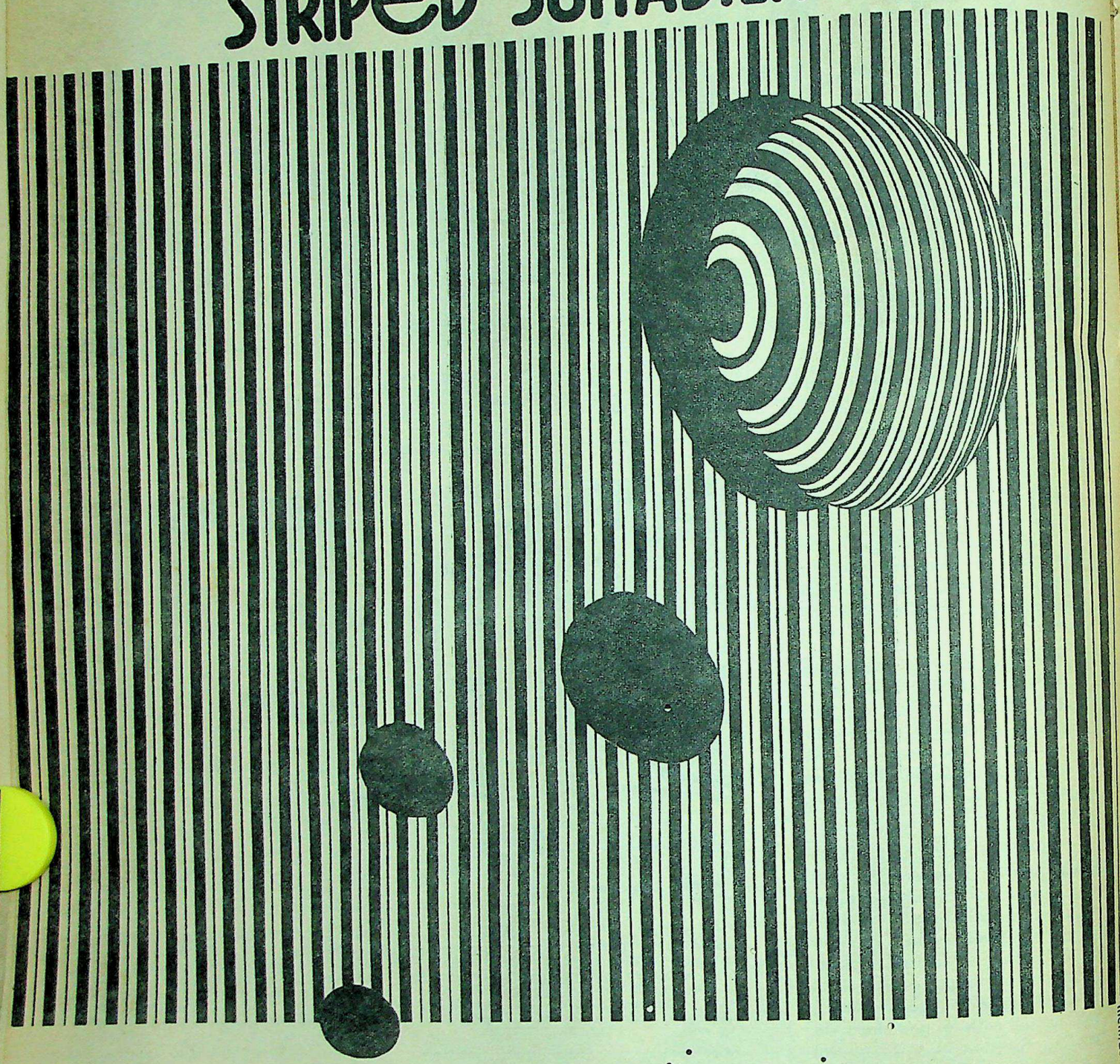
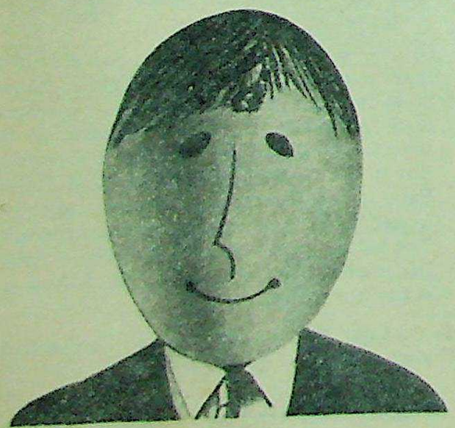
STRIPED SUITABILITY





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Feroze Shah: Prince Of Delhi

by S. N. CHANDA

After the collapse of the once great Empire, when the last of the Mughals, Bahadur Shah Zafar, was facing a rather obscure finale, this young prince exhibited extraordinary qualities of leadership, organisational power and spirit of adventure characteristic of his illustrious ancestors.

FEROZE Shah was a young scholar and a visionary. He was the son of Nizam Bakht, a descendant of Bahadur Shah I. He had left Delhi in 1855 for the Haj pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina. He was 22 when he landed in Bombay in May 1857.

He arrived at Dholpur in July. Since the Prince was a relative of Bahadur Shah, the Raja of Dholpur became suspicious and declined shelter to this youthful Haji. The Prince joined the Mhow insurgents, who were then marching on to Agra. In August 1857 he was found in Kachrode (near Mandisore, 30 miles south of Neemuch). The Prince was seen going about in the garb of a Muslim faqir. His piety and royal descent attracted the rebels. The movement had a religious bias. A prince in a faqir's garb thus became a more potent force than a prince at the head of an army. Soon the young Haji was preaching jehad against the British. Mandisore was then under the control of the Scindia. A force from Mandisore marched against the Prince and turned him out of Kachrode.

Feroze Shah then took refuge in an obscure temple called Brahmaji ka Mandir. Here he received the homage of thousands of devotees. The numbers swelled and they decided to establish the Shahzada in a worldly kingdom as well. The devotees marched against Mundisore on their way to Delhi. The Prince's appearance in Mandisore was the signal for a general uprising of ten thousand Muslim Mewatis. The Subah's mercenary troops of Makranis and Afghans also defected to the Prince's side. The Gwalior authorities of Mandisore tried to suppress the revolt but failed.

BAHADUR SHAH "ZAFAR", the last of the Mughals, after his capture by the British who killed most of the Royal Family. Feroze Shah was also related to the King.

Feroze Shah was brought to the town in great pomp and installed in the palace. On August 20, 1857, he was proclaimed as Shahzada Humayun Shah.

The new "King" issued firmans to the neighbouring princes, calling upon them to contribute men, money and munitions to fight the British. Funds were raised by way of *nazar*. By September the strength of his forces swelled to 18,000. He first cut off the means of communication between Mhow and Bombay, then turned his attention towards Neemuch.

A British force marched out of Neemuch, on the morning of October 23, under Captain Lloyd. Feroze Shah's men struck deadly blows on the British contingent.

The Prince is stated to have gone to Gwalior, taken part in an attack on Agra, and stayed in Farrukhabad and Jhansi. Next we find him at Lucknow around March 1858 defending the city with Begum Hazrat Mahal, the Maulvi and other leaders of Oudh. On February 17, 1858, he issued a proclamation.

Cold-Blooded Murders

In the proclamation he declared that a righteous cause had no scope for vandalism. He condemned the killings of "innocent children and women" which had resulted in retarding the achievement of the ultimate goal. This pronouncement came after the cold-blooded murders in Delhi of his own royal kinsmen by the British and they reveal his piety.

After the fall of Lucknow Feroze Shah moved towards Bareilly to join Khan Bahadur Khan. Money and ammunition were the immediate need. Feroze Shah had issued proclamations to the landlords and chakladars of Oudh, appealing to or ordering them for supply of money and reinforcements. He toured the province dressed in white and riding a grey horse. Rana Beni Madho Bakhsh and Narpat Singh were his principal aides-de-camp.

Meanwhile, the British troops hemmed him in near Biswah on the Gorga by early December 1858. Lord Clyde also despatched about 2,000 cavalry to aid the operations. But the Prince and his followers crossed the Ganges to Doab and marched to Etawah, where the landlords had been British allies. On December 8 an encounter took place with the British contingent stationed there. Feroze Shah crossed over the Jumna to Central India with the intention of joining Tantya Tope.

After crossing the Jumna Feroze Shah moved towards Bundelkhand. His forces, though dwindled to "some 700 cavalry, without guns and nearly without resources", yet posed grave danger to the British positions in the area. **His personality evoked spontaneous enthusiasm among the local populace who rendered all help.** To intercept the movements of Feroze Shah, General Napier left Gwalior on December 12. On receipt of this information Feroze Shah crossed and recrossed the river several times to foil Napier's movement. Captain Rice smoked the prince out of the jungle on December 23. He ultimately joined Tantya Tope at Indergarh.

The two leaders remained together for some time, sharing each other's plight. In January 1859 they encountered the British troops between Jaipur and Bharatpur. They were defeated on January 27. The leaders then decided to part company and disappeared into dense jungle.

Terms of Surrender

Feroze Shah wandered aimlessly through the jungles, followed by a small band. Often he appeared in some station and then again vanished into the woods. Meanwhile, some communications between the Prince and the British camp were initiated for terms of amnesty. It was stated that "Feroze Shah is anxious to surrender but fears". What he feared was, however, not officially known. Probably, he apprehended the fate of other Delhi princes in the event of the surrender. **He therefore demanded specific terms and in doing so he could not forget that he belonged to the great House who once gave shelter to the traders from the West, who were now determined to annihilate him.** He thought it below the dignity of the House to enter into direct negotiations. Hence he addressed a *parwana* to his "confidential servant Maulvi Mohammed Wazir Khan", assuming for himself the traditional Persian title of the "Lord of the World, son of the holy preceptor of the Universe, Mirza Mohammed Feroze Shah Bahadur".

The *parwana* stated: "As your petition has been received, We write certain conditions: (1) What arrangement has been made for Our maintenance? (2) We should be allowed full liberty—that is, We should be allowed to remain or go wherever We like, without fear of molestation."

The British, however, did not relish the attitude of the "Lord of the World" and rejected his terms. They instructed the Political Agent at Indore to inform Feroze Shah "that he will not be brought to trial but that he will be required to reside under surveillance at such places as the Government may fix".

Feroze Shah left India. In 1860 he was heard of in Qandhar, where he went through Sind. For 17 years he moved about from one Muslim country to another seeking shelter. At the age of 44, a destitute, "broken-down man, blind of one eye, and lame", Feroze Shah died in Mecca on December 17, 1877.

(Concluded)

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

A WILDLIFE PHOTOGRAPHER'S DIARY-13

SEA-CROWS

by M. KRISHNAN

Point Calimere: December 18, 1969: The fishermen here use the classical Tamil name, *kadal-kakkai* (sea-crow), for the gulls, and perhaps nowhere else is the name more apposite, for there are jungle-crows waiting hungrily on the shore for titbits when the boats come in with their catch, and they do not even try to snatch a morsel when the fish are split open and gutted and the refuse thrown into the sea, where the gulls are hovering in a close kit just above the water.

Only the kites (especially the Brahminy kites) try to compete with the gulls, but they are so inexpert at the game comparatively that they have to wait for an opening in the tight crowd of flapping, squabbling gulls beneath them through which they can plunge down.

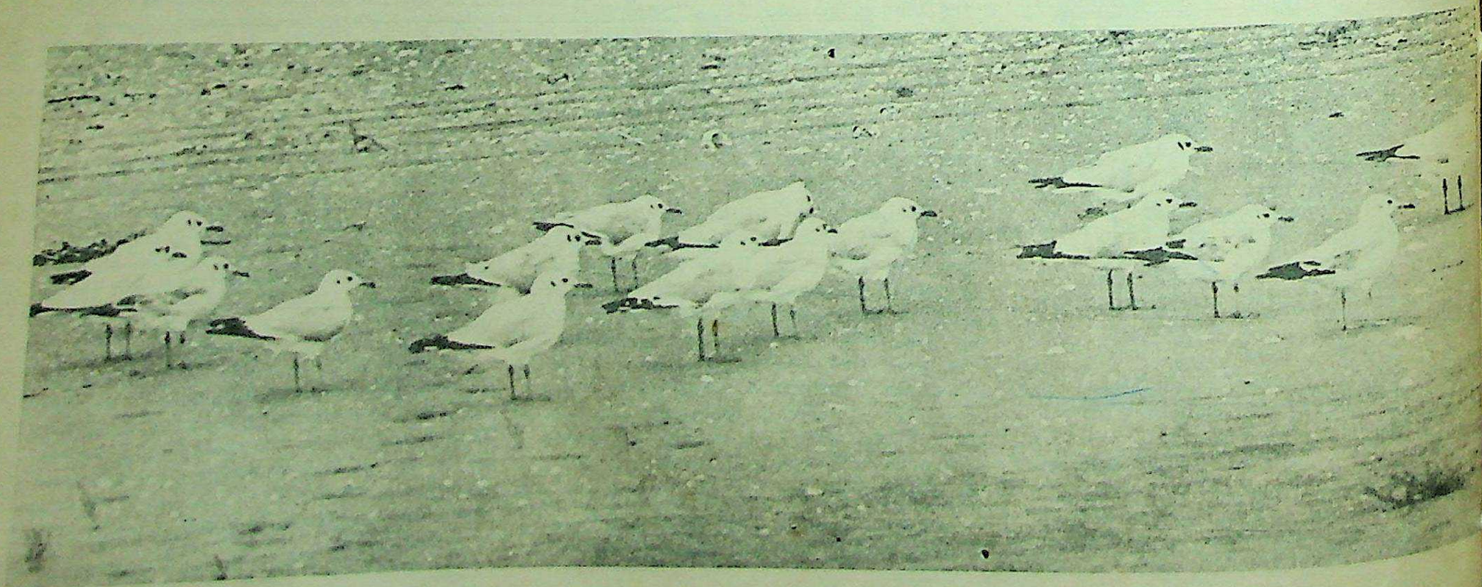
These are brownheaded gulls in eclipse plumage, much the commonest gull of the Tamilian coastline. There are also a few other kinds of gulls here, seen singly or in small groups, but the brownheads dominate the beach all right, flying just above the shallows against the stiff breeze, floating at ease on the billowing, subsiding waves, or standing on the wet sand of the surfline waiting for the boats to come in.

When they have fed and are full, they flap away in a flock to rest on the dunes, or else fly to a wide, shallow pool of seawater, a hundred yards inland, to float high and picturesquely on its dark, unrippled surface.

Point Calimere: December 19, 1969: The storm exhausted itself in the night, but the wind, blowing a regular gale, was so strong in the morning that, walking along the surfline, I had to lean forward into the wind to keep my balance.

A long line of gulls was on the beach, and I walked between them and the galloping waves. There were over a hundred of them (my picture shows only a section of the line) standing immobile in Indian file, sharp beaks and rounded, white breasts facing the gale, plumage sleeked tight to the streamlined, wedge-shaped body, offering as little resistance to the wind as possible.

I suppose the wind is less strong low to ground than higher up, but still I felt surprised that the gulls, which probably weigh around ½ kg., were able to stand secure in that gale when I had to lean my 77 kg. into the wind to feel sure of my footing.



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MYSELF IN INDIA

by RUTH PRAWER JHABVALA

Everyone likes to talk about India, whether they happen to be loving or loathing it. But mere talking doesn't help a foreigner who has to live in India.

I HAVE lived in India for most of my adult life. My husband is Indian and so are my children. I am not, and less so every year.

India reacts very strongly on people. Some loathe it, some love it, most do both. There is a special problem of adjustment for the sort of people who come today, who tend to be liberal in outlook and have been educated to be sensitive and receptive to other cultures. But it is not always easy to be sensitive and receptive to India; there comes a point where you have to close up in order to protect yourself. The place is very strong and often proves too strong for European nerves.

There is a cycle that Europeans—by Europeans I mean all Westerners, including Americans—tend to pass through. It goes like this: first stage, tremendous enthusiasm—everything Indian is marvellous; second stage, everything Indian not so marvellous; third stage, everything Indian abominable. For some people it ends there, for others the cycle renews itself and goes on. I have been through it so many times that now I think of myself as strapped to a wheel that goes round and round and sometimes I'm down. When I meet other Europeans, I can usually tell after a few moments' conversation at what stage of the cycle they happen to be. Everyone likes to talk about India, whether they happen to be loving or loathing it. It is a topic on which a lot of things can be said, and on a variety of aspects—social, economic, political, philosophical: it makes fascinating viewing from every side.

However, I must admit that I am no longer interested in India. What I am interested in now is myself in India—which sometimes, in moments of despondency, I tend to think of as my survival in India. I had better say straightaway that the reason why I live in India is because my strongest human ties are here. If I hadn't married an Indian, I don't think I would ever have come here, for I am not attracted—or used not to be attracted—to the things that usually bring people to India. I know I am the wrong type of person to live here. To stay and endure, one should have a mission and a cause, to be patient, cheerful, unselfish, strong. I am a central European with an English education and a deplorable tendency to constant self-analysis. I am irritable and have weak nerves.

The most salient fact about India is that it is very poor and very backward. There are so many other things to be said about it but this must remain the basis of all of them. We may praise Indian democracy, go into raptures over Indian music, admire Indian intellectuals—but, whatever we say, not for one moment should we lose sight of the fact that a very great number of Indians never get enough to eat. Literally that: from birth to death they never for one day cease to suffer from hunger.

Can one lose sight of that fact? God knows, I've tried. But after seeing what one has to see here every day, it is not really possible to go on living one's life the way one is used to. People dying of starvation in the streets, children kidnapped and maimed to be sent out as beggars—but there is no point in making a catalogue of the horrors with which one lives, on which one lives, as on the back of an animal. Obviously, there has to be some adjustment.

There are several ways. The first and best is to be a strong person who plunges in and does what he can as a doctor or social worker. I often think that perhaps this is the only condition under which Europeans have any right to be here. I know several people like that. They are usually attached to some mission. They work very hard and stay very cheerful...

THE AUTHOR, Polish by parentage, was born in Germany and came to England with her family in 1939. Educated at London University, she married an Indian architect and has settled in India since 1951. She has four novels and a volume of short stories to her credit.

Another approach to India's basic conditions is to accept them. This seems to be the approach favoured by most Indians. Perhaps it has something to do with their belief in reincarnation...

However, this path of acceptance is not open to you if you don't have belief in reincarnation ingrained within you. And if you don't accept, then what can you do? Sometimes one wants just to run away and go to a place where everyone has enough to eat and clothes to wear and a home fit to live in. But even when you get there, can you ever forget? Having once seen the sights in India, and the way it has been ordained that people must live out their lives, nowhere in the world can it ever be all that good to be in again.

None of this is what I wanted to say. I wanted to concentrate only on myself in India. But I could not do so before indicating the basis on which everyone who comes here has to live. I have a nice house, I do my best to live in an agreeable way. I shut all my windows, I let down the blinds, I turn on the air-conditioner, I read a lot of books, with a special preference for the great masters of the novel. All the time I know myself to be on the back of this great animal of poverty and backwardness. It is not possible to pretend otherwise. Or rather, one does pretend, but retribution follows. Even if one never rolls up the blinds and never turns off the air-conditioner, something is bound to go wrong. People are not meant to shut themselves up in rooms and pretend there is nothing outside.

Now I think I am drawing nearer to what I want to be my subject. Yes, something is wrong: I am not happy this way. I feel lonely, shut in, shut off. It is my own fault. I should go out more and meet people and learn what is going on. All right, so I am not a doctor nor a social worker nor a saint nor at all a good person; then the only thing to do is to try and push that aspect of India out of sight and turn to others.

There are many others. I live in the capital where so much is going on. The winter is one round of parties, art exhibitions, plays, music and dance recitals, visiting European artistes; there need never be a dull moment. Yet all my moments are dull. Why? It is my own fault, I know. I can't quite explain it to myself but somehow I have no heart for these things here. Is it because all the time underneath I feel the animal moving? But I have decided to ignore the animal. I wish to concentrate only on modern Westernised India, and on modern, well-off, cultured Westernised Indians.

The "Native" Look

Let me try and describe a Westernised Indian woman with whom I ought to have a lot in common and whose company I ought to enjoy. She has been to Oxford or Cambridge or some smart American college. She speaks flawless, easy, colloquial English with a charming lilt of an accent. She has a degree in economics or political science or English literature. She comes from a good family. Her father may have been an ICS officer or some other high-ranking Government official; he too was at Oxford or Cambridge, and he and her mother travelled in Europe in pre-war days. They have always lived a Western style life, with Western food and an admiration for Western culture.

The daughter now tends rather to frown on this. She feels one should be more deeply Indian, and with this end in view, she wears handloom saris and traditional jewellery and has painted an abnormally large vermilion mark on her forehead. She is interested in Indian classical music and dance. If she is rich enough—she may have married into one of the big Indian business houses—she will become a patroness of the arts and hold delicious parties on her lawn on summer nights. All her friends are there—and she has so many, both Indian and European, all interesting people—and trays of iced drinks are carried round by servants in uniform and there is intelligent conversation and then there is a superbly arranged buffet supper and more intelligent conversation, and then the crown of the evening: a famous Indian maestro performing on the sitar. The guests recline on carpets and cushions on the lawn. The sky sparkles with stars and the languid summer air is fragrant with jasmine. There are many pretty

—Continued

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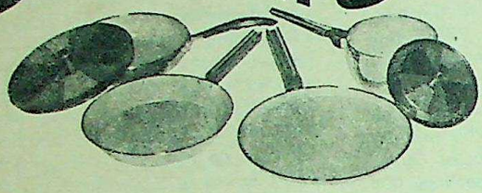

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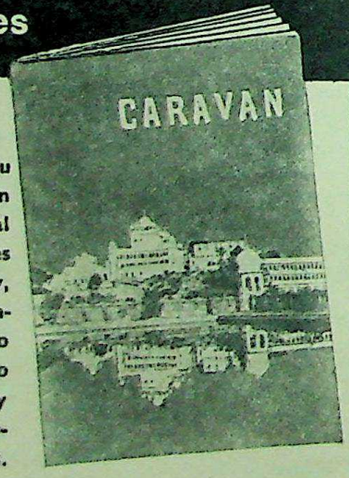

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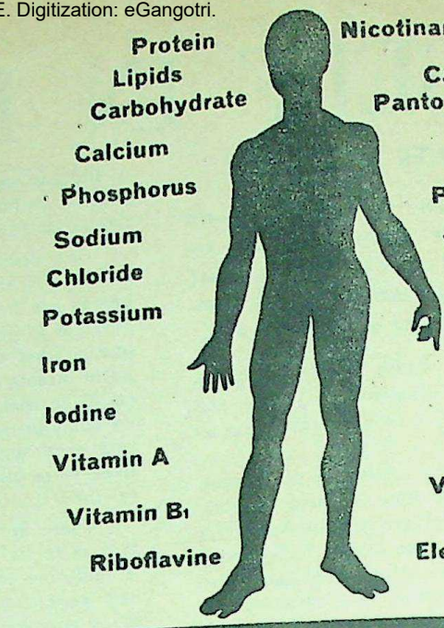

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girls reclining against bolsters; their faces are melancholy, for the music is stirring their hearts, and sometimes they sigh with yearning and happiness and look down at their pretty toes (adorned with a tiny silver toe-ring) peeping out from under the sari.

Here is Indian life and culture at its highest and best. Yet, with all that, it need not be thought that our hostess has forgotten her Western education. Not at all. In her one may see the best of East and West combined. She is interested in a great variety of topics and can hold her own in any discussion. She loves to exercise her emancipated mind, and whatever the subject of conversation—economics, or politics, or literature, or films—she has a well-formulated opinion on it and knows how to express herself. How lucky for me if I could have such a person for a friend! What enjoyable, lively times we two could have together!

In fact, my teeth are set on edge if I have to listen to her for more than five minutes—yes, even though everything she says is so true and in line with the most advanced opinions of today. But when she says it, somehow, even though I know the words to be true, they ring completely false. It is merely lips moving and sounds coming out: it doesn't mean anything, nothing of what she says (though she says it with such conviction, skill and charm) is of the least importance to her. She is only making conversation in the way she knows educated women have to make conversation.

Buffet Conversation

And so it is with all of them. Everything they say, all that lively conversation round the buffet table, is not prompted by anything they really feel strongly about but by what they think they ought to feel strongly about. This applies not only to subjects which are naturally alien to them—for instance, when they talk oh so solemnly! and with such profound intelligence! of Godard and Becket and ecology—but when they talk about themselves too. They know Modern India to be an important subject and they have a lot to say about it: but though they themselves *are* Modern India, they don't look at themselves, they are not conditioned to look at themselves except with the eyes of foreign experts whom they have been taught to respect. And while they are fully aware of India's problems and are up on all the statistics and all the arguments for and against nationalisation and a socialistic pattern of society, all the time it is as if they were talking about some other place—as if it were a subject for debate—an abstract subject, and not a live animal actually moving under their feet.

But if I have no taste for the company of these Westernised Indians, then what else is there? Other Indians don't really have a social life, not in our terms; the whole conception of such a life is imported. It is true that Indians are gregarious in so far as they hate to be alone and always like to sit together in groups; but these groups are clan units—it is the family or clan members who gather together and enjoy each other's company. And, again, their conception of enjoying each other's company is different from ours. For them it is enough just to be together; there are long stretches of silence in which everyone stares into space. From time to time, there is a little spurt of conversation, usually on some commonplace everyday subject, such as rising prices, a forthcoming marriage or a troublesome neighbour. There is no attempt at exercising the mind or testing one's wits against those of others: the pleasure lies only in having other familiar people around and enjoying the air together and looking forward to the next meal.

Synthetic Social Life

There is actually something very restful about this mode of social intercourse and it certainly holds more pleasure than the synthetic social life led by Westernised Indians. It is also more adapted to the Indian climate, which invites one to be absolutely relaxed in mind and body, to do nothing, to think nothing, just to feel, to be. I have in fact enjoyed sitting around like that for hours on end. But there is something in me that after some time revolts against such lassitude. I can't just be! Suddenly I jump up and rush away out of that contented circle. I want to do something terribly difficult, like climbing a mountain or reading the *Critique of Pure Reason*. I feel tempted to bang my head against the wall as if to wake myself up. Anything to prevent myself from being sucked down into that bog of passive, intuitive being. I feel I cannot, I must not allow myself to live this way.

Of course there are other Europeans more or less in the same situation as myself. For instance, other women married to Indians. But I hesitate to seek them out. People suffering from the same disease do not usually make good company for one another. Who is to listen to whose complaints? On the other hand, with what enthusiasm I welcome visitors from abroad. Their physical presence alone is a pleasure to me. I love to see their fresh complexions, their red cheeks that speak of wind and rain; and I like to see their clothes and their shoes, to admire the texture of these solid European materials and the industrial skills that have gone into making them. I also like to hear the way in which these people speak. In some strange way their accents, their intonations are redolent to me of the places from which they have come, so that, as voices rise and fall, I hear in them the wind stirring in English trees or a mild brook murmuring through a summer wood.

And apart from these sensuous pleasures, there is also the pleasure of hearing what they have to say. I listen avidly to what is said about people I know or have heard of and about new plays and restaurants and changes and fashions. However, neither the subject nor my interest in it is inexhaustible; and after that, it is my turn. What about India? Now they want to hear, but I don't want to say I feel myself growing sullen. I don't want to talk about India. There is nothing I can tell them. There is nothing they would understand.

However, I do begin to talk, and after a time even to talk with passion. But everything I say is wrong. I listen to myself with horror; they too listen with horror. I want to stop and reverse, but I can't. I want to cry out, this is not what I mean! You are listening to me in entirely the wrong context! But there is no way of explaining the context. It would take too long, and anyway what is the point? It's such a small, personal thing. I fall silent. I have nothing more to say. I turn my face and want them to go away.

So I am back again alone in my room with the blinds drawn and the air-conditioner on. Sometimes, when I think of my life, it seems to have contracted to this one point and to be concentrated in this one room, and it is always a very hot, very long afternoon when the air-conditioner has failed. I cannot describe the *oppression* of such afternoons. It is a physical oppression—heat pressing down on me and pressing in the walls and the ceiling and congealing together with time which has stood still and will never move again. And it is not only those two—heat and time—that are laying their weight on me, but behind them there is something more which I can only describe as the whole of India.

This is hyperbole, but I need hyperbole to express my feelings about those countless afternoons spent over what now seem to me countless years in a country for which I was not born. India swallows me up and now it seems to me that I am no longer in my room but in the white-hot city streets under a white-hot sky; people cannot live in such heat, so everything is deserted—no, not quite, for here comes a smiling leper in a cart being pushed by another leper; there is also the carcass of a dog and vultures have swooped down on it. The river has dried up and stretches in miles of flat cracked earth; it is not possible to make out where the river ceases and the land begins, for this too is as flat, as cracked, as dry as the river-bed and stretches on for ever. Until we come to a jungle in which wild beasts live, and then there are ravines and here live outlaws with the hearts of wild beasts. Sometimes they make raids into the villages and they rob and burn and mutilate and kill for sport. More mountains and these are very, very high and now it is no longer hot but terribly cold, we are in snow and ice and here is Mount Kailash on which sits Siva the Destroyer wearing a necklace of human skulls. Down in the plains they are worshipping him. I can see them from here—they are doing something strange... what is it? I draw nearer. Now I can see. They are killing a boy. They hack him to pieces and now they bury the pieces into the foundation dug for a new bridge. There is a priest with them who is quite naked except for ash smeared all over him; he is reciting some holy verses over the foundations, to bless and propitiate.

Exaggerated Images

I am using these exaggerated images in order to give some idea of how intolerable India—the idea, the sensation of it—can become. A point is reached where one must escape, and if one can't do so physically, then some other way must be found. And I think it is not only Europeans but Indians too who feel themselves compelled to seek refuge from their often unbearable environment. Here perhaps less than anywhere else is it possible to believe that this world, this life, is all there is for us, and the temptation to write it off and substitute something more satisfying becomes overwhelming.

—Continued

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MY DEAR Mr PRESIDENT...

by K. K. PILLAI

What took place in President Nixon's private office on an unspecified date some time late last year? Here is another dramatic leak from the White House. Tut, tut, Dickie, you'd better block those keyholes.

Sketches by MARIO

"MR PRESIDENT, we've gotta do something about these Injuns."

"You really think we have to, Henry?"

"I sure do, Mr President."

"But, Henry, it's so much simpler to sit back and do nothing. After all, with the Election coming on next year, I'd hate to start anything up at this stage. You must remember I have a carefully nourished record of doing absolutely nothing about absolutely everything. I really wouldn't like to spoil that record so late in the day."

"Mr President, I don't really think anyone can accuse us of rushing into this Bungler Desh problem. After all, for nine long months we—I mean you—have really done nothing at all."

"That's true, Henry. I think we—I mean I—have been extremely circumspect about the whole issue. And between you and me, I believe the vast majority of Americans back me fully."

"How do you know, Mr President? Has there been a poll you haven't told me about?"

"No, not a poll, Henry. You know how difficult it is to do a poll of the silent majority. They never say anything, not even to pollsters."

"Then how did you find out?"

"Patricia told me."

"Patricia?" exclaimed Kissinger, forgetting himself for a moment. "How on earth would she know?"

"She's a very observant girl, Henry."

"Yes, I'm sure she is. But what did she observe?"

"Television audiences."

"You don't say! And how did she do it? I mean it's usually dark when people watch television."

"Not so dark you can't see people nodding."

"She saw people nodding?"

"Yes. It seems whenever I make a speech on television you can see millions of Americans, the great silent majority, sitting in front of their television sets, nodding."

"Amazing, Mr President. And that's how Mrs Nixon found out they approve of what you've been doing."

"No, Henry. Of what I've *not* been doing."

"That may be, Mr President, but I think even for this Administration nine months is an awful long time for doing nothing. Specially when you consider the extreme provocation you've had."

"You mean the slaughter of all those Bunglers."

"No, no, Mr President. Not that. I mean all that carping criticism from Teddy Kennedy and Mrs Gandhi and God knows who."

"So you think it's time I said something now?"

"No, I think the moment is past for just saying something. I think some action is required."

"Against the Injuns?"

"Yes, against the Injuns."

"Why?"

"This Pakibashing has gone on far too long. We can't sit back and watch another strong military dictatorship being toppled by a bunch of Mucky Bunnies."

"Mucky Bunnies?"

"Yes, that's what these nigger rebels call themselves."

"What an extraordinary name! Are you sure you've got it right?"

"Mr President, I did not become your Principal Adviser to feed you inaccurate data."

"Now, Henry, don't get upset. I was just checking my facts."

"No, Mr President, you were checking my facts, and I resent this unjustified slur on the greatest nation the world has ever known."

"Nation?"

"What I mean, Mr President, is how can you even suggest that the greatest nation in the world would have a President whose Principal Adviser didn't have his facts right?"

"I'm sorry, Henry. I didn't realise what I was saying. You were talking about a strong military dictatorship?"

"Yes, our great and good friend and ally, Pakistan."

"But I thought they had an election there last year?"

"They did, Mr President. A most unfortunate mistake."

"We slipped up there, Henry?"

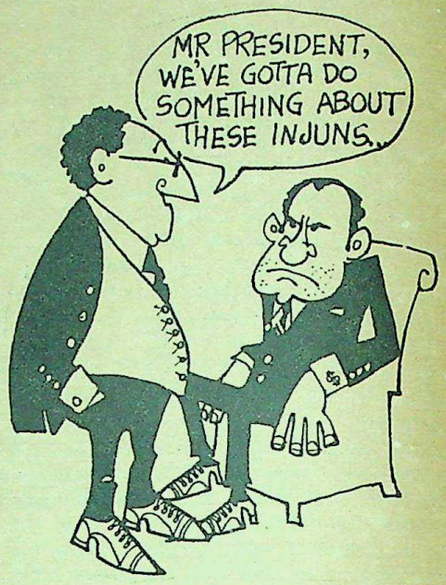
"Yes, I'm afraid so, Mr President. That fool Yeahyeah believed all the stuff churned out by the Voice of America and thought you'd approve if he held an election."

"I don't remember saying anything, Henry."

"What?" said Kissinger, taken aback for a moment. "Oh, not you, Mr President. No one could possibly accuse you of being the Voice of America. I meant the radio station we have."

"What station? I can't say I've ever heard any of their programmes."

"They're only beamed to other countries, Mr President. The computer at the State Department worked out that it would



be counter-productive if we beamed the V.O.A. programmes to the States."

"You mean the Blacks?"

"Mr President, I must protest at your language. I don't mean the Blacks at all. I mean the ethnic minorities."

"I really can't keep up with you, Henry. I can't honestly see the harm in calling a Spade a Black."

"You'd be giving in to them, Mr President. They want to be called Blacks. And if you call them what they want to be called it would cost you one million and a half votes next year."

"You're sure..." The President checked himself just in time. "You're sure Henry we've got to do something about these Injuns?"

"Yes, Mr President. Absolutely sure."

"What do you suggest we do?"

"Well, let's do what we Americans have always done when it looked as though the Injuns were winning."

"And what's that, Henry?"

"Don't you ever see the Westerns on the late-night television shows?"

"No, I can't say I do," said the President. "At least I haven't. Not for a long time."

"Mr President, how can you expect to lead a great nation like ours if you cut yourself off completely from the mainstream of the American way of life, the vast body of literature and mythology that makes the blood of every pure-blooded White American rush faster through his veins, that makes the spirit of the early American pioneers live once again in this fair land of ours?"

"Now, Henry, don't get excited. And please sit down again. You're beginning to sound as though you've taken over from this Voice of America lark of yours. All I meant to say was, what with having to drag correspondents out of their beds at 2.00 a.m. in Azores to tell them about devaluing the dollar and things like that, I don't really

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have the energy to catch up on American folklore."

"I'm sorry, Mr President. But I do think you should get to know the American people better."

"I'm sure you're right, Henry, and I'll do something about that starting next week. But what have Westerns got to do with this particular problem?"

"Injuns, Mr President, Injuns. Whenever the Injuns start winning, do you know what we do?"

"No, Henry. Please tell me."

"We always, Mr President, always—and I can name one hundred and seventy-five Westerns where we've done this—we've always sent in the United States Seventh Cavalry."

"The Cavalry?"

"Yes, Mr President. Just when the Injuns have charged round the covered wagons for the fourth time and killed every man except John Wayne—and he's pretty badly wounded by this time—you hear the trumpets off screen to the right—it sounds pretty real now we've got stereo sound tracks in the movies—and then in a cloud of dust and to the thunder of galloping hooves, the United States Seventh Cavalry appears on the scene."

"And they always get there on time?"

"They've never been late once."

"And what happens to the Injuns?"

"They don't hang around too long after that. They just disappear."

"And you think that will work this time too?"

"I'm positive, Mr President, I'm absolutely positive."

The President sat back in his chair and pondered for a while. Kissinger waited patiently. He knew he didn't have to say any more.

But suddenly the President shot out of his chair and leaned across the table, jabbing a finger right under Kissinger's nose.

"Now wait a minute, Henry Kissinger. This kind of talk has to stop right here and now. I'm not going to have any of it. Do you read me clearly? Not another word from you. And no more of those carefully worded press leaks from an anonymous White House official either. I just won't have it.

"But what's happened, Mr President?" asked the baffled Adviser. "What's gone wrong?"

"I'll tell you what's going wrong, Henry Kissinger. You're getting me involved in another land war on that damned Asian Continent. And I just won't have it."

Kissinger relaxed and smiled.

"Now what the hell are you grinning about?" asked the President.

"I'd thought of that, Mr President. I'd already thought of that."

"You had?"

"Yes, of course I had. It won't be another land war. We won't send in the United States Seventh Calvalry this time. No, Siree. This time we'll send in the Seventh Fleet."

"The Seventh Fleet? The whole of it?"

"No, Mr President, not the whole of it. We'll just send in that part of it which epitomises Twentieth Century America, just as the Seventh Cavalry epitomises Nineteenth Century America."

"And what's that?"

"Surely, Mr President, you can work it out for yourself. I'm talking about Twentieth Century America now. And what does

that mean except good old American enterprise."

"Enterprise?"

"Yes, Mr President, we'll send in the good old U.S.S. ENTERPRISE."

The President paused and sat down again. "You think that will work, Henry."

"Like a charm, Mr President. You have my word for it."

"You're sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. We have the whole of American history to prove it. The minute the United States Seventh Fleet appears, the Injuns will just pack up and fade away."

"These aren't the same Injuns, Henry."

"Of course they aren't, Mr President. And that makes me more sure of it than ever before. The only good Injuns are Red Injuns. And they're all dead anyway."

MYSELF IN INDIA

—*Continued From Page 33*

This brings up the question whether religion is such a potent force in India because life is so terrible, or is it the other way round: Is life so terrible because, with the eyes of the spirit turned elsewhere, there is no incentive to improve its quality? Whichever it is, the fact remains that the eyes of the spirit *are* turned elsewhere, and it really is true that God seems more present in India than in other places. Every morning I wake up at 3 a.m. to the sound of someone pouring out his spirit in devotional song; and then at dawn the temple bells ring, and again at dusk, and conchshells are blown, and there is the smell of incense and of the slightly overblown flowers that are placed at the feet of smiling, pink-cheeked idols. I read in the papers that the Lord Krishna has been reborn as the son of a weaver woman in a village somewhere in Madhya Pradesh. On the banks of the river there are figures in meditation and one of them may turn out to be the teller in your bank who cashed your cheque just a few days ago; now he is in the lotus pose and his eyes are turned up and he is in ecstasy. There are ashrams full of little old half-starved widows who skip and dance about, they giggle and play hide and seek because they are Krishna's milkmaids. And over all this there is a sky of enormous proportions —so much larger than the earth on which you live, and often so incredibly beautiful, an unflawed unearthly blue by day, all shining with stars at night, that it is difficult to believe that something grand and wonderful beyond the bounds of human comprehension does not emanate from there.

I love listening to Indian devotional songs. They seem pure like water drawn from a well; and the emotions they express are both beautiful and easy to understand because the imagery employed is so human. The soul crying out for God is always shown as the beloved yearning for the lover in an easily recognisable way ("I wait for Him. Do you hear His step? He has come"). I feel soothed when I hear such songs and all my discontentment falls away. I see that everything I have been fretting about is of no importance at all, because all that matters is this promise of eternal bliss in the Lover's arms. I become patient and good and feel that everything is good.

Unfortunately this tranquil state does not last for long, and after a time it again seems to me that nothing is good and neither am I. Once somebody said to me: "Just see, how sweet is the Indian soul that can see God in a cow!" But when I try to assume this sweetness, it turns sour: for, however much I may try and fool myself, whatever veils I may try, for the sake of peace of mind, to d r a w over my eyes, it is soon enough clear to me that the cow is a cow, and a very scrawny, underfed, diseased one at that...

And here, it seems to me, I come to the heart of my problem. To live in India and be at peace one must to a very considerable extent become Indian and adopt Indian attitudes, habits, beliefs, assume if possible an Indian personality. But how is this possible? And even if it were possible—without cheating oneself—would it be desirable? Should one want to try and become something other than what one is? I don't always say no to this question. Sometimes it seems to me how pleasant it would be to say yes and give in and wear a sari and be meek and accepting and see God in a cow. Other times it seems worth while to be defiant and European and—all right, be crushed by one's environment, but all the same have made some attempt to remain standing. Of course this can't go on indefinitely and in the end I'm bound to lose—if only at the point where my ashes are immersed in the Ganges to the accompaniment of Vedic hymns, and then who will say that I have not truly merged with India?

(From the introduction to "An Experience in India" by R. Prawer Jhabvala—published by John Murray)

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HINDUISM and The Changing Times

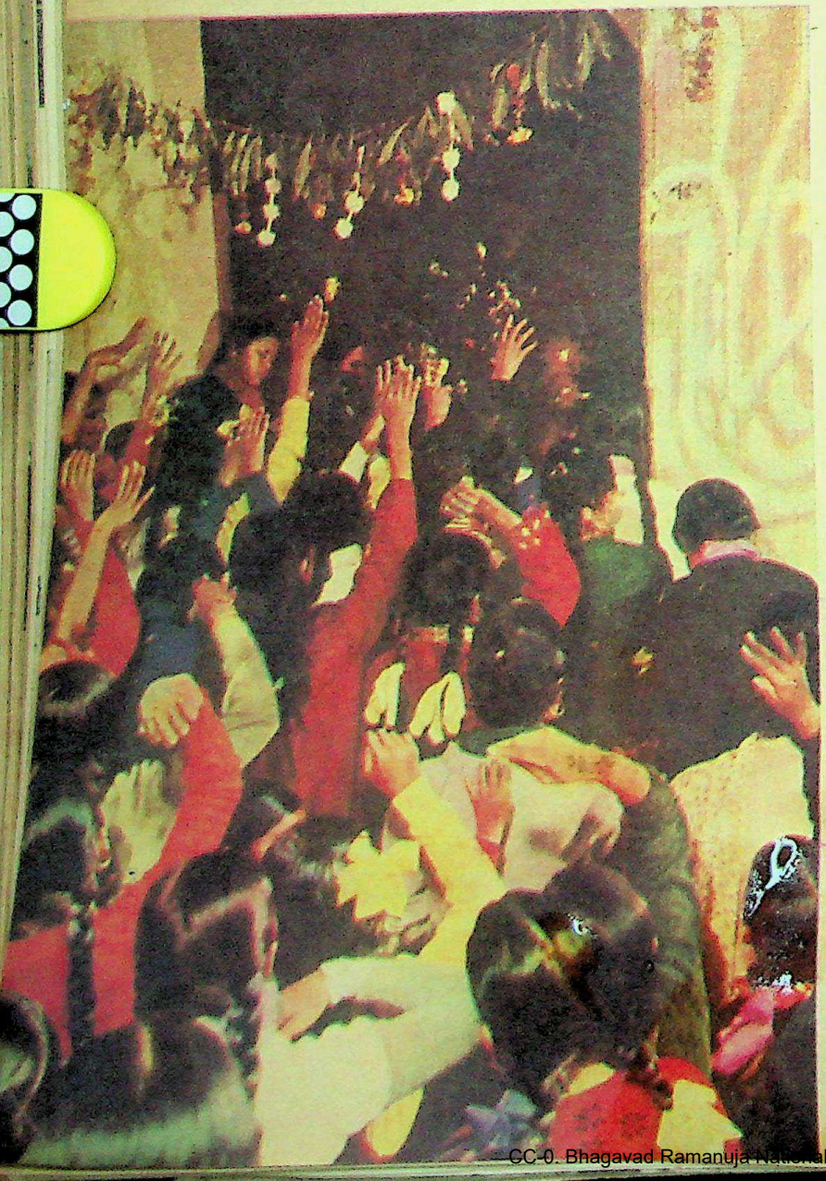
by C. L. MUNSHI

A religion deeply rooted in the ancient past. Without a single scripture for all, without an organised "church" and with the priestly sect turning to other professions, how will Hindusim face the challenges of the future?

HINDUISM has to be defined before it can be discussed. For the Hindu would, if he could, allot a niche each to Moses, Jesus and Muhammad in his pantheon and claim universality. That's a different question. It only illustrates the conglomerate character of this faith, the impossibility of defining it precisely. Like the Brahman, it defies definition. It is "not this", "not this". **For the sake of convenience, we may, however, postulate that a Hindu is one who accepts the Vedas as the fountainhead of religious authority.** This would, automatically, exclude from the Hindu fold not only patently non-Hindu faiths like the Semitic religions and Zoroastrianism but also the local rebels—Buddhists, Jains and Sikhs.

Having attempted to delimit the boundaries of that amorphous body of thought and practice, which functions under the trade name of Hinduism, we will attempt to examine the chances of its survival in

—*Continued*



—Jayant Ullal

SARASWATI PUJA IN DELHI. The Dassera festival has a day of worship dedicated to the Goddess of Learning. In the Vedas, Saraswati is primarily a river, but later was regarded as the Goddess of Speech and the consort of Brahma.

HOLI—announ... of winter— water and dabb... also ribald falls on Februa...

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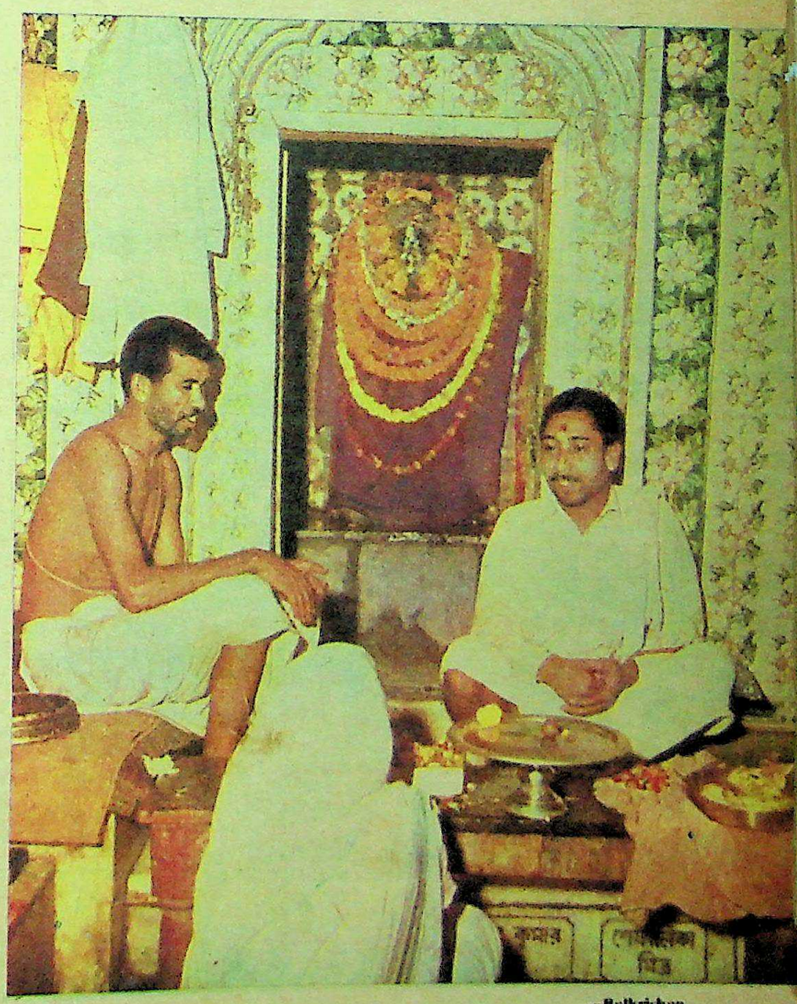
HOLI—announcing the end of winter—is a most colourful festival. Bonfires, sprinkling of colour water and dabbing of gulal also ribald song and dance, mark the celebrations. (Holi this year falls on February 28.)

—S. N. Kulkarni

FOR ALL ITS INNUMERABLE TEMPLES, Hinduism has no organised authority to exert control over its followers and inaugurate a movement such as the Catholic Church.

—C. Rangiah



PRIESTS AT VARANASI. Only a minority of the brahmins today seek a livelihood through priesthood. The rest have taken to more remunerative and modern professions.

—Balkrishan

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—T. S. Nagarajan

A "MINI" AYYAR looks his pure and innocent self with his sectarian marks. But what Hinduism will mean to him in his day is a matter of speculation.

the 21st century and beyond. **Hinduism has today become outmoded and outdated. So have the other religions, the last propounded more than thirteen centuries ago.** Their exponents living in primitive times can hardly be blamed for not envisaging the conditions that would develop millenniums later. Thus the beliefs and injunctions, formulated in times when the bicycle was still in the womb of time, can hardly suit the missile age. For many today, organised religion has become a fifth wheel of the coach if not downright anathema.

Rites And Dogmas

The three pillars of religion may be said to be the book, the Chaplain and the Church. The fourth, philosophical content in contradistinction to the ritualistic book, is not for the masses who find it difficult to breathe in its rarefied atmosphere. And for its physical survival, a religion depends not on the small band of intellectuals splitting hairs over First Cause and Maya but on the rabble blindly performing the rites and observing the dogmas along the orthodox lines.

"He (the householder) should study ...the three Vedas, the Atharva Veda, the Puranas, together with the Itihasas as also the lore relating to the knowledge of the self..."

—*Yajnavalkya Smriti*

One problem about Hinduism is the absence of a single scripture comparable to the Bible or the Quran. There is no one book or body of beliefs or catalogue of dogmas which can serve as a common denominator and unite the disparate and heterogeneous sects sporting under the generic banner of Hinduism. This has been the strength of this hoary religion so far. It threatens to be its undoing in the future. As the different sects have individually some sort of a geographical homogeneity, the possibility of the religion as a whole splitting apart to give birth to a number of regional faiths cannot be ruled out.

Language of The Gods

Then the Hindu scriptures are written in the "Language of the Gods" which in course of time has remained theirs alone, the mortals having taken to other tongue. **With all that, no rite, no religious functions can be performed without the presiding priest mumbling, muttering or melodiously chanting what to the common man is gibberish.**

The Christians faced a similar problem in the Middle Ages but were quick to remedy it by translating the Bible into local languages. They acted in time. It is too late in the day for the Hindus to attempt it. Moreover, they had a compact scripture to contend with. Here, the venture is bristling with difficulties and pitfalls. Not the least of these, as already pointed out, is the impossibility of finding a coherent and compact body of beliefs that would be acceptable to all the sections of the faithful. It may, in fact, hasten the end by bringing to surface the inherent divisions and latent differences amongst the Hindus. But how far can they hope to go by sweeping them under the carpet?

"...and all their activities are under the control of their priests whose shortcomings the Lord overlooks."

—*Lokacharya*

The second prop of religion is the Chaplain, the Hindu Brahmin. Hinduism, more than any other faith, is essentially priest-oriented and the Brahmin is its linchpin. And this is a dwindling tribe today. They find it more remunerative to join the mainstream of mundane life than to cater to the spiritual needs of the flock. The pressure of material want over spiritual social service can well be gauged by the fact that Sanskrit teachers have often opted for low-paid jobs, even as low as peons. This is symbolic of the loss of the Brahmin's hold over the community and the laity's indifference to the scriptures and religion as a whole. **There can be little doubt that the priestly progeny will increasingly turn to modern education with all its trappings, leaving the scriptures in the benign hands of their Revealer. And if any religion can be expected to collapse with the removal of its priestly class, it is Hinduism.**

"Having consecrated an image of ME, one should build a firm temple and beautiful flower gardens around for conducting daily worship and festivals. For the maintenance of my worship... in special seasons as well as every day, one should bestow fields, bazars, townships and villages..."

—*Kapila*

The third buttress of a religion, according to our reckoning, is the Church—the Hindu mandir. Now, the one defect of Hinduism—defect because it can prove divisive in the modern times—is the lack of emphasis on community worship. The very ethos of Hindu philosophy gravitates towards individual effort—sort of every man for himself, the last being devil's meat. And this attitude of mind continues to this day, community singing of bhajans notwithstanding. **Be that as it may, who in the modern rat race has got the time, still less the inclination, to get out of bed in the morning for a visit to the temple and the pleasure of a few circumambulations round the idols?** With the bug of hurry-scurry biting wider sections of the people as we "progress" and faith getting eroded, the number of frequenters of temples will definitely dwindle.

Secondly, the princes and magnates are no more in a position to sanction donations and endowments.

It will, thus, be abundantly clear that the inaccessibility of the scriptures to the people at large and their prolificity, the gradual evaporation of Brahminical authority and even entity, the inability of the temple to serve as a focal point of communal worship and, to cap it all, the growing rush for material plums—all are pointers to the eventual extinction of Hinduism. In another hundred years it may have gone the dinosaur way, though it may leave in its wake isolated puddles of rite and ritual.

The question may well be asked whether we should shed a tear over the final

RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS, such as Ganesh Chaturthi, have become a matter of noisy revelry, shorn of any deep spiritual significance.

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fade-out of a faith which has got stunted and stratified and is standing today as a monumental fossil. The answer is in the affirmative.

One reason why we cannot take a complacent view of the disintegration of religion is the socio-political consequences flowing therefrom. Now India from time immemorial has been a country divided against itself, a balkanised subcontinent which, only once in a while, shook itself out of political torpor and attempted to attain some sort of administrative cohesion. But running through its history of mutual animosities and antagonisms, like a thin but tenuous thread, has been a vague spirit of oneness. This we owe primarily to Hinduism. It has kept the idea alive, serving as it did as a bond between the disparate elements inhabiting this land—from the tall and fair-coloured Kashmiri Brahmin shivering in sub-zero temperature through all shades and structures to the negroid Dravidian sweltering in the tropical sun at Kanyakumari.

Hinduism is suited to the genius of India and India is nothing but a material manifestation of the Hindu spirit. It may be argued that this country needs no such cellophane now, based as its unity is on the national consciousness, on the Constitution, the Armed Forces and the Government. But these are only the outer trappings—barring national consciousness, of course, which is conspicuous by its absence. Considering the divisive and centrifugal forces at work today, one can safely aver that the one-nation ideal still eludes us. It could therefore be highly injurious to the concept of a single Indian nation if the one connecting link amongst its inhabitants snaps, even if it is in the normal course of decay and death.

It may be pointed out, while on the subject, that the feeling that Hinduism is a pessimistic, other world-oriented religion with its eye trained on the nebulous Brahman is wholly erroneous. The lop-sided conception of a comprehensive religion, embracing all aspects of human existence, may be ascribed to an undue emphasis on certain portions of Upanishadic philosophy. Hinduism is no mere religion but a way of life prescribing norms of behaviour and attitudes of mind from the womb to the funeral pyre. The four ends of human existence adumbrated in the scriptures are *Dharma*, *Artha*, *Kama* and *Moksha*, with an equal, or almost equal, emphasis on each. It is a sensible amalgam of individual and social urges and responsibilities. Piety and virtue are not only a means of individual sublimation of man but there to make him a useful unit in the social order. Man's natural hunger for material gain and worldly pleasure has been recognised and provided for. Similarly, the road of renunciation and meditation has been chalked out for his spiritual fulfilment. The four stages of an individual life have been demarcated so that each individual has his share of worldly pleasures and makes his contribution to society before embarking on the search for salvation.

Secondly, we are today rushing headlong along the path beaten by the West without trying to sidestep the cesspools and mud-heaps. This senseless imitation leaves no doubt in one's mind that we will be in another fifty years where America is today. **You can't get into the Frontier Mail at Bombay and hope that by luck or divine intervention you may land at Asansol instead of Amritsar.** The path we are treading must lead up, inevitably and inexorably, to the West. And the Western is a sick civilisation today, sick with a blase materialism. We could, if we had the desire and the nerve, learn from its experience and direct our sail away from the maelstrom without changing course violently. But the question is: Will we? It is here that religion could come to our rescue. If, for instance, we imparted religious instruction to children, they may not grow into unabashed, avaricious self-seekers. What is suggested here is not the thin end of the revivalist wedge. It should in fact make the posterity better secularists and better Indians. A man well versed in the finer points of his own religion will never be intolerant of others.

OUR FORTHCOMING ISSUES

March 12

IF I WERE FINANCE MINISTER: In our Special Budget Issue, taxation expert and eminent lawyer N. A. Palkhivala shows how a Budget should be made if it aims to increase GNP and reasonably regulate the distribution of income. With special cartoons by R. K. Laxman.

LAW, MORALITY AND THE TAXPAYER: A miscellany of varying judicial attitudes towards the question of tax planning. By Soli J. Sorabjee. Once again with Laxman's cartoons.

CHARISMATIC LEADER: Acharya Kripalani shows how such leaders have subtly undermined democracy.

MUJIB IS 52: On his birthday, an exclusive album of informal photographs of the Sheikh and his family.

AMRITA SHER-GIL—OLD AND NEW: Selected paintings of the noted artist.

RASHTRIYA INDIAN MILITARY COLLEGE: J. I. S. Kalra writes on this unique institution in Dehra Dun which is the primary feeder to the Indian Army. With photographs.

ALL ABOUT OXYGEN: A study of the industry in India by Bikram Vohra.

A FRAUD ON INDIA'S WILD LIFE: Story by M. A. Partha Sarathy.

March 19

PUBLISHING IN INDIA: A comprehensive study by O. P. Ghai, D. N. Malhotra and other experts of the trade. Fully illustrated.

ARE WESTERN FILMS CORRUPTING OUR YOUTH? Jimi Hafizji examines the "million-dollar" question—with vital statistics and photographs.

The Illustrated Weekly of India

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AT A MEDITATION CAMP

Meditation makes one forget oneself indeed! And how!

(Photographs: R. Parsawan, 4; Bhalchandra, 3)

SEEING THE LIGHT. The "Sadhana Shabirs" conducted by Acharya Rajneesh are an unorthodox affair. Deep breathing and dancing to taped music set the tone for mass participation in a semi-hysterical trance, announced by shouts of "Whoo"... "Whoo", and jumping up and down with raised hands for a period of 20 minutes.

EVEN some of the most ardent disciples of Acharya Rajneesh are very critical of his methods of teaching meditation. But they follow him all the same.

The meditation is done in four stages. First the Acharya preaches to them for about an hour. The congregation then stands up and starts inhaling the air vigorously.

Encouraged by taped music of drum-beats and the Acharya's exhortations, "Hard, Harder Still", the followers do not get any respite. They blindfold their eyes and stick cotton in the ears to make them oblivious of "outside influences".

Then comes the even more rigorous ritual. As the Acharya gives the word "Go!" the followers plunge into frenzied cries of "Whoo... Whoo" and start jumping.

With their brains benumbed and their bodies fatigued, the meditators almost collapse on the ground as Acharya Rajneesh tells them to relax. The soothing voice of the Acharya tells them over the microphone that "there is light all around, there is happiness all around and you have to take only a step more to plunge into the sea of happiness".

The ritual comes to an end when, again lying on the ground, the meditators are asked to rub their foreheads, see the bright light in their mind and thank God for his infinite grace.

These strange meditational methods have caught up so wildly that the number of the Acharya's followers is increasing every day.

KISHORE DOSHI

NOT EXACTLY DOWN TO EARTH. Unaware of her surroundings, a girl falls to the ground in a dazed stupor.

CHASING A MIRAGE? A man discards his clothes and stamps around the camp in a fit of newfound freedom.

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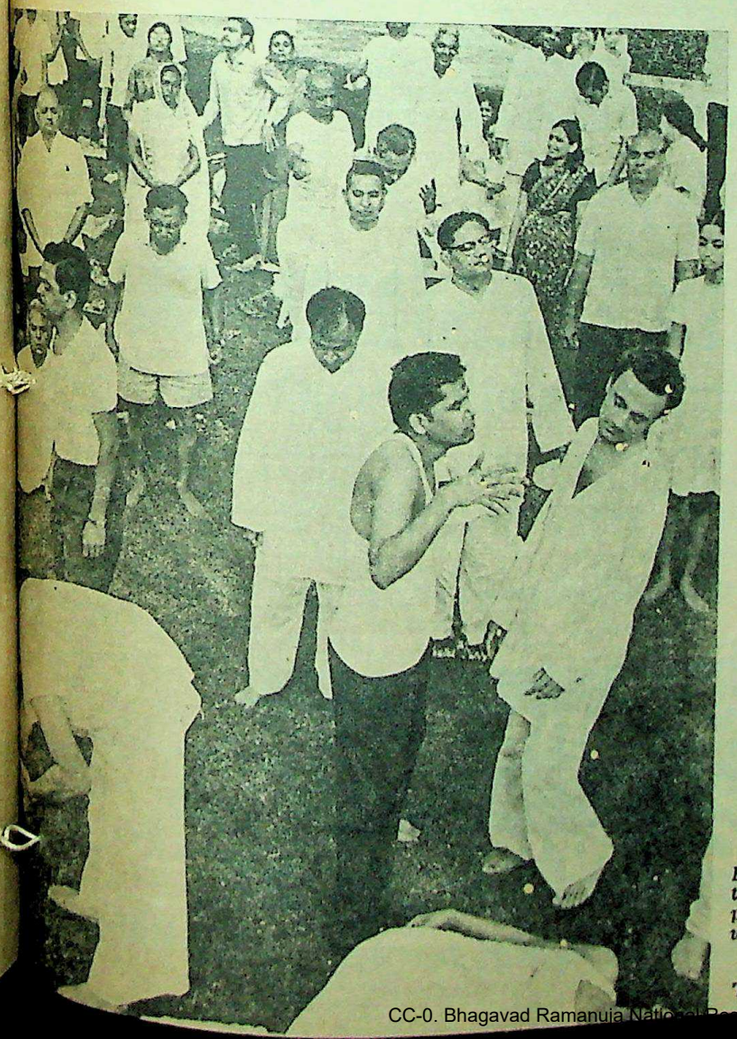
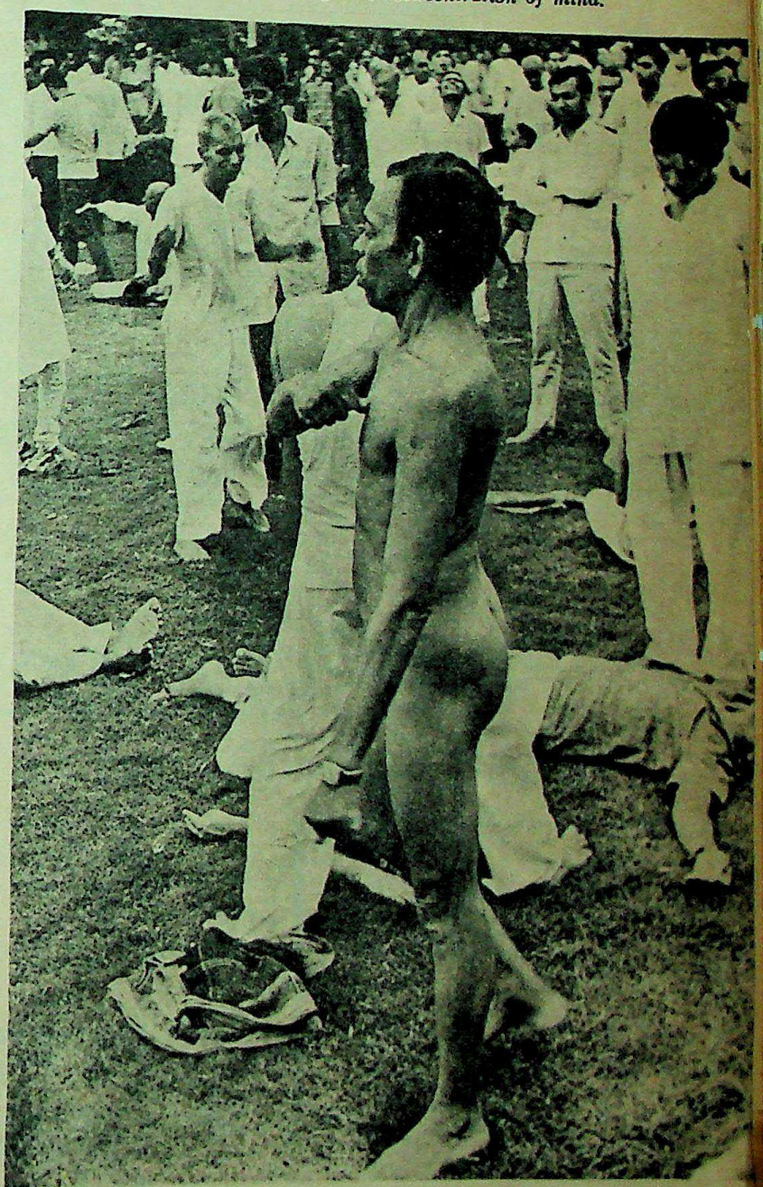
ORE DOSHI

THAT'S IT! A matronly-looking woman feels as uninhibited as a child, clapping and shouting in abandon.

BLIND MAN'S AND WOMAN'S BUFF? The seekers of meditational bliss are asked to blindfold their eyes and stuff their ears with cotton during the camp session... for greater concentration of mind.



BOOGIE WOOGIE. From young to old, each adopts his or her own posture to feel the impact of the unfettered self.



BORN FREE! Acharya Rajneesh also has a course of "bed meditation" to offer his followers, when they are advised to concentrate on sexual energy.

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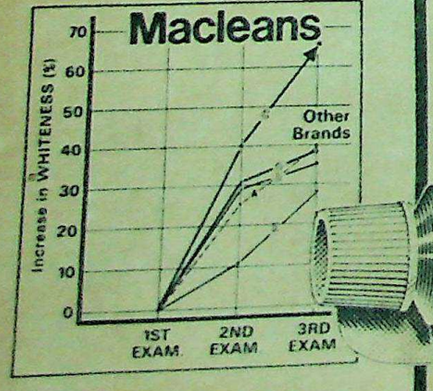

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IS GOD DEAD?

by V. N. K. KUMAR

What are the theories put forward by philosophers and scientists on the existence, or otherwise, of God? The author analyses these theories and forms his own conclusions.

Sketches by K. K. Hebbar

RELIGION can be defined as an institution consisting of culturally patterned interaction with culturally postulated superhuman beings. In every age, religion has had its detractors and critics. First, religion, like every other human institution, is liable to human vanity, folly and error and, secondly, because we cannot exist as human beings without thinking and to think is to question, to probe, to criticise.

The criticism of religion in our time is a sign of sickness in that it reveals the profound alienation of contemporary man from himself and his world, his sense of homelessness and meaninglessness. It is a sign of health in that it reveals a confidence in reason, a recognition that our existence is grounded in question and doubt.

Theistic Arguments

1. *Religious striving.* Man knows his striving is real enough and he suspects, from repeated experiences of reaching goals, that an appropriate object resides at the terminus of any persistent striving. Is he thirsty? There is water to assuage his thirst. Is he tired? There is rest to be had. Cold? There is the warmth of fire. Extending this reasoning to religious striving, C. S. Lewis says, "If I find in myself a desire which no experience in this world can satisfy, the most probable explanation is that I was made for another world. If none of my earthly pleasures satisfy it, that does not mean that the universe is a fraud. Probably earthly pleasures were never meant to satisfy it, but only to arouse it to suggest the real thing."

2. *Ontological argument of Descartes.* A nonentity cannot produce an entity, that which is imperfect cannot produce an idea of that which is perfect. Since our longing for perfect wisdom could not be the product of such finite beings as we, it is inevitable for us to assume that God implanted in us the desire to know Him. *But* having an idea is no real proof of existence.

3. *Cosmological argument.* To many minds it appears plausible that there must have been a beginning of all things in the form of a first cause. If an infinite series were ruled out, it would be possible to conclude that there must have been an uncaused first cause. Analogy plays a big role in popular thinking. All things in experience have causes, and many of them have makers. Why should not the universe as a whole have a maker who is distinct from all the finite things which are produced?

[If the alleged first cause is held to be free, that could only mean "Undetermined by causal law". In that case, the unenviable problem of how to account for lawfulness on the basis of lawlessness would remain unsolved. The idea of the uncaused first cause really amounts to a contradiction in terms.]

4. *Teleological argument.* This makes use of the evidence that many things are adapted to definite ends and it calls attention to the very structure of the universe which supports life and enables human beings to further their interests. Thus, it rests on the evidence of law, order, design, plan, purpose, evolution and value. If there is law, there must have been a lawgiver. If there is order, rather than chaos, someone must have been responsible for the order.

[There are many regions in the known universe where life is impossible. If one argues from the fitness of the earth for life

—Continued

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to the existence of an intelligent, purposive activity, one should also consider the absence of suitable conditions for life elsewhere.

The locus of design should be borne in mind. So far as we know, only human beings are capable of conscious purpose and of rejectively determining goals of action, although patterns of purposive action can be found in other organic beings. To carry these conceptions over to inorganic nature would be to incur the fallacy of an illicit metabasis (transference of a concept which is meaningful in one context to another in which it is not). The conditions for development of purposive behaviour on the human level are evident. There are organic and cultural conditions—the development of the central nervous system and of group life. Is it necessary to invoke a transcendent explanation for the emergence of human beings? No.

Evolution need not have any purpose or goal. It is only a consequence of the general homeostatic ability of organisms combined with the biochemical properties of genetic material. Most of the mutations in our genes are for the worse but occasionally a mutation does help fit a creature more firmly into its environmental niche. When that happens, the mutation survives and the gene allele that caused it replaces the hitherto normal allele. Since it is precisely those few mutations which help fit the organism to its niche that survive, it is those which we witness. The large majority of mutations which work harm will vanish. Hence we get a biased view of the workings of mutation and, if we are careless, think of it as driving organisms up the evolutionary tree to better and higher things. Then we begin to think that this is too marvellous to be accounted for by random forces only and seek a supernatural intervention for causation.]

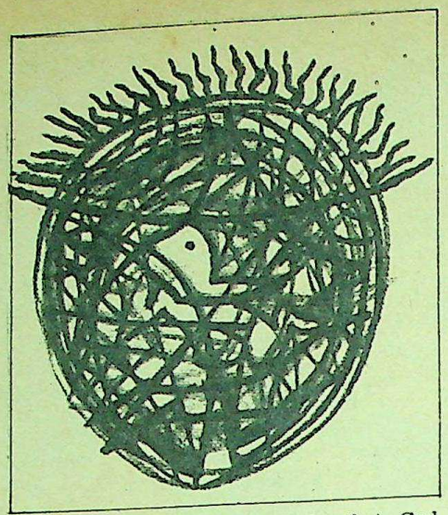
God Exists

5. *Moral argument.* The concepts of duty and obligation imply responsibility for justice. If, as is obvious, justice is not always done in this life, there must be another life. There must be a God to see it through.

6. *Revelational argument.* Since truth cannot be seen through reason alone, why not depend on revelations to prophets such as Jesus, Mohammed and Ramakrishna which tell us that God exists? People always and everywhere have believed in God. The persistent and widespread survival of such beliefs is proof that there must be some sort of a fire which has emitted this smoke.

7. *Tychists* argue that, even on the basis of pure chance, in infinite time all possibilities can (or must) be actualised. If it is possible that God should exist, then sometimes, even if not now, God must exist.

8. *Pascal's wager.* Even when reason cannot help us, let us look at it as a game in which heads or tails may turn up and let us weigh the gain and loss in wagering that God does exist. If you wager that He does and He does, you gain all; if you wager that He does and He does not, you lose nothing. If you win, you take all; if you lose, you lose nothing. So Pascal said that



he would wager unhesitatingly that God exists.

9. *Evolving and Oscillating universe of Einstein-Gamow.* The universe was formed by an explosion from a state of high density and temperature due to hydrodynamic turbulence. This theory proposes that the cosmos evolved from the original highly compressed, extremely hot gas to the stars, galaxies and background material. The present outward motion of the galaxies is a result of this explosion. The state of affairs before the very first beginning of the universe was that it came out of the maximum contraction of a previous universe that had been collapsing for an eternity of time from a state of infinite rarefaction. But who created the original particles and the source of energy which brought the pressure and heat? In the absence of knowledge about this, it is safer to assume a God and pay homage to him, so that in case He does exist, you do not get divine retribution.

10. *Steady state (continuous creation) theory of Bondi-Gold and Hoyle.* This theory is based on the assumption that the universe is homogeneous both in space and time but not static. The universe is expanding and the galaxies are moving outward as evidenced by the Red-shift and the darkness of nights. To compensate for the dispersal of galaxies and still retain the same general appearance, the authors postulate that matter is being created continuously and forming into new galaxies to replace those moving away and out of our vision. Naturally, some power like God creates the matter.

11. *Law of Entropy.* Some scientists hold the view that the universe created itself; still others say that it is just as easy for them to suppose that the universe has always existed as to believe in a God who has always existed. But the Second Law of Thermodynamics proves them wrong. The universe could not have existed from all eternity. The law of entropy states that there is a continuous flow of heat from warmer to cooler bodies and that this flow cannot be reversed to pass spontaneously in the opposite direction. Entropy is the ratio of unavailable energy to available energy: it may be said that the entropy of the universe is always increasing, since all the processes in the world are irreversible. Hence the universe is headed for a time when the temperature will be universally uniform and there will be no more useful energy. Consequently there will be no more chemical and physical processes and life itself will cease to exist. But because life is still going on, it is evident that our universe could not have existed from eternity, else it would have long since run out of useful energy and ground to a halt. Therefore, science proves that our universe had a beginning and, since no material thing can create itself, there must be a Prime Mover, a Creator, a God.

12. *Argument from the co-existence of two contrasting systems.* Among non-living entities, entropy is on the increase and the trend is towards randomness and disorder in a given system, i.e., the non-living world is running down. In the organic world, however, the direction of evolutionary prehistory is from simpler forms to the building up of more intricate forms, i.e., inanimate matter is building entropy and animate beings are consuming entropy. Yet this apparent discord and contrariness are finely co-ordinated. If the inorganic world did not have the properties dictated by the Second Law of Thermodynamics, the organic world could not have achieved its evolutionary potentialities. Hence the evolutionary and other cosmic processes are under one greater order. So contrary and discordant things cannot always, or in most cases, be parts of one order except under someone's government, which enables all and each to tend to a definite end. However, from the very beginning to the present, we find that things of diverse natures and processes come together and are correlated under one order. Therefore, there must be some sentient being by whose providence the world is governed. This being we may call God.

[If a man has no faith, no amount of such reasoning will convince him of God's existence.]

Advantages of Theism

All human behaviour, except for reflex action, is purposive—that is, it is instigated by the intention of satisfying some need. If a given response is, in fact, instrumental for the satisfaction of the need, this reinforcement of the response ensures its persistence —it becomes an instance of a behaviour pattern. Institutional behaviour, including religious behaviour, consists in the practice of repeated instances of culturally constituted behaviour patterns. They persist as long as they are practised, and they are practised because they satisfy, or are believed to satisfy, their instigating needs. There are three sets of desires which are satisfied by religion: cognitive, substantive and expressive.

1. *Cognitive desires.* Man has a desire to know, to understand, to find meaning. Religious beliefs are held because, in the absence of competitive explanations, they satisfy this desire. Religious systems provide members of society with a meaning and explanation of otherwise meaningless and inexplicable phenomena.

2. *Substantive desires.* These are the desires for rain, crops, victory in war, recovery from illness, nirvana, Heaven, etc. In the absence of advanced technology, which confer reasonable confidence, religious techniques are believed to satisfy these desires.

Almost everywhere, moreover, death and dissatisfaction with life produce

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anxiety. And belief that one is successfully pursuing the religious goals serves to reduce this anxiety. Most desires then can be classified as attempts to overcome or transcend suffering. In reducing anxiety concerning the attainment of goals and thus providing a minimum level of psychological security, religion serves to release energy for coping with problems and provides a basis for social stability.

3. *Expressive desires.* These consist of painful drives which seek reduction and painful motives which seek satisfaction. Painful drives refer to fears of destruction, castration anxiety, cataclysmic fantasies. Painful motives refer to prohibited forms of aggression, dependency, Oedipal sexuality which arouse feelings of shame, inadequacy and moral anxiety. These drives and motives are much too painful to remain in the conscious mind and become submerged in the subconscious, only to surface again to seek satisfaction. Man can still satisfy his yearnings, symbolically, by his trust in and reliance upon superhuman beings. Similarly, since all religions postulate the existence of malevolent, as well as benevolent, superhuman beings, repressed hostility motives can be displaced or projected in beliefs and rituals designed for protection against these malevolent beings. This is the integrative function of religion which reduces the probability of psychotic distortion of desires—thereby providing a society with psychologically healthy members—protects society from the socially disruptive consequences of direct gratification of these forbidden desires and promotes social integration by providing a common goal (superhuman being) and a common means (rituals) by which the desires are gratified.

Agnostic Arguments

1. *Evil and unhappiness* are the rocks upon which all arguments for the existence of God must finally come to wreck. The existence of God cannot be reconciled with the stubborn facts of disaster and tragedy, nor with the undeserved misery that can turn the lives of innocent men into a living Hell without meaning and hope.

2. *Wishful thinking.* Persons who feel the need of an explanation or of comfort, it is claimed, simply talk themselves into believing that a good and powerful God exists. Just because we crave a father figure, why should the reality conform to our desires?

3. *Role of science.* For scientific understanding of creation, belief in God is either unnecessary or untenable or both. Science, though in its infancy, has already given natural explanations of most biological, psychological, astronomical and physical phenomena.

4. *The contention of Karl Marx.* Religion is simply an expression of the interests of the ruling class. These interests were a necessary consequence of the prevailing mode of production and exchange. Thus, in the 19th century, religion served to secure and maintain the privileged position of the great capitalists. By giving cogent expression to the idea that the poor alone will inherit the Kingdom of God, it encouraged the expropriated and oppressed class of industrial workers to accept their lot and it justified the rich in their claim to indisputable possession of the financial kingdoms.

5. *The questions of Epicurus.* Is deity willing to prevent evil but not able? Then He is impotent. Is He able but not willing? Then He is malevolent. Is He both able and willing? Why then is there evil and injustice? Is He neither able nor willing to prevent evil? Then why call Him Almighty God?

6. *Bertrand Russell's speculation.* If, as religion contends, it is man's ultimate destiny to live in Heaven's eternal bliss, why could not God in His omnipotence and omniscience have fashioned man into that state at once? Bertrand Russell suggests an answer —"The endless praises of the choirs of angels had begun to grow wearisome; for, after all, did He not deserve their praise? Had He not given them endless joy? Would it not be more amusing to obtain undeserved praise, to be worshipped by beings whom He tortured? He smiled inwardly, resolved that the great drama should be performed and He created man." Obviously such a God does not merit our worship.

7. *The contention of Schopenhauer.* The tragedies in his life cause man to frame the hypothesis of personal beings on whom everything depends. It is assumed of such beings that they, like humans, are susceptible to request, flattery, service and gifts, and more tractable than the unfeeling forces of nature. Man, hence, relies on external grace rather than on his own merit. In order that his heart may have the relief of prayer and the consolation of hope, his intellect creates a God, and not conversely because his intellect has deduced a God does he pray. Let him be left without needs, wishes and requirements, a mere intellectual, will-less being and he requires no God —and makes none.

Advantages of Atheism

If a man is self-sufficient in the sense of not being dependent upon a transcendent being, he is more clearly conscious than ever before of his sole responsibility for his happiness. With the rejection of the supernatural and its provision for an infinite after-life, man realises that his limited life-span offers the only opportunity for happiness. The challenge is a double one. First, all obstacles to happiness are to be removed as quickly and effectively as possible, and, secondly, more extensive efforts should be encouraged to enlarge the span of human life.

Thus India, I think, could do with a few more atheists. The theists are prone to luxuriate in self-complacent fatalism and vegetating indolence which are not conducive to economic prosperity. For how can one think of spiritual salvation without one's subsistence needs being fulfilled?

Atheistic Arguments

1. *Fear of death and the beliefs it engenders.* Human beings live a long time compared to certain animals, and each one has a personality, a constant combination of the qualities of character and mind which impress themselves upon the sympathies of all who know the man. When he dies, the

—Continued

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effect is far more than mere sorrow at his dying—it is a real psychological amputation; we wish with our whole wills that he may yet live somewhere, if not here. But it is for ourselves as well that we detest death and we never escape the fear of it. Somebody else's death may suggest the existence of souls and almost make us see one, but the prospect of our own end would force us to invent souls anyway.

Much as we would like to live for ever, we can be willing to relinquish the body if our real inner selves can remain imperishable. The idea of an immortal soul fulfils our wishes and there is no society anywhere that dares to disbelieve it. (This coupled with Tylor's Animism—see later—has led to the creation of God.)

2. *Sociological explanation.* Religion could also have been the sentiment inspired by the group in its members. Whether established unconsciously through childhood—awareness of the greater wisdom and power of their elders—or by archetypes (collective unconscious) or by an intentional guidance of wise leaders or crafty self-interested rulers or priests, religion is a form of belief providing for an ultra-rational sanction of that large class of conduct in the individual where his interests and those of the social organism are antagonistic and by which the former are rendered subordinate to the latter in the interests of evolution which the race is undergoing.

Safety of The Womb

3. *Freud's theory.* Freud contended that religion is an expression of the need felt by fearful individuals seeking a return to the safety of the womb. So he called it an "Umbilical-Syndrome". Freud discovered that men also make God in the image of their fathers, from whom they hope for the authority and protection that they experienced in their childhood. Religion is an illusion by which the anxious, insecure individual seeks to escape from the harsh realities of his existence. It is a neurosis from which both individuals and society need to be delivered.

With the appearance of the castration complex, the Oedipus complex is repressed. In order that an individual may develop into a mature person, the Oedipus complex must be completely repressed deep in the unconscious, where it can ultimately atrophy. The strong repressive forces effecting this development render these intense feelings of love and hate inaccessible to consciousness. In their place are the ordinary feelings of filial respect and affection.

However, to the extent that the repressive mechanisms fail to operate adequately, the deeper feelings continue to make their presence felt through psychic disturbances ranging from harmless slips of the tongue to disabling anxiety attacks and somatic symptoms.

The psychologically immature person will attempt the same adjustment towards the world that he once made towards his father. Then his need for his father's protection and approval overrode his desire for exclusive possession of his mother; consequently, he identified with the father in love and submission. Now he projects upon the cosmos an image of his father as a Heavenly Father whose will he must obey, whose protection he can thereby count upon and whose actions have the same miraculous character as the ordinary acts of a father have for a child. As his own life had its source in the procreative power of his father, so the universe had its source and origin in a creative act of God.

4. *Tylor's Animism.* For the primitive man, the rising and setting of the sun, formation and dispersal of clouds and rainbows, the waxing and waning of the moon, volcanic eruption, earthquakes and the menstrual periods suggested a duality of nature—the visible and the invisible. Dreams and hallucinations corroborated the existence of an invisible "phantom image" of man. Even in his sleep, while his body lay curled on the ground beside the fire, he seemed to hunt or to fight, to make love or to feast in some other region. What was this part of him that wandered from the body in dreams? What else if not the soul, which he naturally regarded as something distinct and separate? When a man died, did not his soul go from him? When he was badly wounded, did it not disappear for a time and then return? In fainting fits, catalepsy, did it not leave the body temporarily?

In the beginning, death was viewed as temporary absence of soul and the idea of the soul living a separate existence was gradually conceived. As the souls accumulated, they were thought to form a community of spirits, having the character of humans, doing good or bad according to what their bodies were inclined to do while living. So propitiation, prayers and ritualism were born. The embodiment of spirits was then conceived. When a man is living, it is his spirit that gives him breath, strength, etc. So when he gets disease, it can only have been caused by an evil spirit. So were born exorcism and magic. If a spirit could invade a body, it could be captured in inanimate objects as well. Thus fetishism (talisman) was created. A talisman in which good spirits were invoked could be worn to ward off evil spirits. Floods, earthquakes, rain, thunder, etc., must also have their phantom images, which have to be propitiated. Thus pantheism was born. Ultimately, due to kinghood and priesthood and transference of similar reigning patterns among spirits as well, monotheism was born.

Merits of Scientific Agnosticism

Without an answer to the question of God, a man's life is threatened with meaninglessness; with an answer, it is destroyed, because it ceases to be what it is—a question. When men act upon a conviction that they possess absolute knowledge of the good, the right and the true, they act with pharisaical cruelty—they forsake the moral sensitivity of humanity, beguiled by a delusion that they have escaped the finiteness of the human situation. The vitality and integrity of the intellectual life lie precisely in its ceaseless probing and questioning. It is choked to death by fixed and final answers. There is a difference between presuming the truth of an opinion, because, although there are opportunities, it has not been refuted, and assuming its truth for the purpose of not permitting its refutation.

If man wishes to seek a simple answer, he can have it easily, surrounded as he is by a plethora of religious philosophies. But these explanations can only satisfy a frightened child, not an inquisitive and courageous adult. Faith is often the boast of the man who is too lazy to investigate. The power and glory of science is its recognition of the tentative and hypothetical character of all its conclusions.

THE AUTHOR (33) is presently Personnel Officer in the Electronics Corporation of India Ltd, Hyderabad. His interests range from evolution to sexology. He says his main weaknesses are girls and garlic.

Limitations of Scientific Inquiry

If physical science is the study of spatio-temporal and quantitative characteristics of simple physical feelings, we cannot apply the same criteria to God, since absolute infinitude cannot be a matter of emperical evidence. Logically, the presence of disproof does not follow from the absence of proof.

It is my contention that Nature's evolution has perfected the instincts in the animal kingdom, while in man it has perfected the intelligence, which has given him rationality, and the foresight and hindsight to develop social institutions and habit patterns to enable him to utilise his past experience. But this very intelligence leads to some concomitant anxieties—namely, anxiety of uncertainties of the future (like death), anxiety of meaninglessness and anxiety of nonconformity and freedom. The first two anxieties lead to the delusions of invulnerability, immortality and the idea of omnipotent well-wishers, while the last anxiety creates the need for authoritarianism and automaton conformity. All these together lead to the creation of the institution of religion and the idea of God. Thus, God and religious systems are only a defensive reaction of the human mind against the dissolvent power of intelligence endowed by nature.

But, then, man projects his creative powers of love and reason into the God image, thus impoverishing himself. In order to recover his creativity, he must bow to the omnipotent God that he had created out of his own greatness, confessing himself to be totally unworthy. Alienated from himself by his projection, he has access to himself only in submission to it. His prayers are hence unanswered, since the prayer cannot be answered without the death of God. What the worshipper thinks he wants—his own vital powers—he unconsciously rejects. This is the paradox of belief and prayer.

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of education and the lowest rate of unemployment, have started raising the bogey of discrimination. After all, democracy is the rule of the majority. If the minorities want a role, they should merge with the national mainstream. If at all there is anything that is subverting India, it is the political tyranny of the minority groups who gang up on every conceivable issue, taking advantage of the divided majority. Sooner or later, this is bound to boomerang and even a partially united majority will take it out on the minorities.

E. K. VENKATARAMANI

Poona

Sir—I am a medical graduate with excellent marks. I was selected in the written papers for an All India Services test but I failed to make the grade in the interview.

The fairplay to Muslims can best be judged if the UPSC publishes the last five years' figures of the total number of Muslims who qualified in the written tests and the corresponding number of those who made the final grade.

Dr (Mrs) MEHRUNNISA MAHMOOD

Hyderabad

Sir—In 1968, my brother and his Hindu friend applied for a certain appointment in a certain department. His Hindu friend was called to New Delhi for interview and was selected. My brother did not even receive a call for an interview. His friend later told him: "Do not feel sore about it. No Muslim will be appointed in that department." This happened when both the President and the Chief Justice of India were Muslims. So one cannot blame those who are led to believe that many eminent Muslim personalities are mere showboys.

But why should the majority community be blamed? Look at the affluent Muslims of India and their "fiery" leaders. What are they doing to uplift the much-harassed, long-suffering Muslim masses? These very leaders push the impoverished Muslims into communal riots. What are the wealthy Muslim Trusts and Waqf Boards doing to help the Muslim poor?

For getting a job, Muslim candidates require great "pull"—even for a peon's post. Such "pull" is not within the reach of poor Muslims. The affluent and the highly placed Muslims fear that, if they recommend a Muslim for a job, they will be branded as "communalists".

Cochin SALEEM P. EBRAHIMKUTTY

Sir—It is nothing new for the minority communities to suffer. In the USA, there is a wide gap between the living standards of whites and non-whites, but there is no appreciable difference in the standards of living of Hindus and Muslims in India.

Hardoi (U.P.) GOPAL KRISHNA

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AND OUR REGULAR FEATURES

Cover Photograph is by Balkrishan

NEXT WEEK

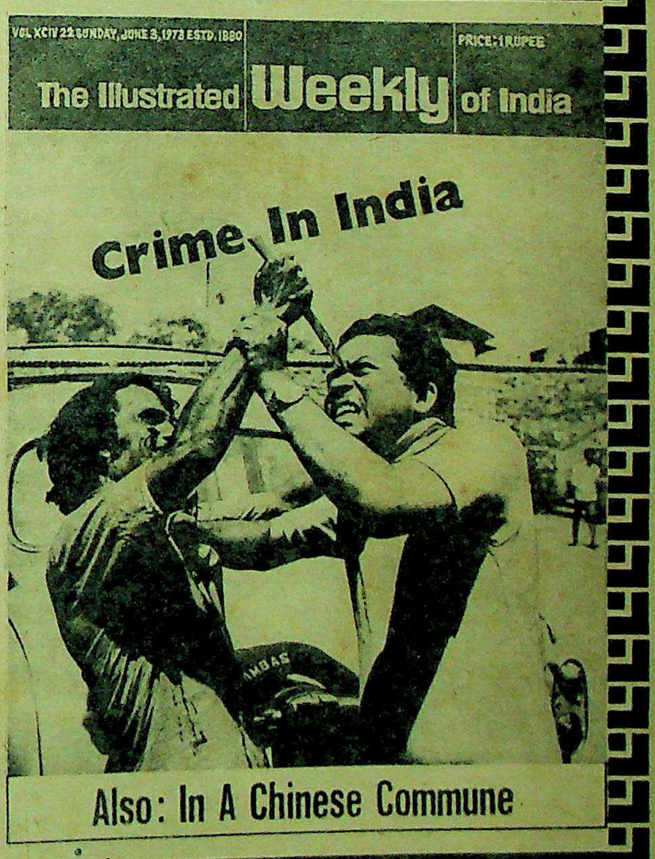
CRIME IN INDIA: What are the statistics? How do they rate with those of other countries? Is punishment a satisfactory deterrent? Are our laws effective enough? A study by Arun Gandhi. Illustrated.

IN A CHINESE COMMUNE: How do the Chinese masses live and work? How great, really, is the success of Mao's Communism? By Dr R. P. Sinha, noted political economist and China-watcher.

GARHWALI PAINTINGS: Mukandi Lal writes about this school of painting which was founded by Shahjahan's court artists, Shyam Dass and Har Dass, in the 17th century. Exquisite miniatures in colour.

NAVSARI AND THE VANISHING PARSI MOHALLA: Bachi J. Karkaria wanders among the ruins of nostalgia and discovers the past greatness—and present decay—of Parsis in this little Gujarat town. Special feature on the death anniversary of Prophet Zarathushtra.

THE MARRIAGE: Concluding the serial by Timeri Murari



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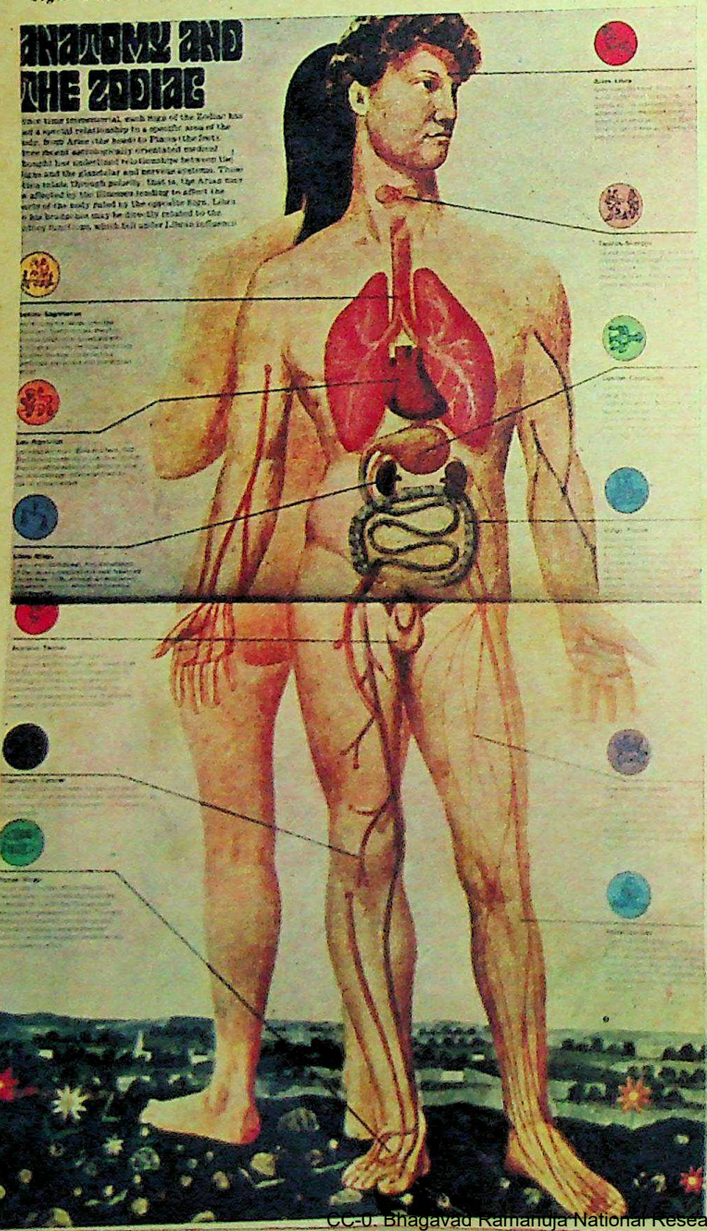
Is Astrology All Hocus-Pocus?

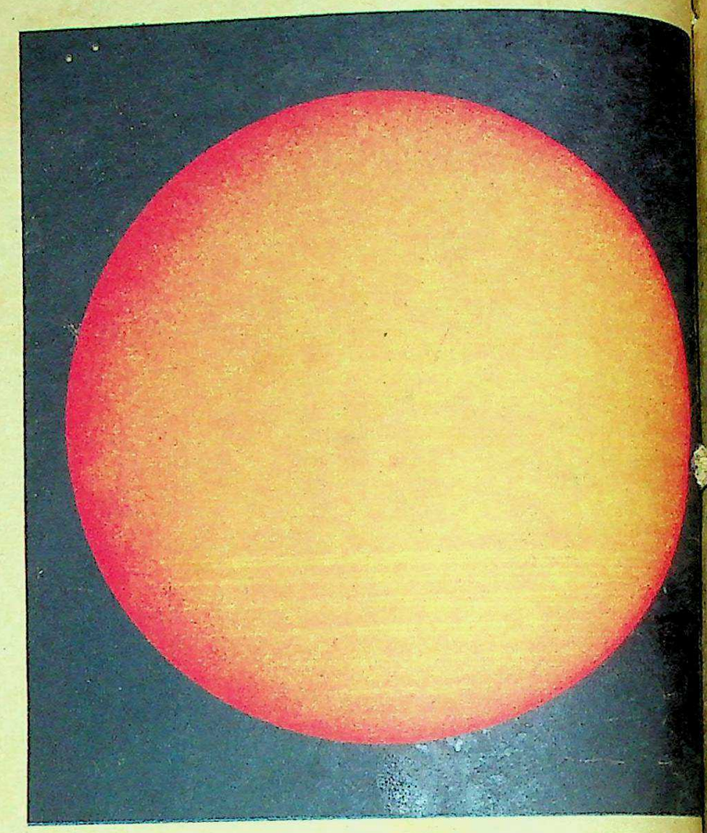
by AMRITA ABRAHAM

Can the stars really tell you that you will slip on the stairs and sprain your foot on Monday morning? Can't heredity and environment modify the character your stars have ordained? For 5,000 years, astrologers have studied the heavens, trying to determine their effect on human behaviour. Even this nuclear age has witnessed no abatement of interest. Astrology today comes in the new pop look—with Zodiac posters, sweatshirts and badges, even computerised horoscopes.

BEYOND the orthodoxy of Sanskrit texts, beyond the mass retailing of computerised horoscopes, lies the "new astrology". Is the new astrology any more valid than the old practice of planetary conjunctions and mysterious signs and portents? Derek and Julia Parker, authors of *The Compleat Astrologer* (published by Mitchell Beazley, London, and The Tulsi Shah Enterprises, Bombay), would have us know that it is different. Their book, profusely illustrated—with a history of astrology, a who's who, instructions on how to draw up and interpret a birth chart and an ephemerides (tables of plane-

GOOD LIVER, HIPS, HEAD? THANK YOUR STARS! Whether you have strong nerves or varicose veins is determined by the Zodiacal sign under which you were born.





POWER, VITALITY, SELF-EXPRESSION. You can claim all the... if the Sun was in your House at the time of your birth. Because ... its size (diameter: 109 times the Earth's) and immense light-givi... energy, the Sun is reckoned to be the most decisive astrological fore...

YOU HOLD YOUR FUTURE IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND. Pal... mistry interprets the criss-cross of lines and the mounts and valleys on your palm. The shape of the fingers and nails are used to determine character

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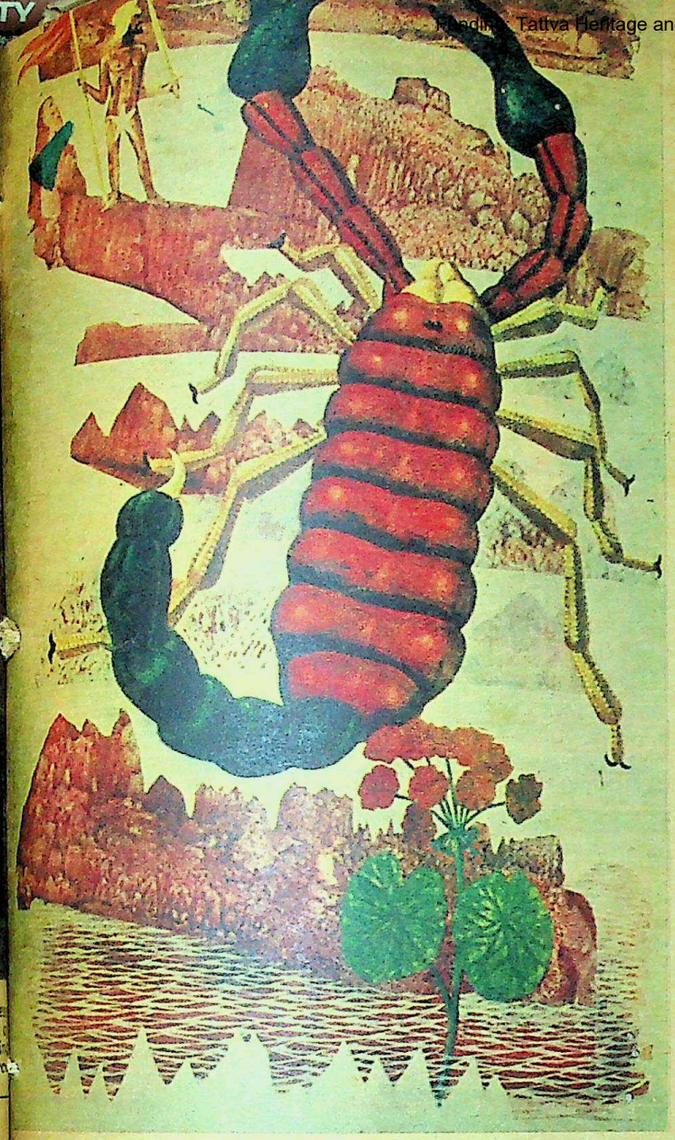

JAMES BOND WAS A SCORPIO. *The Scorpio man is intense and passionate. However, it is ridiculous to expect a person to have all or exactly the same characteristics listed for his sign in popular horoscope paperbacks. A number of astrological influences at the time of birth have to be taken into account.*

Photographs reproduced from "The Compleat Astrologer"

tary movements)—gives us a grandstand view of celestial happenings. It also describes the "new spirit of enquiry" that has taken hold of astrologers.

Before we examine their case, we shall have to see how the idea of planetary influence on our lives originated and developed, because the new astrologers have not cut themselves off from their 5,000-year-old tradition.

It was a small step for mankind (to adapt the first words spoken on the Moon) from discovering the Sun's effect on vegetation and on the seasons and the Moon's effect on the tides to concluding that the other heavenly bodies had influences of their own, either direct or indirect. This was primitive man's attempt to understand the world in which he lived. It is significant that astrology had the same beginnings as those of ancient religions. Both stem from the awe and

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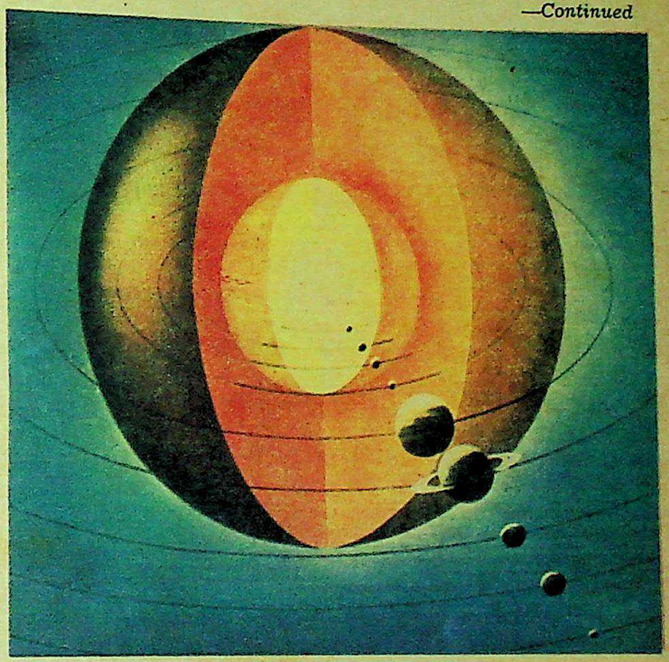

THE ASTROLOSPHERE shows how the planets of the solar system affect each other. The Earth is the third planet from the Sun and lies between the core and the outer zone of the astrolosphere's energy system. Beyond it are the slower-moving planets, Jupiter to Pluto, which occupy a cooler, remoter region.

THE CELESTIAL SPHERE. The Earth is shown at the centre of a cut-away sphere, encircled by the elliptical path of the Sun. The Zodiacal band is purely symbolic. Unlike the constellations, each astrological sign occupies a fixed 30-degree segment of the complete circle.

A MERCURIAL PLANET. Mercury's rapid motion and generally elusive nature are the reasons for its being associated in astrology with speed and mental agility. Its 3,000-mile diameter makes it closer in size to the Moon than the Earth.

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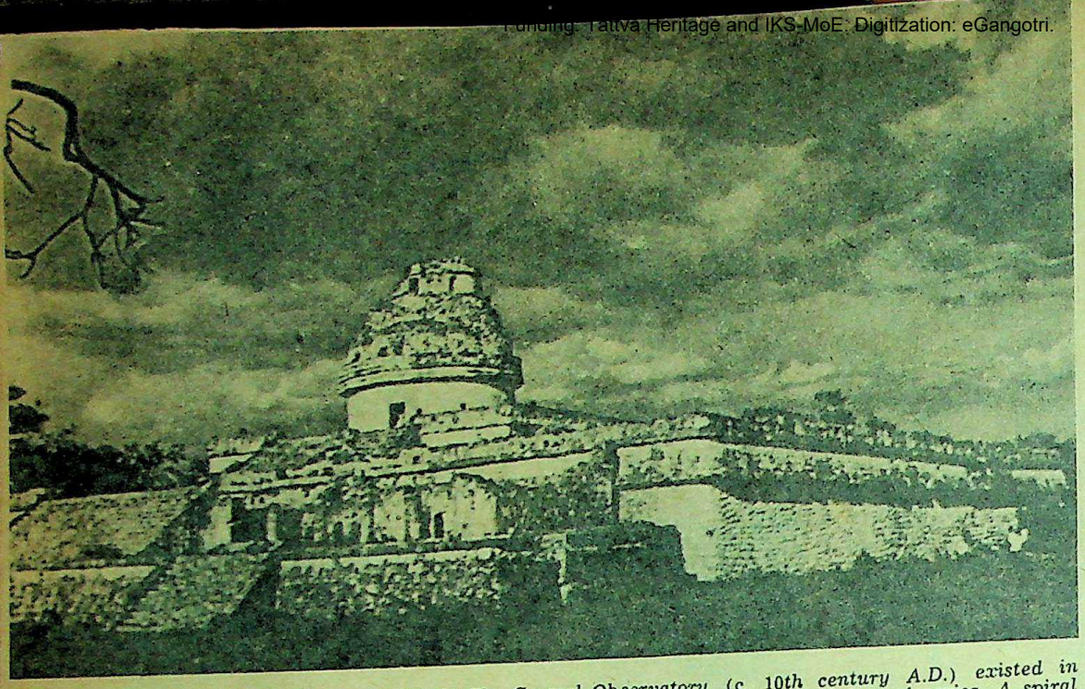

DID COLUMBUS SEE THIS? The Caracol Observatory (c. 10th century A.D.) existed in the Mayan city of Chichen Itza in Mexico, before Columbus stumbled on America. A spiral staircase on the inside, resembling the shape of a shell, led up to windows, which related to the positions of the planets as they appeared to observers at various times during the year. It is a good example of the astrological and astronomical skills possessed by the people of this pre-Columbian civilisation.

wonder with which ignorant man gazed at the sky and from his fear of the elements.

The position of the stars changed hardly at all from one year to the next but early man did note the movements of the five visible planets: Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. Because no physical effects could be linked with these planets, they were deified and made responsible for earthly events like floods and earthquakes. In course of time they were given human qualities—Mercury became cunning, Mars was violent—and, thus equipped, they travelled through the mythology of Babylon, Egypt, India, Greece and Rome into astrological lore. To this day these planets are given the same attributes.

Ancient Astrology

The Compleat Astrologer dates the first Indian astrological textbook at about 3000 B.C. There are indications in Vedic texts that some astrology was known in that period. But the *Jyotisha-Vedanga* and the *Surya-Prajnapti* in the last few centuries B.C. are generally held to be the first major works on Indian astronomy|astrology. The ancient Egyptians also drew up star charts which were related to their pantheon. The first written description of planetary movements, however, comes to us from the Chaldeans in the mid-7th century B.C. Theirs was the first rudimentary Zodiac. **And if, today, you know from your horoscope that you will fall and break your leg on Monday morning, you have the astrologer-priests of Babylon to thank for that!**

The Greeks and the Romans took over Babylonian astrological ideas wholesale and made them more complex. The Tetrabiblos of Ptolemy of Alexandria (the same Ptolemy whose cosmological system described the Sun, the Moon and planets as revolving round the Earth) detailed the functions of the Signs of the Zodiac and it is still a major source of astrological data. Where the early astrologers had contented themselves with making forecasts about floods and reading the king's future, the Greeks popularised astrology so that everyone could have his own individual horoscope. It was at this time that Western astrological ideas came to India (and Indian ideas travelled westwards). Varahamihira's *Siddhanta* contains words and references that can be traced back to Greece.

While a study of the night sky led the ancients to the discovery of Taurus, Aries and the rest of the bestiary, it led to a vastly developed mathematics including the decimal system, and our calendar. Aryabhata, in the 5th century A.D. calculated pye to 3.1416 and the length of the year to 365.35 days. He held that the Earth was a sphere, rotated on its axis and revolved round the Sun and that the shadow of the Earth falling on the Moon caused an eclipse. (His contemporary, Varahamihira, was the father of Indian astrology.) And all this amazing accuracy using devices for measurement that were no more advanced than those used by the inventors of the Zodiac!

The earliest method for plotting the movements of the planets was with the

IMPORTANT DATES IN ASTROLOGY

B.C.

c. 4200:	*Star charts drawn up in Egypt.*
c. 3000:	*Astrology practised in the Indus Valley.*
c. 2400:	*Sargon founds Agade: Semitic Empire; uses astrologer-priests for predictions.*
c. 1300:	*Ramses II fixes the cardinal points of the Zodiac.*
c. 700:	*Chaldeans plot planetary movements.*
c. 500?:	Jyotisha-Vedanga *compiled.* *Birth of Christ announced by the Magi, astrologers following a star.*

A.D.

c. 400:	*Astrology flourishes under the Guptas.*
c. 400:	*Great library of Alexandria dispersed and loss of many astrological texts.*
c. 600:	*Varahamihira studies the five* Siddhantas.
700-800:	*Arabs develop astrology using Indian and Western ideas.*
1125:	*University of Bologna founds Chair of Astrology.*
1225-30:	*Cambridge University founded; astrology taught there from 1250.*
1254-1324:	*Marco Polo; describes astrology in China.*
1265-1321:	*Dante; uses astrological imagery in his works.*
1340-1400:	*Chaucer, the first great English poet; poems contain more direct allusions to astrology than any other major work.*
1414-1484:	*Pope Sixtus IV: first of the great astrologer Popes.*
1473-1543:	*Copernicus; advances theory of Earth going round the Sun.*
1781:	*Uranus becomes eighth planet.*
1831-91:	*Helena Blavatsky; founds Theosophical Society and follows her own brand of astrological thought and has an immense effect on her public.*
1846:	*Neptune discovered.*
1889-1964:	*Nehru, first Prime Minister of Modern India; has birth charts cast for all his grandchildren.*
1930:	*Pluto discovered.*
1962:	*Conjunction of eight planets; Indian astrologers foretell end of the world.*
1971:	*Pandit Havelli Ram advises on new date for the elections.*
1980:	*Another major conjunction of planets expected and dire consequences foretold.*

A. A.

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Some Planets Which "Rule" Us

JUPITER was associated with the wine harvest, treaties, oaths and marriage rites. According to our own tradition, Jupiter (Brihaspadi or Guru) is the teacher of the gods.

THE MOON is linked with virginity, purity and even child-bearing. Blood-thirsty sacrifices were made to her. In Indian mythology the Moon is male.

MERCURY, the merchants' god. In Rome, one of his temples became a corn exchange. In India Mercury (Buddha) presides over learning, speech and the arts.

VENUS was first goddess of beauty and growth in nature but later became associated with love. Venus is Sukra in India—and a male. He is the teacher of asuras.

PLUTO is stern, pitiless, unmoved by sacrifices, festooned with cypress and narcissus, god of the dead and ruler of Hades. He was once worshipped as a giver of wealth.

URANUS, one of the three modern planets, was discovered in 1781 by William Herschel (Neptune 1840, Pluto 1930). Uranus is associated with disruption and sudden change.

MARS is the god of war and, in Rome, his function was to protect the state. During the summer, the Consul shook the sacred spears in his temple, crying: "Mars, Awake!"

NEPTUNE, the sea god, is the protector of sailors. With his trident, he could whip the sea to fury. He was worshipped at the time of drought. Originally an Italian freshwater god.

of natural rock formations, called *menhirs*. This led to more complex man-made stone arrangements such as Stonehenge in Britain —a megalith computer operated by Druid-programmers. Calculations were made on the alignments of the stones and the courses of the heavenly bodies could be plotted for the whole year. The Egyptians used sloping corridors in their pyramids as sighting tubes.

Later, observatories were built like the remarkable watchtowers of Babylon—the Tower of Babel was one—and the Caracol observatory of the Mayans which had windows approximating to the positions of the planets all round the year. Jantar Mantar and the Jaipur observatory are later examples. The reflector telescope and the radio telescope have led to great new discoveries in the universe, but these have not helped astrologers to change their minds about their subject, nor have Halley's comet, the Crab nebula or pulsars been included in their study of heavenly effects.

Despite a severe setback under the early Christian Church, astrology survived. The Arabs set up a library and an observatory in Baghdad and their most famous astrologer, Abu Maaschar, wrote a treatise on astrology that found its way into the mainstream of astrological thought.

In the early days of scientific discovery, in the 16th and 17th centuries, astrology was taught at universities together with theology. Galileo, Copernicus and Kepler were astrologers before they became astronomers. With Newton, astrology and astronomy finally parted company—never to meet again. The parting was particularly bitter for the astrologers who felt that they had contributed to the great ferment of ideas that led up to the Renaissance and the tremendous developments in medicine, chemistry and astronomy.

With the growth of the new sciences, man began to find the answers he needed to the problems of living. He began to understand the workings of the human body; he discovered that the Earth was not the centre of the universe; but, most of all, he learned that the acquisition of the new knowledge and control of his world did not require an act of faith, a willing suspension of disbelief. Man believed what could be demonstrated as being true. The influence of the planets and of religion began to wane. But neither of them died. Christianity, for instance, produced Protestantism and the work ethic. Astrology climbed onto the scientific bandwagon.

What does the new astrology have to say in the face of the overwhelming scientific evidence against it? First, it no longer takes cover behind the notion that it is revealed wisdom, the word of a prophet. Then, the new astrologers are trying to use scientific discoveries and experimentation to explain their subject. They quote in their defence the theories of a formidable range

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of scientific disciplines—radio astronomy, modern biology, molecular physics, etc. They collect statistical data to demonstrate the link between the planets and us. But, most disarming of all, they are prepared to admit that they are not a science—as yet—and they appeal to scientists to work with them.

How do planets, millions of light-years away, influence our lives? In one brave effort, astrology has turned to the study of cycles: the cycles of day and night, of the Moon's phases, the brain's output of electrical rhythms, trade cycles and so on. The Foundation for the Study of Cycles has statistical records of all kinds of cycles from all over the world.

Some of the similarities in these cycles are quite bizarre. For example, there is a distinct cycle with four-year "peaks" for such varied events as US stock prices, cheese consumption and the Arctic fox population. Some "clock" sets or triggers these cycles. Some of these triggering mechanisms are known—e.g. the migratory patterns of birds are set by the Sun, the brain's pulses are triggered by biochemical products. But the mechanism of many other cycles is not explained. Perhaps, says the astrologer, some cosmic force exists that influences single living organisms as well as social and historical events.

Harmony

John Addey, President of the Astrological Association of Britain, sees astrological effects as being based on the "harmonics of cosmic periods". He found that there were certain wave forms that were typical of certain groups of people. These, he feels, reflect their harmonious relationship with distant planetary events.

Astrologers also quote in their support scientific experiments in geophysics, medicine and biology which suggest some correlation between the planets and earthly events. In controlled experiments, biologists found that oysters open and shut their shells according to the phases of the Moon. Homing-pigeons in a planetarium set their course by the "constellations" in the planetarium. A German geophysicist found Uranus in a "significant position" at the time of earthquakes of a magnitude greater than 7. Dr N. Schutz, a Soviet scientist, kept detailed records for 15 years of the behaviour of white blood cells in the blood of a large number of subjects and found that variations in solar radiation exercise a profound effect on the corpuscles, leading to marked character and personality changes.

The American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynaecology carried a report of an experiment on 20 women with a history of chronic irregularity in their menstrual cycles. They were asked to keep the lights on in their bedrooms for three nights commencing on the 14th day of the cycle. All the women's cycles were regularised as a result of this "Moon substitute". There are other examples. So astrologers suggest there may be some driving forces behind all human behaviour, some forces will be near by and some as far away as Pluto.

Missing Links

They admit that all this is nowhere near proving the detailed links between man and the planets that they believe in, but it should none the less give pause to their critics, they say, and make scientists give serious consideration to astrology.

Having made some attempt to show how astrology works, they then set about telling us *why* it works. Am I going to lose the elections just because Saturn looks on with a baleful yellow stare? This is when astrologers have a sly dig at science. Take gravity, they say. It seems to have no physical link through "empty" space. We know how it acts but we do not know why. Or take cosmic repulsion. Or take the loop. No one knows for sure why it works but it does and it is one plank in our family planning programme. Mr Khadilkar might as well turn to astrology!

Astrologers speculate that there might possibly be some emissions from the planets

—Continued

Fools By Heavenly Compulsion?

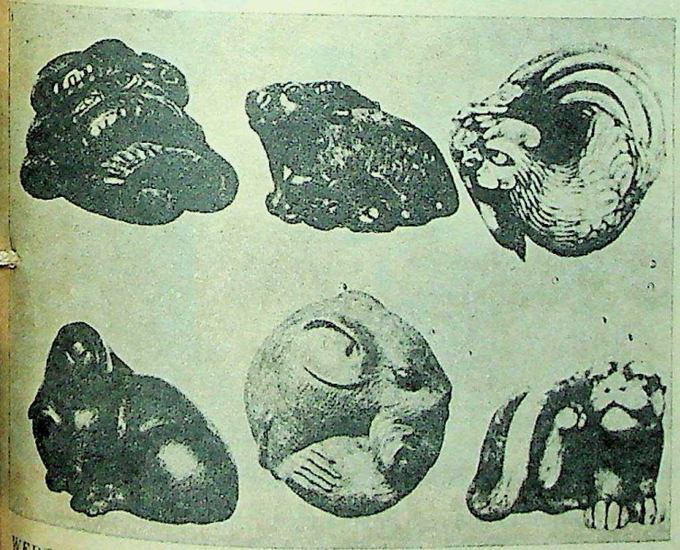
The new astrologers say that their ability to predict future events is limited because of their incomplete knowledge of how the world and the universe works and also because of the operation of the free will. They suggest, therefore, that astrologers should only predict broad trends—not specific events—to guide people in making their decisions.

In other words, predictions should be like weather reports. If the weatherman says "rain", you don't go out on a picnic. If the astrologer tells you that you tend to be highly strung and nervous, don't marry another Gemini—try a Libran or a Taurean. So now, thanks to the new astrology, you can believe in astrology and the free will at the same time.

This, of course, is also a neat way of getting over the old, old contradiction in astrology. If the astrologer were to say that under Jupiter something specific will happen to you, you can take counter-measures and then nothing will happen to you. Where then is Jupiter's influence? But if you were not told precisely what was going to happen, Jupiter and the free will would be acting at the same time and no one would know the difference!

For the record, the determinist or Karma school of astrology has it that the battle for the free will was lost long ago. Look, they say, at what the Vedas tell us. Or, if you prefer, look what Karl Marx did to history and Freud to your mind.

A.A.



WERE YOU BORN IN THE YEAR OF THE RAT OR OF THE GOAT? In Japan, as in China, all the signs of the Zodiac are animals. Seen here are the cock, the hare, the tiger, the goat, the rat and the snake. The ancient philosopher Confucius (551-448 B.C.) said: "Heaven sends down its good or evil symbols and wise men act accordingly." Right: A 13th century copy of the astrological treatise of Abu Maashar (805-885)—one of the greatest Arab astrologers—showing Mars in the Sign of the Ram in conjunction with Jupiter. The lower panel shows Saturn, Mercury, Venus, Mars and Jupiter.

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SCHOOLS OF ASTROLOGY

Indian astrology uses the sidereal Zodiac, the planets being observed against the background of the constellations rather than as they lie within the equal fields of the elliptic (the apparent orbit of the Sun). This is one of the major differences between Western and Indian astrology. Some Western astrologers have adopted this method.

Indian predictions are made on the basis of seven planets or grahas (Neptune, Uranus and Pluto not being generally used) and Rahu and Ketu, the ascending and descending nodes of the Moon. Can forecasts be taken as accurate without using the three "new" planets? Yes, said one astrologer, because we can arrive at approximately the same conclusions using data from the other planets.

Indian and Western signs of the Zodiac correspond to each other and the attributes and influences of the planets are similar in both systems.

The Western Way

In the Western system, the Zodiac is a band containing the 12 Zodiacal constellations. Once a year the Sun "passes through" 360° of the band. The 12 constellations that gave rise to the Zodiac are moving star groups of varying sizes, whereas the 12 Zodiacal signs are symbolic and occupy equal segments of the band.

Planetary influence is calculated on the basis of planetary positions in this Zodiacal band and their angular relationships with each other at the time of birth. There is some controversy among modern astrologers about the influences of the "new" planets: Neptune, Uranus and Pluto. But since they are all so far away from the Earth, they are generally believed to have influences over human generations rather than on individuals.

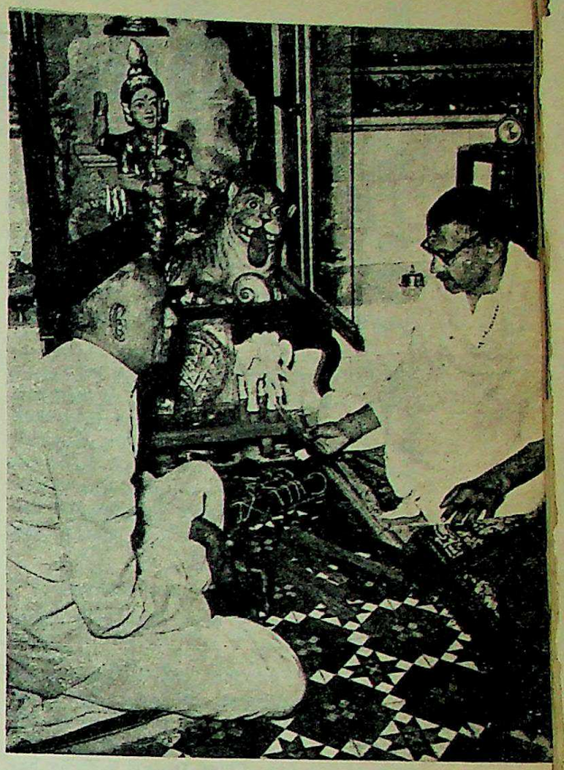
There is a Uranus school of astrology that uses an additional eight planets that no one—not even other astrologers—has heard about. One of these is called Cupido and another Poseidon. It is not difficult to imagine what kind of influences they will have on the Earth!

Yin And Yang

The ancient Chinese developed an astrological system quite independent of Indian and Western influence. According to them, the universe is divided into five "palaces" and there are five elements and five planets (plus the Sun and the Moon). Besides, everything is either Yang—male, bright and active; or Yin—female, dark and static.

When astrological ideas from the West travelled along the old trade routes to China, they were incorporated into the system but Chinese astrology retained its individual flavour. The 12 signs of the Zodiac are represented by animals—rat, ox, tiger, hare, dragon, snake, horse, goat, monkey, cock, dog and boar. These signs do not divide the sky, as in Indian or Western astrology, but divide the Equator, corresponding to the 12 double-hours that are used to measure the day. The astrologer's basic equipment was a Lo-king, or a magic disc, which was divided into six circles for foretelling the individual's future and after-life.

A. A.



THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME. A jyotishi reads his client's future from a palm-leaf manuscript. In this atomic age, we find Ministers acting according to the dictates of their personal astrologers, a resident palmist at a five-star hotel and a pandit advising a change in election dates.

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that we do not know about. These emissions at the moment of birth could cause a child to be an idiot or a genius or make the difference between your living in Rashtrapati Bhavan or in a chawl. After all, science doesn't know about all the various emissions pervading the universe, because the Earth is protected by its magneto-sphere and atmosphere.

Radiation was recorded from Jupiter only in 1954. Radio waves from Jupiter cannot be detected unless Jupiter is visible in the sky. So also waves, particles, vibrations—astrologers say there could be some physical link between the planets and us.

But if you think causality is a hang-up, try C. G. Jung. He hypothesised that causality was not the only operating principle at work in the universe and he propounded a concept that he called "synchronicity"—e.g. telepathy, in which physically unrelated events could be synchronously linked together. If no one else will have a dialogue with the astrologers, maybe the parapsychologists will.

Boom Unabated

Meanwhile, with their theories still hedged in with *ifs* and *perhapses*, the boom in astrology in India and elsewhere continues unabated. Why don't astrologers go back to their sextants and dividers, acquire some academic discipline and objectivity, and put their "science" on firm ground before making predictions for us? Well, for one thing, they have this hoary tradition and, for another, there are many of us who still want to set our lives according to the stars. So the astrologer, new or old, is here to stay.

In India, we are told, our politicians read the *Bhrigusamhita* before they learn the *Arthasastra*. We run ads for our sons and daughters saying: "Beautiful, fair, Kshatriya girl, double B.A. with Sun in 5th House. Boy wanted, caste and creed no bar, with Sun in 11th House." We eat and drink, work and pray or just plain do nothing because it is written in our *janmapatras*. If our Plans go wrong, we starve and blame Saturn's evil influence.

In the West, as they are wont to do, they've marketed the planets in convenient packaging. With names like Astroflash, Zodiatronics and an IBM computer, they turn out birth charts and day-to-day forecasts in the supermarkets. They even have courses for "do-it-yourself" horoscopes.

It is even whispered in astrological circles that there was such a favourable conjunction of planets when Mao's People's Republic was born that it could not have been a coincidence.

The aim of astrology, say the new astrologers, is quite simply to "know thyself" using their body of interpretative texts. These consist of an accumulation of ancient conclusions. Certain planetary positions were noticed at the time of certain earthly events and were taken as the cause of those events. These observations were set down and passed on from generation to generation. How astrologers came upon such interpretations as Libra's influence on one's kidneys can only be explained by saying that there occurred at various times a "creative leap" and these were added to the general store of "knowledge".

Now the planets have become associated with every aspect of human life. It is possible to draw up a horoscope for your car, for a racecourse, for your country. The only problem with, say, India's horoscope is deciding upon the time of birth. Was India truly born at midnight, August 15, 1947, or at some earlier Vedic date?

Magical Ritual

And so the music of the spheres goes on. The astrologer-guru chants his mantras of trines and aspects and oppositions and comes up with some generalised statements that could apply to all or none of us at the same time. And we, pious devotees, go back again for more of the magical ritual. Our hopes rise and fall with the planets because we will not accept responsibility for our own lives.

It looks as if astrology, with other things, is going to continue to be food for our emotional, non-rational natures. To adapt what someone said of God: If the planets did not exist, it would be necessary to invent them.

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Let Social Justice Be Done

by RAJNI PATEL

A commitment to progress, says the author, who is himself an eminent lawyer, is as essential for the Judiciary as it is for any other "organ of state power".

THE word "commitment" has been given a slanderous connotation. It has been mischievously used to condemn the supersession of three Judges of the Supreme Court and the elevation of Mr A. N. Ray as the new Chief Justice of India. The detractors of Government forget that the Supreme Court, like any other organ of state power, should be committed to

Justice, social, economic and political;

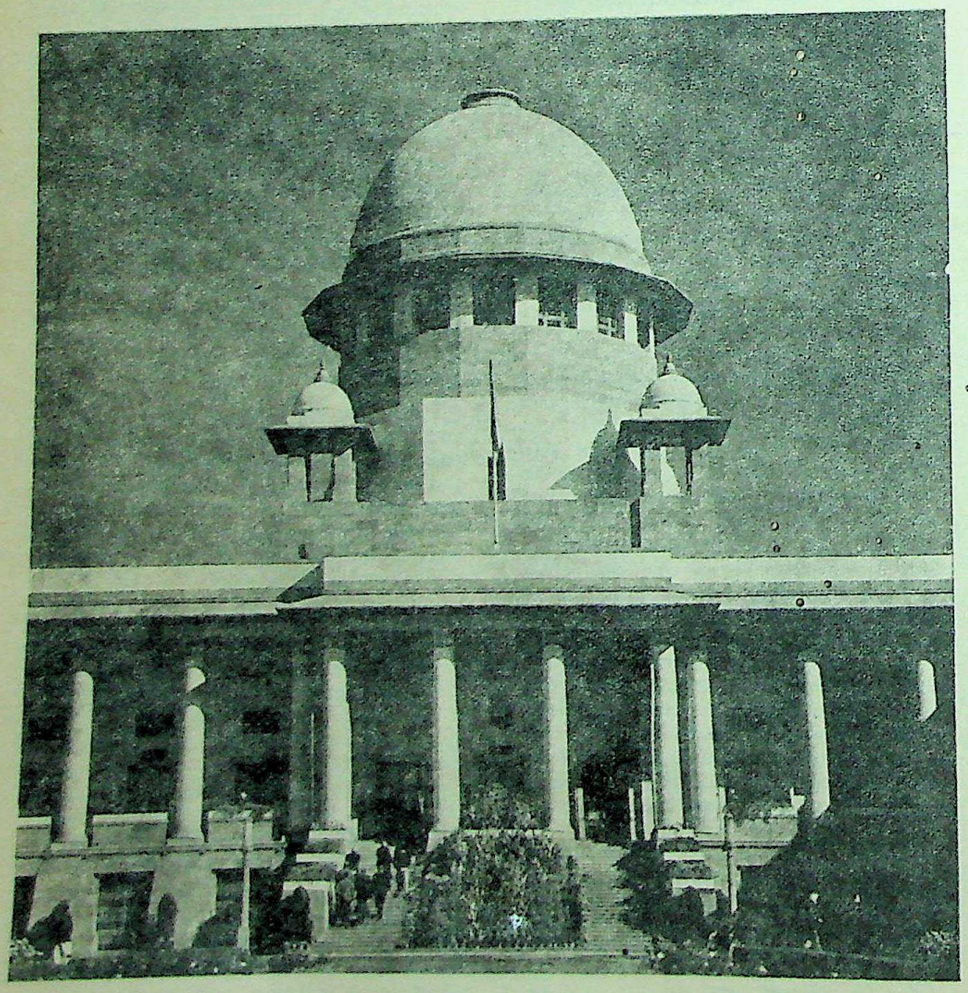
Liberty of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship;

Equality of status and opportunity.

The Constitution of India, by which everyone swears, contains provisions for the governance of the country. In the appointment of the new Chief Justice, nothing has been done outside of these provisions; and yet, judging by the organised protest all over the country, one would tend to think that a heinous and treacherous attempt has been made to subvert the Constitution.

Article 124 of the Constitution provides for the appointment of Judges of the Supreme Court by the President in consultation with the Chief Justice. No such provision exists in the matter of appointment of the Chief Justice himself. That is how the Law Commission recommended that seniority alone need not be the criterion for the appointment of the Chief Justice. Today, some of the signatories to this recommendation run down Government for the crime of having accepted their own recommendation: that the seniormost judge of the Supreme Court need not, as of right, become the Chief Justice.

The procedure followed for the appointment of the Chief Justice is fully in accord with traditions in acknowledgedly democratic countries like the United Kingdom, the United States of America, Canada and Australia. Democracy and judicial independence have survived in these countries despite the fact that such appointments in some of these countries are essentially political rewards. In none of these countries is seniority the only criterion for appointment as Chief Justice.



JUSTICE BEGINS AT HOME. The Supreme Court, New Delhi. The Western democracies do not place much store by seniority in the appointment of Chief Justices. In some countries—most notably the USA—the post is essentially a political reward.

Among the vehement critics of the new appointment are Mr S. M. Sikri, Mr M. C. Chagla, Mr M. C. Setalvad and Mr N. A. Palkhivala, all signatories to the Law Commission Report in 1958, which pleaded unhesitatingly for doing away with the principle of seniority in the appointment of the Chief Justice.

The Law Commission Report said: "It has frequently been observed that both in the selection to the bench of the Supreme Court as well as to that of the High Courts age and a certain amount of maturity are essential. It appears to us that this view not unoften favours experience at the expense of ability... It has been well recognised that seniority is not a consideration in making appointments to what has been called selection posts in Government service. More weighty considerations arise in making appointments to the Supreme Court... Prompt and unhesitating recognition should be given to merit and ability, regardless of considerations of seniority and experience."

What Mr Chagla, Mr Sikri and Mr Palkhivala say today goes against what they put their signatures to in 1958, when they were 15 years younger.

The Chief Justice, above everything else, should be endowed with qualities of leadership befitting the incumbent of the highest judicial office in the country. No such qualities of leadership were evident in the latest judgement of the Supreme Court in the Fundamental Rights Case. Instead of a majority judgement, given clearly and unequivocally, we have been handed down a series of judgements, the meaning of which has to be decided by the Constitution Bench.

Relic Of Feudalism

The concept of seniority succession is a relic of the feudal order where the seniormost member of the tribe succeeds the chieftain on his death. Luckily for us, retirement on attainment of a particular age has already been accepted by these very champions of seniority or else we would have been saddled with decrepit, senile Chief Justices who would vacate their august office only when relieved by death.

Of the three judges who have been superseded, Mr J. M. Shelat and Mr K. S. Hegde themselves had superseded other judges—as many as 40 in the case of Mr Hegde—when they came to the Supreme Court. They did not see anything wrong in that then.

Even today, no other member of the Bench—either in the Supreme Court or the High Courts—has protested against the supersession of the three judges. The vehemence of the protests by the judges affected by the change is, of course, understandable. It is but human.

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CHIEF JUSTICE AJIT NATH RAY took the oath of office on April 26. His appointment over the heads of three senior judges touched off a hornets' nest.

No one, least of all those who want the Judiciary to move with the times, would want "committed" judges if their commitment is to confusion, prejudice and blind support for tradition and the *status quo*.

The Prime Minister, Mrs Indira Gandhi, has openly declared that there is no attempt to do away with the liberties of the people, subvert the Judiciary, muzzle the Press and erode Parliamentary authority.

There is nevertheless a deliberate attempt to weed out from all positions of authority and influence patrons of vested interests, spokesmen of the 'status quo' and champions of monopoly interests who fatten themselves on the people's suffering and misery.

Winds Of Change

No one denies that the august men who have been superseded in the Supreme Court are men of ability. The trouble with them has been that they used their ability, not to defend the rights of the people, but the privileges of the few exploiters of social wealth. One has only to take into account the Supreme Court verdicts in the Golak Nath Case, the Privy Purses Case and the Bank Nationalisation Case. Did any one of the learned judgements in these cases ensure the rights and privileges of the people or even seek to give them what the Constitution promised them? Or did they strike at the root of the good of the masses? Not one of them took into account the winds of change and the social revolution that has been set in motion in the country.

The winds of change are reflected by the socio-economic measures adopted by the elected Parliament of the country. The Supreme Court has sat in judgement on three vital measures of socio-economic change mooted by Parliament in recent times. On all three occasions, the Court decided in favour of the vested interests and blocked all change. It was therefore but natural that Parliament should have come in conflict with the Supreme Court. Parliament has made it clear that it is the repository of the will of the people.

It can be conceded that a judiciary that is not elected will not be as responsive to the needs of the people and the will of the people as the elected government is. If the Judiciary does not act in broad consonance with the expressed will of the people, it can at least stop acting as a road-block in the implementation of the will of the people which an elected Parliament reflects.

A judiciary that consistently upholds the rights and privileges of the vested interests to the detriment of the people's aspirations is plainly outmoded and an anachronism in a dynamic, vibrant society yearning for change. In these circumstances, it is clear that Judges of the Supreme Court must be persons who understand the winds of change and recognise the sovereign power of Parliament.

It would be relevant to recall the struggle President Roosevelt had with the Supreme Court in the United States when he tried to push his New Deal measures through. Roosevelt was exasperated with the judgements of the Supreme Court because it went on consistently setting at naught his New Deal policies, which a vast majority of the people of the United States approved. It negatived social and economic legislation as violative of the "due process-

H. R. GOKHALE, Union Law Minister and a former judge who resigned from the Bench on grounds of inadequate pay, played a key role in Mr Ray's appointment.

es" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. Among the legislations so vested by the Court were: the Railroad Retirement Act, providing for a compulsory pension scheme for railroad employees; the Frazier-Lemke Act for the relief of farm debts; the National Industrial Recovery Act; the Bituminous Coal Conservation Act; and the New York Minimum Wage Law.

Taking advantage of four vacancies on account of death and retirement within a period of two years, Roosevelt tried to pack the Court with his own nominees. But Roosevelt was not the first American President to try to "pack" the Supreme Court. President Lincoln had gone on record as suggesting that "we could not ask a man how he would decide cases. If we did ask and he answered us, we would despise him. Therefore, we must appoint a man whose opinions are known."

From the time of George Washington down, the practice has been to ensure that a large majority of appointments to the Federal Judiciary were from party ranks to ensure that the President's programmes found support on the Bench.

Lincoln laid down the dictum for judges long ago. He said: "Our judges are as honest as other men and not more so. They have, with others, the same passions for party, for power and the privilege of their corps... Their power is the more dangerous as they are in office for life, and not responsible, as the other functionaries are, to the elective control."

Democracy Not Imperilled

Professor Schwartz, a distinguished American constitutional expert, said: "It should not be forgotten that, no matter how we may gloss over it, judicial review is basically an undemocratic institution. Through the exercise of its review power the Supreme Court may enable the will even of the great majority of the people to be frustrated."

In spite of all these harsh words about the authority and power of the Supreme Court of the United States, its prestige and authority have not gone down. Democracy too has not been imperilled because such sentiments have been aired there.

The parallel between the US and India goes further. It is relevant to recall what Roosevelt said at the time of his confrontation with the Supreme Court:

"When the Congress has sought to stabilise national agriculture, to improve the conditions of labour, to safeguard business against unfair competition, to protect our national resources, and in many other ways to serve our clearly national needs, the majority of the Court has been assuming the power to pass on the wisdom of these Acts of the Congress, and to approve or disapprove the public policy written into these laws. That is not only my accusation. It is the accusation of most distinguished Justices of the present Supreme Court...

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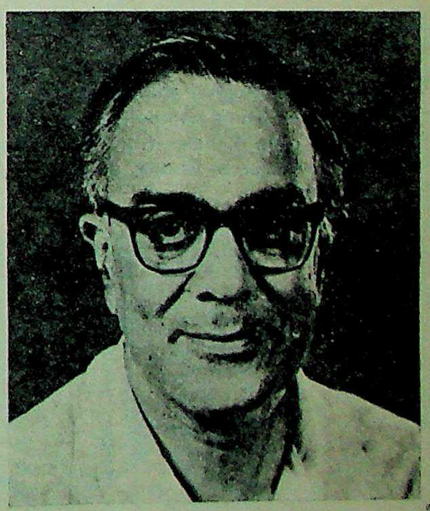

MOHAN KUMARAMANGALAM, Minister for Steel and Mines and a former CPI leader, is the other Minister whose advice is said to have led to the supersession. He feels Government has a right to appoint a Chief Justice who reflects its "political philosophy".

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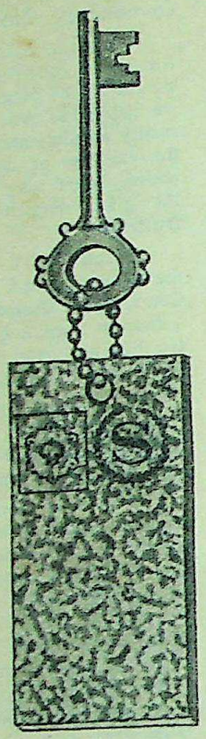

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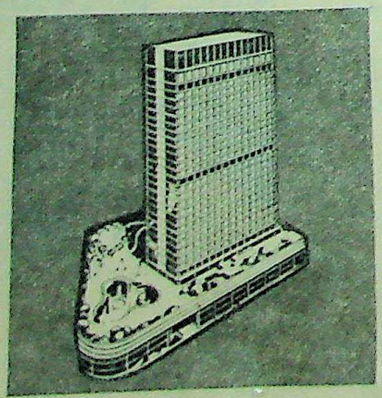

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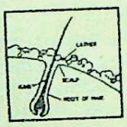

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Gujarat Vidyapith

The Gujarat Vidyapith, Ahmedabad, was started 43 years ago as a nationalist institution. Has it succeeded in propagating the Gandhian ideals of education?

by V. GANGADHAR

SCHOOL and college students of Ahmedabad stayed away from their classes on July 17 and 18 to mourn the death of Indulal Yagnik. They boycotted classes on July 26 to condemn the Simla Pact. On August 2, there was a hartal to protest against the Rs 5 increase in the SSC examination fees. On August 8, students once again quit classes to pay homage to martyrs and express their sympathy for their teachers, themselves on strike, demanding educational reforms. The students were led by a small group of self-styled leaders. They threw stones, attacked municipal buses and blamed it all on "police brutality".

The agitations, however, hardly caused a ripple in the 30-acre campus of Gujarat Vidyapith, where nearly 1,000 school and college students went about their normal routine of work and study.

This is, of course, in keeping with the character of the Vidyapith, which offers a literary-cum-labour-oriented education. The institution aims to build a new culture based on the traditions of the past, enriched with the experiences of later times.

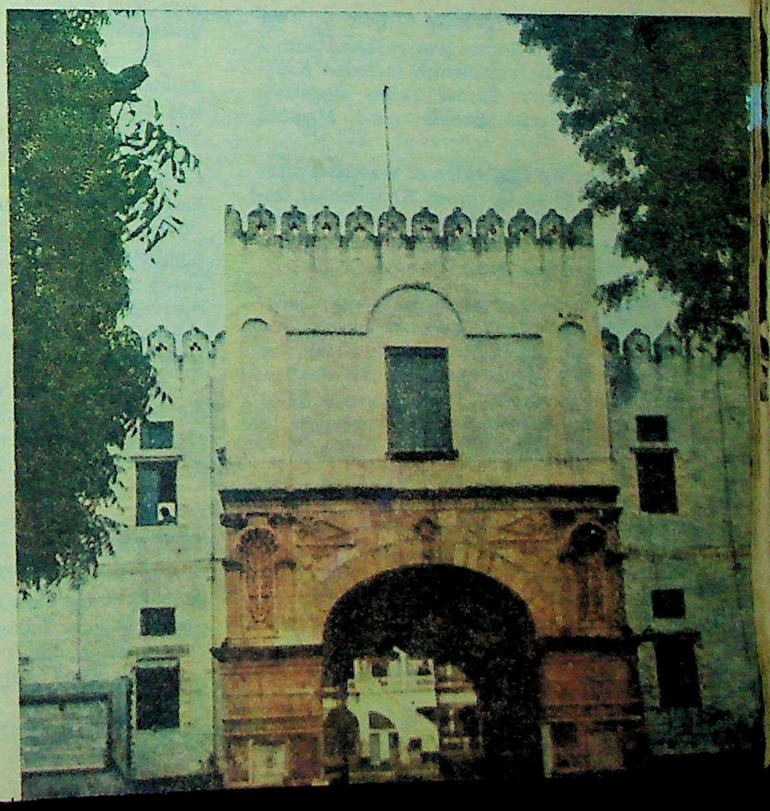
Mahatma Gandhi had written and preached that the existing system of education, based on a foreign culture and taught through English, strangled growth and weaned away students from their own culture.

The Indian National Congress adopted a resolution to this effect at its 1920 Calcutta Session. The same year the idea of a national

—Continued

"VAISHNAVA JANA TO..." *Students lead an austere life. They do the washing and cleaning and cook their own meals. Spinning and prayers are compulsory.*

THE PORTALS. Over 1,000 students are on campus in a term. The Vidyapith was started in 1929 with Mahatma Gandhi as Chancellor. Almost 70% of the candidates are Harijans and tribals.



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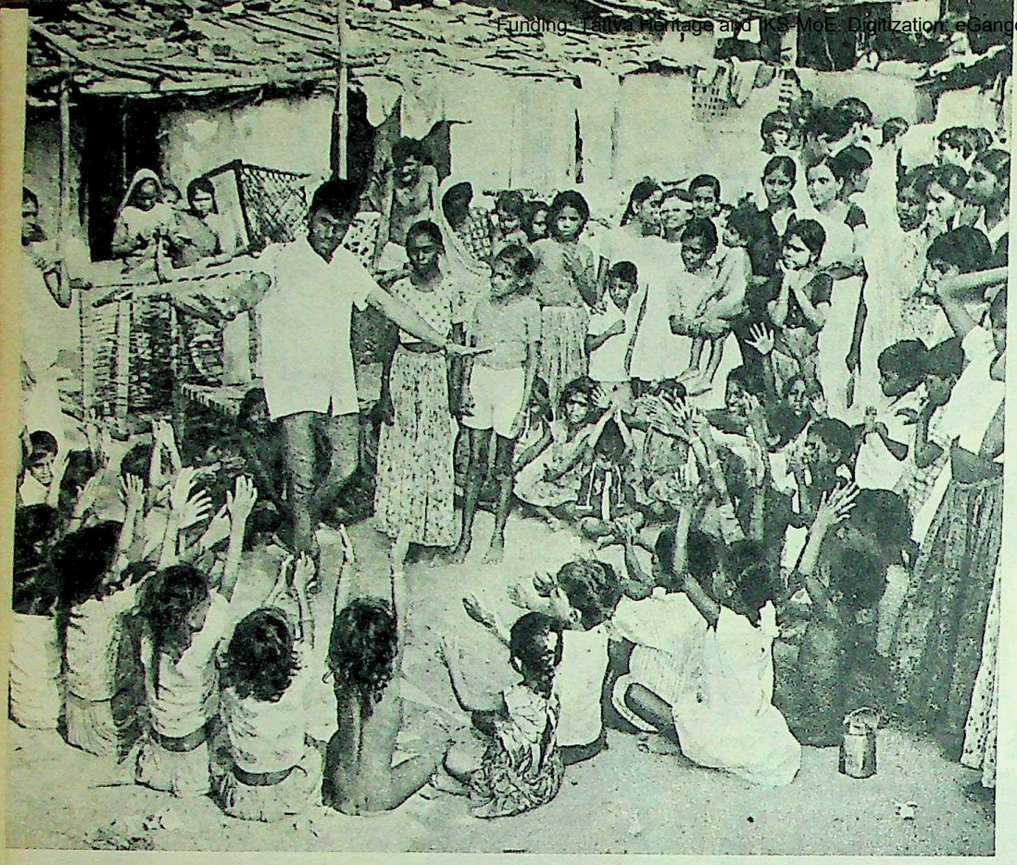

SOCIAL AWARENESS. Senior students visit slums daily where they teach knitting and sewing and give household hints to women. They sing, dance and play games with the children and even help settle disputes.

university in Gujarat was mooted at the Fourth Gujarat Political Conference in Ahmedabad.

The constitution for such a university was drawn up and approved by Gandhiji. On November 15, 1929, Gandhiji, as the first Chancellor of the Vidyapith, addressed the first batch of students.

A Rs 200,000 donation from Jamnagar's Pranjivandas Mehta helped in the acquisition of the 30-acre campus. Asdumal Tekchand Gidwani was appointed the first Vice-Chancellor of the Vidyapith and a 50-member Senate was formed.

In 1928 the Senate was replaced with a 12-member life trust which included Kakasaheb Kalelkar, Sardar Patel, Jugatram Dave, Shankarlal Banker and Maniben Patel.

Among the first batch of graduates were Andhra Pradesh Governor Khandubhai Desai, former Gujarat Chief Minister Balwantray Mehta and an implacable foe of English: Maganbhai Desai.

The campus was closed down in 1930 when teachers and students formed the *Arun Tukdi* (Dawn Brigade) to herald the Dandi march. When the British Government took over the Vidyapith two years later, they granted Gandhiji's request to protect the precious library.

In 1931, a social service centre was started at Bechasan, near Anand, to help the rehabilitation of tribals guilty of dacoity. With freedom in the offing, the Vidyapith started to expand. Mahadeva Desai College of Social Work (1947), Hindi Bhavan (1952), Teachers' Training College and Tribal Research Institute (1962) and Peace Research Centre (1971) followed.

The Vidyapith was recognised as a university and became eligible for grants in 1963. Between 1920 and 1930 it had received Rs 14 lakhs as donations.

Today, there are 300 undergraduates, 130 post-graduate students including research scholars, 150 teacher trainees and 400 school students. The undergraduates live in hostels on the campus.

Tribals and Harijans form nearly 70 per cent of the total strength. Surat, Panchmahals, Sabarkantha and Mehsana are the major feeding centres for over 300 boys and girls who apply for the 100 seats at the post-matric level.

Poverty and illiteracy cloud their background. Many of the students have just two sets of clothes. The Government scholarships barely cover their tuition fees and mess charges. A little extra cash comes from sale of the yarn they spin, the vegetables they grow and the carpets they weave.

The campus schedule is tight and discipline rigid. Up at 4.45 a.m., boys and girls sweep the campus, clean rooms and latrines, cut vegetables, make *chappatis* (40 in 20 minutes) and do calisthenics before assembling for prayers.

While spinning is compulsory for all, the Second Year students have the choice of one of the crafts: weaving, farming, pottery, carpentry and tailoring.

An early lunch consisting of *chappatis*, *dal*, vegetables and rice is wolfed down by the hungry lot who do their own washing up and mess management.

Mass prayer, another spinning stint and general lectures follow before the students troop to their classes. The Final Year students visit slums daily, teaching the children games and songs and the women knitting and other useful crafts. The visits help in eliminating prejudices and settling disputes among the various castes that occupy the slums.

The Vidyapith students, with an ashram school background, are accustomed to hardships and manual work. But the temptations of a city—films, restaurants and female company—are more complex problems. With near empty purses, they become frustrated spectators to the gaudy goings-on around. Fortunately, they have little time to ponder over indulgences.

The tribal youngsters with permissive surroundings behind them are a bit perplexed at the spartan suppression of sexual activities on the campus. The authorities are to be commended for creating an atmosphere in which boys and girls mix and work together without trouble.

The Vidyapith's charisma lingers long on its past and present students. Veteran educationist Jinabhai Desai fondly recollects the ideal student-teacher relationship, the free academic atmosphere as well as the pranks of the Sunlight Club (keeping one's clothes sparkling white even with a foreign soap) and the motto of the Gillanders' Club (offering tea to guests out of stolen milk and sugar!).

A more recent graduate, Mr Mukhi, Information Officer with the Gujarat State Finance Corporation, spoke of the dedication and sense of purpose of the Vidyapith set-up.

Then And Now

Veteran CPM leader Dinkar Mehta, sitting cross-legged like Buddha, extolled the high quality of teaching and the burning zeal that characterised the early Vidyapith: "There was ample scope for reading, discussion and exchange of ideas in an atmosphere of total freedom and equality."

Mr Jitendra Desai, Manager of Navjivan Press, calls his Vidyapith days "a great experience, a period which formed a man, his mind and character".

However, there is a feeling even among its admirers that the Vidyapith has outlived its time and purpose, particularly after realising all its earlier goals: basic education, regional language and Hindi as national language.

When Gandhiji overheard a comment even in 1936 that the Vidyapith had outlived its value, he retorted: "As long as I am the Chancellor and alive, I will teach monkeys, dogs and crows."

Jethalal Gandhi (68), associated with the Vidyapith since 1922, clearly sees a decline in values. "The spirit of suffering and sacrifice, the noble ideals, have all gone. Today, it is like any other university, with buildings, grants, examinations and so on."

Dinkar Mehta sees nothing but brick and concrete. "The Vidyapith is very much in the rat race for grants, students and recognition."

Much of the muted and open criticism is directed against the administrative set-up which is headed by a 24-member council made up of 16 life and 8 rotating members, nominated on a basis of seniority.

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As one critic puts it: "The system of eschewing elections worked well in the old days. With times changed, elections should be held rather than vesting old diehards with powers for a lifetime." Teachers resent they cannot elect their own representatives while old students seek an outlet for their views.

Politics is another touchy point. Many of the Vidyapith's past and present students resent the present Chancellor, Morarji Desai, using the Vidyapith as a forum to lambaste Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and extol the virtues of the now defunct Grand Alliance. While in Ahmedabad, Morarji Desai stays at the Vidyapith Guest House and often holds press conferences there.

That Vidyapith education has been a great boom to its alumni is freely acknowledged by the tribal and Harijan students. An 18-year-old girl from the backward areas of the Panchmahals district explained: "The villagers treat us with respect. We get better husbands and more chances to lead a decent life." The boys are in great demand as teachers and social workers in rural areas.

The Vice-Chancellor is less sure on the issue of politics. Himself an active member of Congress (O), Ramlal Parikh resigned as Registrar of the Vidyapith to organise the party's poll campaign in the State. He succeeded the late Thakorebhai Desai to the Vice-Chancellorship and immediately resigned as General Secretary of Congress(O).

In Gujarat where the Congress had had an uninterrupted innings and where khadiclad Congressmen have dominated every field, it is rather difficult to draw the line between Gandhian education and Congress politics.

The fierce political struggle in Gujarat University, where the Old Guard led by the late Maganbhai Desai, Thakorebhai Desai and Chimanbhai Patel fought hard to keep out liberal elements like Umashankar Joshi and the late Dr Vikram Sarabhai, had its inevitable repercussions on Vidyapith politics. Students and teachers at the Vidyapith made it clear that no attempt was ever made to indoctrinate them even during the bitter days after the Congress split. When some of the students wanted to campaign for the Vice-Chancellor Thakorebhai Desai during an Assembly poll, it was made clear that they would be marked absent.

Many of the school and college teachers live in the campus and pay nominal rents for accommodation. The latter are paid the UGC scales and enjoy excellent facilities for study and research. The working hours and the class strength are limited. Yet they chafe under many restrictions, some of them very silly!

Campus wives and children have not taken kindly to the directive on the compulsory wearing of khadi ("Didn't the great C. F. Andrews always meet Gandhi in an immaculate suit of foreign material even while the latter was engaged in burning imported cloth?") Teachers ridicule restrictions on the wearing of pants and directives that guests be offered buttermilk rather than tea and not served with such "costly" dishes as fruit *shrikhand*!

Only Rs 75 A Month

However, the major complaints revolve around the unitary kind of administration with all powers vested in the Vice-Chancellor and the rule that emoluments from examinerships, radio talks and book reviews be handed over to the institution:

"We do not even get income-tax receipts for the sums handed over. This one rule has created dishonesty and hypocrisy among teachers." The campus faculty pointed out that tight-fisted Gandhiji was prepared to pay a much higher salary to Darmamand Kosambi from Harvard University while the average Vidyapith teacher was making only Rs 75 per month.

Ramlal Parikh's arguments that the rule is enforced to bring about a sense of sacrifice cut no ice. However, there are chances that this restriction may be relaxed.

Two outstanding features in the campus are the Vidyapith Library and the Tribal Research Institute. The former, established in 1920, has nearly 1,79,000 volumes. There are many rare books on Indian Culture, Art, Literature and Anthropology. The library has 6,000 members, receives 481 magazines and 17 dailies and has all the back copies of the *Harijan*, *Young India* and *Navjivan*. There is a special section on Gandhian Thought.

The Tribal Research Institute has trained nearly 500 Government officers for posting in tribal areas, conducted surveys on tribal dialects, prepared lexicons and completed 26 research projects on the State's 3.7 million tribals. It has a specialised library of 3,000 volumes, 800 transparencies and 18,000 photographs.

The Institute offers fascinating details on the life and habits of the tribals. The Kotwalias of Surat, for example, are the most backward and are even scorned at by fellow tribes because of their alleged habit of eating carrion and subsequently developing skin diseases!

The museum with more than 1,000 exhibits covers a bewildering variety of tribal life, like symbols, statues, weapons, musical instruments, costumes, jewellery and so on.

Gandhiji had said in 1931: "Through the Vidyapith we want to reach our villages. Our students should have an uppermost desire in their hearts to go back to villages and serve their communities."

This fond hope of the Mahatma has been more than fulfilled by the efforts of the Vidyapith students who have partially helped in bridging the gulf between the town and the village.

Acharya Kripalani had once stated that his experience at the Vidyapith had given him the courage to say "No". It is this atmosphere that helped in producing a galaxy of great men and leaders.

The Vidyapith could surge further forward with a more active participation in inter-university sports and other competitions. Exchange of visits with other universities will also help.

Relaxation of the irritating restrictions could attract academic talent from all over the country. The governing body should be made more representative with elections replacing nominations.

IT HAS TO BE GOOD—WE MADE IT: There are 300 undergraduates, 130 post-graduates, 150 teacher trainees and over 400 school kids. Government scholarships are meagre. Pocket money comes from the yarn they spin, vegetables they cultivate and carpets they weave.

HU...TU...TU...TU...TU... Although politics have not so far entered Vidyapith games, they are influencing campus life to a troublesome extent. Also, rules like wearing only khadi or being ostracised for wearing trousers are annoying students and teachers alike.

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Ustad Alauddin Khan (1862-1972)

Music in its pure form is essentially spiritual. The tradition of Indian classical music has been enriched by such musician-saints as Swami Haridas, Surdas, Tansen, Pandit Vishnu Digamber and others. Ustad Alauddin Khan was also a saint. He had attained the higher plane of spirituality transcending the narrow limits of caste, creed and community. His immense compassion embraced animals, birds, insects and even plants.

by Dr SURESH VRAT RAI

MEDINA BHAVAN at Maihar, named after Ustad Alauddin Khan's wife Medina Begum, has turned into a pilgrimage centre for the lovers and students of music. The Khan Saheb settled here after leaving Rampur 50 years ago. The house is surrounded by rows of *tulsi* plants. Inside, coloured pictures of the Hindu pantheon adorn the walls. There is a cowpen and a lot of birds. One could always find the Ustad patting some calf or cow, talking to or absorbed in listening to some bird. He very often said: "The twittering and fluttering of birds, every movement of nature, has its own rhythm and music."

The Khan Saheb's father, Ustad Sadhu Khan, and mother, Har Sundari, played significant roles in moulding his career. Alam (the original name of the Ustad) was born on October 8, 1862, at Shivpur, Tripura. Sadhu Khan was a sitarist taught by Ustad Qasim Ali Khan, the renowned *beenkar* and *rababia* of Tripura Court. As a farmer, Sadhu Khan was busy most of the time in the fields. Yet he used to practise regularly. Ragas and raginis like Chayanat and Shuddha Kalyan left a permanent impression on young Alam. Har Sundari Debi was a pious lady. She influenced her sons.

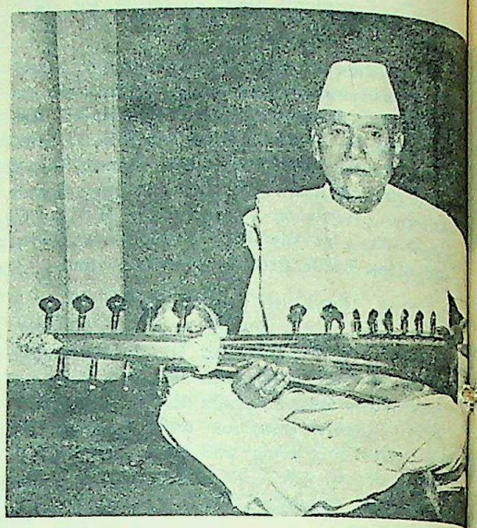
Alam was sent to the local *maktab* (school) but spent his school time in a temple, listening to devotional music. Sadhu Khan sent Alam to his sister's place, but there was no improvement. His attempt to run away from home was foiled. In exasperation the parents married him to the eight-year-old Medina.

In Calcutta

While the family, wedding guests and the bride were all fast asleep, Alam left home with a small package of coins and set out for Calcutta.

In Calcutta, while he was asleep on a footpath, his purse was stolen. Poor Alam was at his wits' end. He began walking and reached Dakshineshwar Temple. But he could find no one to help him. As he quietly sat at the steps of the temple, the priest, Pandit Gadadhar Bhatt, noticed him. The priest's wife, Sharda, gave him two *puris* and some *halwa*. In the course of the next few months, he came to know the couple.

Young Alam also came to know Narendra Dutta—later to be known as Swami Vivekananda. Naren was a lover of *dhrupad* and himself a *pakhawaj* player. The priest was later to become known as the great Ramakrishna Paramahamsa.



THE MUSICAL GENIUS who was a master of the sarod, sitar, veena, sur-singar, shehnai, rabab, mridang and tabla, as well as the violin, cornet and clarionet. He was also a mystic. In Hindu thought, music is "Nada Brahma". In Sufism, music is the reflection of "Nawai Sarmadi" (Divine Melody) which pervades the Universe. "Baba's" mysticism was a throwback to Bhakti and to that particular Sufism of medieval rural Bengal which had freely employed Hindu terminology and also created rich Murshidi and Maarfati (mystical) music.

THE MAIHAR BAND. "Baba" adopted these musicians when they were helpless youngsters —they had become orphans in an epidemic. "Baba" brought them up and trained them. They became famous for their accomplishment. They are not full-time musicians—they follow the humble trades of farmers, tailors, etc. Yet they have 2,500 compositions to their credit.

Once again, Alam set out in search of an *ustad* but, instead, landed up in a hospital. Here he happened to meet Bireshwar Roy, a landlord, who had been admitted in the hospital for treatment. Bireshwar Roy introduced Hadua (Alam's nickname) as "Manmohan Dey" to the renowned musician Neelu Gopal. Alam learned how to play the violin from Habu Datta, cousin of Swami Vivekananda. The Negro bandmaster of Eden Gardens taught him how to play the clarionet.

Habu Datta introduced Alam to the famous dramatist, Girish Ghosh. "Manmohan Dey" was appointed a drummer in Minerva Theatres on a salary of Rs 32 per month. This time his name was changed to "Prasanna Kumar Biswas".

Devoted Disciple

Neelu Babu died after some years. Alam had gained fame as a violinist. Once, in the court of Raja Manindra Pratap of Kashipur, he listened to a sarod recital by Ahmad Ali Khan Beenkar. He gave up the job of drummer and began to live with Ahmad Ali Khan as his devoted disciple. Ahmad Ali was a conservative professional musician. He allowed Alam only to listen and to accompany him on the *tabla*. Alam cooked, cleaned and served round the clock. Out of his monthly income of Rs 12, Alam gave Rs 10 to the Ustad and himself lived in poverty. Whenever Ahmad Ali Khan went out to teach his students, Alam played the Ustad's compositions on the sarod. Ahmad Ali

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Khan taught all he knew and advised Alam to approach Ustad Wazir Khan of Rampur for advanced training.

Ustad Wazir Khan had become a legend in his lifetime. It was very difficult to get the Ustad as a teacher. Alam made all possible efforts for six months but failed. The desperate young man decided to make a final effort. 'Either I succeed or I'll commit suicide!' he resolved. One day, when H.H. the Nawab's car was passing by, Alam lay himself down on the road, a little opium clutched in one hand. Thus he attracted the notice of the Nawab, who stopped his Rolls. Alam requested His Highness to recommend him as a pupil to the inaccessible Ustad. The Nawab was greatly moved and recommended Alam to Ustad Wazir Khan. The Master accepted him as a pupil, reluctantly, and asked him to play the sarod with his left hand.

The devoted disciple practised for hours at night—as the day was spent in learning and serving the Ustad. The neighbours were disturbed. They threw brickbats at the house where the strange young man was staying. Every morning, when Alam came out of his room, he found heaps of brickbats scattered in the courtyard! Finally, he began to wrap a thick cloth round the strings of the sarod so as to make it soundless during the *riyaz*. Wazir Khan was greatly impressed by the genius of his disciple. He passed on his art liberally to the devoted *shagird*.

Alam was given his present name, Alauddin Khan, after completing his training at Rampur. His first performance at Calcutta was so successful that he was unanimously acclaimed as an outstanding sarod player.

His Highness Brijnath Singh, the ruler of Maihar, was attracted by the reputed Ustad. He sent his private secretary to bring Alauddin Khan on any terms acceptable to the Ustad.

Alauddin Khan shifted from Rampur to Maihar in response to the invitation. Brijnath Singh not merely honoured the Ustad but also submitted himself as his disciple. The Khan Saheb promised to stay in Maihar till his last breath.

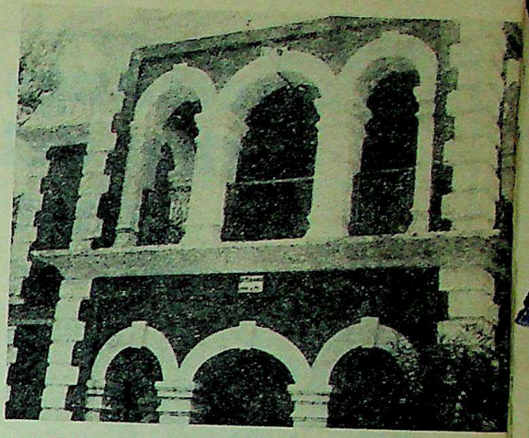
Once, while the Maharaja was learning, he could not follow the lesson promptly. The outraged Ustad threw at him a hammer which injured his royal disciple's fingers. The Khan Saheb later realised what he had done and decided to escape from Maihar. He was about to board the train bound for Calcutta when he found the Maharaja standing on the railway platform—with folded hands—reminding him of his promise. The Ustad returned home.

At the Lucknow Music Conference, Ustad Alauddin Khan appeared with his inimitable Maihar Band of promising youngsters who became serious rivals to the Rampur Band.

The Maihar Band was a living expression of the constructive social service rendered by the Khan Saheb. The outbreak of an epidemic after the First World War swept away the entire village population. The Khan Saheb was distressed. He adopted the orphaned children and brought them up at his expense. He gave them toy instruments. Then he trained them as musicians.

Ustad Alauddin Khan visited Greece, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Belgium, France, England and the USA as the Director of Orchestra of Uday Shankar's Troupe. Leading institutions and associations of music honoured themselves by conferring titles on the Khan Saheb. "Deshi Kottam" by Shanti Niketan, "Aftab-i-Hind" by the Tansen Sangit Samiti, "Sangitacharya" by Bhatkhande University of Hindustani Music, Lucknow, "Sangit Nayak" by the Maharaja of Maihar and Padma Bhushan by the state.

The Khan Saheb distinguished himself as a wonderful teacher. He produced a galaxy of disciples. His son, Ali Akbar Khan, is a highly gifted instrumentalist. Alauddin Khan was also the guru of his son-in-law, Pandit Ravi Shankar. Among his 700 disciples may be mentioned his own daughter Annapurna (Mrs Ravi Shankar), Sharan Rani Mathur, Panna Lal Ghosh, Timir Baran, Sheela Ratna and R. N. Ghosh. The Ustad always felt proud of his family of devoted disciples.



MEDINA BHAVAN, Maihar, where "Baba", who died last month at the age of 110, lived for fifty years. It is named after Alauddin Khan's wife, Medina Begum. "Baba" is buried in the Bhavan's compound.

The Ustad evolved new instruments like *Sur Sitar, Chandra Sarang* and *Nala Tarang*. New ragas and raginis like Tilak Manjh, Hem Bihag, Manjh Khamaj, Hemant, Madan Manjari and Chandranandan were introduced by him.

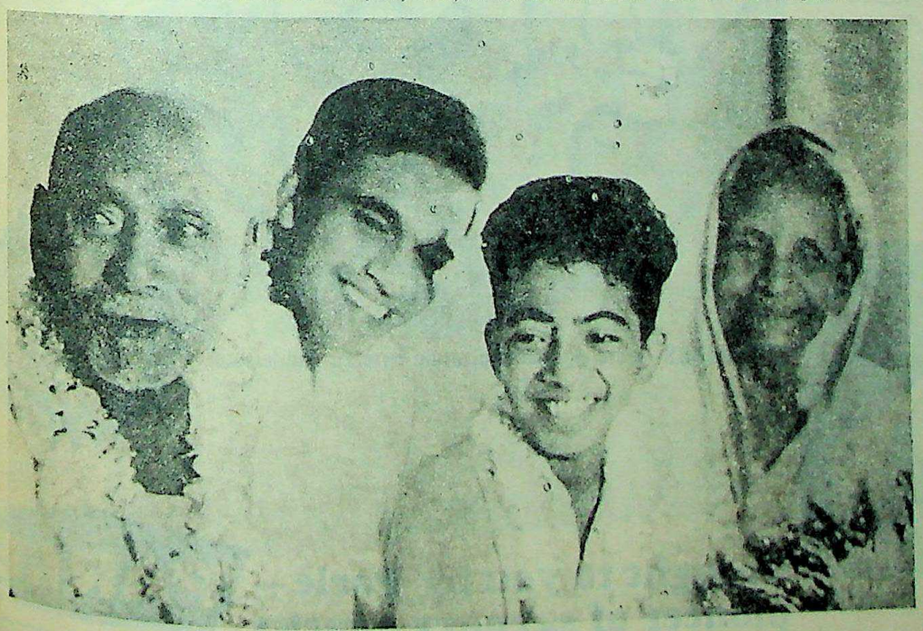
Alauddin Khan Saheb dedicated himself and his art to Sharda Ma, considered the incarnation of Durga. The visitors going to Medina Bhavan will notice the temple of Sharda Ma on a hill. One has to climb 560 steps to reach the temple. Even healthy young men start gasping after 150-200 steps. Ustad Alauddin Khan had been a regular visitor here until his health failed. **He also went to the four dhams: Badrinath, Rameswaram, Dwarka and Jagannath on pilgrimage. He visited Mecca and Medina and performed the pilgrimage of Haj. Everywhere he experienced the same "Divine", irrespective of name, form or external mode of prayer.**

The Khan Saheb built a mosque in his native village in Tripura district. He collected funds for its construction by going from door to door. He himself worked with the labourers in scorching heat and built the mosque.

Ali Akbar tried to get Medina Bhavan electrified but the Khan Saheb declined. He lived in perfect harmony with nature, looking at it face to face. He did not like the intervention of artificial comforts like electrification. Even deadly cobras were as adorable to him as harmless birds. Those living in Medina Bhavan frequently saw a coiled cobra facing the old Ustad, who was absorbed in playing the sarod.

Alauddin Khan was an expression of the Divine, both in respect of his art and in his life. He was perhaps the last link with the glorious tradition of our musician-saints.

"BABA" WITH GRANDSONS SHUBHO SHANKAR AND ASHISH KHAN AND WIFE MEDINA BEGUM. Shubho Shankar is the son of the Ustad's daughter Annapurna (herself an outstanding sitarist married to Ravi Shankar). Ashish Khan is the son of "Baba's" son-and-heir Ali Akbar Khan. Ashish Khan has become a noted sarod player. Ali Akbar runs a successful music school in San Rafael, California. Ashish Khan lives in Los Angeles.



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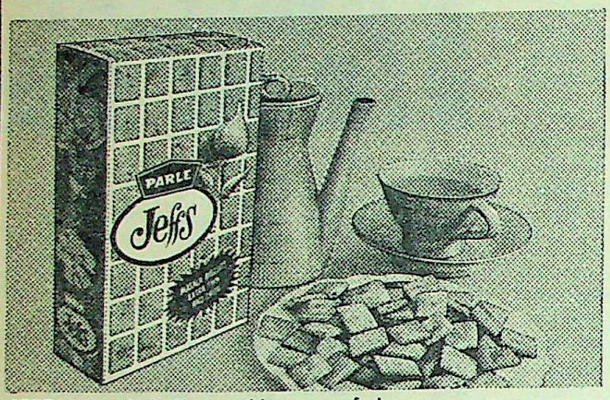
cheeslings! munch 'em. crunch 'em. that delicious cheesy flavour... that delightful crackle...

This—and 4 more savoury snacks—from Parle



JEFFS—exotic in flavour, thin as a wafer!

ORLE—the tasty munch with a spicy crunch!

FUNIONS—the onion treat that's fun to eat!

SPIN-H – with spinach that's great for any party or date

CHEESLINGS—crackling cheese pleasure for party and leisure!

GOLD MEDAL
WORLD SELECTION
WORLD SELECTION AWARD, BRUSSELS

Brought to you by Parle—pioneer of savoury snacks.

PARLE

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of over Rs 5,000", whereas the caption to the photograph on Page 11 says that "only 3 million of our 550 million have an income of over Rs 5,000". It should be 3 million out of 110 million (if a family is counted as 5 persons).

"Doing a Japan" or, for that matter, "doing an America or a Sweden" implies, among other measures, "reducing the population by birth-control". The problem then shifts from an economic to a psychological plane. America, Sweden and certain other countries have juvenile delinquency, drug addiction, broken homes, etc., and have placed the blame for this squarely on women.

If Dr Mehta can find an answer to our financial ills without interpolating birth-control, sane people will listen to him.

Belgaum — Captain J. S. DE SILVA

Sir—Dr F. A. Mehta and Kamla Suri, relying on contradictory statistics, differ on the percentages of those under the poverty line. Dr Mehta also places together the differing figures of Dr Ojha and those of Dandekar and Rath.

Certain policies of Government have obstructed the development of natural and human potentials—particularly land (20.8 million hectares of which are fallow and 16.6 million hectares idle) and labour (of which at least 30 million are unemployed). Though Kamla Suri quotes Gunnar Myrdal's conclusion that Indian planning has divorced production from employment opportunities, no solution is offered.

Mangalore — J. M. LOBO PRABHU

Sir—No "development corporation" and "tax structure revision" or even the more brilliant ideas put forth by our economists can save the nation unless every Indian—from the top management down to the unskilled labourer and from Minister to the lowest ministerial staff—feels within himself the *urge* to practise honesty.

Our projects have not failed, it is we who have failed to act as honest human beings.

Jamshedpur — LALITA SITARAM

Too Many Ads

Sir—What the hell do you give for a hard-earned rupee? Out of 80 pages, ads on 40 pages!

Thana — VASANT GANDHI

Sir—Do we pay one solid rupee for being told which soap to bathe with, which suiting to wear and which toothpaste makes our teeth whiter? Reader M. S. Raju would seem to have been day-dreaming when he wrote (September 10) that these eighty pages of rubbish could be resold at their original price! If anything I would be ashamed to send this magazine to any friend abroad.

New Delhi — ASHOK PAHWA

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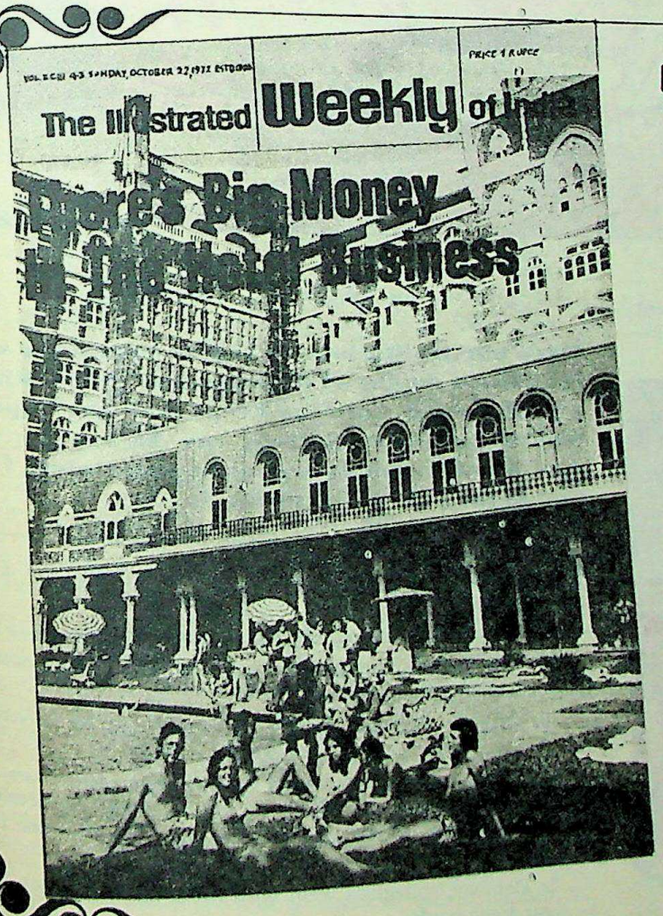
COVER: "Corruption in Universities" is designed by P. S. Sathe. Photograph by Balkrishan.



NEXT WEEK

THERE'S BIG MONEY IN THE HOTEL BUSINESS: J. I. S. Kalra makes a study of the industry: costs, problems, facilities, service. With photographs, including a fabulous centrespread: "The Maharajah Treatment".

BORED WITH PORNO: Does overexposure spoil the fun? Yes, say the Danes who are sick of pornography because they've had a surfeit of it. Illustrated.

SLUMS OF INDIA: What is being done to eradicate them? By Jagmohan, Vice-Chairman of the Delhi Development Authority.

GLIMPSES OF OLD LUCKNOW: Nawab Bannan, a pioneer Indian photographer, and S. Haider Abbas Musavi Safavi recapture its charms.

FIVE IRON SPIKES: Story by Anurag Mathur

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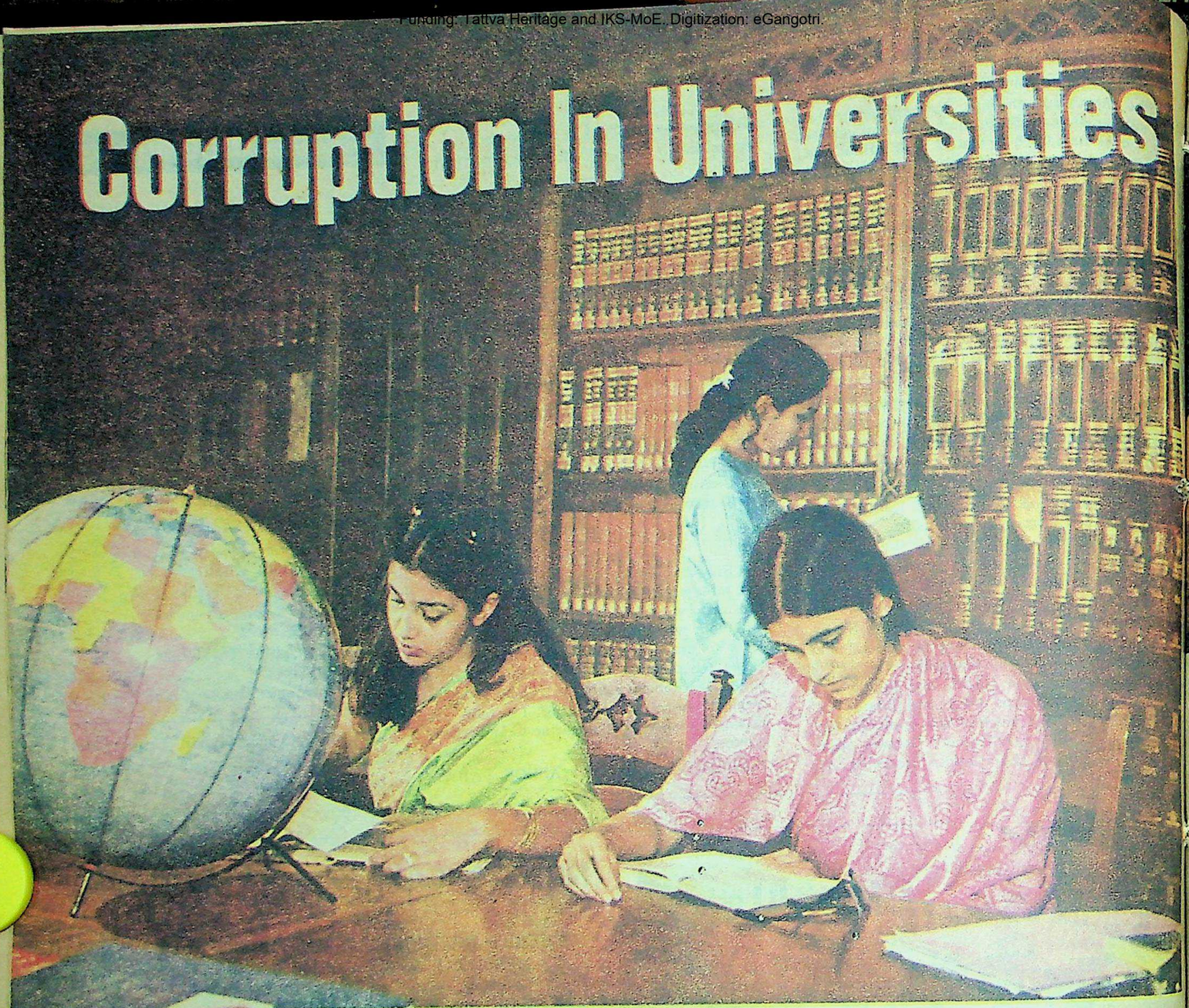
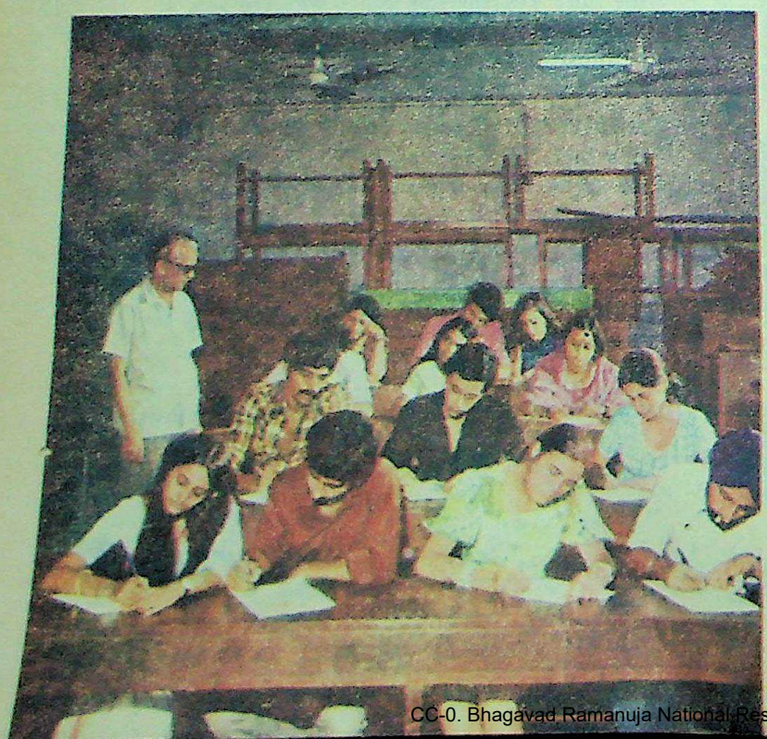
Corruption In Universities



THEY'LL GIVE THE WORLD FOR A DEGREE. Examinations—if and when they are held—are a farce. They make no real assessment of a student's knowledge—only of his ability to cram. Mass copying, the "in" phrase for cheating, is now the rule.



by BACHI J. KARKARIA

Have our institutions of higher education sunk to the lowest depths of degradation? Politicking gets a professor in—intrigue keeps him out. Papers are leaked for a fee; degrees can be bought; results manipulated. Funds are misappropriated. Corruption is the rule at every level.

IN Aligarh, a Vice-Chancellor was almost killed by a mob of students.

In Bihar, Senate meetings often degenerate into brawls.

In the Punjab, invigilators are insured against stabbing by *kirpan*-wielding examinees.

In Calcutta, students walked, *en masse*, out of an examination hall because they were not allowed to cheat.

In Indore, students garlanded the Registrar with shoes when the university debarred the Head of the History Department from evaluating papers because a number of his relatives were taking the exam.

In Bombay, collegians went on a rampage demanding their right to wear tight pants.

How much lower can higher education get?

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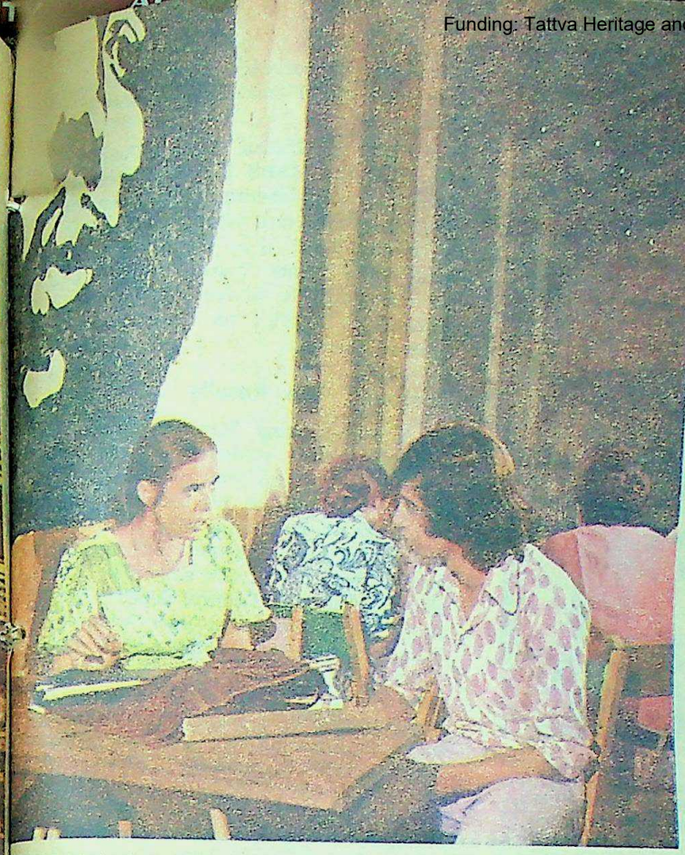
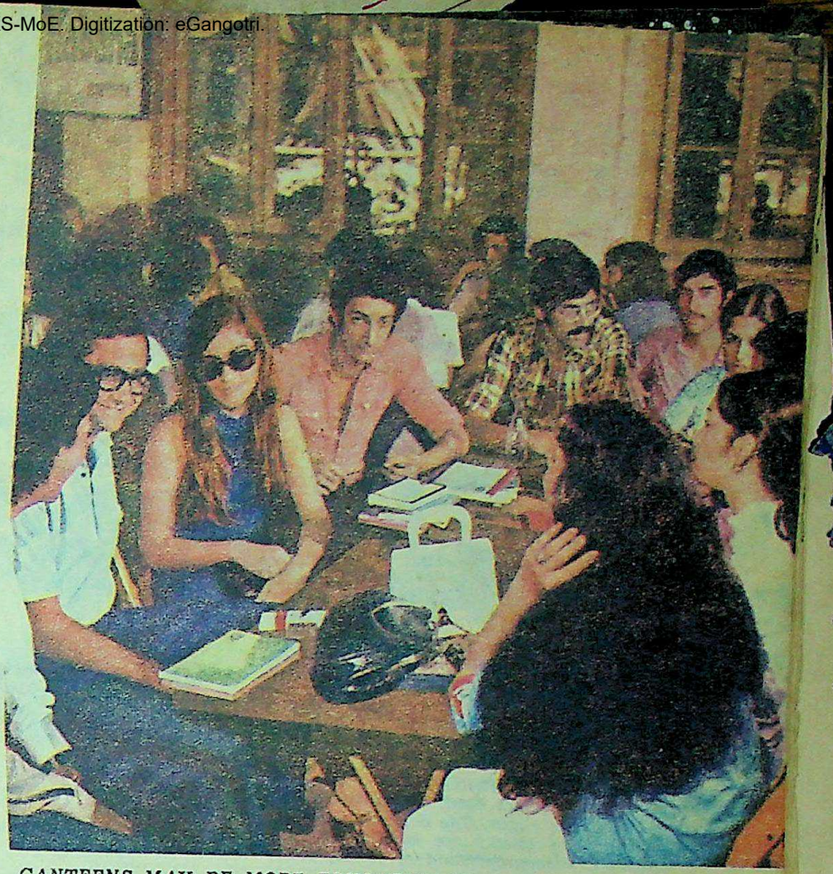


HEROISM IS A POP SINGER. Jimi Hendrix (who, above, watches over a college canteen), Che Guevara, Mao Tse-tung are the modern-day heroes of youth. Students have become pawns in the vicious game of politicians. Student unions, dominated by one political party or another, are powerful bodies constituting almost a parallel government in colleges.



CANTEENS MAY BE MORE EDUCATIVE THAN CLASSROOMS. Fashionable colleges can offer facilities like well-equipped libraries, laboratories, a lower student-teacher ratio. The rest—and they are the majority—are little more than cattlesheds: 100-150 students are herded into one class. Lectures are dull monologues—with no student participation. The syllabus too is overcrowded and often outdated.

Well, gentlemen, you asked for it. You wanted to topple the ivory tower and force education to fall in step with realities. So here you are! Your universities are part of the mainstream—as enmeshed in intrigue, politicking and corruption as any other institution around you. You must cheat to get in, cheat to get transferred, cheat to get out. The student gets his grades. The examiner gets rich. Everyone is happy. So who's complaining?

Come July and the queues begin. Everyone wants a degree, for without it you cannot get a job or a husband. This overcrowding—with the resultant lack of facilities—has turned our colleges into little more than educational slums. The authorities have to draw the line somewhere, so they lay down a minimum grade for admission. This does not really debar the dud. All he has to do is buy a bogus certificate or a forged marksheet. In Patna University, five admissions were cancelled and nine Examination Board employees suspended for tampering with the relevant tabulation registers.

Photographs by BALKRISHAN

In July 1972, after the Higher Secondary Examination results had been announced, 104 uncorrected answer books were discovered in a Jabalpur hotel. An examiner had stayed there and run up a bill of Rs 586. Unable to pay, he left 18 answers books as deposit with the Manager and went away, promising to bring the money shortly. When he didn't turn up, the room was opened and 86 more answer papers were found. Missing papers hadn't deterred the Examination Board. They had simply allotted marks to these candidates on the basis of their performance in other subjects!

In Bombay, tutorial classes, which promise you "Success with Flying Colours", can get you a First Class for Rs 4,000. And if your engagements make it inconvenient for you to attend the examination, they'll even provide you with a proxy. Being socialistic—and shrewd businessmen—they offer a discount rate of Rs 300 to the poor student. But then this degree is bound to be slightly shop-soiled and without the gilt-edged guarantee.

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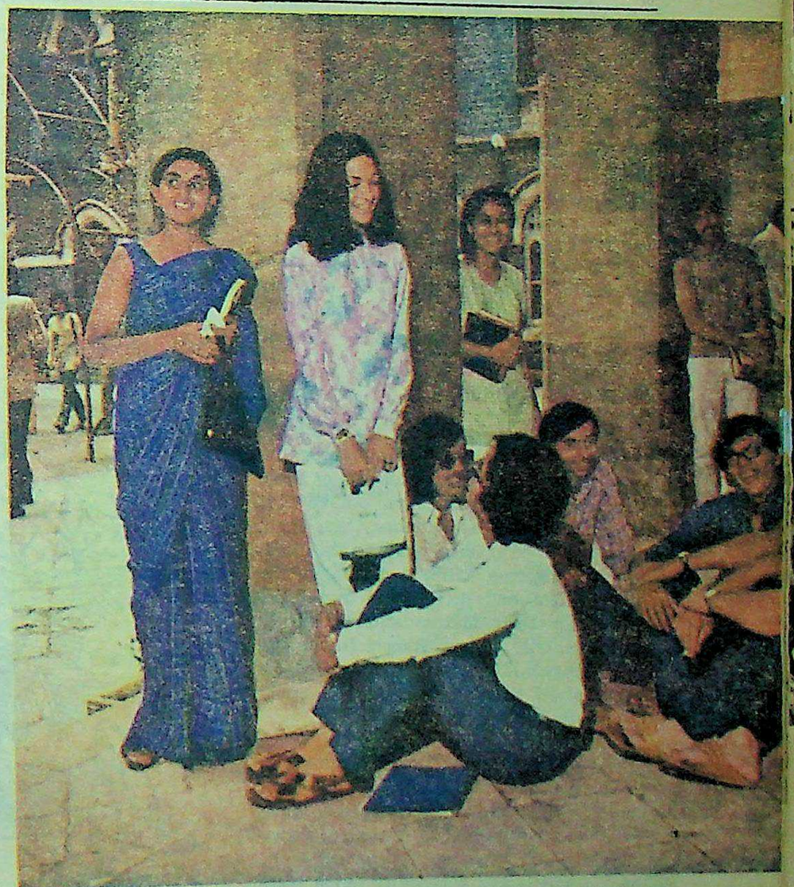

EDUCATION IS A LAUGHING MATTER TODAY. Philip G. Altbach, in The University in Transition—An Indian Case Study, says that the most serious charge against higher education in India is that it has failed to evolve an educational philosophy and plan its growth in line with it. It has grown merely by the addition of new colleges, institutes and faculties, seldom according to a well-conceived design.

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MALPRACTICE MURDABAD! Students of Bombay colleges protest against "victimisation" by a departmental head. Appointments are often made not so much on merit as on the whims of the power clique. The deserving are kept out because they did not kowtow to the "bosses". Private colleges are even more vulnerable to charges of corruption—exploitation of teachers, misappropriation of funds, etc.

Coaching classes are not recognised by the Education Board, so their students are channelled through the dark and shady corridors of night schools. Last year a Shiv Sena leader was charged with involvement in a coaching class racket. In 1970, 12 racketeers were arrested—three employees of the SSCE Board, four directors and two assistants of private coaching classes and three persons from night schools. These racketeers have also cultivated friends among paper setters. The tutorial racket continues to the graduate level at which it is even more profitable. "You name the percentage you want, we'll get it for you!" Rs 5,000 is surely not too much for a B.A. degree! Here, too, minor inconveniences (like sufficient attendance and appearing for the exam) are taken care of.

Overnight Brilliance

Giving enough marks in qualifying examinations is also the lucrative prerogative of internal examiners. 130 students of Bihar University (at Muzaffarpur) got 65% in their B.Sc. Part I examination, thus grabbing the bulk of medical seats in the State. They had become brilliant overnight, for most of them had got Second and Third Divisions in their Matriculation exam. In comparison, only 12 from Ranchi University, 9 from Magadh University, 6 from Bhagalpur University and 2 from Patna University achieved this 65% distinction.

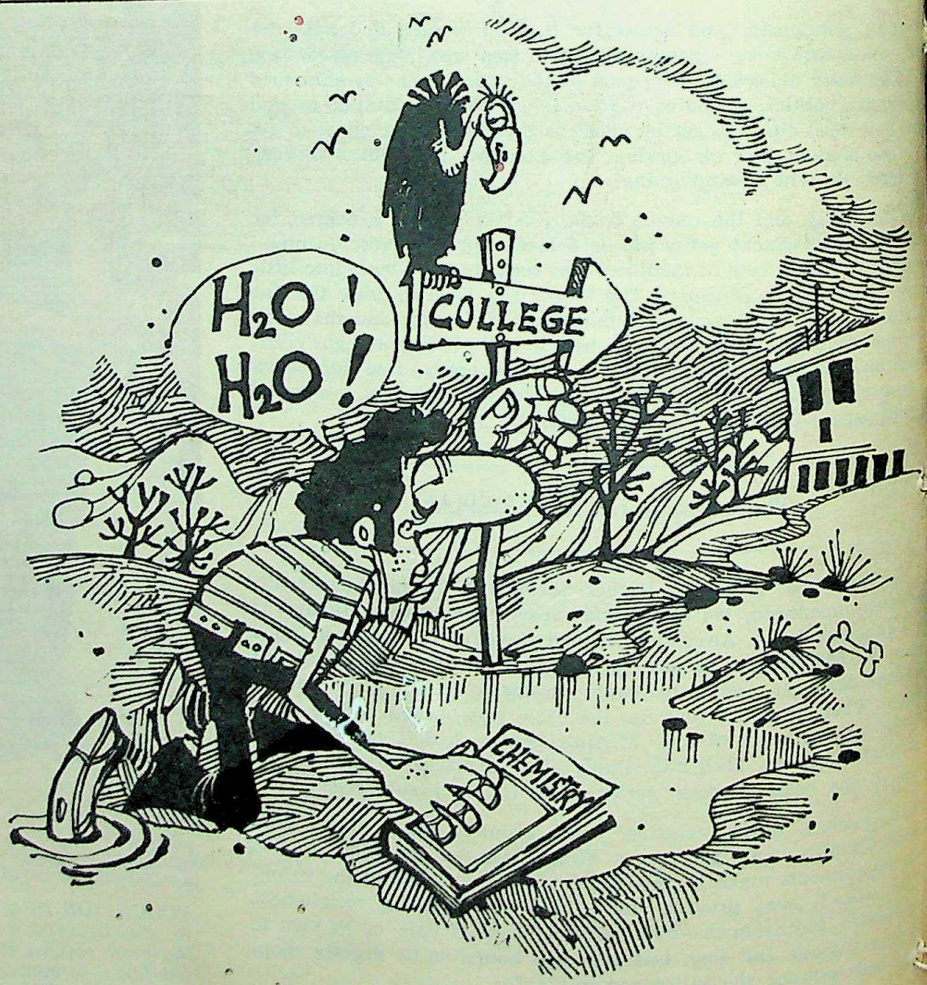
If you get in with faked results, you have to pass out the same way. The Ravi Shankar University, MP, is alleged to have issued bogus marksheets to 48 students—two of whom didn't even sit for the exam. In Bhopal, students and authorities pitted their wits against each other in the pre-medical tests. Examiners were kept in a locked hall for six hours a day while they evaluated answer books. As an added precaution, the roll numbers were changed and the actual numbers kept in code. Students, like the men from SMERSH, were hell bent on cracking the code and alternately hounding down examiners and tempting them with wads of currency notes. The stakes were high: 7,500 candidates contesting for 720 seats.

In 1969 the Indian Medical Council derecognised the MBBS degree conferred by Patna University—because it was found that as many as 50 grace marks were added to the results. As it is an equally distributed benefit, the "grace marks' racket" is no less obnoxious. It confers distinctions and national scholarships on those who never deserved them.

Doctoring The Results

A high-ranking Bombay official condemned medical students as the biggest racketeers—more so their parents. A doctor is anxious to pass on his lucrative practice to his son, so it is imperative that the boy gets his degree. Professors act as middlemen between parent and examiner. Admission into the MBBS course depends on getting a First Division in Inter-Science. The difference between a First and a Second Class is the difference between a consultant and a compounder. So the father doesn't mind passing on a meagre Rs 10,000 from his black-market income. The professor, languishing on his monthly Rs 500, is quite prepared to damn his integrity. A similar racket in Engineering has stopped ever since unemployment chose this profession as its running-mate.

Another headline-hitter at admission time is the capitation fee controversy. It is an issue which has inspired legal battles, Lok Sabha debates, lathi-charges, Letters to the Editor. The Mysore Government has



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asked its colleges to fix an upper limit for capitation (though the average is Rs 10-15,000, even as much as Rs 40,000 has been charged). A court in Davangere has restrained the governing council of one capitation college from drawing funds, except for routine expenditure, without the court's leave. Another college, in addition to capitation, has even a charity box. Quite appropriate, we might say, in a "temple" of learning.

The protagonists say that capitation colleges are run with integrity and that the money is used to provide facilities which the Government would never be able to supply. The remarkable educational complex at Manipal has been financed to a great extent from such funds.

Still capitation is little more than a black market in education. But closing down such colleges would create more problems that it would solve. The only answer lies in such colleges granting more merit scholarships.

Thus, having paid your way in and paid your way out, if you still have something to spare, you might toy with the idea of a post-graduate degree. Into this *sanctum sanctorum* of learning are permitted only the most devout thirsters after knowledge—for the hurdles are many. Inaccessible and snobbish supervisors, no research periodicals, inordinate delays in results, frustration at every step. Only one other class is allowed in—the moneyed.

For a fee—or a return favour if you are the son or daughter of an Influential Person—the supervisor will "edit" your thesis so painstakingly that you'd never recognise it as your own. He'll arrange to get an obliging external examiner who, for a fee, will oblige. Says one angry gentleman who got his degree when degrees were qualifications, not scraps of paper: "The test of a Ph.D. lies in its publication in a specialised journal. For then it is open to the most objective criticism. That of the Editor and of expert readers. Today 80% of these so-called theses never see the light of day—and just as well for them. They'd never be able to stand the glare of honest examination."

Examination! The word is enough to strike terror in the stoutest heart. For, today, the examination hall is the bloodiest of academic battlegrounds. All universities have rules to punish miscreants, but who dares? Newspapermen reporting on exams use the same cops-and-robbers terminology they would for smuggling rackets and *matka* dens. There is a move to arm invigilators; teachers swoop down in "surprise raids"; goondas are hired to act as supervisors. But to no avail.

Cheaters Unite!

Mass copying (the fashionable new word for an old disgraceful term) continues. Blank answer books are sent out to friends outside the hall who fill them in, invigilators hand over the completed answers of one candidate to be copied by another. **One enterprising student in Bijnor even used a carrier-pigeon to fly out his questions and fly in the answers. But the "Flying Squad" of professors flew faster and swooped down on him.**

Leaked-out papers are sold in *paan* shops. Be original in your answers and you fail! Why buy textbooks at all? "Notes by a Learned Professor" is what education is all about. At Bhagalpur University, a re-examination was ordered only because the sons of a university official and a former district judge had not passed.

Which brings us to another aspect of the multi-headed Ravana of University Corruption: politics. Its all-pervasive influence has not spared the halls of *academe*. And nowhere is its hold greater than in that quagmire of politicking—Calcutta. Students have such definite leanings that, if they get admission only in colleges outside their area of political influence, it would be wiser—and safer—for them to give up their university education altogether.

With the spearing down of the kingpin, Naxalism, a large number of parties rushed in to fill the vacuum. Three student unions with different political affiliations set up camp on Calcutta college premises, distributing and collecting forms from entrants.

They insisted that the students produce introductory notes from political units and pay donations to party funds!

Remember the EXPO '70 scandal? The students of Mysore University protested violently—and rightly—against the youth delegation consisting of sons and daughters of Ministers and other influential people sent to Tokyo at Government expense.

Politicians blatantly exploit the shortage situation by promising, in their electoral speeches, to set up colleges. Such promises, we know, are Prohibition counterparts of vows made in wine.

Even Bombay—that bell-bottomed bastion of apolitical indifference—is succumbing, realising at last that "party" has another connotation. Today almost each one of its student leaders is an active member

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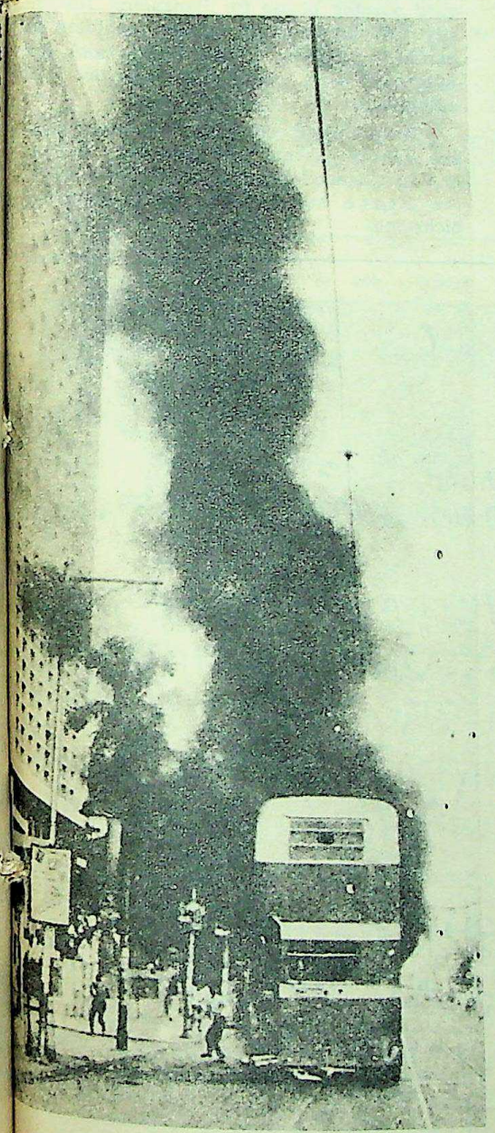
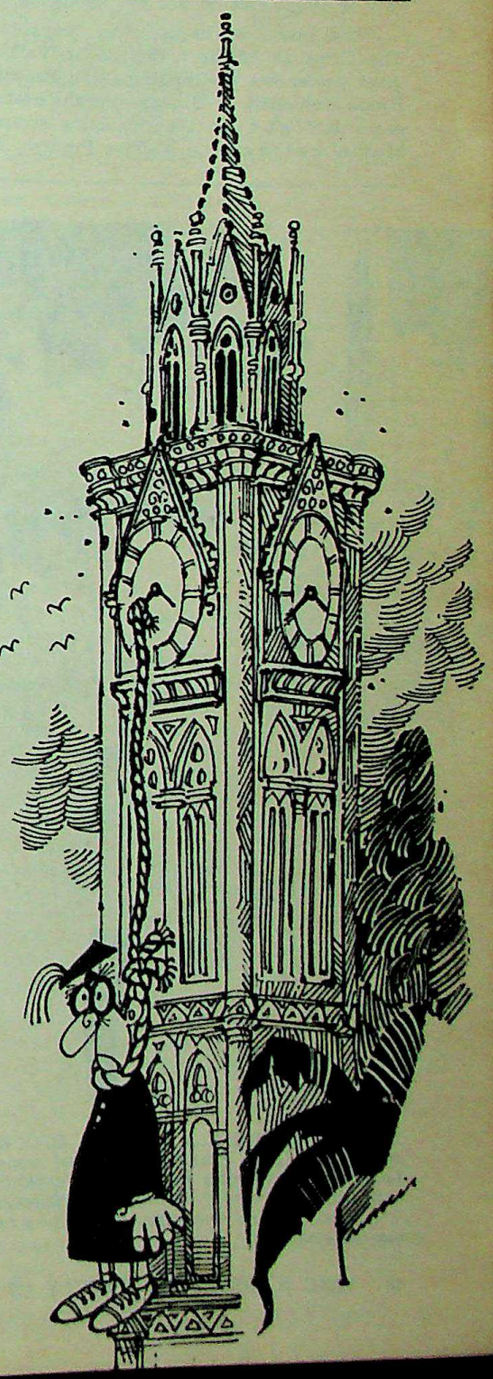


END OF AN ASPIRATION. What can today's student hope for tomorrow? Young men have abandoned the classroom for the "battlefield". They go to college, not to study, but to "air grievances"—this means burning buses or other destructive acts. "Higher education", as distinct from "further education", is not a mere learning of facts. It means disciplining the emotions, controlling impulses, respecting social and civic institutions. Do our students—or our colleges—qualify?



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of a political body—Congress, CPI, CPM, Jana Sangh, Socialist Party...

But politics—like its parent, corruption—has many heads of its own. Not all of them wear Gandhi caps. There is the powerful politics of caste and communalism rampant everywhere but most notably in Bihar and in the South. At Bangalore University, the Vokkaligas and the Lingayats are engaged in a duel. In Magadh University, the Bhumihar and Rajput communities use spears and firearms to settle their differences. Ministers jump into the fray, exploiting caste and regional rivalries to play up one group against another.

Even though the Supreme Court ruled this year that caste should not be the only determining factor for admission to an educational institution, the quota system is still used in Tamil Nadu to wage a caste war against the twice-born brahmin. Oh to be a Harijan, now that admission time is here! In this State, 51% of the seats in Government professional colleges are reserved for backward classes. A brahmin student with 100% in Maths, 85% in Chemistry and 85% in Physics could not get admission.

The quota works in other ways too. The Christian Medical College at Vellore gives preference to Christians, the Banaras Hindu University to Hindus—and the heathens can fight for the remaining scraps. Medical colleges in Madhya Pradesh, 25 years after Independence, still have seats reserved for the dependants of political sufferers. In the present context, shouldn't the common man be eligible for this quota?

Next we come to internal politics. Democracy has not yet reached the feudal institution of the university. The big bosses still act like medieval zamindars, treating teachers like their gumastas and students like their share-cropping tenants. Take our friend Bihar University. According to a CPI legislator's allegation in 1970, the Vice-Chancellor had not attended office for the previous three years.

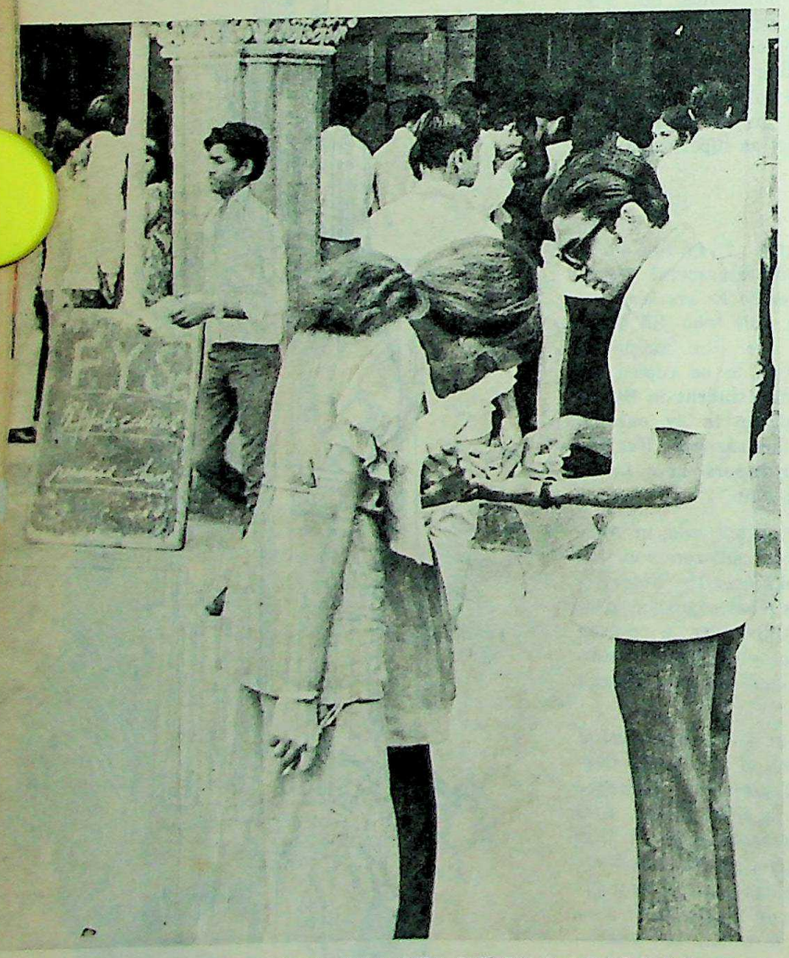
No Holds Barred

In the matter of appointments, it is no holds barred. In November 1970, the coveted posts of Registrar, Finance Officer and Controller of Examinations fell vacant in a university in the North and the intrigue that went on to fill them with the minions of the powerful syndicate would have shamed a Machiavelli. The necessary qualifications were ridiculously amended. For instance, in the case of the Finance Officer, the rules were so changed that "experience of accounts would no longer be necessary". Surprisingly, subjects like Economics and Mathematics were made compulsory qualifications. The world is yet to realise that these are indispensable subjects for accounting. (This kind of manipulation of rules works in reverse as well. Qualifications necessary are changed with equal impunity to *keep out* those who, in the past, have not toed the "party" line.) At Allahabad University, professorships sanctioned by the University Grants Commission 12 years ago are still to be filled—because the ruling faction has not found candidates loyal to it. Very recently, students of Bombay's Government-run Elphinstone College protested against the appointment of the German Professor. They said he was not even an Honours graduate and could not teach them a thing, but was selected because of his powerful friends. They have boycotted his classes. Their Finals loom near.

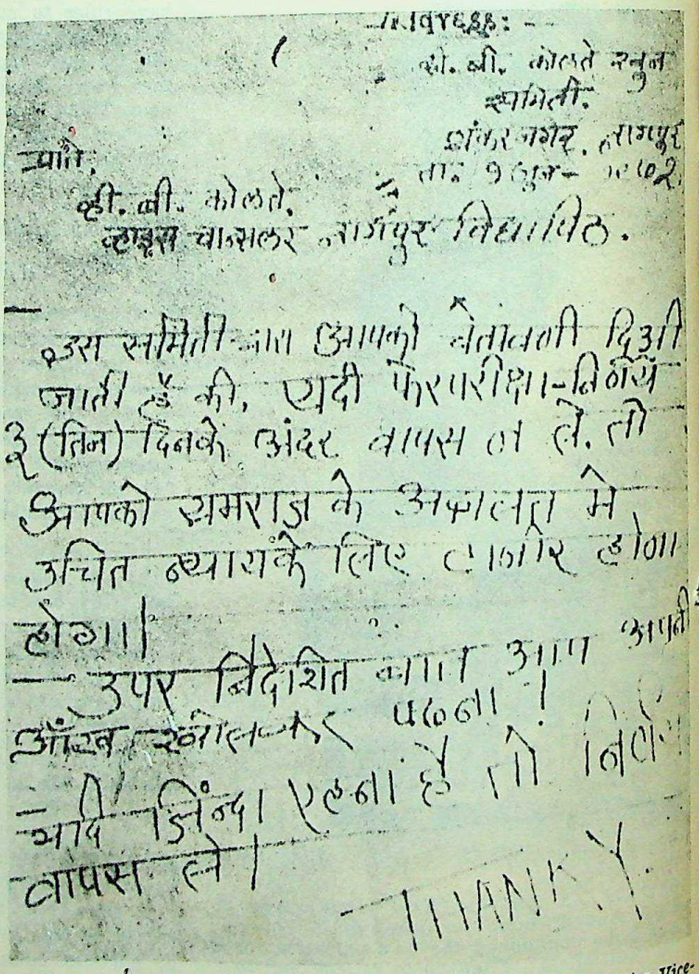
Connections and flattery are far more important than qualifying degrees. Blessed are the sycophants, for they shall inherit the Professorship. Blessed are the rich in influence, for theirs is the kingdom of corruption.

The Samuel Mathai Commission this year put the blame for Bangalore University troubles squarely on the shoulders of partisan members of the Senate and the Syndicate who continually pressure the authorities.

Disinterested observers also feel that the Varsity has much to gain from having a Vice-Chancellor appointed from outside the State and not subject to factional bickering.



THE QUEUE IS LONG AND THE STOCK RATIONED. Admission is not always granted to the best stuaents. Marksheets are often faked and certificates forged. The "capitation" fee charged by some colleges has created a blackmarket education. For many girls, college is only a corridor to matrimony, a degree an added asset in the marriage market.



DO IT OR ELSE...! A photostat copy of the letter sent to the Vice-Chancellor of Nagpur University in June this year, threatening him with murder if he did not withdraw his decision to hold a re-examination. The attitude is typical of the belligerent mood of our campuses. Leniency on the part of the authorities has been taken as a sign of weakness and has fostered indiscipline.

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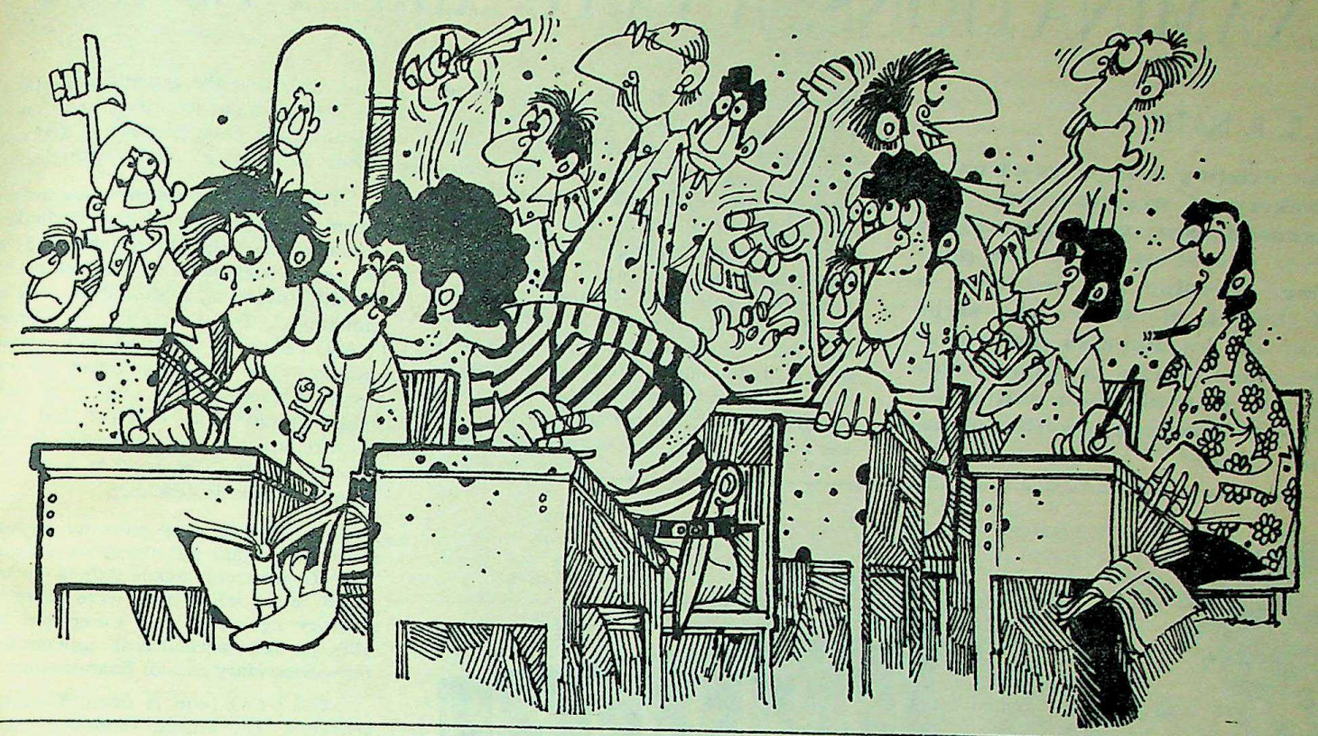

Kumud Bhattacharya of the Chhatra Parishad has demanded the resignation of the V-C of Calcutta University on charges of "nepotism and corruption in the appointment of departmental heads".

But, if public sector education is so corrupt, is the reputation of the private sector any less sullied? No! Education in Kerala almost collapsed over the recent row between Government and private colleges.

Don't Trust Trusts!

There is a tide in the affairs of colleges which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. Innumerable cases of manipulation of trust money have come to light, many more have been swiftly hushed up.

One of Bombay's colleges belongs to a powerful Trust in the Punjab and is managed by a local committee. Till the Maharashtra Government insisted on a 30% representation of educationists on the local Board, its members consisted largely of semi-literate, but very influential, automobile spare-parts dealers. They amassed large sums and filled the coffers of the Trust—and, of course, their own. The local administrative body of any Trust pays rent to the Trust. This rent money is collected from the Government by way of grants. The Trust is responsible for repairs and maintenance. Here, too, only a fraction of what is shown in the records is actually spent. Commissions for contracts give Trustees and local Board members further opportunity to make a dishonest buck.

There are many avenues for corruption. A clever Principal can show non-existent deficits when applying for a grant. He can include his personal servants in the quota of staff allowed to the college. And, of course, he can exploit the teacher. There is a minimum salary a professor must get according to the rules. On the books he gets it—in fact his pay packet is much slimmer. Circumstances force the poor man to submit meekly to his fate. In some colleges, the capitation fee even applies to professors. **We know of a case where a man had to pay Rs 10,000 before he could get the job.**

Teachers of Delhi and Bombay have asked the Government to intervene and control such "anti-teacher" private colleges.

Even the University Grants Commission, critics point out, is not beyond blame when it comes to appointments to important university posts. They sanction the job in the first place and, together with it, "suggest" the "expert" who should be on the selection committee. After that, getting your man chosen is easy as puppeteer's play. Often the "expert" is utterly unqualified. For instance, a gentleman, who had worked on experimental crystallography fifteen years ago and had done no work in physics since, was chosen to select professors and readers for fields as varied as fundamental theory and solid state theory!

For Coolers, Not Classrooms

Are grants fairly given? "No!" complains Gujarat. Managements say that bigger colleges suffer. For instance, the M.G. Science Institute, Ahmedabad, with 1,500 students and 82 teachers, is only paid 15% of its bill and has incurred a deficit of Rs 3,65,000. On the other hand, the State Government meets 50% of the costs of colleges with less than a thousand students. Others complain that UGC funds are directed towards physical amenities at the cost of scholastic facilities: electric grinders for the mess, coolers for staff rooms, the 66-2/3% grant for hostel buildings.

Often, funds are misused in the most cavalier fashion. A university in Bihar ran up a deficit of Rs 18 lakhs in 1971. It had spent Rs 15 lakhs on examiners against Rs 7 lakhs the year before. Travel allowance for examiners and moderators had alone totalled Rs 1,75,000.

Surely we must commend this academic disdain for filthy lucre. Bombay University, too, showed this devastating other-worldly disregard for money and mere physical convenience. Miles away from nowhere, it has started the University at Kalina. It is built on marshy land, has no laboratory, no library (the V-C says happily: "This will take years!"). Yet its cost per square inch has been higher than that of any other similar institution.

"Where has the money gone?" demand the exasperated, mosquito-bitten students who have to wait hours for the skeletal bus service that shuttles to and from Santa Cruz Station—the nearest outpost of civilisation. There is only one asphalt road on the campus, the rest is slush; the corridors are exposed to rain; there are no hostel facilities for girls; for the 1,000 men students, there is accommodation for 50; the housing ratio for teachers is 1:40. From the grant given by the UGC and private institutions, Bombay University has spent Rs 49.92 lakhs for the acquisition of land and Rs 85,000 for its development. The cost of construction of five buildings and a library (Phase One) will be Rs 95.17 lakhs—a cost far outstripping the Rs 58 lakhs set aside for the University in the Fourth Plan period. From where will the money for future costs come?

Future? What does the future hold in store for our corruption-ridden universities? For the millions of students who will go through our refugee-camp colleges, what will tomorrow be like?

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow will continue to creep in this petty pace from day to day and all our agitations serve but to light brilliant men their way to dusty death—and unscrupulous ones to fabulous gain.

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EXAMINATIONS: A Farce And A Lottery

by R. P. NATH

The existing system makes a mockery of examinations. The standard essay-type question gives enormous scope for padding. Cheating is considered a birthright. What are the steps that can be taken to make examinations into a dependable system of evaluation and eliminate the roaring practice of unfair means?

WHEN the first few universities came to be established in India in 1857 their purpose was no more than "to ascertain by means of examinations the proficiency acquired by candidates" and to provide "a test of eligibility for Government service". The dominating role of examinations—passing them, on which depended the prospects of entry into Government service—is thus inherent in our educational system. The system worked up to a certain point in spite of its limitations. As long as the numbers taking the examinations were few and lapses limited, it did not provoke any serious criticism. With the increasing pressure of numbers and the growth of malpractices, the system began to break down and today examinations have become a synonym for words like "farce" and "lottery".

The subject of examination reform engaged the attention of the Radhakrishnan Commission (1949) which observed that "if we are to suggest any single reform in University Education, it should be that of examinations". The Education Commission (1966) reiterated the same with greater emphasis: "The crippling effect of external examinations on the quality of work in higher education is so great that examination reform has become crucial to our progress and has to go hand in hand with the improvements in teaching."

In spite of these calls for action made time and again by numerous Commissions and Committees, examinations have continued to be what they were more than a century ago. The only exceptions are the IITs, a few agricultural universities and some Secondary School Examination Boards.

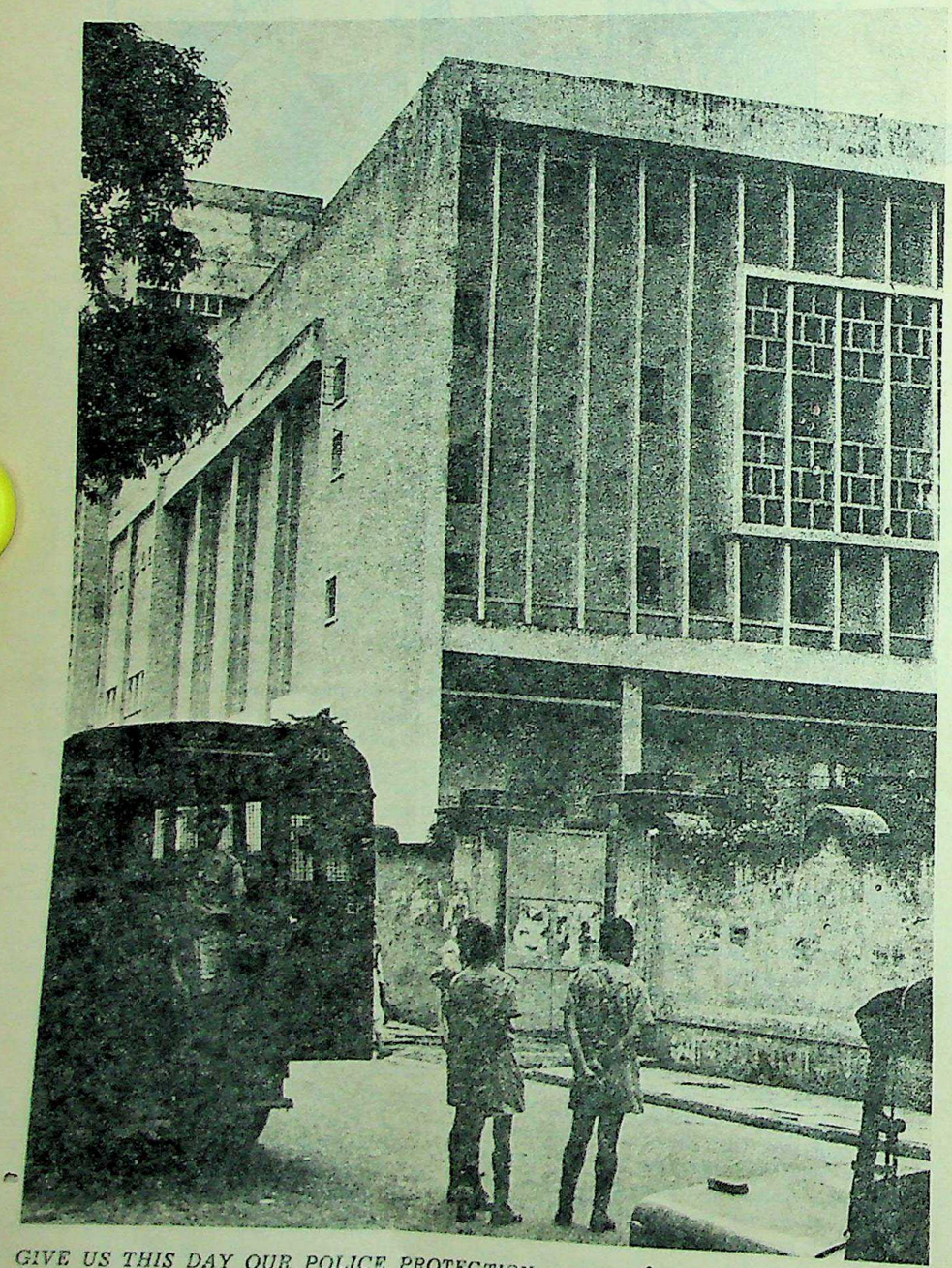
The problem is twofold: ethical and academic. The attack, therefore, has to be two-pronged. By merely changing procedures we are not likely to achieve full results. **Writing in "The Times of India" some years ago, Dr D. D. Karve observed: "The kind of general confidence in the impartiality and the integrity of the teacher or examiner, which is almost universal in Western society, is absent in Indian society today and it cannot be said that the academic world in India has succeeded in creating that confidence by its record."**

Malpractices Galore!

Our teaching community sometimes gets involved in undesirable politicking and indulges in such activities as cannot be called strictly academic. Organising large tuition classes, writing of guides, coaching of students for purely examination purposes and, at times, indulging in unfair practices to give undue advantage to students attending tuition classes—these are a few of the malpractices in which some of our teachers are reported to be involved. Cases are also not wanting where teachers are known to have stooped down and accepted bribes for overmarking the performance of some students. This is an absolutely criminal activity and no punishment would be too high for such an offence.

What is true of the teacher and the examiner is true of the student and the educational administrator. The menace of mass copying has become almost universal. Canvassing in favour of a particular student and utilisation of different kinds of pressures is rampant.

Disclosures made at a Seminar recently organised by the Guru Nanak University, Amritsar, have revealed that not only students and teachers but even the police are involved in the mass-copying racket. It is no secret that the powers that be connive at these practices or cover them up—to preserve the "fair" name of their university.



GIVE US THIS DAY OUR POLICE PROTECTION—and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from cheating. Policemen stand guard outside Calcutta University during an M.A. examination. Though police on the campus are an obnoxious sight, such drastic steps have been necessitated by a drastic malady. Student violence at examination time is sparked off by "stiff" or "out-of-syllabus" questions (any excuse is good enough) and has caused tremendous damage to life and property.

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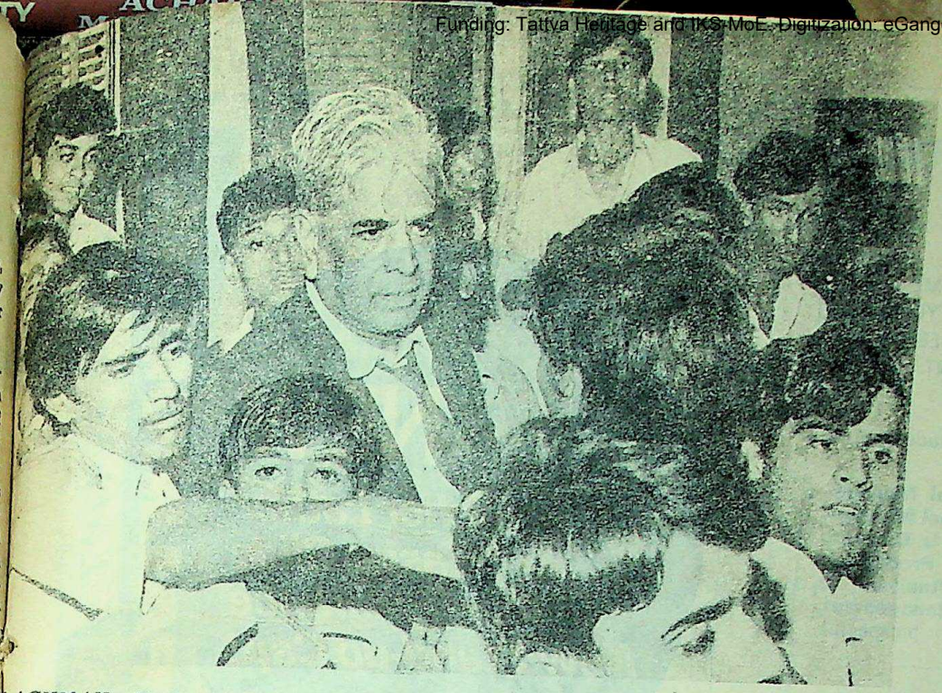


BLACKMAIL ON THE CAMPUS. College students gherao the Vice-Chancellor of Bombay University, Mr T. K. Tope. The old respect—bordering on veneration—which existed for the guru has completely disappeared. But it is not entirely the student who is to blame. Top university officials and bottom-of-the-scale teachers alike are not always above reproach.

Any reform, to be practicable, has to be carried out within the existing framework of the external examination. This is not to say that internal assessment should be given up completely. Experience has shown that internal assessment is subject to non-academic pressures and is often done perfunctorily. These marks may be "scaled" or shown separately along with the marks obtained at the external examination. Not more than 20% marks may be set apart for internal assessment.

In the examinations of the Science faculty, 50 per cent marks are allotted to the practicals and equal percentage for the theory papers. It is observed that there is overmarking in practicals and, as such, a student who knows very little of theory can get through as the marks of practicals are combined with those secured in the theory papers. There is also a possibility of favouritism in the marking of practicals. The remedy for this would be to allot only 25 per cent marks to practicals instead of 50 per cent. Practicals are a must but the mischief can be minimised by reducing the marks.

The big problem is the external examination. Trying to reform the examination system without also reforming the academic system might seem like putting the cart before the horse. In the natural order of things, teaching must precede examination. But unfortunately, in our country, teaching is conditioned by the examination. Employers too rely on examination results and regard them as a reliable indication of an applicant's ability. It is high time employers evolved their own tests. Meanwhile, examinations will continue to enjoy tremendous importance and serious thought has to be given to improve them.

The first question to consider is: What are we examining our candidates for? The Indian Examinations Project headed by Professor V. K. Gokak puts special emphasis on the need to formulate objectives. To quote: "What are the objectives involved in the entire process of higher education and how far have examinations to take note of them? A good part of the degeneration in our present system of higher education is largely traceable to the fact that we have not yet faced this question squarely, much less answered it satisfactorily. The problem of examination reform cannot be tackled in isolation... **We can have valid examinations only on the basis of a definition and a specification of these objectives... Otherwise examinations will be purely arbitrary and external to the educational process."**

In defining these objectives, care has to be taken to see that they are not related merely to informational content. In a subject like English, for instance, information about language cannot be considered a viable objective. Language being a skill, it is the ability to perform in a real-life situation in a socially acceptable manner that is important. Information, application, reasoning, performance, skill, etc., will form some of the objectives, depending on the nature of the subject.

It would be readily agreed that our examinations are mostly based on recall of information and the only tool of assessment we employ is what is known as the "essay-type question". This has put a premium on cramming. Mr P. K. Bose in his keynote address to the Seminar on Examinations, organised by the Inter-University Board in January 1971, pointed out the following shortcomings of our examinations: emphasis on memory, subjectivity, poor content coverage and administrative issues.

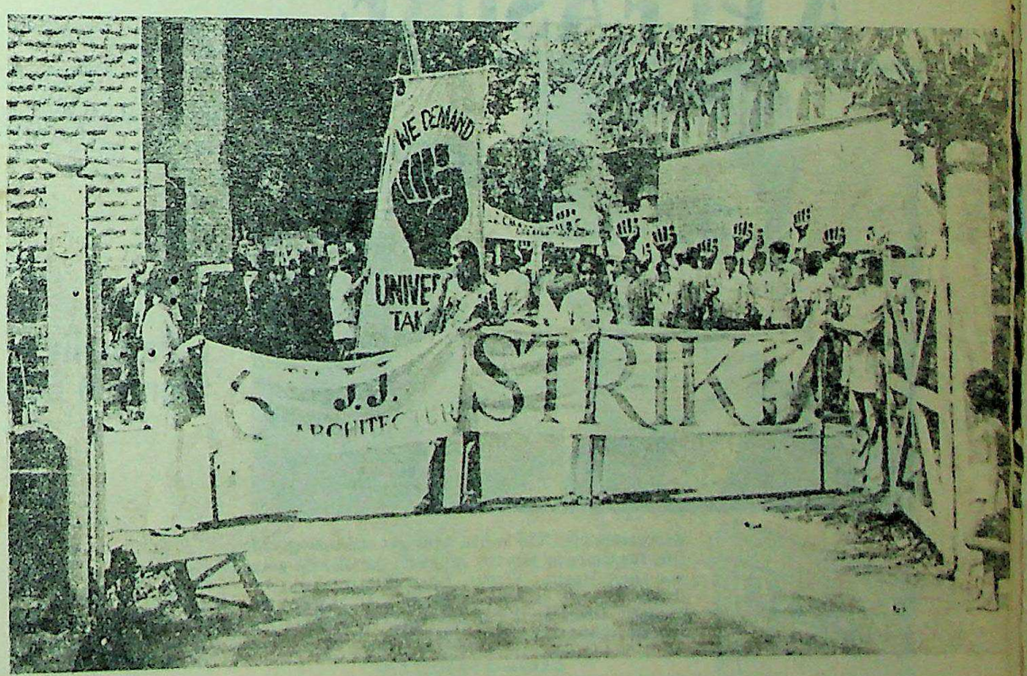
Short-Answer Questions

The first two of these are inherent in the essay-type question. Poor content coverage can be tackled by short answer-type questions. There is no reason why the number of essay-type questions cannot be reduced to the minimum and the number of short answer-type questions maximised.

Broadly speaking, questions are of two types: free-response questions and fixed-response questions. The essay-type and short answer-type questions belong to the first class. The objective-type questions belong to the second. A judicious mixture of the three types will help cover more than one objective, besides ensuring a comprehensive coverage of the syllabus.

The designing of a question paper on these lines needs the help of a test constructor. Testing has become so sophisticated today that every University may have to set up a professional unit to advise and

—Continued



"ARCHITECTURE SHOULD BE CREATED, NOT RUINED," say these students of the Government-run Sir J.J. School of Architecture, Bombay. They demanded that the University take over their college. (The University has since done so.) Student unrest has gripped almost every campus in the country. One of its major causes is the fault inherent in the present system of examinations.

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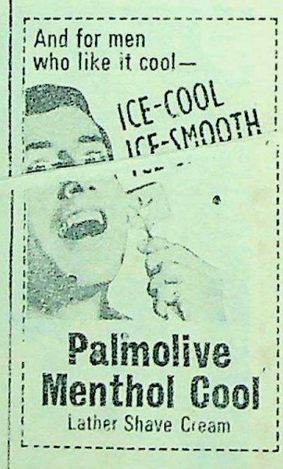

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guide the paper-setters. A small beginning is being made in this direction at the Marathwada University. A Professional Unit will be set up to undertake initial spadework and to conduct requisite research in connection with the new type of examinations.

We have still a long way to go to improve the examination system before it becomes a reliable instrument of measuring student ability. The Seminar and Workshop on Examination Reform, held recently at the above University and conducted by Dr Walker Hill, made the following recommendations:

1. *That a Professional Unit be set up to conduct research and advise paper-setters on how to set the new-type question paper.*
2. *That question papers be set along new lines—that is, to include essay-type, short answer-type and objective-type questions.*
3. *That internal assessment be made obligatory for all the classes. However, marks obtained may not be added to the marks obtained at the external examinations.*
4. *That to create the necessary awareness among teachers, a brochure setting forth how the question paper could be re-designated be written and published.*
5. *It is proposed to increase the extent of moderation at an examination where a large number of candidates usually appear. The present quantum of 10% of moderation is proposed to be increased progressively. In view of the significance of the B.Sc. First Year Examination which leads to admissions to the Professional Colleges, cent per cent moderation is in vogue.*
6. *That the number of students in each class be reduced to sixty.*
7. *That a workshop of the clerical staff in colleges entrusted with the work of examinations be held once in a year.*

Examination reform is now on the anvil. It is necessary to increase the reliability of testing techniques. It is also important that we win the confidence of students and the general public. Our University has initiated various reforms through which this can be largely achieved.

To maintain the utmost secrecy, particularly at the pre-professional examination which is alleged to be subject to several non-academic pressures, it is proposed to collect the answer scripts centrally and codify them.

We propose to allot the scripts on the spot to the valuers. The assessment will be done centrally at the seat of the University. This will considerably minimise the risk of influencing the examiners.

In view of the submission of three sets of question papers by the setter, the possibility of leakage of question papers is almost ruled out. The question papers are never printed locally and thus access to the printing press is avoided.

At the time of assessment, the number of scripts to be valued on any particular day will be fixed for valuers who will be asked to prepare mark lists and submit them at the end of the day. If the quota for valuation is not completed, the remaining scripts will be allotted to some other examiner.

The members of the Executive Council are requested to pay surprise visits to the Centres of examination and even the Vice-Chancellor may undertake such visits. It is also decided that the recognition of the Centre will be withdrawn if cases of copying are detected.

Principals of colleges and the teaching staff are requested to consider the conduct of examinations as a part of their duties. The lecturers will be under an obligation to work as invigilators.

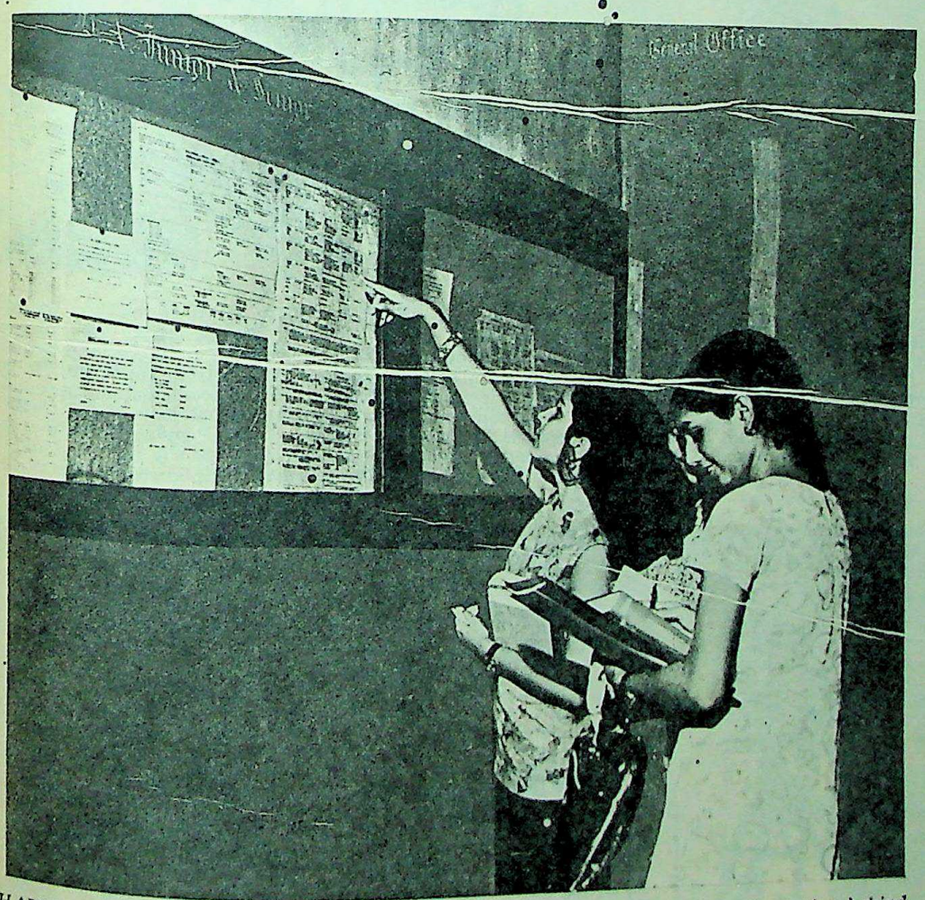
Proven Method

Senior Professors from the University and affiliated colleges are appointed as Joint Chief Superintendents at the various Centres of examinations. The conduct of examinations at the Centres is regarded as a joint responsibility of the Chief Superintendent and the Joint Chief Superintendent so deputed by the University. He is particularly charged with the responsibility of maintaining the utmost secrecy and eliminating all chances of leakage and copying. This system is working well in our University.

For preventing cases of impersonation it has been decided to see that a photograph of the candidate is affixed to the hall ticket, which will be certified by the Head of the Institution and checked in the hall.

The above reforms are not likely to cure all the ills of the examination system. All the same, they will go a long way in improving the tone and conduct of examinations. The malady is a major one and a multi-pronged attack is essential. It is more a question of honesty, integrity and character than a question of procedure and practice. Maintenance of the academic stature of the university is a responsibility which must be shared by the teachers, the students, the university administration and also the general public.

THE AUTHOR, Professor R. P. Nath, is Vice-Chancellor of Marathwada University, Aurangabad. He is Chairman of the Joint Board of Vice-Chancellors of Maharashtra State Universities and Vice-President of the All-India Commerce Association. Professor Nath is associated with many sporting, industrial, commercial and cultural associations and is the author of a number of books on accounting and auditing.



HAVE I MADE THE GRADE? Passing an examination seems to be the only motive behind education. Question papers must be aimed at testing a student's comprehensive knowledge of the subjects taught. Strictly selective admission to colleges would solve a great many of our educational problems.

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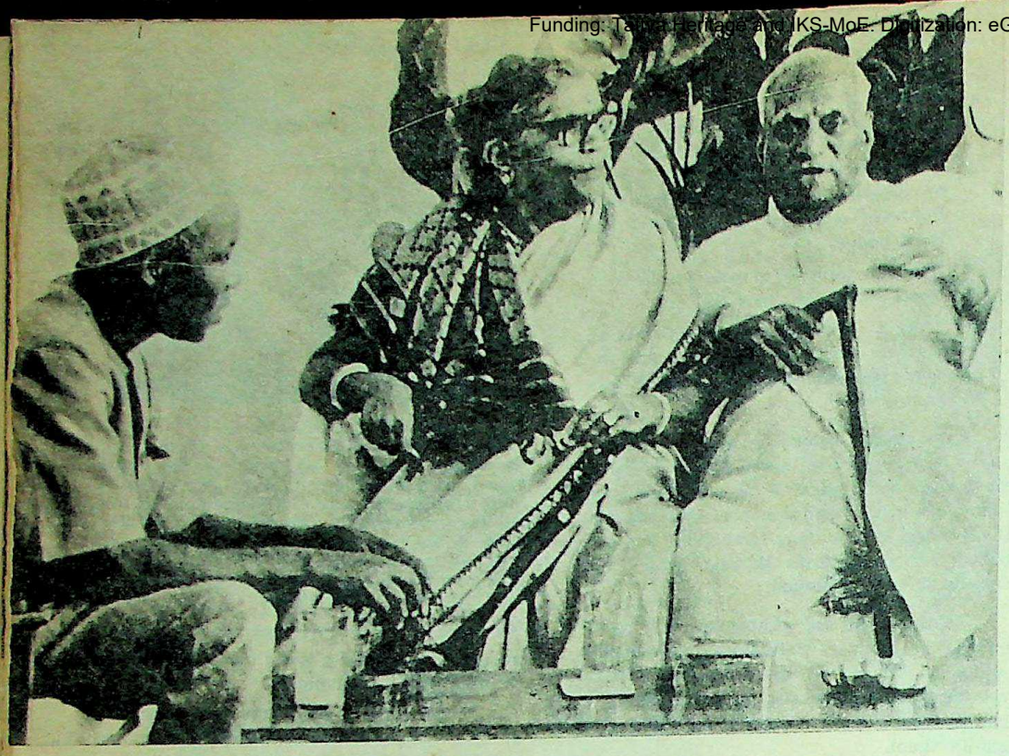
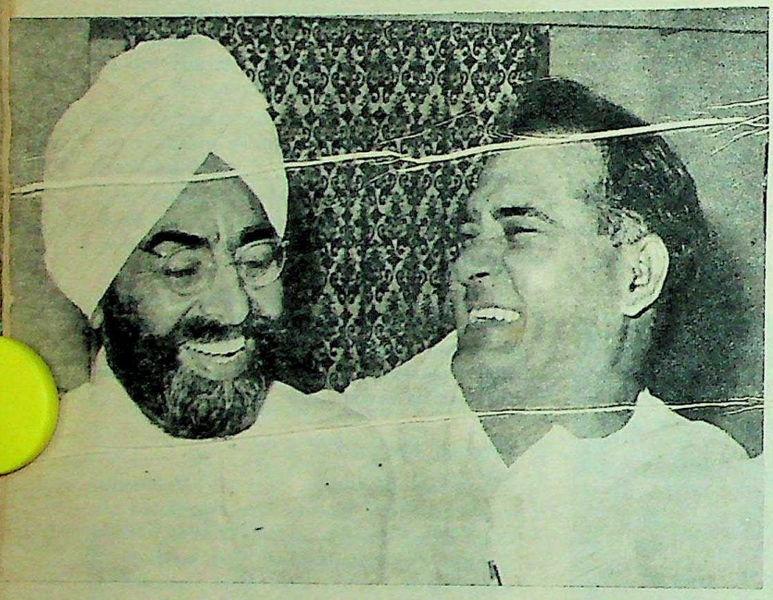
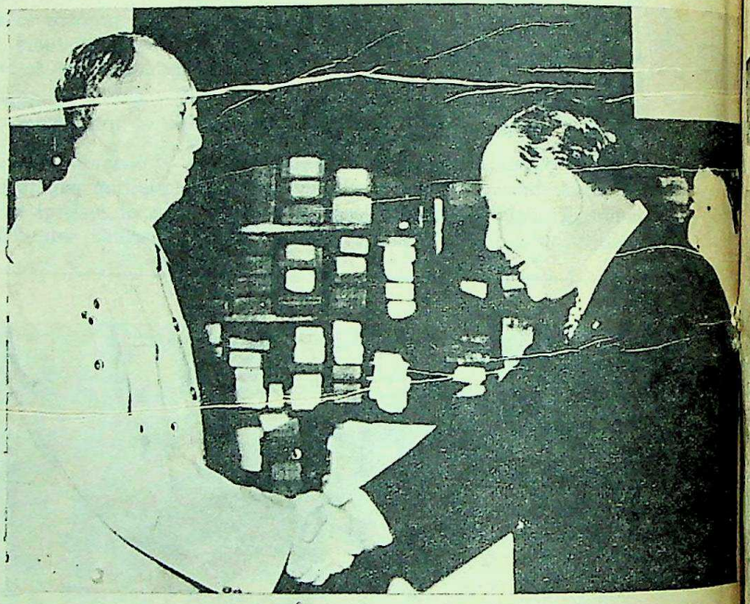
IN THE NEWS



"LET'S FORGET IDI AMIN FOR A WHILE." Mr and Mrs Giri are seen with President Nyerere of Tanzania in Dar es Salaam. President Giri was on a tour of Ethiopia, Zanzibar, Tanzania and Zambia. In Addis Ababa, he addressed the Fifth Session of the African Advisory Committee of ILO. He said that labour problems in developing countries would be "resolved only if there is a proper linking of wages, productivity and prices". In Tanzania, where China is aiding the construction of a rail link with Zambia, Mr Giri stressed our desire to restore Sino-Indian links. Both he and President Nyerere condemned racialism.



EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY, GIANIJI, FOR TOMORROW THERE IS RATIONING. Giani Zail Singh, Chief Minister of Punjab, and Chandrajit Yadav, General Secretary of AICC, at the recent Congress Chief Ministers' Conference in New Delhi. The Prime Minister persuaded the Conference to accept in toto the report of the Agricultural Prices Commission. The APC had recommended an increase of Re 1 to Rs 2 in the procurement price of paddy and a procurement of four million tonnes for rice in the kharif season. It was decided to open more ration shops.



"THE WAR IS OVER, I PRESUME." The latest competitor in the race to China is Japan. Prime Minister Tanaka visited Peking for summit talks with Chinese Premier Chou En-lai, ending a long period of enmity and tension between the two major Asian countries. He is seen here with Chairman Mao Tse-tung, who discussed Buddhism and food rather than politics. The most significant outcome of the Chou-Tanaka talks was Japan's recognition of the People's Republic of China and the snapping of ties with Taiwan. Japan is the 79th country to recognise China and the 77th to establish diplomatic ties with it.

YOU TURN A KNOB AND—HEY PRESTO! A MINISTER. On Gandhi Jayanti, TV came to Bombay. The inauguration (above) took place, appropriately, at the Bhabha Auditorium in the grounds of the Tata Institute of Fundamental Research. Speaking at the ceremony is Uma Shankar Dikshit, Union Minister for Works, Housing and Family Planning, who inaugurated the TV Centre. Also seen are (l. to r.) S. K. Mukherjee, Director-General of A.I.R., Chief Minister V. P. Naik of Maharashtra, I. K. Gujral, Union Minister of State for Information and Broadcasting, and Governor Ali Yavar Jung.

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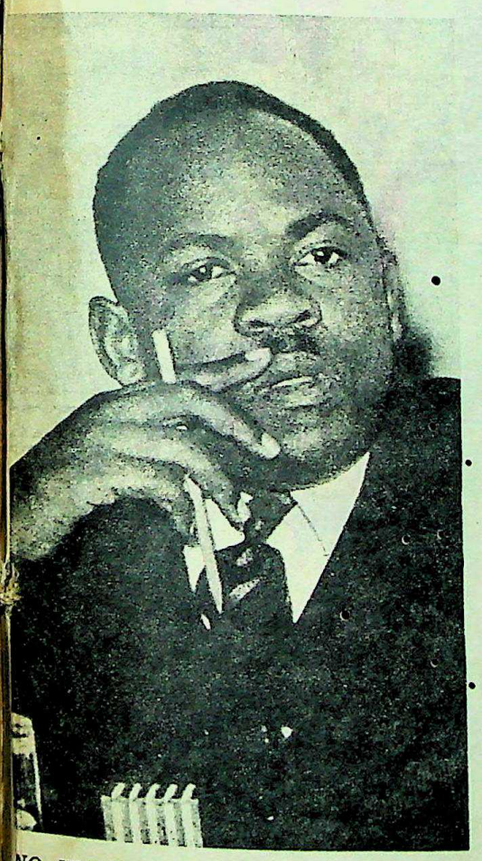
BLACK MAIL. Dr Ami Shachori, an agricultural counsellor in the Israeli Embassy in London, was killed when an envelope, addressed personally to him, exploded. The ordinary-looking envelope contained a miniature bomb. Arab commandos mailed 64 such letters to Israeli officials in all five continents. Fortunately, the rest were detected in time. Dr Shachori was to have left the next week for Israel to rejoin his family at the end of his London posting. He is seen here in Tel Aviv with his wife Esther.

CRUSADE AGAINST CASTE. In Bangalore, an angry crowd gheraoed Mysore's Minister for Municipal Administration, B. Basavalingappa. They were demanding the removal of caste nameboards displayed by hotels and student hostels.



NO JUSTICE FOR CHIEF JUSTICE. President Amin's military police arrested Chief Justice Benedicto Kiwanuka, a former Prime Minister of Uganda. Mr Kiwanuka was suspected of criticising Idi Amin's policies. Idi Amin has insisted that Asians leave Uganda within 48 hours of their exit formalities being completed.

DEATH IN THE CATHEDRAL. Twenty-year-old Brian Herbert Sandford dangled for several minutes from the observation balcony of Christchurch Cathedral, Wellington, New Zealand, before slowly slipping out of his jacket and plummeting to the ground (right). He was rushed to hospital but died on arrival there. A policeman and two others had made a desperate last-minute attempt to save Brian, as he hung from the balcony, by grabbing his jacket (left)—but to no avail.

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